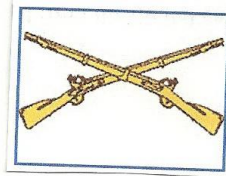
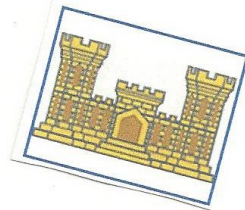
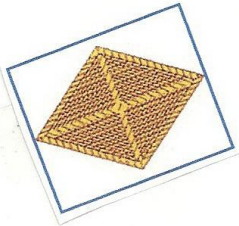
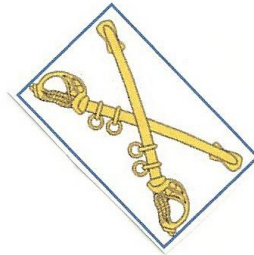
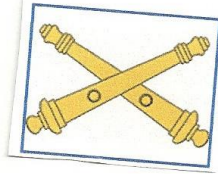


My BOYS

*by
Lt. Beverly Meal*





The text is copied from letters
I wrote Mommie, Daddy and “the three
little girls” while I was in the Army. That text is
in regular print. I made some explanatory notes 65 years
later which are printed in italics.

This project is so dear to my heart and I could never
ever have accomplished it if Mommie had not saved all those
letters, if Todd had not encouraged me, solved all the production
problems, kept reminding me to “Keep Calm and Carry On”,
and if Beth had not helped us when the technical problems got
complicated. Thank you.

Beverly Wagoner

MY BOYS

November 11, 2011

Those of us of a certain age will remember where we were and what we were doing on December 7, 1941. I was in nursing school at the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis. The student nurses lived in Wile Hall in the 1800 block of Capitol Avenue and were all shocked, horrified, and probably scared when we heard the news. My brother, Stanley, joined the Air Corps a few weeks later. My brother, Harlan, would enter the Navy ROTC program at Harvard and would become a Navy pilot. When I graduated from nursing school in 1944 I tried to enlist in the Navy but was told I needed to have my tonsils removed which I did. I had an emergency appendectomy in November of 1944 and the Navy told me I had to wait for one year after surgery so I applied to the Army Nurse Corps and they accepted my application but recommended deferment because of the surgery until March. On April 1, I entered into active service at Billings General Hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis. I remember telling Mommie and Daddy that I wanted to enlist and they did not object. How must they have felt to have 3 of their children in the war? None of us was ever in harm's way but we certainly could not have been sure of that.

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
Headquarters, Fifth Service Command
Fort Hayes, Columbus 18, Ohio

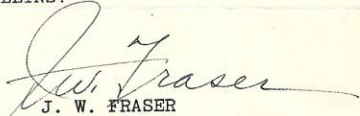
13 March 1945

Subject: Temporary Appointment.

To : 2d Lt Beverly Meal, AUS (ANC) A N-769257
Indianapolis, Indiana

1. By direction of the President you are temporarily appointed and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army of the United States, effective this date for assignment to the Army Nurse Corps. Your serial number is shown after A above.
2. This commission will continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being, and for the duration of the war and six months thereafter unless sooner terminated.
3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required.
4. This letter should be retained by you as evidence of your appointment as no commissions will be issued during the war.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL COLLINS:


J. W. FRASER
Colonel, AGD,
Adjutant General.

FINAL TYPE
REPORT OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

(See AR 40-100 and 40-105)

Instructions—Unless otherwise specified, this form will be used for all physical examinations of officers, nurses, or warrant officers; applicants for appointment as such in the Regular Army, National Guard, or Officers' Reserve Corps; and enrollment in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Use typewriter if practicable. Attach plain additional sheets if required.

1. Name: **Beverly** (Last name), **Beverly** (First name), **None** (Middle initial), **None** (Serial number)

2. **Civilian Nurse** (Grade), **None** (Organization and term of service), Age **21** (Nearest birthday), Years of service **None** (Whole number only)

3. Nature of examination **Applicant for Commission**, Component of Army **ANC, AUS**

4. Typhoid vaccination. No. series completed **1**, Last series **1941**

5. Date of last smallpox vaccination **1941**, Type of reaction **Vaccinia**

6. Other vaccination or immunity tests: **Diphtheria immunization 1941, Dick 1941 neg., Mantoux 144 neg., 27 Nov 44, normal recovery. No injuries. No history of tuberculosis, pleurisy, positive pneumonia, diabetes, rheumatic fever, allergy, arthritis, cardiac disease, digestive disorders, urinary tract disease, nervous or mental disease, malaria, or venereal disease. Periods regular - dysmenorrhea first day, moderate. No time lost in past 3 years. 1st Ind. 2d Ind. 4th Ind. 5th Ind. 6th Ind. 7th Ind. 8th Ind. 9th Ind. 10th Ind. 11th Ind. 12th Ind. 13th Ind. 14th Ind. 15th Ind. 16th Ind.**

8. Eyes **Normal**
Distant vision: Right **20/20** correctible to **20/** by **"**
(Snellen type) Left **20/20** correctible to **20/** by **"**
Near vision: Right **J# 1** correctible to **J#** by **"**
(Jaeger type) Left **J# 1** correctible to **J#** by **"**
Refraction (under cycloplegic): Right **Not Indicated** Left **Not Indicated**
Color perception (red and green) **Normal**

9. Ears **Normal**
Hearing (low conversational voice): Right **20/20**, Left **20/20**, Audiometer (percent loss): Right **None**, Left **None**

10. Nose and throat **Tonsils unenlarged; septum deviated to left, 40% obs. HSPB**

11. Teeth: **None** (Examinee's), **None** (Examiner's)
Indicate: Restorable carious teeth by O; nonrestorable carious teeth by /; missing natural teeth by X.
8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
X 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

12. Posture **Good** (Chestnut, good, fair, bad), Figure **Slender** (Slender, medium, stocky, obese), Frame **Light** (Light, medium, heavy)

13. Temperature **98**, Height **65** inches, Weight **136** pounds, Chest: Rest **33 1/2** inches; inspiration **34 1/2** inches; expiration **32** inches, Abdomen **33 1/2** inches.

14. Cardiovascular system: Heart **Normal**
Blood pressure: S. **116**, D. **72**, Pulse: Rate—Sitting **80**, Immediately after exercise **100**
Two minutes after exercise **82**, Character **Full and regular**
Arteries **Normal**, Varicose veins **None**

15. Respiratory system **Normal**

16. X-ray of chest **Normal**

17. Skin and lymphatics **McBurney scar - well healed**, Endocrine system **Normal**

18. Bones, joints, and muscles **Normal**, Feet **Normal**

19. Abdominal viscera **Normal**

20. Hernia **None**, Hemorrhoids **None**

1 Appointment, promotion, retirement, normal active duty, special.
2 Regular Army; National Guard; Officers' Reserve Corps; Reserve Officers' Training Corps.
3 If annual physical examination, record only for past year.
4 If annual physical examination, record only distant and near vision, and state whether defect is properly corrected.
5 When indicated.
6 Not required for annual physical examination.
7 If required for acceptance in Regular Army because of unbalanced, used plaster molds to the Surgeon General.
8 Required for candidates for commission.

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 63
August 1, 1939

21. Genito-urinary system **Normal - recto-pelvic examination made**

22. Nervous system **Normal - Psychiatric Normal**

23. Laboratory procedures: Kahn **Negative**, Wassermann **Not taken**
Urinalysis: Sp. gr. **1.020**, Albumin **Negative**, Sugar **Negative**
Microscopical (if indicated) **Normal**
Other laboratory procedures **None**

24. Remarks on defects not sufficiently described **Appendectomy 27 Nov 1944 - only two months ago. Recommend deferment of acceptance until 1 Mar 1945.**

25. Corrective measures, or other action recommended **Acceptance to be deferred until 1 March 1945 - then accept for all military service.**

26. Is the individual permanently incapacitated for active service? **No**
If yes, specify defect **g**

27. If applicant for appointment: Does he meet physical requirements? **No**. Do you recommend acceptance with minor physical defects? **Yes**. If rejection is recommended, specify cause **Deferment until 1 Mar 1945 because of recent appendectomy 27 Nov 1944.**

28. Examinee states he is **Not** drawing a pension, disability allowance, or compensation or retired pay from the U. S. Government. If yes, state disability.

Billings General Hospital
Fort Benjamin Harrison Indiana
(Place)

23 Jan (Date) 1945

L. S. Zwick (Name and grade) Medical Corps
L. S. ZWICK, Major
J. J. Galtner (Name and grade) Medical Corps
J. J. GALTNER, 1st Lt.
S. Friedman (Name and grade) Medical Corps
1st Ind. S. FRIEDMAN, 1st Lt.

Headquarters
To the Commanding General
Remarks and recommendations

Physically qualified (Final Type) EAD
(Accept for) (Deferment of) (Name)

2d Ind. 2
1945 To The Adjutant General.

1 Required for candidates for commission.
2 State action taken on recommendations of the board. If recommended for active service, state whether action by retiring board is recommended.
3 If recommended for acceptance in Regular Army because of unbalanced, used plaster molds to the Surgeon General.
4 Required for candidates for commission.

ARST to Surgeon
5th Svc



EIGHT HOOSIER NURSES WIN BARS AND START TRAINING—These Indiana women have been commissioned second lieutenants and are now receiving basic training at Billings General Hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison. Seated (left to right): Lts. Ruby Gant, Wabash; Virginia Edds, Dugger, and Beverly Meal, Waldron. Standing (left to right): Lts. Eleanor Lowe, Burlington; Mary Mowry, 3735 North Emerson Avenue; Ruth Seffrin, Cambridge City; Ann Brietenbrech, Madison, and Gladys Hemsley, Jasonville.

We started working on the wards of the hospital immediately and just as immediately I fell in love with the wonderful young men that I cared for on those wards. At the same time, we new enlistees were involved with Basic Training. We learned to march, to salute, how to wear the uniform, and were yelled at and badgered by our drill sergeant as any other new soldiers. We were taught how to put on a gas mask – were told how important it was to put on our masks at the first sign of gas. Our sergeant told us we would be shown how troops maneuver under smoke screens and marched us into smoke and it did not take long until we realized that tear gas was mixed in with the smoke and we were scrambling to get our masks on. We did not do well and when the smoke cleared, one poor nurse was running wildly across the parade field crying. In order to impress us with our poor performance we were marched back to our barracks in “close order” which was painful and nauseating since we were all covered with tear gas! The nurse who ran across the field was also the one who believed the person who told her that her “army shoes” would be soft and flexible if she soaked them in water over night. WRONG!!

Up Front With Mauldin



"Careful. They may be booby-trapped!"

We all loved Bill Mauldin's cartoons and we certainly liked this one. During our basic training we were constantly being warned – "loose lips sink ships" "be ever vigilant". A nurse said to me, "I wonder if the enemy can booby trap my toothbrush."

I was so impressed with the gallantry of the young men I was nursing that I decided there and then to tell their stories – never mind, that I didn't have any talent for writing – I just worried that although they were heroes while in uniform, when they went back to civilian life they would be regarded as cripples. I had no illusions about the number of people who would read this story – maybe my family and friends – I just felt if I wrote it down I was paying them some honor. I wanted to do something to tell how wonderful they were. That was 65 years ago. I sent letters to my family and Mommie saved them and from time to time in all those years I reminded myself that I would copy those stories. Stories about that "Greatest Generation" have surfaced now and then – and some of those stories tell very well the heroism of those young men - those men didn't talk much about the war. These attempts of mine will add nothing to those stories – I don't know each boy's story – I'm sure some of them are heroic. These notes will add little to your knowledge of those wonderful boys – it was late in the war and they were "boys" – but I need to copy these letters as a tribute to them – I suppose few of them are still alive. In my memory – they are as alive today as they were then.

MY BOYS

20 April 1945
Billings General Hospital
Fort Benjamin Harrison
Indianapolis IN

Now, please understand, dear friends, and gentle hearts, that I've no idea to whom I'm writing this, maybe no one will ever read it but someday after this horrible carnage is at last finished and our world is at peace once more, then maybe I'll find this someplace and will relive once more my month of Basic Training at Billings General Hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana – no, I've no idea to whom I'm writing this but I can tell you FOR whom I'm writing it – the GIs who are so gallantly fighting this war – and the GIs in hospitals in particular. Ernie Pyle writes so humanly about them – George Hicks – so eloquently – and many, many others – I write – not humanly – certainly not eloquently, but with a heart full of admiration and respect for those GIs – “my boys” a heart which loves them so much that it must say somehow its feeling for them. That feeling must be conveyed on paper. They'll never know how we felt – we nurses – because you see one doesn't go up to Tony Zeimba from Chicago – a patient in 1212 – a boy who has 6, maybe 9 months to live and say, “Tony, you are a wonderful guy. I admire you very much.” Tony was hit by machine gun fire somewhere in Germany. His abdomen was literally riddled. He has a double colostomy and is merely living to die. But does Tony lie in his bed and stare at the ceiling? No! Tony's wide grin is well known to everyone. Tony has two interests – the large group of girls who come to see him and his meticulously trimmed moustache. Pvt. Zeimba was the one who said to me one morning – the second morning I was on duty – and one of those mornings when I had struggled with my insignia, making sure that the very shiny bar was 1” from this corner and 3/8” from that corner – “Lt. Meal, did you know you have your insignia on the wrong side of your collar?” Needless to say, my face got very red and in a few minutes all the fellows in the ward knew my mistake and once more knew that I was one of those green basics! So every morning for a week, immediately on arriving on duty I marched up to Tony Zeimba's bed for inspection.

Could I tell you, too about Pvt. John Alexander from South Bend who was admitted as a litter patient as part of a convoy from Halloran General Hospital in New York – a shy little blonde who was so obviously happy to be back in Indiana that it made your heart glad because he was so glad. He had troubles – he had given someone \$240 to give to the Receiving Officer and didn't get a receipt and was so worried. We all knew something was up but he wouldn't say a word. Of course, by my third day on the ward the boys who weren't calling me “Lt. Corn” were calling me “Indiana” and one day he said, in a very soft voice, looking up from the beautiful yarn rug he was making, “Lt., are you really from Indiana?” and then slowly the story came out – so of course, I got his receipt and now he smiles when we talk. “But,” you say, “such a little thing – why bother to put it down?” It is a little thing but it is the sum total of such little things that made my days happy ones.

Cpl. Juett, with 2 fractured legs and obstructive jaundice – has to be on a special diet – and somehow our ward boy, Jeff, never seemed to remember to go get Juett's diet – so he was always hungry – and then when he got it – no butter – no cream. One morning I found him crying. Was he crying because he had been in bed for 6 months? Crying because he'd been through hell in the Sicily campaign? Crying because he was going to have his legs amputated? He was crying because he wanted some ice cream!

Fullerton was that incredibly good looking man – what a bad boy he was! He had a wife and several girl friends and yet he was so cute and quite clever and liked being a mimic. He could imitate the sound of a B24 taking off or a dog fight with equal ability.

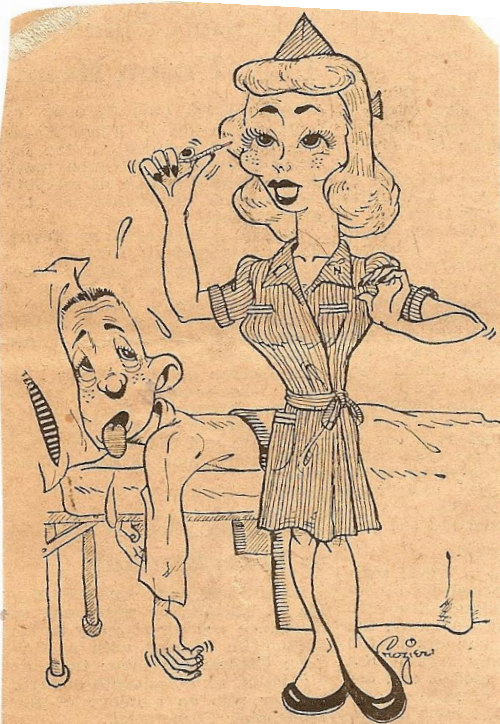
Commanding General of Fifth Service Command Talks to Billings Patient



Technician 5th Grade Lloyd G. Belcher, Akron, O., a patient in Billings General Hospital, Fort Harrison, was questioned last week by Maj. Gen. James L. Collins, who visited a number of installations in his command. Gen. Collins was especially interested in the food served the patients, and their comfort. (Billings Public Relations Photo.)

T/5 Belcher was one of my favorite boys. Shot in the hip and evacuated to the Z.I. (*Zone of Interior*) in a complete body and double hip spica cast – a fine looking boy and very sweet. He’s an example of our fighting men – he lost a foot because somebody – somewhere – slipped up – the medic who unwrapped Lloyd’s cast covered his left foot completely – thereby automatically cutting off all circulation. He kept complaining about his foot hurting him but people were too busy to notice – so – when his cast was removed his toes were gangrenous and his foot had to be amputated. Please understand that I’m not telling the story to blame the medical officer. It was just one of those things and of course the truly miraculous things they have done will far outbalance the bad accidents. I tell you the story because I never once heard him blame the man who was at fault for causing him to lose a foot. The picture was taken by Cpl. Duke from Brooklyn – a gay (2011 note: “gay” didn’t mean homosexual in those days – it meant “happy” “joyful”) boy – he bugled for “retreat” I loved him – he always winked at me as I passed by. He said I was his inspiration and he often said, “Oh, if only you weren’t a Lt!”

I must tell you about Jeff – our ward boy, though “boy” is certainly a misnomer. Do you remember Charley Archey, the janitor at Waldron High School? He and our Jefferson might have been twins. Jeff was 50 – had no teeth. Has been in the Army almost all his life and is still a private. Every day we had to tell Jeff how good he was because every day he threatened to quit though how anyone “quits” the Army is slightly beyond my powers of perception.

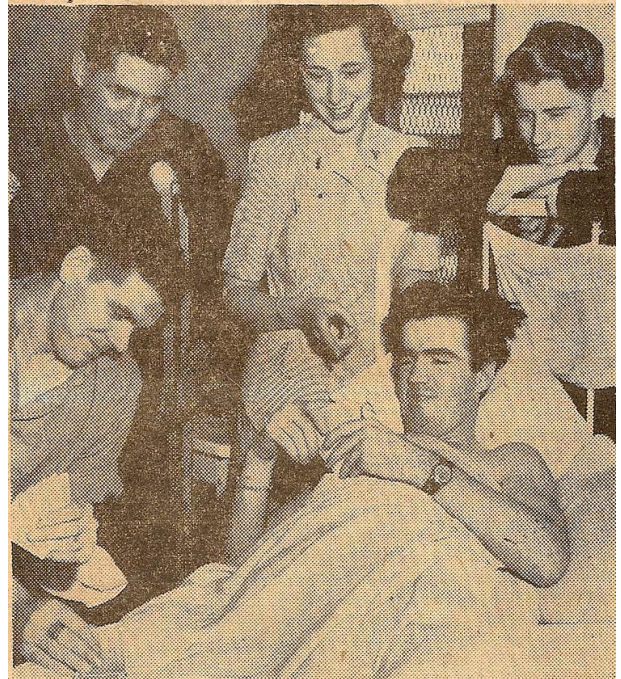


"WHAT'S THE TEMPERATURE, NURSE?"
 —Cartoon, drawn by Pfc. Charles R. Crozier, two-time wounded soldier, now a patient in Billings General Hospital, showing a patient and an Army nurse. The query is the usual one and the wonderment why his temperature soars each visit of the pretty nurse. Crozier, son of Mrs. Jayne Crozier, Cincinnati, O., is a former Shortridge and University of Cincinnati student. He served as an infantryman in Italy and France and was wounded while in action on each front.

This picture reminds me of Pietrowski. He was so hard to awaken and when he did he would proceed to have palpitations while we held his hand - his first words were always, "What's the temperature, nurse?" I called him "Caterpillar" because he was always "peeling" He was in and out of casts so many times he was always like a caterpillar emerging from his cocoon.

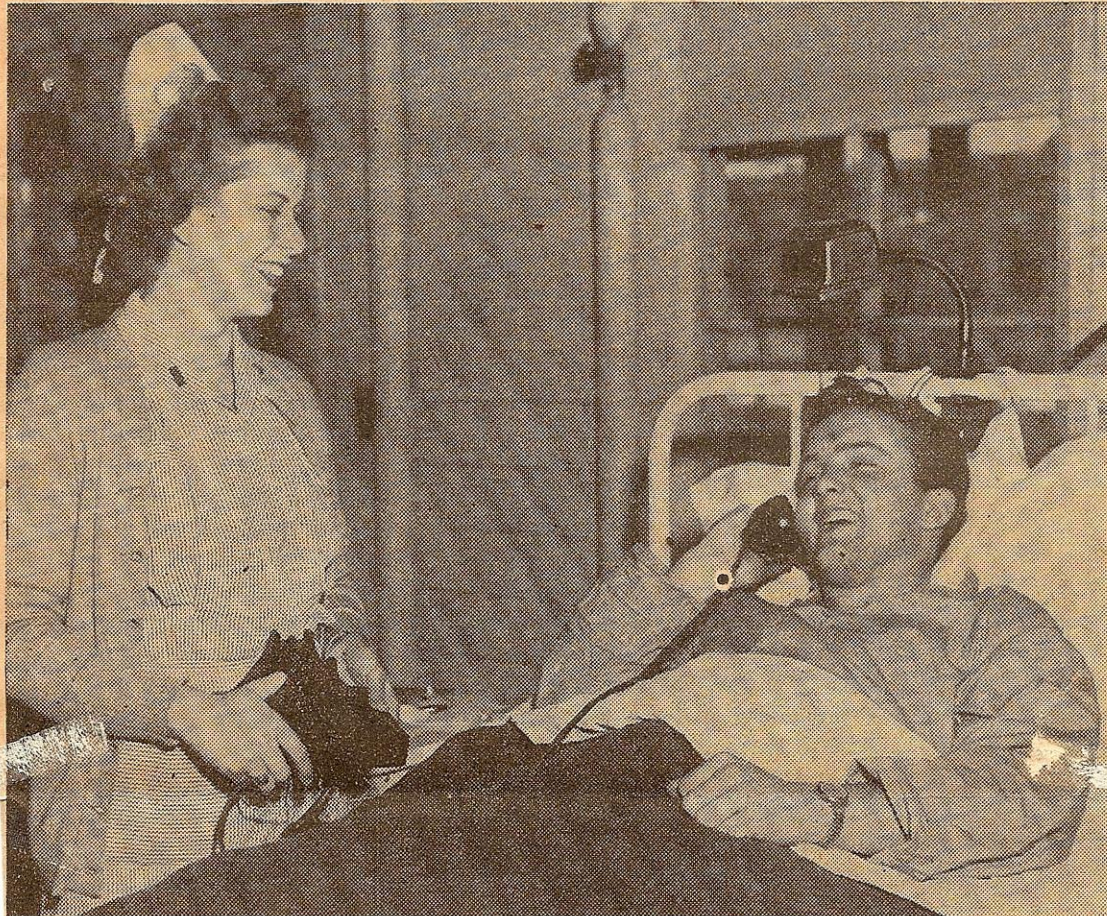
These are "my boys", too. Pfc. Dore was a honey. While he was at Billings he saw for the first time his 2 ½ month old baby son. After that sight he didn't need crutches – he flew. Pfc. Thomas was a square peg in a round hole – a little psychotic – thought no one liked him but he'll snap out of it. Bill Faulconer was one of my pets! He was the father of the sweetest little brown eyed "Sue" and he adored her. His only worry was getting his hair cut. When this picture appeared in the paper he sent it to the barber with this note, "Dear Mr. Barber, Now will you believe I need a hair cut?" He and I were special buddies because when Capt. Crumpler was making ward rounds one day after Bill was out of his cast and he asked the Capt. If he could go to the latrine via wheel chair and after the Capt. meditated a while he said, "Well, Lt. Meal, what do you think?" I said, "He's been a very good boy, Capt.!" And we were buddies

They Need Your Extra Deck of Cards



They need your extra pack of playing cards. Shown here at Billings general hospital are (left to right) Pfc. Michael J. Thomas Cleveland, and Pvt. William A. Faulconer, Indianapolis. The kibitzer are (left to right) Pfc. James F. Dore, Chicago; 2d Lt. Virginia Meyers, nurse, and Pvt. Clyde E. Bish, Detroit. If you have extra playing cards, take them to your nearest library.

ree Phone Call Home Brightens Life Of Warrior Wounded At German Border



This scene is enacted many times a day at the Billings General Hospital as wounded veterans take advantage of the free telephone calls provided them by the Phone Home Fund. 2d Lt. Alta Nash of Clarksburg, W.Va., gets a vicarious thrill out of the pleasure expressed on Pvt. Frank Wright's face as he makes a call from his bed by means of a portable telephone.

This picture is typical. A call home brought happier smiles than anything else and what a thrill it must have been to hear, "I'm home, Mom!"

Billings General Hospital

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana

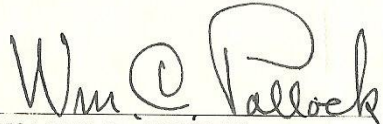
2d Lt. Beverly Meal, N769257, AUS (ANC)

having completed the Basic Training Course
in Army Orientation
merits this
Diploma

in witness thereof the affixed signatures.

Date 30 April 1945

Commanding



WILLIAM C. POLLOCK, Colonel, MC

Principal Chief Nurse



ANNA G. ANDERSON, Major, ANC

After basic training I was sent to Newton B. Baker General Hospital at Martinsburg, West Virginia. It was a sprawling set of buildings – built out in nowhere outside this little town which was near Washington, DC. It had 1800 beds. There I was a general duty nurse – my record says: Served as supervisor of three 80 bed wards. Supervised 4 medical corpsmen. Had charge of all admission to hospital and screened these men. Had charge of allergy clinic. Served as general duty nurse on plastic, hand, orthopedic and medical wards. Served as head nurse on general surgical ward and supervised nurses, cadet nurses, WACs and medical corpsmen.

We received patients from overseas hospitals – kept those with us when we had services to help (hand injuries, plastic surgery, general surgery, some psychiatry) and sent others to more appropriate hospitals – tried to get the patients close to their homes. When the patients arrived the ambulatory ones wore pajamas and bathrobes and usually wore boots. I became an expert; I could identify the branch of service by their boots. Infantry boots were very different from artillery boots and most different from all other boots were those worn by the paratroopers.

MY BOYS

INSTALLMENT II

My, my, I have been in the Army Nurse Corps 6 weeks and how much I've learned. My boys, well, I realize that boys are the same no matter where they are or what their injury. All my boys here have nerve injuries. So I won't ever forget them, though I really don't need this reminder, let me put some of them down on paper.

First comes Snodgrass – Howard Snodgrass – had a skull injury which left him with a left hemiplegia – and how he works to get his arm to work again. Every day he has me grip his hand to see if he getting stronger. He is a big man and a little on the dull side but so sweet. Will I ever forget the day when I was walking down the street in Martinsburg and met him and his wife, who obviously adores him. He introduced me and said, “This is Lt. Mess, honey” When I laughed and corrected him, he blushed and said, “Well, I knew it had something to do with food.”

Then, close to my heart is Bernard Walper – S/Sgt. Walper – one of those people who read good books, knew the difference between a symphony and an opera and who had a delightful sense of humor – you know, a clever person with an apt way of saying something at the right time. Walper was bitter as far as religion goes, in his own words, “Go to church? Why should I? Sure, I used to go to church. The last time I went to church was in a tiny French town which had been bombed almost to destruction with the exception of the church. The chaplain was a good man with a wife and two children. We were going into combat and we needed and wanted the sermon he preached to us that day. It was on faith. The next day while riding in a jeep with 4 other people he was killed – all the others were unhurt. It got me. I just thought if God would let a good man like that die, why should he worry about someone like me?” He went to church with me on Mother's Day. Maybe he didn't believe what the preacher said, maybe the hymns to him were mockery but as we went back to the ward he said, “Thanks for taking me to church, Lt. Meal. Will you take me again next Sunday?” Next Sunday we will go again – and some Sunday he'll be walking – not in a wheel chair.

Then there's George Cerrito – a skull defect – with very halting speech. One day he came out – showed me a clipping from a Hoboken paper with a picture of him. He pointed to it and said, “Me – hero!” The he produced a photo of a handsome fellow in a paratrooper's uniform and said, with a grin, “My brother – him not hero!”

Remember Mario LaPelle, the little gnome of a man over in the corner who always wanted to play cribbage with someone and whose favorite songs were Strauss waltzes and he played them constantly. Once in a while he'd play "Red River Valley" for Jimmy Napier. Jimmy Napier, another hemiplegic, who had convulsions quite often – so sweet. When he first came to the ward he spoke to no one and let no one come close to him but gradually became cheerful and could even laugh and talk – how he loved cowboys. Jimmy loved little Lt. Valahovic and his eyes followed her all over the ward.

There's Jess Adkins who could not talk, read or write. I know I'll never forget his first sound – it was "Woo Woo" when I walked by his bed one morning. The ward was in a state of complete pandemonium! Now he can make a few sounds – most of them are like sounds made by a deaf mute and his most accomplished sound by now is "wigged". I say to him, "Good morning, Jess," –he'll struggle and struggle and then – "wigged" He's getting better. He'll learn. He listens to everyone and doesn't miss any happening and it's a common sight to see the fellows laughing and big old Jess laughing, too, soundlessly, his entire body shaking with mirth. Jess is a farmer on a small scale and will I ever forget the expression on his face when I read him a letter from his wife in which she said, "I made the last payment on the place today and now it's all ours!"

Don't forget Leland McFarren, whose mother sent him those wonderful toll house cookies. Andrew Brielle, a true Sgt. Mulgrave. He always had something to sell or a money making scheme. Earl Carlson, who slept all day and was always fussing when we woke him, Pierre Milhaud who had been in the French Army – came here on a 6 week's furlough – France surrendered while he was here so he joined the US Army. He had a terrible Vohmann's contracture. I loved to hear him talk. John d'Elsi, the most beautiful man I've ever seen – Jay Duke who got 20 Christmas packages while a patient on 101. So many more, each one of them is infinitely interesting to me. Must tell you though about Steven Nagy – a Polish boy just back from overseas who said he wanted milk more than anything – he drank 2 quarts just like that. Michael Spano – an unquenchable flirt. I can't end this without telling you about Peter Cappazoli – Cappy was a Sgt., had a brain injury which became infected and developed into a brain abscess. No one thought he would live but live he did. Now, most people thought Cappy crazy which was exactly what he wanted us all to think. But those who were around him a great deal felt differently... Delameter was telling me how on VE Day Cappy walked over and said, "Well, the war is over, I guess I won't have to act crazy anymore!"

MY BOYS

27 June 1945

So, having just "Gled" the kitchen and polished off my desk with mineral oil, I take my pen in hand for I feel the time has come again to once more put on paper my current feelings about those I serve.

I must tell you first about Chester Archnecki – mostly because he told me the other day he thought I was the nicest nurse in the hospital! The outstanding thing about him is his seeming magnetism for enemas. Four times he was scheduled for surgery. Four times he had his pre-op enema and four times his surgery was cancelled. He's going to have a family crest made – an enema can!

Although it seems the majority of our foreign lads are Polish or Italian every now and then an Irishman pops up and is so refreshing. One of these is Joseph Allgood and when I tease him about his accent he always says. "Shure, and I like butter on me pie, and milk in me mush and you want to know where I came from?".

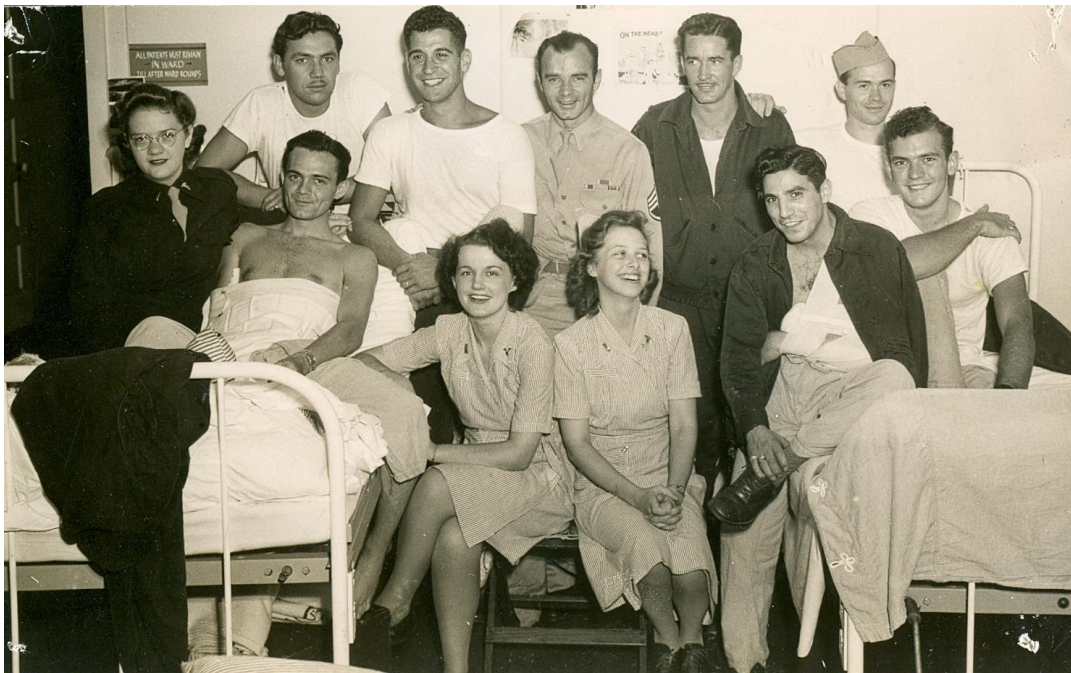
Next comes Edward Cornhoff – 19 - and what a mischievous lad. When I hear a big commotion I always know Cornhoff is in the middle of it all. One night, the Red Cross had a carnival down in the Rec Hall and Cornhoff came back laden with silly hats and horns and a record he had made. He went around all evening annoying everyone with his noise. You should have seen his face when he blew a horn at the night supervisor thinking it was I.

The "Dead End Kids" – Lewis and Gardner – about 20 years old and oh, did they think they were tough. Both of them were very short. Lewis had a moustache and talked out of the corner of his mouth and Gardner had a broken nose and let his hair grow long. They had one weakness – hot jive music and every night I'd have to chase them away from the vic on the sun porch to go to bed. They were the ones who started calling me "Bev" and when I, in a very shocked and very military manner informed them that they couldn't call me "Bev" they changed it to "Myrt" and then to "Lt. Myrt"

In every bunch of men there is a Jack Wagoner. An easy going guy who takes any amount of ribbing and still smiles. He'll always be a Pvt. – The kind who does KP and digs ditches and does anything to help fight a war. Jack was a sweet guy and a joy to have on the ward... When Sgt. Willis Spurrier found out I didn't like snakes he made my life miserable by putting a little green plastic snake wherever I would find it. He looked like an angel – blonde curls – rosy cheeks - dimples and an ever present grin. Sometimes when I looked at him I could see him playing center on a high school basketball team, carrying groceries, and mowing lawns – or even as a patient – but as a soldier? Somehow the picture didn't fit – that's when I realized - that's our Army – made up of boys who mowed the lawn, played basketball and carried groceries – and a wonderful army they are. Abraham Isaac Spiegel always had something to sell. – some big enterprise. I remember Abie especially because whenever he saw me – no matter who was around – he started yelling, "I love you – I love you!"

The men on 101 will always be near my heart because that's where I started at Newton D, Baker, Two boys, William Julia and Dan Haupt, were unusual cases for Newton D, because they were both amputation cases and those cases all go to Walter Reed but it so happened that they both had lost their left leg and have nerve injuries to their right leg so they were here because this is a neurosurgery center. I was amazed by the fact they were both happy and seemed to regard their loss as just another injury. When Don would play dance music he'd ask me to dance and when I'd grin he'd wiggle the stump of his leg around in perfect time. Then Bill would look down at his one GI shoe and say "UMM, good looking shoes. It's a shame they would only sell me one." One night one of them had said something a bit out of order and I demanded an apology. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Lady, I beg your pardon. In fact, I'll get down on my one good knee and beg your pardon." How can one lose faith in mankind when kids are faced with the prospect of years in a hospital and never be normal again – face that life with gaiety, courage and no bitterness. When they went on a furlough – they were happy to go home but with a bit of dread in their eyes because they knew, I think, that people would stare and somehow I don't think they knew exactly how to combat it. "You have to be tough to be a nurse, you say? No, not tough but understanding without being mushy – sympathetic without crying"

The night man on Ward 103 always teased me about the way Hoosiers speak. He said I said things like "Djeet yet?" "I had aigs for breakfast" He just called me and asked me if my utility room door was closed. I asked, "Why?" He answered, "You'd better be careful – all your ducks will fly out!" ("duck" being the usual name for a urinal)



Bev note: When I read these notes some of the names bring back the boy clearly – some not so clear and some I didn't write about but remember vividly. I'll never forget Peter Devecchio, (top row, second from left) a big tall Italian with a mop of black curly hair and big grin – Pete is one of the few boys I saw after he left the hospital. He lived in the Bronx – was a typewriter repair man – he had a unfixable nerve injury in one leg and wore a heavy iron brace – he came to see me at Fern's one time – he was happy to be home – and the grin was still there but some of the spark of the grin was gone.



Two of the medical corpsmen I worked with. It was late in the war and the Army put men wherever they were needed. One of these men had been a baker and one had been a mechanic. The medics who served overseas became as expert as nurses and doctors. They learned by doing.

Some place in the letters Mommie saved there was a paper that just had some names - I am sure I intended to write more about each one but at least I need to write them down – Stanley Jedrezczyk – Stanley Davis – (I remember Stanley, he was madly in love with one of our nurses – fraternization (what a dumb word, now) was forbidden but sometimes she would walk outside with him – he was SOOOO handsome – Steve Hrciar – Leo Imes – Louis Genovese – Roosevelt Robinson – Major McQuade – Capt. Young – Lt. LeShan (I remember Larry very well – he was a sergeant – a psychologist – who performed so admirably and helped so many patients that he was given a “field” commission – he was married to a psychologist, Eda, who wrote books and whose name pops up every now and then in crossword puzzles) Lt. Alhaus – Major Swart (a gruff orthopedic surgeon –we called him Major God) One time I was making rounds with him when we came to a bed, I said, “This boy.....” and was interrupted by him saying, “Lt., this is NOT a boy, this is a MAN!” -Camil Spiceins – Thomas Daley . So many nameshow I wish I could tell a story about each one – but at least saying each name pays them some honor.

The most colorful figure I’ve met here at Newton D. is Sgt. Rocky Engarde. He was a patient here for a time and when he recovered he was attached to the Medical Corps- largely to keep him out of trouble. At the age of 19- which was 6 years ago in spite of the fact that he looks only 21 now. Rocky fell in love and was jilted so tried to join the French Foreign legion only to find after a trip over on a tramp steamer that he was too young so returned and was put back in college by his irate parents and he ran away once more this time to join the Canadian Army. The officials told him he’d have to renounce his US citizenship which he refused to do so he came back and joined the US Army. Because he wanted action they sent him to Mexico – then somehow he went to Spain – down into Africa – joined the paratroops and fought all over everywhere – wounded many times – finally badly enough to ZS.I. him. Rocky has been court martialed 9 times – always for insubordination – usually for talking back to an officer. So, now, he is on night duty which he asked for knowing it would be harder for him to get into trouble. He likes very few people around here and when he does they always seem to be the underdog. Most people call him Rocky. I call him Robin Hood – because that’s what he does – mistreats the rich and befriends the poor. As a rule he hates nurses but for some unknown reason he seems to like me and brings me coffee every morning and a sandwich usually and we have deep discussions on fundamentals and sarcastic banter about trivialities.

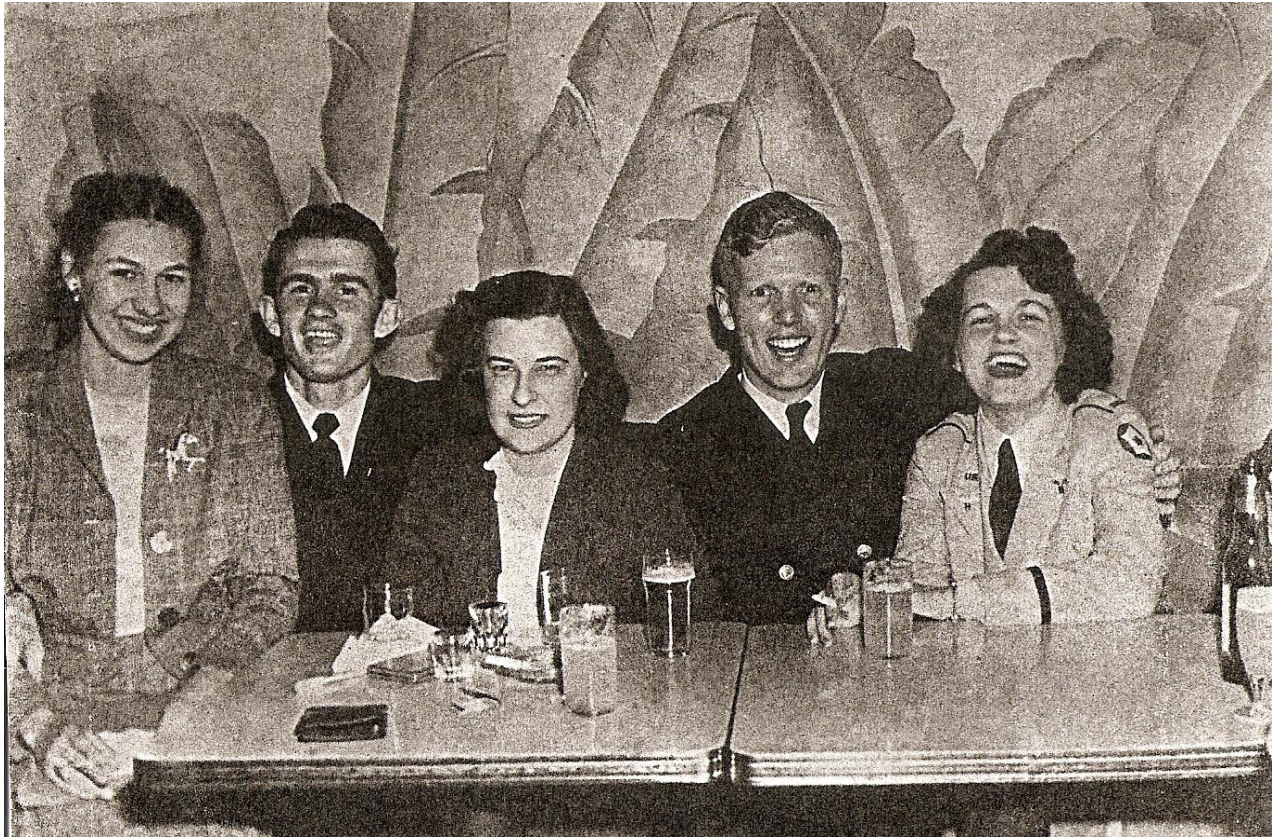
MY BOYS

6 June 1945

D-Day plus 365

This chapter would fit into this so-called manuscript only because it's about my life in the Army because it's about my p.o.m. leave (*Bev note: I can't remember what these letters mean – I do know it was the kind of leave one got shortly before being posted overseas*) from May 21, 1945 to June 5, 1945. After spending a wonderful, scintillating weekend in New York with Fern and Vladimir I returned to find myself alerted and posted to go home. But let me tell you first about my weekend. I wanted to go so badly I skipped a "must" movie on the treatment of a neuropsychiatric patient – but off I went. Rode to Washington sitting on my suitcase but had a seat from there to New York. Was met by Fern and Vladmimir and went to the Russian Tea Room – then to 39 West 70th – Bumchick is still wearing his cardboard collar. Poor Fern slept on the floor while I slept in her bed. New York was rainy the next day but I loved it anyway I discovered just how friendly New Yorkers are to service people when went to Radio City Music Hall and found a line 3 blocks long BUT we got right in because a policeman said, "Go around to the side door" Then back to Newton D to find myself alerted. Excitement was no word for it. Here I had spent practically all my money in New York but I made it... By the time we were an outside Cincinnati I was looking at my watch every 15 minutes. I gave the conductor a carton of cigarettes if he would stop the train at Shelbyville. So happy to see my parents – gee, they're tops! I really think everyone should go away from home for a time just to know how wonderful it is to go home – especially with parents like mine. Someone said, "You mean, they'll get up and meet you at 1:30AM?" Somehow I know they'll always be ready to help me when I need them. Then followed 15 days of joy and happiness – let me name a few of them and someday when I have time I'll elaborate.

1. the "smell" of Home Place Farm
2. the "look" of Indiana – no mountains – no plains – just – Indiana
3. cinnamon rolls
4. surprising everyone at Methodist – Sarge, Lindy, Dr. Scott, Spur, Mary in the kitchen
Dr. Hicks, seeing Dr. Kerr
5. dressing in girl clothes
6. trip to Billings to see Aggie
7. seeing Eris and hearing about Pat (I hope she marries him)
8. Sunday at church
9. Fried chicken, hamburgers, iced tea and homemade ice cream
10. Rotary and Col. Blocker
11. May's chocolate cake
12. The "3 little girls"
13. The party in Indianapolis with Dot, Eris and Mickey
14. Trip to Chicago to see Harlan – Ivanhoe's – Aragon – Downbeat Room FUN
15. Driving the tractor and going barefoot
16. Birthday – grand plus angel food cake
17. Well, it all adds up – people are wonderful especially those named Meal



When I was home on leave before going to Europe my best friend, Eris Holland and Mickey Scudder met Harlan, a friend of his and me in Chicago.

Came back to find myself going on Night Duty – in the meantime I'm on 105 – an abdominal flap ward. It's a fascinating process. (These boys were mainly burned patients – many of them had been inside tanks and had scarred faces and hands – missing ears, noses, etc. This process sounds primitive now, I'm sure. Our plastic surgeons made of kind of tube on the patient's abdomen – connected at both ends. When circulation and healing occurred one end of the flap was cut loose and connected – usually to an upper arm – the patient usually had a cast to support his arm while the graft healed – once that healed, one end was grafted to someplace on the head and the process continued. The USO sent units to our hospital to entertain the boys – one time the patients on my ward were going to see a little circus – those who could not push their chairs were being pushed by those who could walk – sometimes with casts and grafts up over their faces. One of the boys stopped by my desk and said, "We don't need to go see a circus – we ARE a circus!" Now and then, the grafts didn't work and the process would start over. Sulfa powder and penicillin were available but not many more antibiotics.)

Our ward officers are Capt. Payne and I wish he wouldn't stare at me and Lt. Fowler, that plastic surgery wizard. We all think he should be a Capt. Or a Major. He's terrific – a little "snappish" to us nurses but swell to the fellows and does truly marvelous work.

HOME PLACE FARM

POLAND CHINAS

WALDRON, INDIANA

thursday may 16

lt. beverly meal n-769257
newton d baker general hospital
martinsburg west virgin ia

dear lt. daughter

i was very glad to get your letter and partickels particull
espeshi espech mostly because of the money order my eyes
have been bothering me lately and i couldnt make out your
letter very well the typewriter letters are too small but
i could make out the writing on the money order real well it
was very thoughty of you to send it to me it will come in
real handy and i will be looking forward for your letters
each month or do you get paid every two weeks the trouble
with my eyes just came on me suddenly i first noticed it
a week ago sunday morning when i got up and they have been
that way since i had hoped that i would get the pig pictures
in time to use them in the june issue of the poland china
world but since the closing date is may 20th it doesnt look
like i would get to use them i am afraid they will be out
of date to use in the july issue but we'll see we got done
plowing yesterday and had a big rain last night it will be
several days before we can work the ground we have dragged
the field north of the barn but the rest of has not been
worked give my regards to isabel and tell her we will need
her to drive the little tractor as soon as the ground gets
dry enough to work again mother has finally gotten up and
she said are you writing to beverly and i said yes and she
she said well i wont seal my letter then and you can mail
yours with mine are you writing to harlan too and i said no
i just wrote him last week after he sent me a money
order for a hundred dollars too why do you think i would be
writing to him now he hasnt sent any more yet has he she
said no indicating a short interval of time she
called me to breakfast and i thought maybe i had better
wash my face and i went to take off my glasses and i didnt
have them on i guess i must have taken them off a week ago
saturday night when i took a bath and misplaced them so
that must be what is the matter with my eyes. i would have
had mother read it to me by i didnt want her to know my
terrible condition i wil have to get some new ones if we
cant find the others i hope i havent done anything i
shoulnt love your dad chester a + meal

Post Chapel

NEWTON D. BAKER GENERAL HOSPITAL
MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

SUNDAY, 26 AUGUST 1945

PROTESTANT SERVICE OF WORSHIP



Colonel Everett L. Cook, MC
Commanding Officer

John A. McAfee, Post Chaplain

ANNOUNCEMENTS

A Bible Study and Discussion Group will meet in the Chapel Wednesday evening at 1900. You are invited to join this group.

The Chaplain is eager to be of any possible service. He is available at all times for private interviews. His office extension is 124, home extension, 157.

The Chapel is always open for prayer and meditation.

Your attention is called to the religious literature to be found on the racks. It is yours for the taking. If you desire a Bible the Chaplain will be glad to provide you with one.

If you have not done so, you are urged to sign one of the blanks showing your attendance at this service. The blanks will be found on the table in the foyer.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is observed at the conclusion of the Service the first Sunday of every month.

Mass is held in the Chapel daily at 1705 and Sunday at 0900; Jewish Service Friday at 2000.

SERVICE AT 1030

Prelude

Call to Worship, Silent Prayer

Invocation

Hymn -
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" 159

Responsive Reading No. 43, Page 47

Solo - "Come Unto Me" Comen
Mrs. Preston Hopper

Scripture Lesson Hebrews 12:1-15

Pastoral Prayer

Announcements

Hymn - "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me" 375

Sermon - "ENRICHING EXPERIENCES"

Hymn - "Be Still, My Soul" 403

Prayer and Benediction

Postlude Miss Marie Cole, Organist

— Ushers —
Sgt. John Noll — Sgt. Craig Lowe

As an act of worship you are invited to make your offering as you leave the Chapel. The CHAPLAIN'S FUND is used for miscellaneous expense of the Chapel.

I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

--Robert Browning Hamilton

I described some pictures that I sent. Pictures of our chapel – a beautiful little place inside and out. Both our chaplains are good guys. The virgin timber around the grounds is beautiful. The administration building with the flag still at half mast for President Roosevelt. The building was my first taste of Newton D. Our barracks – with the exception of the palatial entrance are identical. How I wish this was a really good picture 'cause how I loved these boys. Walper, in the wheel chair, I've told you about him already and Duke, Jay Duke, a sweet boy who waited anxiously for mail to arrive and who received 11 Christmas packages one day in May. He had a skull defect which made him excessively sensitive to sound and although he smiled almost constantly he rarely laughed because the sound hurt his head.

In all my life – I sound as though I were 80 – I have never seen a more beautiful sight than I see now from my window. It's just twilight, the sun going down behind the mountains. The green lawns of the hospital dotted with patients wearing maroon convalescent suits and navy blue bath robes. So until the next time I feel an urge to tell you about My Boys, "farewell".

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
Fifth Service Command
Newton D Baker General Hospital
Martinsburg West Virginia

30 July 1945

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Pursuant to Section I, Par c, Circular 572, War Department, 1944 priority for transportation by air within the continental United States during the period 30 July to 5 August 1945 is authorized for Second Lt. Beverly Meal, N-769257, AUS (ANC), subject to the provisions of existing air priority directives and War Department circulars pertaining thereto.



E. L. Cook

E. L. COOK
Colonel, Medical Corps
Commanding Officer

My brother, Stanley, died suddenly at his home of a heart attack. I was given emergency leave – first time I ever flew.



Outside Newton D. Baker Hospital – I would take a bus into Martinsburg where I would get a train to Washington D.C. and frequently then take a train to New York to spend the weekend with Fern and Vladimir. Harlan would sometimes meet me in either Washington or New York and now and then he would come to Martinsburg to see me. He would always tease me that the Navy treated its personnel so much better than the Army. The Navy served meals on china and with linen tablecloths. We ate in a cafeteria on metal trays. Our waiters and cooks were German POWs.



No story about my days in the Army would be complete without introducing Capt. Isabel Brooks. She had been in the Army for several years – had worked in the Indian Service. She was a private duty nurse for the wife of General George Marshall. She admired General Marshall and he made a big difference in her life. Following that duty she was transferred to Newton D. Baker – we lived in big dormitories and she heard me singing – she liked it -and introduced herself to me. We spent a great deal of time together – her parents were Quakers. They spoke “plain” language to each other but not to others. I think one time Mr. Brooks addressed me as “thee” and I was thrilled. They lived in Latrobe, PA where Arnold Palmer grew up and where he still owns the Golf Club there. Izzy idolized Arnie and loved playing golf. She taught me to play golf and we had wonderful times together. She loved classical music – she loved Home Place Farm – came out there often and loved driving Daddy’s tractors. She bought a car - we named it The Cheerful Cherub – we often drove to Catoclin Mountain Park near Frederick Maryland – Camp David is in that park. I met the rest of her family – her sister, Meredith, and her brother, Skip. Meredith’s son, Bobby, came out to visit Home Place Farm and loved it – he couldn’t understand why we washed – the air was never dirty. We kept in touch after the war – she worked for the surgeon general – Dr. Parran - then went to work at the University of Pittsburgh where Jonas Salk was working on the polio vaccine and where she got to know the famous baby doctor, Dr. Benjamin Spock, well enough to ask him to autograph a copy of Baby and Child Care for me.

Somehow or other the official papers granting me leave before I went overseas to the European Theater of War are missing. I well remember going home on that leave and I have written about it earlier in this story. There were parties and it seems to me there was some crying – I could be shot – my ship could be sunk. Shortly after I arrived back at Newton D. Baker, the war in Europe was over. Shortly, we received orders to go to the Pacific and this time we had our malaria and yellow fever shots – our trunks (foot lockers, we called them – because you put them at the “foot of your bed” had been sent and I went home on leave again. This time I don’t believe there were as many parties and I don’t remember anyone crying. Before we left the hospital we learned that the war in the Pacific was over. I suppose it could be coincidental that the news of my deployment and the end of hostilities happened at the same time.....! We started closing the hospital and were told that we could go to England and ferry war brides and babies to the United States or we could be discharged.

I chose to be discharged. I was very anxious to take advantage of the GI Bill which granted generous education benefits and I went to Columbia University in New York and applied for their nursing school. The fall class was closed and I was advised to go home and take some classes at a school near my home. I always thought it was kind of amusing that I joined the Army on April 1 – April Fool’s Day – and was discharged on July 4 – Independence Day.

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
Fifth Service Command
Newton D. Baker General Hospital
Martinsburg, West Virginia

5 June 1946

C O M M E N D A T I O N

2nd Lt Beverly Meal
N-769257

Upon your separation from the Service, having honorably performed your duties and qualified for the conditions for release, it is my desire to commend you personally for the excellence and efficiency of your work.

In your position as Head Nurse on the GDD Ward and Allergy Clinic you have performed all your duties in an excellent manner.

I wish to express my personal appreciation for all you have done.

A copy of this letter will be placed in your 201 file.

E. L. Cook
E. L. COOK
Colonel, Medical Corps
Commanding Officer

ARMY SERVICE FORCES
Fifth Service Command
Newton D. Baker General Hospital
Martinsburg, West Virginia

IN REPLY
REFER TO

17 June 1946

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this letter, Miss Beverly Meal has served on my staff for the past fourteen (14) months.

During that time she has worked as a general duty nurse and then later in an administrative capacity and supervisor over three large wards.

Her administrative ability and sense of organization are excellent and are accomplished with ease and in a logical well ordered manner. She is pleasant and was well liked by personnel and doctors for whom she worked.

I would recommend her highly for any staff.

Helene F. Sorenson
HELENE F. SORENSON
Lt COL, Army Nurse Corps
Chief Nurse



Army of the United States

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

This is to certify that

BEVERLY MEAL N 769 257 SECOND LIEUTENANT
NEWTON D BAKER GENERAL HOSPITAL

*honorably served in active Federal Service
in the Army of the United States from*

1 APRIL 1945 *to* 16 JULY 1946

Given at SEPARATION CENTER FORT DIX NEW JERSEY

on the 16TH *day of* JULY 1946

FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER:

H.C. Ward

H C WARD MAJOR AC



SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST WJS

This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL MEAL, BEVERLY				MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS		
2. ARMY SERIAL NO. N 769 257	3. GRADE 2nd Lt.	4. SOCIAL SECURITY NO. NONE	10. MONTHS 15	11. GRADE 2nd Lt.	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY Nurse-General Duty	3449
5. PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (Street, City, County, State) Waldron, Rush Co., Indiana						
6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 1 Apr 1945	7. DATE OF SEPARATION 16 Jul 1946	8. DATE OF BIRTH 1 Jun 1923	9. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEPARATION CENTER FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY			

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATIONS

13. TITLE—DESCRIPTION—RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION
NURSE GENERAL DUTY: Served as supervisor of 3-80 bed wards at Newton D. Baker, General Hospital, Martinsburg, W. Va. Supervised 4 medical corpsmen. Had charge of all admissions to hospital and screened these men. Had charge of allergy clinic. Served as general duty nurse on plastic, hand, orthopedic and medical wards. Served as head nurse on general surgical ward and supervised 3 nurses, 2 cadet nurses, 2 WAC's and 2 medical corpsmen.

MILITARY RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION
CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL MEAL BEVERLY		2. ARMY SERIAL NUMBER N 769 257	3. ALC. GRADE 2D LT	4. ARM OR SERVICE ANC	5. COMPONENT AUS
6. ORGANIZATION NEWTON D BAKER GENERAL HOSPITAL		7. DATE OF RELIEF FROM ACTIVE DUTY 16 JUL 46	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEPARATION CENTER FORT DIX NEW JERSEY		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES WALDRON INDIANA		10. DATE OF BIRTH 1 JUN 23	11. PLACE OF BIRTH WALDRON INDIANA		
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT SEE 9		13. COLOR EYES GREEN	14. COLOR HAIR BROWN	15. HEIGHT 5'5"	16. WEIGHT 126 LBS.
17. NO. OF DEPENDENTS 0		18. MARITAL STATUS SINGLE		19. U.S. CITIZEN YES	
20. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. NURSE 111		21. O-33.10			

22. REGISTERED YES X		23. LOCAL S. S. BOARD NUMBER		24. COUNTY AND STATE SEE 9	
25. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 1 APRIL 1945		26. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. NURSE GENERAL DUTY 3449			
27. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS NONE					
28. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS AMERICAN CAMPAIGN MEDAL WORLD WAR II VICTORY MEDAL MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE					
29. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION NONE					
30. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED NONE			31. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN		
32. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION RELIEF FROM ACTIVE DUTY RR1-1 46 TWX 2D ARMY 25 JUN 46			33. DATE OF DEPARTURE N O E		
34. CURRENT TOUR OF ACTIVE DUTY		35. FOREIGN SERVICE		36. EDUCATION (years)	
YEARS 1	MONTHS 3	DAYS 16	YEARS 0	MONTHS 0	DAYS 0
37. CONTINENTAL SERVICE		38. FOREIGN SERVICE		39. EDUCATION (years)	
GRAMMAR SCHOOL 8	HIGH SCHOOL 4	COLLEGE 0			

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.					
30. KIND OF INSURANCE X	31. HOW PAID X	32. EFFECTIVE DATE OF ALIQUOT 31 JUL 46	33. DATE OF NEXT PREMIUM DUE (one month after 30) 30 AUG 46	34. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$6.60	35. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO CONTINUE X

40. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER BEING SEPARATED <i>Beverly Meal</i>		41. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) ED V CATINE CAPT WAC ASST ADJ	
---	--	--	--

42. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)
ASR SCORE (2 SEP 45) 5
GENERAL DUTY NURSE
LABEL BUTTON ISSUED
ON TERMINAL LEAVE FROM 5 JUL TO 16 JUL 46 INCLUSIVE

WD AGO FORM 33-50
7 November 1944
This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Forms 33 and 330 for officers entitled to a Certificate of Service, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.

Army Service Forces
Second Service Command
SEPARATION CENTER
1280d SCU Personnel Center
Fort Dix, New Jersey

4 Jul 46
Date

MEAL BEVERLY 1769257 44-3
2LT ANC A13 WFS 1 JUN 23
WALDRON IND
WALDRON IND

CERTIFICATE

I, the undersigned, certify that the following are true and correct statements:

1. I have settled all my accounts with the following offices and have obtained the initials of the person authorized to clear me in each section:

BILLETING OFFICE *PAID IN CASH BY COMPANY* Clear Individually
Before Signing
Final Papers

OFFICERS AFFAIRS *PAID* Cleared in a Group

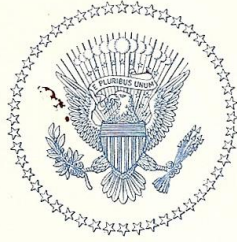
FINANCE OFFICE *PAID* Cleared in a Group

2. I have returned all government property and equipment issued to me and now in my possession prior to my departure from Separation Center, Fort Dix, New Jersey.

3. I have settled all my financial and property accounts to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Beverly Meal
(Payroll Signature)

(THIS FORM WILL BE EXECUTED IN DUPLICATE BY ALL OFFICERS)
(BEING SEPARATED FROM THE SERVICE)



BEVERLY MEAL

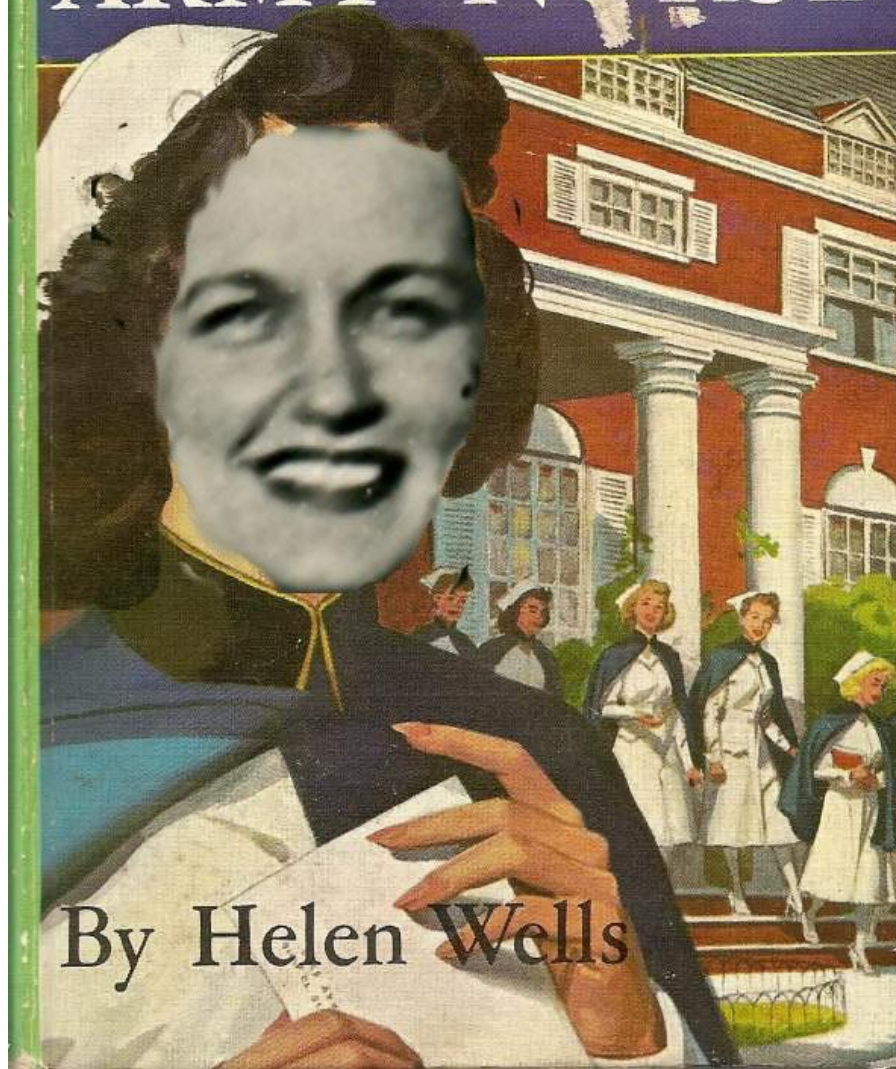
To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, which appears to be "Harry Truman".

THE WHITE HOUSE

I went home to Home Place Farm, got a job at Major Hospital in Shelbyville, lived in their nurses' home and was planning my educational future when I met Kenneth Wagoner who had recently come to DePauw University to take an interim position in their Psychology Department. His father had recently died and he wanted to be near his mother who was in poor health. We saw each other frequently and when, in October, I was notified by Columbia University that I could enter their spring class. I think K thought it would be too much trouble to continue our relationship at such a long distance and asked me to marry him which I did.

Cherry Ames
ARMY NURSE



By Helen Wells

More than 59,000 American nurses served in the Army Nurse Corps during World War II. Nurses worked closer to the front lines than they ever had before. Within the "chain of evacuation" established by the Army Medical Department during the war, nurses served under fire in field hospitals and evacuation hospitals, on hospital trains and hospital ships, and as flight nurses on medical transport planes. The skill and dedication of these nurses contributed to the extremely low post-injury mortality rate among American military forces in every theater of the war. Overall, fewer than 4 percent of the American soldiers who received medical care in the field or underwent evacuation died from wounds or disease.

