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THE SUNDAY SUN MAGAZINE
BALTIMORE, MD. FEBRUARY 6, 1944
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

General Omar N. Bradley has on his battle helmet and with it his fighting face

Infantryman Bradley Knows His Germans

By THOMAS M. O'NEILL
[London Bureau of The Sun]

LONDON.

AMERICAN ground forces moving against the Continent will be going into action under the command of a professional soldier, of professional appearance, who had devoted all his adult years to the study of military problems before he got a chance to fight, and who then promptly proved that he knew the answers.

That is Lieut. Gen. Omar N. (for Nelson) Bradley.

A 1913 graduate of the United States Military Academy who spent the succeeding three years at Western army posts, General Bradley felt deeply, for a quarter of a century, the need to explain why he saw no action during World War I.

There will be no such explaining after World War II, for the victor of Bizerte, and a hero of the Sicilian campaign, now takes up one of history's greatest and most exacting military assignments.

Little Known In England

Measured against the fame that has settled on some other military commanders, General Bradley qualifies in this theater as the man nobody knows. All the evidences of this were at hand the day General Eisenhower announced the choice of his ground force commander for the American troops in the Allied expeditionary force.

Authorities at the headquarters were bombarded with a single question, a question they couldn't answer.

Who is Bradley?

Public relations officers darted about in search of material about the new commander, but produced no more than the statistical review comprising dates of assignments and promotions.

He is at present a temporary lieutenant general, although his permanent rank is that of colonel. The rank for which he has been nominated, and which he will attain when Congress acts on the Presidential nomination, is brigadier general.

Not Of Talking Sort

Correspondents interviewed other generals, and got what became a stock answer:

"Bradley? Sure, I know him. But I don't know anything about him."

All the while General Bradley was in London, where he has been since October, but refusing to talk about himself, and vetoing all suggestions for a press conference.

He shares the dislike of the invasion commander in chief, General Eisenhower, for "talking generals"; in nearly 30 years as a professional soldier, he has stuck strictly to his military knitting, and he will never win the Churchillian description of a general who was "magnificent in defeat, insufferable in victory."

No fancy uniforms of self-design adorn the Bradley frame, no saucy beret crowns the graying Bradley head. As a soldier, he is after Germans, not glamor.

Omar Bradley was born February 12, 1893, the son of a country school teacher, in Moberly, Mo., an inconsequential town of coal mines and agriculture, which has since honored and embarrassed the general by naming its airport for him.

Good Outfielder's Arm

A flair for mathematics took him to West Point, via an obliging Congressman who made him an alternate to a principal appointee who flunked the entrance exams. At the academy, he missed the football varsity and became second-string center.

He starred at baseball in the West Point outfield, and still holds the academy record for the distance throw of a baseball. The years have confused the length of that record throw; General Bradley says it gets longer every time he hears it mentioned.

Upon graduation, Bradley selected the infantry, and was commissioned second lieutenant. The infantry has occupied him ever since.

In the belief that every general should have a nickname, the publicity forces undertook to manufacture one for General Bradley, who has none. They said he was known as "The Doughboys' General." Significantly, and to the satisfaction of Bradley, this alleged nickname was dropped from the report of his appointment published in Stars and Stripes, the doughboys' newspaper.

Long-Legged And Lanky

Another biographer described him at the time of the Tunisian conquest as short and stocky. For the record, General Bradley lacks half an inch of six feet, weighs an almost constant 182 pounds, is long-legged and lanky. He has a shock of once dark hair, in which the gray spread during the African fighting.

In Africa he acquired also a deep bronze. The tinted, shell-rim spectacles he wears intensify his general schoolmasterish appearance. He has a wide brow and a head that bulges at the ears, as though struggling to retain the knowledge born of years of study.

A prescient lad was the class-book prophet for the West Point class of '15. In the *Howitzer* for that year he set down against the name of Cadet Omar N. Bradley:

"His most prominent characteristic is getting there, and if he keeps up the clip he has started, some of us some day will be bragging to our grandchildren that, 'Sure, General Bradley was a classmate of mine.'"

Bradley was the first of the class of '15 to reach the rank of general. General Eisenhower was also a member of that class, and both reached the rank of general in 1941, but Bradley became a brigadier seven months ahead of the invasion commander in chief.

From West Point, he began the routine round of army posts and slow, peacetime promotions. First, he went to the 14th Infantry, at Fort Wright, and with that regiment to border duty in 1936, there winning his first promotion—to first lieutenant.

Some 28 other assignments preceded his appearance in Africa last year. A month after the United States entered World War I, he became a captain, while at Vancouver Barracks.

A year later, while serving at Butte, Mont., he was raised to the temporary rank of major. While in that rank, he was sent to South Dakota State College as a professor of military science and tactics, and there reverted for six months to his permanent rank of captain.

Teacher At West Point

In 1920, he became a permanent major. At about the same time he was sent to West Point to become an instructor in mathematics at the Military Academy. He stayed there four years.

Training at the Fort Benning Infantry School followed, and graduation from the advanced course in 1925 was accompanied by orders sending Bradley to Hawaii.

Not until three years had passed did he return to the United States, to attend the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth.

Then he spent four years as instructor at the Fort Benning Infantry School in charge of the weapons section, before he was ordered to the Army War College in Washington. Graduating there in 1934, with all the academic training the army afforded, he went to West Point to become instructor in tactics, remaining in that capacity and as plans and training officer until 1938, two years after winning promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Served On General Staff

Up to now, his career had been barely distinguishable from that of any other able officer of the peacetime army. There was, however, sufficient difference to attract the eye of General Marshall, and Bradley was ordered to duty in Washington on the War Department General Staff, shortly becoming assistant secretary of the General Staff, and there he stayed until February, 1941, found him a brigadier and commandant of the Fort Benning Infantry School.

At Fort Benning, he made the plans for expanding the officer candidate school system, fills faith in the officer candidate school has since been demonstrated in substantial fashion—both of the young captains who are the aides of this West Point soldier are products of officer-candidate schools.

Called From Maneuvers

Less than a year after becoming a brigadier, Bradley was promoted to major general, and took command of the 82nd Infantry Division at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, just before this unit was reorganized into two airborne divisions, the first in the United States Army.

Bradley then took command of the 28th Division at Camp Livingston, Louisiana, and was on amphibious maneuvers with this division in Florida February 17, of last year, when he received a summons to Washington. He has never got back to Florida.

That summons was finally to put to the test his long years of training for war. On February 20, he left Washington, and on February 24, he was in North Africa. Almost at once he became a field aide to General Eisenhower, and a deputy to General Patton in command of the Second Army Corps.

Those who were there report that he spoke hardly a word during his first few weeks on the battle scene, but was constantly moving around, watching, absorbing and learning. That was during the El Guettar campaign, and he became a one-man reconnaissance corps, the eyes and ears of general headquarters, making long trips of investigation by plane and jeep.

Takes Over From Patton

Ultimately, the battle moved into the northern hills, and became essentially an infantry operation for the American troops. Patton, the tank expert, was succeeded by Bradley, the infantryman, on April 16, as the corps moved into northern Tunisia for the drive on Bizerte.

Three weeks later Bizerte and Tunis were taken by the American and British forces. The enemy was cut in two. Not until the next day was it officially announced that Bradley was corps commander.

Unconditional Surrender

While the announcement was being issued from the Eisenhower headquarters the troops were fanning out and smashing the Axis forces wherever they undertook a stand, and on May 9 the Germans surrendered.

They sent officers under a flag of truce to the Bradley command post to ask an armistice for the purpose of negotiating terms of surrender. Bradley sent them back with the terms. They were:

"The surrender must be unconditional and prompt. The destruction of war materials by German troops must cease immediately."

General Krause, the *Afrika Korps* artillery commander, accepted.

Wanted No Nazi Company

General Bradley showed his feeling for Germans in an aftermath of that surrender. Half a dozen German generals were brought to the corps command post by junior officers who didn't know what to do with them. They

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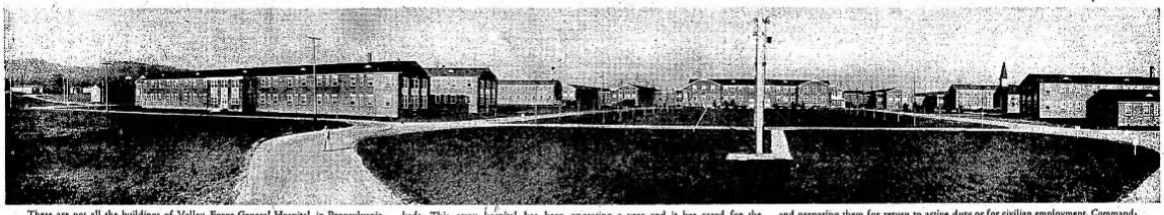

Here's the amiable side of the senior commander of American ground forces

These are not all the buildings of Valley Forge General Hospital, in Pennsylvania, for there are more than 100 of them on the 108-acre site, and nearly 2,000 beds. This army hospital has been operating a year and it has cared for the wounded and sick from units serving all over the world, both healing them and preparing them for return to active duty or for civilian employment. Commanding officer, Colonel Henry Beeuwkes, studied medicine at Johns Hopkins

For Rebuilding Men Bearing War's Mark

By AMBROSE RYNEWOOD

This is the first of two articles on the Valley Forge General Hospital. The second will appear in a subsequent issue of The Sunday Sun.

PHOENIXVILLE, PA.

IT isn't any trick at all, an any day of the week, to ride the bumpy little bus from Phoenixville to the Valley Forge General Hospital and, sitting among the servicemen, count the shoulder patches of a dozen different divisions, representing Allied troops deployed in every war theater of the world.

The men who wear the patches are a noisy lot. Sometimes they sing and sometimes they snuffle among themselves, but they make the most noise and seem to have the most fun when shouting uncomplimentary things to the driver about his dinky little bus. The driver doesn't mind. He can give and take with the best of them.

Often friend meets friend after the bus has disgorged its passengers in front of the hospital and the men have moved into the buildings. Buddies of basic training days, separated for several months, discover each other and shake hands enthusiastically, if they have hands, and there is whooping and laughter and backslapping. Then, the initial greetings done with, the inevitable question, sometimes spoken, sometimes mute: "How'd you get it?" The answer is always the same careless phrase: "I made a mistake."

At Least They're Back

They don't mind talking about their "mistakes," these men the Germans and Japanese didn't miss. They recount their experiences freely, shrug their shoulders in a "charge it to profit and loss" gesture and remark: "What the hell! I'm back, ain't I?" They're the lucky ones, these men who have ridden the bus from Valley Forge to Phoenixville and back again. Scores of their buddies who had to be carried into the hospital can't move around so freely.

Similar groups of men—sick, broken, blind and crippled—first began moving into Valley Forge General Hospital shortly after it was opened last February. Construction was authorized in April, 1942. Work was begun the following month near the site occupied by General George Washington's Continental Army during the historic winter of 1777-78. Within less than a year from the date of authorization, the installation was opened. Today it functions as one of the largest military institutions of its kind in the United States.

Valued at millions of dollars, the hospital covers some 130 acres and includes well over 100 brick buildings, nearly 2,000 beds. Here every modern facility for the treatment of wounded men has been installed. There are eight operating rooms, mobile X-ray units for bed-fast patients, five complete dental offices and complete chemical and bacteriological laboratories.

Headed By Hopkins Graduate

The station is commanded by Col. Henry Beeuwkes, a ruddy New Jersey Dutchman with boundless energy and a career that has taken him all over the world. In 1908 he was graduated from Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore as a doctor of medicine and started directly upon the career which has since made him famous.

Colonel Beeuwkes moved from attendence at the Physicians' American Hospital in Paris to the post of medical director of the United States Relief Administration to Russia in 1921. In 1925 he moved on to become director of the West Africa Yellow Fever Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation. Between 1930 and 1933 he received promotions raising him from lieutenant to the rank of full colonel. He later became an inspector general of the United States Army and physician and aide to General Pershing.

But there is a great deal of work that has been done and a great deal more yet to be accomplished by Colonel Beeuwkes and his staff of officers, nurses, enlisted men and WACs for which no precedent can be drawn, from even the most varied careers.

From a strictly medical and surgical standpoint, Valley Forge is just another army hospital, alleviating pain, healing the wounded, curing the sick. But the added program for which the hospital was built goes much deeper.

The program, known simply as rehabilitation, is designed to span the gap between pre- and post-war living conditions and wage-earning capabilities of the war sick and wounded.

It means, frankly, that G. I. Joe, who got his arms shot away in Tunisia, will go back into civilian life one day soon with a pair of manufactured limbs, not only eager to earn a living for himself, but with some degree of vocational training along the line of his choice.

It means the kid next door, who lost both eyes when that land mine blew away half his face somewhere in Italy, will reenter the civilian life he left with a lot more poise, courage and confidence in himself than the average sightless veteran of the last war did.

And it means that a lot of American soldiers who limped away from the combat theaters as hopeless cripples will one day shoulder a rifle and march back, just as good and twice as smart as ever.

Results Without Miracles

There won't be any miracles. In the cold, hard terms of medicine, Colonel Beeuwkes hastens to warn that medicine and surgery do not produce miracles. But, he will add, give the average Yank a fighting chance and he'll buck it with everything he's got. The Medical Corps and rehabilitation are trying to give him the chance.

The two programs—recovery and rehabilitation—aren't infallible. They can't be expected to produce 100 per cent. results, or any results at all overnight. But, applied to every sick and wounded war veteran from here on out, they are expected to return a great percentage of veterans to active duty or civilian life practically as sound and healthy as they were when they left it. As a matter of fact, the comparatively few cases that have been completed here since the rehabilitation program began November 15 have been of more than satisfactory description. But, with such a short period of actual working time as the only measure, Colonel Beeuwkes refuses to quote percentages, definite expectations or even possibilities.

"The program is something of a patient itself, y'know," he will explain, "subject, like a patient, to relapse."

Valley Forge General Hospital is probably less like a hospital than any other so named institution in the world. There is no unnecessary routine. It has, in the proper time and place, the boisterous informality of a freshman dormitory. From reveille to retreat, the organization operates with the starched white efficiency of a clinic. Business comes first. The staff at all times exercises tenderness and sympathy freely, but refrains carefully from administering an overdose of either.

Upon entering the hospital, wounded veterans are divided into one of four numerical classifications. The first group includes those who have almost recovered, with no ill after effects. Most of these men are free to walk about from one part of the hospital to another and even may leave the premises on furlough or pass. But, in many cases, their limbs, flabby or atrophied with disuse, are not ready for the rigors a return to field duty or to a civilian job would bring. Others of this group may be malarial patients, almost recovered and healthy enough at the moment, but subject to relapse.

Class two includes men of the same general description, except that they are just a bit further from recovery.

Class three includes the ambulatory cases, those who can move around only by wheelchair or with a cane or crutches.

Class four is made up of patients confined to their beds.

Much Depends On Patient

Progressive "graduation" from one class to another always brings the hearty congratulations and well wishes from the "boys in the ward" to the improving patient.

Seriousness and nature of any isolated case, chosen at random, determine to a great extent the degree and rate of recovery. Standard medical and surgical treatment of known possibilities also figures prominently in the case. The United States Army Medical and Dental Corps provide the best that brains and money can produce. But from there on out, there's a wavering margin between success and failure that depends equally upon the patient himself, his frame of mind and the new program of many facets that the army calls rehabilitation.

Treatment To Fit Trouble

To span that margin, a simple finger occupation, invented on the spur of the moment for a specific hand or arm injury, may mean the difference between a veteran's partial or complete usefulness upon maximum possible recovery. Or, to achieve the same degree of success for another type of injury to another patient, intricate, perhaps painful exercises over a long period of time may be necessary.

Rehabilitation works out each problem as it moves along, altering the standard, often developing new treatment applicable only to the individual patient.

No Cure-All Gadgets There

Nothing resembling super "cure-all" gadgets guaranteed to return flexibility to numbed, senseless limbs can be found anywhere on the hospital grounds. Whirlpool baths, infra-red lamps, vibrating machines and the like are used, to be sure, to expedite the recovery of many patients. Finger ladder rowing machines, stall bars, wrist-roll bars, in version trends, shoulder wheels and other similar devices also are used, but only lightly and only during the first stages of recovery. Basket weaving, clay sculpture and other time-honored methods of encouraging finger exercise the painless way also come in for only occasional use.

It's the crude-looking equipment manufactured on the spot to meet individual needs that brings about most recoveries.

As soon as possible, to the joy of the patients, spirited games such as badminton, volley ball, basket ball, ping-pong and billiards are included as a part of the curriculum.

A handful of heaving, sweaty players, most of them wearing patches, plasters or bandages, scrambled for an out-of-bounds ball and pushed an officer into the bleachers.

"They're husky as hell," the officer remarks, "for hospital cases, aren't they?"

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