

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Air Evac.

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For once I didn't mind having to get up at five. I was ^{am} ~~leaving~~ ^{bound} for France and the excitement wouldn't have let me sleep anyway. Besides, this had been ^{an unpleasantly} lively night; lively, that is, according to present ^{new} standards. Measured by those of 1940/41 all is quiet in "Southern England". Too quiet, as it goes.

Personally I like my blitzes noisy. And I like the enemy's doings cloaked in a tremendous din all our own. The good old blitz used to provide just that; also, it used to furnish the experienced listener with a lot of valuable clues concerning the progress of the battle. You always knew where you were; or, at least, you always thought you knew where you'd probably better be: in bed; behind the bathroom door; under the stair case; or, alas, in the shelter. Distant hits might fool you, of course. There's been many a heated argument as to whether some detonation or other hailed from a bomb or a gun. But when things ~~had~~ started to happen ^{just} in your neighbourhood, all uncertainty vanished and you never failed to hear your bomb coming. Sounding much like an approaching express train, it descended, contrapuncted as it were, by the reassuring clamour produced by the time-honoured barrage.

All that is different now. Buzz bombs are being ^{dealt with in the} fought in ~~a new~~ and quiet ^{er} sort of way and themselves won't yield more than three flimsy sound-effects. There is first the halting cough of the motor - its "cemetery yodler", as it has been aptly called; then there is silence, a very complete and fairly uncomfortable silence which indicates that your robot has ceased to be a plane; ^{has} transformed it self into a bomb and is now noiselessly on its way down.

As to sound-effect number three - the dull and hollow explosion - it is the last thing you'll ever hear of the beast. Until, with the arrival of its catching successor, the series starts anew, you might just as well relax, were it not for the possible advent of a pilotless glider bug.

This ugly animal won't catch; its motor stops when it is still miles away and you find yourself robbed of sound effects one plus two. A silence between two noises is something positive and measurable, whereas a silence preceded by silence is nothing at all. In its wake the explosion occurs most surprisingly so that you won't even have a chance to hold your breath or ^{mutter} a little something while anticipating the blow.

To say that the robots are unpopular in "Southern England" would be a super-British understatement. Even now that they have ceased to be an uncanny novelty, they tend to make people improporcionally angry. Their very inconsequence, their ^{purposed} inability to interfere with the war effort seem to render them especially irksome. They decide nothing, ^{they} alter nothing and their blind and futile attacks spell none of the highly dramatic significance of the Battle of Britain.

The first place I went to, that ~~particular~~ morning, was but partly there. A buzz bomb had fallen and demolished most of the locale where I used to have my breakfast before early departures. Hoping against hope that ~~a~~ some bits of nourishment might yet be hidden among the ruins, I walked into the shattered house. In a room without windows, its ceiling damaged and one of its walls rather gone, I came upon a lot of tables, neatly set for a meal. There was no debris

- 3 -

"Doodle Bug Breakfast" Ah Ehheeahh it announced modestly.

happy to note how quickly "we"^{had} adapted ourselves to the unaccustomed.
only

and many injured. Yet, like ~~hphhnhhhhh~~ seasoned Blitz-veterans kept attending to our business

fast the girls in charge of the place had cleaned up the mess. One of

bbbbbbk sitting on a bbaabbbbaabbaa heaplet of litter and quietly

hhhhhheehhehyohhhmhna"hhsheshasked,hash

lay further inland.

the air with the sonorous roaring of their engines. They were C 47s

belonged to the

Command. The

invasion, though less spectacular than that played by our bombers and

all kinds of the swiftest and smoothest kind of
supplies and our wounded with transportation.

have been evacuated by air. So, for that matter, have allied soldiers

injured in the American sector of the front. Even an occasional Germans benefits

Whhh by the American air evac system.

25 nurses - the 806th air evac squadron - are hhhhhghhah
on duty with the 31 Transport group. Each outgoing ^{supply} ship carries
one nurse and one surgical technician, ~~whhh, theoretically at least~~
each nurse may make hhhhhghhah three sorties a day. hhhhhghhah
hhhhghhah accomodates
hhhhghhah Since each ship hhhhhghhah 24 patients hhhhhghhah
this means that hhhhhghhah 1800 casualties
could be taken care of daily by this one squadron. Happily we've never
had so many.

hhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah

At luncheon I listen to the animated chattering of the
nurses who've just returned.

hhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah

hhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah

"No kidding!" one of them exclaims; "the air's
so jammed, over there you've got to queue up for the landing, queue up
for the takeoff, queue up for everything. hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah
And just when our turn hhhhhghhah and we were
about to beat it, what do you think happens? A troop carrier grabs the
air and hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah hhhhhghhah
and there's not
a traffic cop around to give him a ticket."

She laughs

"Actually" she adds

"I wouldn't have minded. Only my patients were getting sort of restless."

"What kind of hhhhhghhah were they?" I ask.

"Litter cases" she says, lightly, but her face grows

very hhhhhghhah earnest.

When we finally leave, our ship is loaded to capacity. In fact, she couldn't possibly be meant to carry some 20 people in addition to the piles of freight which throng the narrow passage between the two bucket benches, ^{ing} ^{make} ^{hard} ~~and which make it tough~~ for one's legs to find any parking space at all. But these tough little C.47 s - model T. Fords among transport planes - never wince.

"You overload them", a pilot once told me - ^{sure enough} "and they'll want a bit of coaxing before getting off the ground. But once they're up, they'll stay there; ^{and} ~~to bring them down it'll~~ ^{take a collision with an object that won't move,} ~~take a collision with an object that won't move,~~ ^{to bring the down.}

Most of the passengers are American soldiers for whom this flight does not hold any particular ~~excitement~~ ^{excitement}. Wherever they go, they picture themselves as being on their way home; and France is but another station on the long and tedious roundtrip U.S. - ~~theaters of operations - U.S.~~ ^{which stands and ends by a} ~~theaters of operations - U.S.~~ ^{When we are halfway across} ~~England.~~ ^{over the channel those among us who} ^{'d known} and loved France before the war, begin to recognize each other. ^{The} ~~We have~~ a way of staring out of the windows and searching the horizon for a hazy bit of coastline which is bound to give us away. ^{also} ~~Also~~ on a sudden we talk to each other. An American Major tells me about his honey moon in Paris "what a city!" he says; "and what a disgrace to know the boche there. ^{and I hope to be present} ~~I sure hope~~ ^{and will make him quit?} ~~when he's made to quit in a hurry.~~"

^{My neighbor} ~~Royal Artillery~~ Captain is the first to see land.

"France!" he says gently, - "boy, oh boy, FRANCE!"

He is a man in his ~~thirties~~ ^{thirties}, his face suburned weatherbeaten and battlewise (?). But as he presses his nose against the

glass and all but
loophole, while his smiling eyes ~~hahah~~ consume the distant shore, he
be very ~~hahahhahahhahah~~ spellbound before an enchanting
might ~~hahahhahah~~ a small boy beholding ~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ *door*
The book in which ~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ window-display.
~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ he's been reading ~~hahahhahah~~ up to now is "The Latin
Genius" by Anatole France.

He's got a map, too, a beautifully detailed chart of
~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ Normandy.

~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~

Down below the channel is crowded with ships and we meet
a number of planes, ~~hahahhahahhahah~~ their wings and bellies
adorned, ~~hahahhahahhahah~~ with the white stripes characteris-
tic since D-Day of the allied expeditionary airfleets. Not a sign of enemy
activity is to be seen anywhere. Nor does anyone seem to think that
~~any such thing of the kind~~ there might be. ~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ Despite her precious ~~hah~~
cargo our ship is unarmed and we fly un-escorted. And though, on her way
back, she'll have become a hospital plane, carrying nothing but casualties
she'll not be marked as such. Why bother? she'll be safe, - red cross or
none *(C)*

~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ "There" ~~hahah~~ *Harry could see any*
designates a point at the ~~hahah~~ *point of the*
having consulted his map, ~~hahahhahahhahah~~ approaching coast. "That's Cherbourg".
There "And that" he says, - "are guns, - very heavy ones, too."

In the absence of any sound I would have taken the flashes
~~hahahhahahhahahhahahhahahhahah~~ for summer lightening. He's right,
though and what we're watching is the battle of St. Lo.

Elsewhere, too, the picture is turning grim. Even on the
channel where ~~for all we've seen~~ *so far might have been the scene of*
has altered its looks. ~~hahahhahah~~ split in two, ships half sunk, half burned
visible ~~hahah~~ their ~~hahahhahahhahah~~ part looming pathetically; ships half burned,

their ~~bellies~~ bellies blackened, their towers and turrets gone.
The spiky ridges closer to the shore are German obstacles, left intact
wherever landings have not taken place. ~~Wherever they have,~~
the countryside is ravaged and ~~waste~~ ^{ghastly} ~~desolate~~. More gruesome even than the
sight of ~~flattened and~~ ^{farm houses} ~~villages~~ ^{erased}, is that of
pastures, ~~punctured with craters and~~ ^{desperately} ~~fields and meadows~~, devastated by the feet of fighting men. While
the trees ~~are still green~~, the meadows
are ~~dead and brown~~. ^{quite} ~~nearby~~ ^{in a nearby lake} grazing cattle and a handsome
chateau in a well groomed park ~~mirror nothing but~~ ^{and the very essence of} peace.

In the D.-minus days when those ~~in the know~~
were careful never to pronounce the word "France", the invasion coast
was ~~referred to as~~ ^{among soldiers} "The Far Shore". ~~And where Americans chanced to run~~
And while the ~~beach strip~~ ^{the landing} where Americans chanced to run
into a whole division of manouvering Germans has become famous under
the name of "Omaha Beach" the airfield there - the first to be workable -
has been christened, officially, "Air Freight and Passenger Terminal/31.
Transport Group, Far Shore".

It's an oatfield, really, but smooth and roomy at that.
For the rest ~~the "terminal"~~ ^{countless} ~~consists of~~ American
~~tents, German dugouts, and four French houses, at least one of which~~
~~I expected to harbour the~~ ^{local H.Q.} ~~Actually,~~
the C.O.,
however, Major John W. Pace and ~~the second in charge~~, Captain Wessley (?)
Oliver, never dreamed of ~~dwelling~~ ^{living in} comparative comfort at the expense
of a ~~French family~~ ^{French family}. Like everybody else they

*the French
40th
2nd Lt V andrade eggs
for cooking*

stick it out in their wretched wigwams.

strictly *Set by*
This is a man's place. ~~and~~ Except for the nurses

~~who stay just long enough for their ships to be unloaded and their~~
~~patients to be get~~ ~~embarked~~ ~~no woman can be seen anywhere. Even the~~
Evac Holding Hospital ~~is attended to by men.~~ *orderly*

~~this is the last~~ ~~stop~~ ~~on their way to the~~ ~~relative safety~~
of Britain. ~~Before they came here this is what happened:~~ *they were wounded;*
~~they were~~ ~~got~~ ~~a first aid man or "medic" looked after them in the field and~~ ~~then~~
~~to a first aid station; from there they~~ ~~went to a~~ ~~so-called "collecting~~
~~station",~~ ~~which would send them on to the~~ ~~Evac Hospital as soon as their condition permitted. Upon their arrival~~
~~here the cases~~ ~~sorted.~~ ~~After having received the~~ ~~necessary treatment~~ ~~all ambulatory cases are evacuated almost immediately~~
~~may have to be operated on; at any rate, however, they're being~~ ~~Stretcher cases~~ ~~held until they're out of any immediate danger.~~
~~The tent-hospital accommodates 600 stretcher cases and on~~ ~~another lot~~ ~~250 walking patients can be taken care of. Most arrivals take place by~~ ~~night and most evacuations in the early morning.~~
~~There's something strangely unreal about~~ ~~the place.~~ ~~At first sight it seems~~ ~~utterly primitive, as indeed it is~~ ~~There's no furniture of any kind~~ ~~bound to be.~~ ~~There are no cots; the patients lie~~ ~~on the~~ ~~bare~~ ~~ground;~~ ~~it is~~ ~~raining~~

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Black man has attached
to his clothing a cord
groovy pants.

" Nothing cared ^{down the} from airtight case

ning, and outside the tents the ground is muddy. Somewhere, his boots
buried in mud. A soldier stands bent over an electric washing
machine. Next to the tent the "chest-cases" (a glittering piece of machinery
is ready to provide the patients with oxygene. Nearby looking nearby
turns out to be the "Normandie Dispensary Nah Pharmacy" which I find
most lavishly equipped. As I walk along I come across a small mound covered
what seems to be an odd collection of garments and rags. A German officer's coat - the
long, greenish kind, worn by Hitler's Panzer Divisions, - a silverish
bit of cloth - torn from a barrage balloon; an American trenchcoat; a pair
of Canadian trousers.
Nazi
"It's a German dugout" I am told,
"and we're trying to make it waterproof".

Apart from dugouts, foxholes and pillboxes all of which are now inhabited by our men, the Germans left a number of barrels marked "Trinkwasser" - "drinking water". ~~Although~~ ^{the} liquid they contained looked a bit suspicious, there was nothing wrong with ~~the wine~~. ~~For wine it was - in impressive quantities.~~

Overlooking the sea and separated from the hospital area by a deep valley the first American cemetery in Europe ~~is about to be completed.~~ ^{is now being completed} Many are resting here, - ~~boys~~ ^{men} who died, storming the beaches, ~~and winning the~~ first decisive battle of France. And still graves are being dug, ~~too many~~ ^{rows of graves} of them; it is a solemnly heartrending sight.

The wine,
~~In fact~~ I understood that
the wine was excellent
and there was a lot of it, too,

V. ~~the~~
the hospital has 125
are paying plant

once they have reached medical aid 99
out of a hundred casualties are saved, whereas
were lost
in the last war 11 out of a hundred. Sulpha drugs and blood
fusions
transfusions are largely responsible for this heartening develop-
ment; but has helped to bring about the situation
ment; the air evac system, too, has helped to bring it about.

It had stopped raining. In the deserted prison camp of war
cage Behind the barbed wire/ inclosing the prisoners of
American soldiers were playing At
war softball. At this time
time of day "Jerry" was inclined to come over and drop a few
and
the boys were wearing their steel helmets.
in honour
"Not of the Hun, though!" one of them
shouted over to me; "he's never getting anywhere. But our own
to be hit by
barrage is. And homemade shrapnel
would be downright silly!"

Out on the field planes kept landing and taking off.
A couple of nurses, neat and trim in their gray-
bluish service overalls were chatting with an army
chaplan.

"You ought to be glad" I heard him say,
"or would you want more of our men to get hurt?"

They wouldn't. Still, they insisted, a "dry run" was something
awfully disappointing and they had to fly
back to England without any patients aboard.
was nothing but rotten luck.

Actually nearly all movable cases had been evacuated
in the morning and most of the planes
returned empty.

No sooner had they left, than ambulances appeared on the scene and were driven, cautiously, towards the two last remaining planes.

The first to arrive were stretcher cases
eased down from the ambulances by orderlies whose husky looks
strangely contrasted with the tenderness of their gestures
(motions?). Ever so gently they lifted the wounded of its four bearers
they lifted their stretchers high over their heads and shoved them
into the ship where another team of stood ready to receive and it.
24 stretchers - 6 times 4 on top of each other - so many
like pullman berths which
were sustained by collapsable metal bars -
attached to the walls
which had been brought
into position.

Collapsible metal bars attached to the walls had been brought into position to sustain 24 stretchers - 8 times 3 on top of each other: *in a Pullman seat - 7 ft*

All the wounded were clean, shaven and neatly bandaged, some of them in splints. ~~And each of them had~~ ^{every one} attached to his clothing a card, giving particulars of his case, ~~what~~ ^{saying} drugs ought to be ~~dispensed~~ ^{dispensed} ~~what - if any~~ ^{to} ~~enroute and~~ ^{to} and which kind of hospital the patient was to be transferred.

Had the fishint in Normandie resulted in any special sort of wound illness or accident, I wondered.

"No," the nurse told me "We're getting all sorts, - but fewer than expected and ~~not~~ ^{really} not many that are ~~very~~ ^{very}

oner had they left
driven,
e hhh cautiously,
one of which had
hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
er-cases were the

An R sent, we got ^{too} close to
me and all I could see
was his

There was something feverish about them also something strangely
deaddened and defunct . Although the man was by no means blind,
nothing he saw seemed to register.
Rather Their gaze appeared to be searching,
for something within himself.

"No, I don't," he said, shaking his head. And, as if to explain his failure, he added:

"You see, ^{you see}
I haven't been in France very long".

HyahhnhghbournhhaughndhThwasahngoodhabuhndhLaughnber

I went to talk to the nurse, who said that her name was D.M. Brindley that she came from Wheeling West Virginia and that she was 26. She had been in the hospital for a long time. My neighbour, she explained, suffered from shock, exhaustion and partial amnesia. He'd been in the thick of the Cherbourg fighting and while he remembered all he'd gone through there, ^{the last 4 or 5 years} he'd lost his memory of the past.

"Temporarily," ~~that is~~ said Meeb th his nurse; "I understand It's not too bad a case."

and ~~she~~
Calmly hhh she moved among the patients
looking after their bandages, fastening their seatbelts and getting
them into their "May Wests". ~~Those among them who'd been~~
~~since the trip wouldn't last much more than an~~
in pains had been given morphine at the hospital and there was no need
for her to open her medicine chest. But cots had to be prepared for
anyone who might wish to lie down and when one of the men got restless
and insisted by pacing up and hhh down the corridor, unnerving
threatened.

further
to unnerve the nervous, he had to be combined with a measure of feminine persuasion and resolute authority to get him back to his seat. pretty/browneyed Miss Brindley - I noticed -
had all it took.

Eve Now and then,
BhhbbhEhhhhhHhhhhhhhhke In irregular intervals
friend *(48)*
my shell shocked hhhhhhhh took to shaking his head - not in a convulsive,
tick-like sort of way, but merely as if haunted by an utterly bewildering
thought.hhhh

The other neighbour looked
 like a fellow with a story to tell. Having incurred
 the loss of his uniform, he wore bright blue flanel pyjamas which
 added to the general
 of his appearance. His right hand was thickly bandaged and he carried
 his arm in a sling ;

"~~hahhhahhhahhh~~ somehow the classification "war casualty" didn't seem to looking at his jolly, sunburned face fit him; ~~ahh~~ you inclined to think that he'd been the victim of a minor skiing-accident.

Air Evac

15 pages
