

March 11, 1945
Somewhere in N. Burma
Capt. G.E. Marshall
335 Station Hospital
APO #689 c/o Pm
New York, NY

Mr. James M. Nabrit, Jr.:

While visiting one of my fellow officers here at our hospital, I spied a Howard Univ. Bulletin for July 1944 and my interest was immediately aroused. Taking time out, called "gold bricking" in the army, I sat and read and dreamed of my wonderful days at H.U., now but a memory. My wife, the former Alberta Ann Gibson, also a Howardite is living with her parents in Chicago. Brother, Dr. Caesar L. Marshall has obtained additional time from the army to take a surgical residency at St. Mary's Infirmary in St. Louis.

My younger sister Miss Hope Marshall hopes to enter Freedmen's Nursing School in the near future, while sister Katherine Ann Marshall a graduate of the 1937 Dental Hygiene course is married to Cpt. Paul Brown, AA 4 now in Italy.

Once I was commissioned, things really began to happen. After finishing Carlisle Medical Field Service School, I proceeded to H. Huachuca and remained in the M.D R.P. Sta. Hosp. one of the all Negro units of this sort in the Army, I was forthcoming and lo and behold they were packed ready to ship out. So there I was, no time for a furlough or anything on my way. Our officer personnel, which included Howardites H. Clarence Hinton, M.C., Lt. Marvin Fisk, M.C., Capt. Henry Washington, M.C., and Army C.O. Major Wilber Strickland, M.C. flew overseas from La Guardia Field New York, early in August. Our first stop was in Newfoundland and from there to the neutral Azores Islands owned by Portugal. A most paradoxical situation existed there – an allied and a German airfield sat side by side with only a small rise and a distance of about one mile between them. Some of the men there said that they spied on one another but that was all.

The next hop took us over water for ten straight hours and placed us in Casablanca, N. Africa. Sorry to say the Humphrey Bogart film flattered this place it is truly filthy and teeming with all manner of human debris. I was glad when we left for Cairo, Egypt two days later. This is a most modern and beautiful city very clean and pleasant. While there we visited the Sphinx and Pyramids it was a wonderful experience and I was thrilled. After spending three delightful days in Egypt we were off again, eight hours brought us to Tripoli, hot dusty desert land still bearing the mark of Rommel's hasty retreat. The hanger resembled a sieve it was so full of holes and wrecked tanks, trucks and armor of all sorts was in evidence. We found out that our next stop would be Karachi, India and we weren't disappointed. This local has the best climate in all of India. Refreshing trade winds, cool the days and at night, one is quite comfortable under a blanket. Five delightful days were spent there with a Negro ordinance outfit which had been overseas thirty two months. Their morale was wonderful and they were happy and proud to see some Negro officers. It seems that the white G.I's in competing for local female talent, had told the girls that the colonel lads had tails, were rapist and coalies in the states and that there were no negro officers in the U.S. Army. I understand they had quite a row after we left.

This was too good to last and we were on our way again. Assam, India being our destination which is two thousand miles across India. The most beautiful and spectacular sight of the whole trip come at 2 am one morning when we flew over the Taj Mahal and viewed it by moonlight with the entire tiresome trip. Once in Assam we convoyed up the Lelo Road built almost entirely by negro engineer and driving by Negro Q.M.C. drivers (90%) to our present site in N. Burma.

I believe I'm right in saying I'm the first A.S.T. officer to come overseas (Aug 24th) and the first in my class to make captain (Feb. 18th) If I'm wrong please inform me. I forgot to tell you Lt. Andre Tweed is also with this outfit. Thanks a lot for listening to my rambling. I wrote to my Dean but he hasn't seen fit to answer. I hope I can hear from someone back at my alma mater.

Yours Truly,

Capt. George A. Marshall, Q.C.