

The Love Legend of Joe and Ruth



Wedding Day, October 8, 1942

Before the Story Begins

This is a tale about my parents, Joseph Fielding Schow and Ruth Taylor. The both were born and grew up in Salt Lake City, Utah, during the 1920's and '30s, he in the city's "avenues" and she on a farm in the community of Holladay, and later, up along Wasatch Blvd.

This essay may be defined as a Legend because I don't really know all the facts. I wasn't there when this story took place so forgive my literary license in describing some dialogue or details of circumstance. I am certain, with legitimate sources, of the places and the dates I report.

Some of the places are arguable in the shadow of questionable evidence, such as my Father's employment at St Mark's Hospital in Salt Lake City documented in the 1940 US Censusⁱ specifically at that hospital by its own senior staff. My Father, if it truly was he, apparently took on the persona of another Joseph Schow, an older man with my Father's same career pursuits. Hence, a suspicion that he may have altered the facts, that is, with a grin, lied about his age so he could qualify for the position of "Male Nurse". If it wasn't he, then it still makes a good story. However, I was unable to locate any other Joseph Schow in Utah, of the age reported, at the time he was there.

Also, out on Wasatch Blvd, Precinct 1 of the same city's US Censusⁱⁱ, my Mother's name is incorrectly recorded as "Beth". Perhaps misheard by the census taker and a blatant error because her name is "Ruth", no middle name, the only daughter in the same family and the very same age as Beth.

More so, each of my parents were documented twice in that year of the US Censusⁱⁱⁱ and^{iv}. Each were counted at St Mark's then again at their respective homes. That implies that the total population of Salt Lake, in 1940, was in error by a least two.

So what ever the absolute truth is, the love story that follows has some choice parts that when the reader thinks, "How did he know about this?", she should re-read this page and recall that this *mostly* true story, about these two soldiers who fell in love and married, has elements of fiction for which I take responsibility as the sole creator.

The two protagonists are real. Most of the places and dates are correct and there is documented evidence to back most of the data. I present US Censuses, city address directories, a newspaper announcement, notes on the back of photos, a historical book and records, business related documents and (the least reliable) personal memory. These ingredients get enmeshed from pieces of my parent's histories into a logical and true format.

That's the better part of the truth of the story. Then there is the dialogue between these life-long partners. There are errors and conflicts in some of the, even official, documents I've sourced. I can't discount mis-remembered and fabricated personal memories, both mine and those of others who may have contributed them. That's the legend part.

My targeted audience is the members of the Johan Ulrick (1888-1940) and Johanne Nilsen (1890-1972) Schow^v (Figure 7) families and those of Victor Hugo (1891-1966) and Beryl Hocking (1897-1940) Taylor (Figures 5 and 6) clans and their descendants as well as the ones they loved and those who loved or didn't love them. Perhaps long after I and my generation is gone, this tale will continue through the evolution of these families, told Parent to Child again and again. That is my wish.

I hope to present it to you so that you are a bit enlightened as well as pleasantly entertained.

Ron Schow, 8 October, 2019 (my parent's 77th wedding anniversary).

Wednesday, August 28, 1940.

Ruth often complained about being surrounded by wimpy men, boys she meant, who couldn't do much for themselves without being tended to by a woman. So when her 43 year old Mother died on that day, she was distraught from the loss at first and also felt abandoned because she would become, all at once, the dominated and the subservient, and only woman in the house. That meant she'd be responsible for all the "womanly" tasks that her Father and three brothers were allegedly incapable of doing. She'd been doing many of those tasks as her Mother, Beryl Georgia Hocking, waned in her ability over the last several months.

Frankly, Ruth cried uncontrollably from the loss of her dearest friend. Mom had taught her how to cook, on a wood and coal burning stove, fresh farm food and from scratch. That often meant preparing chicken or rabbit that was running about pen a few hours earlier. She was relieved when the boys would do the killing and the skinning, which they seemed to enjoy, but at times she would have to do that, too. Today, though, she wouldn't cook a blessed thing. Nor would she hem or repair pants on the foot-pedal sewing machine that her Mother had shown her how to use. She wouldn't draw the water from the house's single tap her Father had laid from the waters of Mt Olympus, to boil it to wash the dishes or anything else that needed cleaning. She wasn't going to do anything else but cry. She was consumed in grief.

In her crippling sadness she was not alone. Her brothers were in the same misery. They were called to gather in the small living room when their Father, Vic^{vi}, came home to tell them. He didn't quip his humor this day, being a normally a jovial man. He just had them sit down on the well worn living room settee and he pulled up a chair from the old dinette. He looked them straight on and they sat quietly. Then he spoke, "Your Mother has died and she won't be coming home. Not ever".

He was calm and controlled even though he'd had several drinks of the hard liquor he made in the cellar. He was a short man of tall manners and he would save his tears for his privacy. Then he would reminisce of the 21 precious years with his beloved.

She was so beautiful and soft when they started the farm^{vii} (Figure 5). The years and the kids and the farm work had not taken too much off her pretty face. Her hands were rugged and well worked but not her face. He almost broke when he thought of never

kissing her again. That's when he diverted to the bag of tobacco and the LLF papers in his shirt to roll a smoke. (As a child, I recall him saying the LLF acronym mean, "Left Lung First").

Ed, just 17 a week before, was unmoved. He couldn't believe that she was dead. Mothers are supposed to be invincible, like Fathers. He sat quiet. Coming up on 13, Dick was angry and walked out into the yard and disappeared somewhere and was gone long enough for Dad to wonder. Better left alone, though, knowing he'd get hungry or tired. The youngest, almost two year old Gene, was also agitated and confused to see his big sister so weirdly upset. Sitting between she and Ed, he leaned over to Ruth and, hoping to calm her, he padded her thigh and tapped kindly on her knee and said, "I love Mommy, too".

The minimum chores, the feeding and watering and the milking were done by Vic at first then he hollered for Ed to come help.

Ruth knew why her Mom died: hyperuricemia caused by chronic nephritis. She knew what 'sclerotic kidneys' were, being enrolled in the nursing program at St Mark's School of Nursing. What really angered her was, as she had told me several times, she "drank herself to death" In fairness, Uncle Ed, years later, strongly refuted that claim.

She took a few days off from school and when it was time to go back, she prepared for a family argument about quitting medical school to take care of Dad and the boys. They had that discussion but it never became that she'd quit school. In fact, her Father reminded her that she was following a family tradition of professional nursing, "...your Mother, her Mother and her Mother...^{viii}", he asserted telling her to finish nursing school.

On the next Monday she continued the curriculum at St Mark's, a routine that included an early morning rise at the dorms where she lived and worked with another 185 Student Nurses (Male Nurses were titled "Male Nurses") and Orderlies. With a heavy class load that included attendance as well as the completion of assignments, a daily medical work load considered part of the curriculum, doing class assignments and projects day and/or night, as time allowed she hardly had the opportunity to go home on the weekends, as if she could, to do the "women's work". The boys at home would have to grow up and deal with the issues themselves. Ruth was busy.

Meeting at St Mark's

One of the procedures the nursing students were to learn was to replace the sheets of an infirmed patient who may be injured or otherwise uncomfortably sensitive to being moved. This involved two male nurses lifting the patient manually and carefully in a structured arm-tangle, forming an interlocked bridge between them. Then the strong nurses would lift the patient, shoulders first then the bottom and finally the legs, as to minimize pain and not to cause more injury. A third nurse would slip the old sheet out and new ones in, in-step with a methodical choreography. The effort's demonstration was headed by an instructor and the pair of male professionals would follow step-by-step commands given by the instructor. The patient to be moved was not a student but a real patient who, in fact, needed her bedding changed.

As the procedure moved along, Ruth's attention was diverted to one of the male nurses. First of all, he was handsome. Tall and tan and even looked well dressed in scrubs. He demonstrated an unusual kindness with the patient as though he cared to make the patient's experience mostly painless and very brief. Truly, he cared with gentle compassion about the patient and that impressed the onlooking student nurse. Or was she oogling?

She caught his name tag, it said "Schow, Male Nurse". She didn't get the chance to ask how to pronounce his name, that would be inappropriate at that time. So her attention refocused to the primary purpose of the class.

When the demonstration was over the orderlies were dismissed and the instructor began to review the events of the training. As the one with the "Schow" tag was leaving, approaching the door, he came near the young nurse and looked straight at her eyes for just a glance that was longer than any innocent glance should be. The guys walked right by her on their way out and he shot a kind "Hello" at her. She returned the greeting with a shy blush and a half smile. Then her eyes went strait to the speaking instructor, in defense against her own bashfulness.

The Orderly

Joe wanted to progress in the field of medicine. At 21, he was undecided whether or not to continue as a nurse and obtain his RN or take it further and go for a doctorate. Whichever, he would make that decision while attending college. For a while he was

researching, as most students do, many potential colleges throughout the nation. Of course, St Mark's School of Nursing was on the list, having acquired 3 years of working experience there by 1940. So was the University of Utah a potential candidate.

There was a small problem. He had no High School diploma. He (apparently) had dropped out of West High School after his Junior year, class of '38, told a little lie (said he was 21 when he was 18) to seek employment at St Mark's as a Nurse. He had studied anatomy and First Aid on his own and knew enough to fool the staff into an available billet, as a male nurse.

That wouldn't work for the colleges. They would do research, particularly asking for references. He had to acquire a legitimate diploma or forget college.

The tuition at UCSF (University of San Francisco) was more affordable than those in Utah and those of most anywhere else. It was even less for a California resident. More so, the Golden Gate International Exposition was there on Treasure Island and many of the hit bands of the day played in SF clubs. San Francisco was an exciting town for a young and single man. In the summer of 1940 he chose UCSF then gathered his stuff and moved to San Francisco.

He landed a job as a novice salesman at The Fireman Realty Co on Hayes St and found a one room apartment at 673 Hayes St, conveniently close to the office^{ix} (Figure 8). Then started working on his diploma at night at a nearby public high school.

Things went very smoothly until mid December, when he got word that his Father, John Ulrick Schow, was very ill and in the hospital. It was strongly expressed that he'd better come home quickly!

It was Christmas Day, 1940. His youngest sister, 10 year old Darlene, waited at the family home at 172 K St for news of her Father. To her, that man had god-like characteristics. She adored him very deeply. Her nose pressed on the window, trails of mist forming on the window as she watched the car arrive from the hospital. Out stepped, first, Joe and then his older brother John. John was home from Los Angeles. They came up the stairs where Darlene stood, watching them settle into the living room. The two men stared at her silently for a moment. Darlene saw Joe's eyes glisten. Kneeling on one knee so he could hold her he said to her, "Dad is gone. He's at peace, now".

Darlene's tears were among the many that day. Then Joe and John gathered with Mother, Gordon, Ray, Dickey Boy, as his Mother called him, and Norma Jean to pray with and comfort each other. Darlene was especially distraught so the family around her was helpful. Shortly, Ralph came with Lil and Bruce. And elder sister Ruth would arrive and her husband, Lea, later. And the Family mourned.

Two weeks later this loving brother, Joe, was back in San Francisco to resume his education and earn a living.

Pearl Harbor

The events of the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor were shocking for all who were alive on or after that day. Memorials are plenty for those who did not survive. The assault was in the morning and by the evening, practically everyone in the United States had been made aware of the bombings. World War Two had begun for the U.S.

The idea of going to war was not appealing to Joe. The timing was off. He hadn't enrolled in Medical School and he'd just started to earn a decent salary selling homes. He had the loyalty to his country and the sneak attack and loss of life and ships in Hawai'i really angered him, and scared him. As a trained orderly, especially with experience, he would be in high demand - on the battlefield!

Weighing the pros and cons and knowing he'd soon be drafted anyway, having registered for the draft in October of '40, he went to the Presidio at Monterey on February 22, 1942, to enlist in the US Army^x. In no time at all it seemed, he was on a southbound train to his first assignment, the hospital at Camp Roberts, San Luis Obispo County, California, for training.

Ruth was working an internship at St Mark's, having completed her degree in the recent summer. She enlisted on March 14 of 1942 and was given a commission as a Lieutenant, as were most Registered Nurses. Her first assignment was to the hospital at Camp Roberts, San Luis Obispo County, California, for training^{xi}.

Camp Roberts-Spring of 1942

Two people, in a new and unfamiliar environment, far from their homes, meet and fall in love. What are the details? No one knows but for the lovers who kept them to themselves and then took them on with them, out of reach of the mortals who might read or write their saga. There are no existing documents of their new romance during that time and at that place. The official military documents I have located about their mutual experiences at Camp Roberts in early 1942 only state that they each arrived. Joe showed up shortly after enlisting on Feb 22 and Ruth on March 14.

Other Army documents state or imply that they were later, and respectively, assigned elsewhere, each terminating their presence at Camp Roberts. Due to the circumstance specified on their "Return of Marriage" Figure 19.^{xii}, which is the next chronological resource I've located, they knew each other about six months during which marriage became a topic of discussion.

Officially, in Formal Genealogy and other research circles, this next information is considered "hearsay" because there is no concrete evidence. Nor is there implied evidence. It was in or about October of 1977, when my Father died and I was tasked by my Mother with going through some boxes in their garage. At that time their residence was in Lucerne Valley, CA.

While plowing through those boxes and papers I came upon a letter that my Father wrote to his recently widowed Mother, Johanne Schow, living in Salt Lake City. It spoke of a lovely young woman he had met who was kind and very, very sweet. He emphasized "sweet" several times, so much I can still feel the lump in my throat as I read. He clearly made the point that he was in love.

I don't recall reading of one "elephant-in-the-room" point of that letter that I assume was purposely withheld. I read it 40 plus years ago and haven't seen it since so my recollection may be faulty. I don't think he mentioned that she wasn't of the LDS faith. That would have been a big deal in Dad's family.

In 2016 I met my Aunt Corry (Buursink) Schow Fleming, who, in the 1950's, married and divorced my Dad's brother Ray. She, also not LDS, was a Dutch immigrant mated to a very traditionally strong Norwegian family. Corry was so forcefully adamant about my Grandmother's dislike of her because she was not LDS. Corry also resented that she liked to drink coffee but couldn't get a cup at Grandma's house. There may have been prejudice about people of different cultures or religions, not uncommon, then or now, and I think that venom was in my family, too, but I think this particular spat was most likely a two-way thing, that is, Corry had her demons as well. I knew my Grandmother when I was young and thought she and my Mother, who, like my Father, smoked cigarettes and drank coffee and alcohol, always got along kindly. But I was not privy to the details of their relationships.

I know for certain that, through that letter I found in a box in their garage, that my Dad was very much in love with the sweetest girl on the base - my Mom.

My wife Nancy and I live on the California Central Coast, about 60 miles south of Camp Roberts. Once in a while we drive highway 101 north for recreation or to visit family further north. The Camp just appears out of the landscape along the cliffs of the valley left by the geologically sinking Salinas River. Looking to the west are a few old, crumbling buildings that used to be barracks and other structures of military

importance. Most are old and need to either be torn down or seriously refurbished.

As we pass, shortly before we see the approaching the East Garrison overpass, I seem to hear the music of Artie Shaw or Tommy Dorsey playing on a nickle jukebox in a canteen of laughter and clinking glasses. It's a haunting, of sorts, that I love to replay.

Ruth was a 2nd Lieutenant being courted by an enlisted Medic of the rank of Private. Did they go to the Officer's Club or the EM club? It's likely they spend many an evening alone just with each other but they were very social, too. They enjoyed "dancing and romancing", as they'd say. Music was high on their list of pleasures and so were their friends. Could Joe come to the Officer's Club as Ruth guest? Or did he have to sneak in wearing his "civies"?

Apart from training and working at the hospital, they probably did a lot of the things that young couples (and singles) in their twenties would do - music and dancing, evening movies, card games with common companions they had met as soldiers meet. Camp Roberts had many movie and radio celebrities perform shows in person on the base. I can imagine a Saturday afternoon, when they both got the same time off, frolicking on the shore of the Nacimiento River.

Getting Married

In July of '42, Ruth received word that on August 9 she was to report to Barnes General Hospital in Vancouver, Washington. This was very hard on both she and Joe. Over the few month they had been together in Camp Roberts, they had fallen deeply in love with each other. Joe still had months to go before he'd finish his training as an army medic. Now, they'd have to separate. They knew it was inevitable but that was a theoretical illusion, off and away in some untouchable future. The hard thud of reality had hit and they mentally and especially emotionally prepared to go separate ways.

It was about this time that a marriage proposal was offered. I'm sure he asked for her hand and not vice-versa, though Mom was quite assertive, especially for the 1940's. None the matter, though. What does matter is that the proposal was accepted.

August was full of letters back and forth. I wish I had those, now. Maybe it's better that I don't know the dialogue of how intense my parents felt for each other. As I recall, as a youngster of teen years, my parents were never bashful of expressing their love with romantic gestures toward each other (however restrained they were, for the

children). I would probably be deeply shocked to learn any intimate details of their mutual affection.

I do recall a joke my Mom once told and it's possible she had her tongue in her cheek as she often did. This was when I was a safe age of not really knowing much about sexual intimacy, maybe the fourth grade, I asked her candidly when was Mother's Day. She replied, "Why, it's nine months after Father's Day". That, at age 8, went right over my head.

As the now parted couple's mail went up and down the coast, there was nothing said to each other about the logistics of their respective duties. The Army would censor personal letters to assure that no information of potential interest to the Japanese or Germans Armies could be transferred. I'd bet a dollar that there were covert innuendos passed back and forth.

Wounded and Convalescing soldiers from all war fronts were sent to Barnes. Ruth was, as Barnes General Hospital was, primarily involved with treating the wounded soldiers and sailors involved with the fighting on the Aleutian Islands Archipelago, the territory of the USA.

On June 3-7 of 1942, the Japanese had destroyed Dutch Harbor at Amaknak Island then attacked and captured two islands, Attu and Kiska. The American casualties were sent to Barnes General^{xiii}. On August 9th, Ruth arrived and, most certainly, had to scramble to assist in aid and comfort of these soldiers, most from the 206th Coast Artillery (Anti Aircraft), Arkansas National Guard^{xiv}. The captured islands were liberated by the US Marines in May of 1943.

I also imagine that the two remote lovers went to work inventing a strategy in which they could get married at such a distance, about 1000 miles. Could flights be arranged in those days, in wartime? Could they afford it? It's more likely that the train would be a more practical method of travel. It was much more popular in the 1940s than today - in the 20-teens. Maybe a Greyhound? Perhaps a combination of the two. Regardless, they did it.

This is likely what I suppose they did that October in 1942.

Phone calls were expensive and very faulty in those days. Still Joe made a couple of calls to Ruth at a time predesignated by letters. Then they conspired their marital

rendezvous.

Joe took a week of leave in between scheduled training events at the hospital. A truck was going near the train station San Miguel and they dropped him off. He bought a round trip to Salem, OR, and hopped on for the train to Oakland. One transfer would get him to Salem's passenger train depot after an overnight stay at the YMCA in Oakland (very affordable for a soldier). It was two days to Salem and he choose not to buy a Sleeper Car, to save money. What mattered was time and money. He would have surely wanted to get there quickly but he also would have wanted to afford, at least, a truncated honeymoon.

Ruth took some time off, too, but only a week (5 days) was possible due to the high demand of medical staff. Fortunately, she shared the date, er, spilled the beans, about her upcoming marriage to a few excited, giggly friends at Barnes. They were so excited that one of them offered to drive her to the train. Grateful, Ruth offered to pay for the gas, costing 20¢ a gallon. The offer was immediately refused. It would be a fun event for Ruth and three of her nursing gal pals. In the morning they all dashed in the car to the station and Ruth hopped on the Vancouver train for the 54 mile journey to Salem, she'd arrive in Salem that afternoon.

As her train was slowing down to arrive at the recently remodeled Salem Railroad Station, she could see her future husband, in uniform, standing just outside the station fumbling with a bundle of flowers he was hoping to surprise her with. As she finally stepped off the train their embrace tattled on the surprise. He said to her, full of joy because she already answered once, "Will you marry me, Sweetheart". Through a deep breath she told him, "Oh, Yes. Yes, Yes".

She looked stunning in civilian fashion contrasting her Army greenish-brownish Dress Uniformed fiancée. Yet, so pretty on her own, the bride wore a blue, but not Navy, flannel dress with three-quarter sleeves, mid-ankle length, and two white faux breast pockets. She was topped with a matching bowed pillbox hat. See Figure 20. She chose not to wear white because the time and travel restrictions made a formal wedding dress impractical. Besides, in a courthouse, it might look stupid.

They walked along Pringle Creek, which straddled 13th Street, which eventually swerved into, and became 12th Street. A left turn on State Street took them past the Capitol building and finally to the Marion County Circuit Court Building. The one mile walk

seemed an instant trip as they chatted freely and carelessly dreamed and laughed.

An hour later Mr & Mrs Joseph Fielding and Ruth Taylor Schow walked out of the courthouse, united in marriage.

The next stop was the huge lawn on the Oregon State Capitol grounds to take pictures of each other with Joe's brand new "Brownie" Kodak Camera. See Figure 9.

The rest of the celebration, especially that evening, will never be revealed as it is theirs exclusively. Further, I don't want to know. I am certain of the following, though. They sought out a photographer to take their official wedding photo, shown in Figure 10 and on the title page.

By October 14, Joe had returned to Camp Roberts, so I assume Ruth was back at Barnes, as well. I'm certain of Joe's return date because he wrote it on the back of this photograph, Figure 12, where he looks, and admitted he was, quite disheveled as though he'd just survive an amazing adventure.

Announcements of the marriage to the family were very hushed until Sunday, December 27th when article appeared in the Salt Lake Tribune reporting the couple's earlier union. See Figure 11.

There is nearly a year gap of information in the timeline I've been able to reconstruct. From October 14th 1942 (except for the December 27th newspaper article) until September 4th of 1943 I have been unable to locate any information.

On October 4th of '43, Joe sent her a photograph, Figure 14, of he and several others participating in a surgery performed at the Pasadena Area Station Hospital in Pasadena, Ca.

A Baby is Coming

As newly weds, and coming up on a year of marital bliss, regardless of the distance between their assigned residences they shared occasional brief liberties together. In September of '43, Ruth began to feel a stir inside, along with other symptoms of pregnancy. Reporting to her hierarchy that she was with child set the wheels of discharge from the Army in to motion. In those days, pregnant women were excluded

from military service.

There is some confusion that I have about the logistics of her military wrap up. On September 14th, she was officially assigned to Camp Stoneman in Pittsburg, California. However, she did not leave Barnes until November 10, being given 4 days of travel, reporting in at Stoneman on the 15th of November. On the 15th she took 30 days of Leave With Pay^{xv} (Figure 12).

I wonder if she even showed up at Stoneman until she elapse the 30 day leave. Her discharge was authorized on November 1st and she was Honorably Discharged on the 15th of December leaving a new address of Sugar Station, a community of Salt Lake City. It's likely she arranged to bypass Stoneman and continue on the train to Pasadena to live with her husband for a month. Either physically or by some other communication, she was Honorably Discharged ("married-pregnant" her assignment record states^{xvi}, Figure 12) from the Army at Camp Stoneman. It seems obvious to me that she would have hopped a train on November 11 and headed straight for Pasadena to begin the family reunion.

Pasadena Area Station Hospital

On October of '43, Joe was stationed at the Pasadena Area Station Hospital in Pasadena's foothills.

As a side note, the building(s) in which the hospital resided had a colorful history. Originally a late 1800's boarding house named La Vista del Arroyo, operated by Emma C. Bangs and often referred to as Mrs Bangs Boarding House. When she died in 1903 it was sold to businessmen who created the plush Vista del Arroyo Hotel which lasted through several owners and remodels until February 5th of 1943 when it was "drafted", for \$650,000, into the Army. Given a new name, "McCornack Army Hospital", the 1966th Service Command Unit, known also as Pasadena Area Station Hospital [Army Service Forces Regional Hospital], was assigned to it for the purpose of caring for the mentally ill soldiers and those with contagious diseases¹. In 1949 the hospital closed and it was

1 I wonder if "mentally ill" really meant what was then called "shell shock", today referred to as Post Trumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). I also wonder if "contagious diseases" meant Sexually Transmitted Diseases. These conditions were very unmentionably dark and socially taboo in those days, wrought with denial. They didn't talked about aloud in public, even though they were all around.

used for federal offices and, later became a branch of the General Services Administration. Today it is the location of the 9th district U.S. Court of Appeals.^{2,3}

That's where the Army assigned Joe. He rented an apartment at 456 North Lake Avenue, Pasadena, in excited anticipation of the November arrival of his loving bride^{xvii}.

Ruth was about three months along with their first child and probably barely showing. At Thanksgiving there was a questionable bump, enough to inspire curiosity. The couple posed for a Thanksgiving day photo outside their apartment^{xviii}.

For the expecting Father, Joe was grateful to have his growing family nearby. He was very concerned that he'd be transferred to another station, likely overseas. His younger brother, Dick, was already in the Pacific, flying in a bombing crew. His new brother-in-law, Ed Taylor, was also in the Pacific Theatre on the ground as a battle-ready U. S. Marine having just missed being a reinforcement for the Battle of Guadalcanal the previous February. But the work on the home front wasn't easy. The duties of an Army Orderly are not always the nicest. All the training plus the compassion of caring for the sick and listening to war injured soldiers would leave an emotional toll that he'd often take home to his wife.

The big payoff off came for Joe and Ruth at 6:08AM on May 22, 1944 with the birth of their first child, Joseph Taylor Schow^{xix}, called "JT". Of course, the big event really began much earlier, 18 hours and 3 minutes earlier - according to their son's birth certificate. This was really a Family affair because, unlike most birthing events prior to the 1970's, Joe, the Father, was present and an actual participant, assisting Dr J. W. Dowsett with the delivery! By then, Cpl Schow had experience in the surgery room and was qualified to attend the birth. Ruth got a lot of comfort from her husband's presence sharing their warm dialogue. That is, up until the actual birth when she became very busy and uncomfortable and just wanted to finish the job.

Camp Ellis

Only two months after JT was born, July 1944, Joe the Soldier was at Camp Ellis, III. His purpose there was to prepare for deployment to Europe where the physical war was

2 <https://www.latimes.com/archives/la-xpm-1993-04-19-me-24655-story.html>

3 <http://www.militarymuseum.org/McCormackGenHosp.html>

in progress. I believe that he was assigned to the 124th General Hospital while there but that could've been done while still in Pasadena. No matter where the assignment happened it was to the 124th.

Ruth went back to live on her widowed Father's Salt Lake City (actually, Sugar Station) farm and with her two younger brothers. Over active Gene was 2 and an energy ball that needed the attention that he never - in his life - grew out of. And Dick was too young for military service at the time but did later serve an entire career in the US Navy.

It was in the previous month, June 6th to be exact, that the Allies re-committed to the liberation of Europe from the clutch of the Nazi menace by attacking en masse the beaches of Normandy, France and other fronts.

I have memories of my Father telling me that he was involved with the Normandy Invasion, particularly at "Utah" and "Omaha" Beach. But either my memory is errant or his report was over embellished (I have found no documentation to back his story, that is, if he was assigned to places other than Pasadena and Illinois when D-Day would have taken place). I suspect he would have been involved with the infamous "Battle of the Bulge", either directly or in a supportive role. That particular German offensive last hurrah conflict occurred in the winter of 1944, and Dad definitely was in Europe then.

There he was at Camp Ellis, a huge military support training facility, instantly built in the middle of rural Illinois along the Spoon River near Ipava and Burnadotte after the Dec 7th 1941 Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The first purpose of this installation was for training soldiers in positions of service, for instance, Army Medics like Joe Schow, and Dentists. (More information is available at [The Lost City of Camp Ellis](#)>

There was another function of this Army base; that of housing German prisoners of war. I can't say with any assurance that my Father never interacted with the captives, possibly when one of more needed medical attention, but I don't think they were a part of his main duties.

The documented events that I can find imply this: He was preparing to go overseas and probably into combat zones. Here he and a few others in his association signed and witnessed for each other 1) their Power of Attorney^{xx} and 2) their Last Will and Testament^{xxi}.

These forms were generalized. Each person would fill out their own information the

space provided on each document. Then they'd pass it on, in a sort of Cluster Signing, to a few fellows who would sign it as a witness.

The Will went around first on July 3rd. These contained the usual fare of a will: Revoke previous wills, bequeath all of one's stuff to a named next of kin, name the executor and sign it. Then pass it around the cluster for witness signatures.

Joe made his beloved wife, Ruth, back with family in Salt Lake City, both the next of kin and the executor.

Two days later, on the 5th of July, the signature game was repeated on each soldier's Power of Attorney. This document, like the Last Will, was also in a boilerplate format. Everyone's form said the same thing but for the few blanks filled out by the person. They would assign a person to be their POA. Joe assigned it to, "Mrs Ruth T Schow (wife) Box 108A, RD 3, Salt Lake City, Utah".

Another gentleman who served alongside my Father was Jack Anderson Wilson. They were at Camp Ellis together and then at Camp Lockett in Campo, CA later in 1945, on their way to separation from the Army. This leads me to assume that Jack went with Dad to Newton Abbot, England as they were both members of the 124th General Hospital^{xxii}.

Somewhere in England

Were Dad alive today I'm sure he'd tell of being very seasick on the long voyage to England.

There isn't much information available about the 124th General Hospital. What I do know about it is from Dad's photos (he wrote information on the back of many), letters and documents plus whatever I could find on the Internet. I've searched and discovered several people, mostly obituaries, of people somehow affiliated with the hospital.

Some reports and evidences says the 124th was based in Newton Abbot, England, and then moved to other places as needed. One 124th nurse reported being in France but I have positive evidence that it eventually moved to Salzburg, Austria, took over the 117th Evacuation Hospital in 1945.

Through research I've confirmed that "Somewhere in England" was Newton Abbot.

This was, as were most American wartime hospitals in Europe, never intended to be a permanent establishment. These units have been called the precursor to the Korean War's MASH units.

The Germans were not kind to the English and they bombed the town at least once on August 20, 1940, in the area of the Great Western Railway (GWR) and were prepared for more in September of 1944.



By this time Dad, I'm sure, was pretty homesick for his sweetheart and their son. There was another very special woman in his life that he missed very much. That one was his Mother, Johanne.

With the opportunity, both in liberty time and money and probably motivation, he went into the town of Newton Abby and posed for a portrait in dress uniform for his Mother. He's seen here with the insignia of US Army Staff Sergeant E-6. I suspect he was very proud to be called "Sargent" by his peers and wanted his Mom to know of his achievement. Here's the mushy stuff; he signed on the back, "with Loads [of] Love, Your Loving Son, Joe". He capitalized those letters for emphasis. This was on April 2nd, 1945.



Death of Dickey Boy, 15 Apr 1945

Richard Walter Schow, born May 22, 1922, was 21 years old, a photographer assigned to the 380th bomb division, the 529th squadron. His plane, named "Squaw Peak", a B-24 Bomber, was on the ground when it was struck by "Friendly Fire". An awful oxymoron.

The most emotional pain one can experience is that of grief. With the war, it was way to common. The family was very distraught,

S/Sgt. Richard W. Schow . . .
Salt Laker lost in Pacific.

and most of all, Johanne who cried a very long time over the death of her dear "Dickey-boy".

Joe wanted to go home to be with the family but that was not to happen at that time. Grieving himself, he had a duty he was obliged to fulfill.

Mitchell Convalescent Hospital at Camp Lockett

Not long after the death of his brother, Staff Sargent Joseph Schow was transferred to the Army hospital at Campo, Ca, east of San Diego. I question why he was sent to this particular place. It was the home to Mitchell Convalescent Hospital, where many wounded soldiers were sent. It's very appropriate for a Medic to be stationed at a Hospital.

My questions come from a document^{xxiii} Figure 18, of his that I found among his papers. This was an application for a waiver of premiums, VA form 357, submitted on February 25, 1946, claiming that he had acquired bronchial asthma by the time he arrived at Camp Lockett on August 25, 1945. Was he sent there to be treated as a patient? ...or to be discharge after completing his military obligation? I have no clue, although he was periodically hampered by asthma certainly, as I recall, for the rest of his life.

Camp Lockett left an impression on me when I visited the long retired base in 2018. It was very active during the 2nd world war. In the early war years the 10th and 28th Cavalry Regiments of Buffalo Soldiers were stationed here. They're much more famous than the 11th Armored Calvary that was also stationed here, among other places^{xxiv}.

Also, since Camp Lockett borders the international border between the US and Mexico, the whole command stood en garde and actively searched for a covert attack by the Japanese coming through the Mexican back door^{xxv}.

One of my Father's buddies, Jack Anderson Wilson, who was at Camp Ellis at the same time, appears to have come here concurrently, as well.

Another Word

I knew my Father as a kind and loving, hard working man. He wasn't violent at all and not a mean disciplinarian. He left the dirty work to my Mother who was efficient with childhood structures as defined by the times of the 1950's. He loved to watch war movies. And he never talked about the his experience in the war.

I wonder today if he had some of, what is called today, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). The term is contemporary but in WWII and all wars up to the 1990's it was called by many names; shell-shock, battle fatigue, combat fatigue, and more. It's a disorder that develops in most people who have experienced shocking, scary, dangerous or otherwise traumatic events. Reactions are various in different people.

I don't know what the available statistics say but I've met several WWII combat veterans and those Vietnam combat vets I knew well had at least two common

characteristics; they enjoyed war movies and TV shows and they rarely, if ever discussed their war events. The new awareness and education is changing that but it was never addressed for the "Warriors of the Greatest Generation".

My Father never continued to pursue a career in medicine, using his medical training and experience to his advantage. I have no certain idea why he didn't. Could it be that he was starting a family and needed to earn money in his role of head of the household, instead of delving into continuing education?

After the war he fell in love with flying. He was an active member in Civil Air Patrol in our area, the San Gabriel Valley of Southern California. Perhaps his interest changed from medicine and, after finding work, he could spend any spare time with that hobby. My older cousin, Bruce, tells tales of him buzzing the Taylor farm house where he and Mom lived for a while.

He worked for Montgomery Ward as a salesman for a while. He dabbled in other ventures: He bought a chicken farm in Pocatello, ID, that failed after a fire swept through it. I have the deed to his Uranium mine in Juab County, UT that never panned out. I have receipts from his movie theatre in Springville, UT that also failed after a boycott (I can prove he owned the theatre but the boycott is absolutely family legend).

So he explored the field to change his career endeavors. He retired from the US Postal Service after many years.

But he never went back to the medical field.

Now, I'll speculate. Events of the of the war often are filled with severe psychological trauma. I think, believe, that certain combat events occurred during his tenure in England or, I further propose, other places in the UK or in greater Europe. There is a serious toll taken by soldiers wounded in combat and also by those who cared for them. That would be the doctors, nurses and the medics so assigned to that duty. Often, as the Secret German Concentration Camps were discovered and liberated, the poor souls who survived those camps often died en route to, or in American hospitals. Those patients' conditions and deaths were dreadfully sad. It's likely my Father endured caring for those people - men, women and children of all ages. Whatever the details, I believe my Father's premature death was complicated by Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

Joseph died in 1977 at the age of 57. It was Cardio Myopathy that took him out. Three years earlier my Parents were visiting from Salt Lake, staying at JT and Carolyn's home in Baldwin Park, CA. They towed a Fleetwood Tent-Trailer behind their 1971 Ford LTD and set it up to camp in my Brother's yard. They would sleep in the camper and in the afternoon would smoke cigarettes and drink Tom Collins' and watch their portable TV to

relax. I sat out there with Dad one of those afternoons when he and I were by ourselves.

He was aware that he was dying. He was in a very melancholy mood. He told me this story.

I estimate that this was sometime in the winter and spring of 1945, between February and March, possibly as late as April. The Battle of the Bulge was won by the Allies, Hitler was thinking about suicide and the Russians were targeting Berlin. Concentration camps were being discovered. The atrocities were so shocking that the liberators found it difficult to believe what they saw.

History reporters take the spotlight off of the lesser battles. The European struggles and events classified as Secret fall into an anonymous abyss. It was a top secret event, Dad said, and he never spoke of since it occurred. It involved him being covertly whisked away from his normal duties and assigned to a small group of men. These guys, he said, were ruthless and fearless and they needed a Medic in their group. They were members of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the WWII predecessor of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). They were going into Holland (I believe) to destroy a bridge. The Netherlands was still populated with the enemy in full force. There was a bridge there that had to be destroyed.

It was within the deadly dangerous German occupied territory. Sgt Schow was told directly by his new superiors that if he was confronted by anyone speaking German, he was to play the role of a mute. He was not to speak. There were no "what if..." questions allowed.

In the process of the task, the members befriended a local person whose relative had died. There would be a funeral procession across the targeted bridge. The family, relatives and friends of the deceased all trudged to, and then onto the bridge.

Suddenly, the explosives covertly smuggled into the casket blew up. It killed or maimed most all of the people in the march. The bridge, too, fell.

Dad was silent after he told me this. He was distraught by the death and injury of people he'd help kill.

I think that is why he never entered the medical field after the war. He'd seen enough of limbs and guts and heard far beyond his limit of people crying in deep grief. The war, for him, was over.

Home, together at last and at Peace

Ruth had been a civilian for two years when her hero came home. That's not to say she didn't visit Camp Lockett sometime during Joe's last station. I'm sure she knew of his distress as well as relief as they were best friends and they talked of their secrets. She worked at several prestigious nursing jobs during my life and there's a good chance

that she was professionally nursing, at least, part time while the war was wrapping up. Now, her husband was home for their son's second birthday, this time to stay.

She would hire on as a Registered Nurse most of the time during my lifetime with her. She had prioritized her obligations to be a Wife to her Husband first. Then as two more boys arrived in the family, she transformed to a Mother first.

As the children became adults, Ruth started working full time, going into part-time retirement when she and her beloved learned that he was dying. She stayed with him full time and full hearted until he passed in 1977 after 44 years of marriage.

There is so much more to report about their dynamic and loving, fighting, rich and poor, trudging through many difficult challenges, winning and losing lives together.



My Father was discharged from the Army on 26th of February. The next piece of evidence I have of his whereabouts is in the 1946 city directory for Salt Lake City. The entry reads, under the major *Schow* heading, "Jos F (Ruth) r764 Lake" He was finally and happily reunited with his family.

This photo was taken at an unknown location. It is most likely their home at 764 Lake Street

JT is almost 2 years old. I would make my appearance in August of 1947 while still living in this house. After we moved to Pocatello in 1950, my little brother, Vaughn, was born there in February, 1951.

The lives of the Family began with these two lovers. And, finally, the war and their separation was over. Joe and Ruth were together building their family and persuing their dreams.

This story, this tale tells the beginning of their love legend.

Figure 5: Beryl Georgia Hocking Taylor, about 1919



Figure 6, : Victor Hugo Taylor, about 1960.



Figure 7: Johanne and John Schow, sometime around 1910-17



Figure 8: WWII Draft Registration for Joseph F Schow 16Oct1940

105-4346-2-257 Schneider		ORDER NUMBER	
SERIAL NUMBER 2102	I. NAME (PRINT) Joseph Fielding Schow		2353
II. ADDRESS (PRINT) 673-HAYES S.E. S.F. CAL.			
III. TRADES M.A.	IV. AGE IN YEARS 21	V. PLACE OF BIRTH SALT LAKE CITY	VI. COUNTRY OF BIRTH U.S.A.
6816	DATE OF BIRTH 11/13/1919	STATE OF BIRTH UTAH	U.S.A.
VII. NAME OF PERSON WHO ALWAYS KNOWS YOUR ADDRESS Mrs. Johanna Schow		VIII. RELATIONSHIP OF THAT PERSON MOTHER	
IX. ADDRESS OF THAT PERSON 173-K St. Salt Lake City, Utah			
X. EMPLOYER'S NAME Guernsey Realty Co.			
XI. PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT OR BUSINESS 653-HAYES ST. CAL			
I AFFIRM THAT I HAVE READ THE ABOVE ANSWERS AND THAT THEY ARE TRUE.			
REGISTRATION CARD D. S. S. Form 1	10-1708	Joseph F. Schow	

Figure 9; After the Wedding, the Bench



They took each other's picture on this bench. I mashed the two separate photos into one so they could sit on the bench together.



Figure 10

The wedding photo they posed for at a studio. This is the "Official" Wedding picture.

Figure 11. The Christmas Announcement of the Wedding.

December 27, 1942



Mrs. Don Boyd Smith, who was Miss Beverly Joy Campbell before her marriage.



Mrs. Joseph F. Schow, autumn bride, whose marriage has just been revealed.

Brides Hold Holiday Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Leland Campbell, 121 East Whitlock avenue, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Beverly Joy Campbell, to Lieutenant Don Boyd Smith of the United States army air forces.

The couple were married December 12 at the Pueblo base chapel, Pueblo, Colo. The bridegroom is a former resident of Cleveland, Ohio.

News of their nuptials will be read with interest by the many friends of the bride in Salt Lake City.

The bridal pair expect to spend part of the holiday season with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

Miss Florence R. Call

Married Wednesday morning in the Salt Lake LDS temple

by Thomas E. McKay in a double ring ceremony were Miss Florence Reader Call, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anson Call, 633 Seventh avenue, and Burnett B. Ferguson of Long Beach, Cal.

The bridal pair were accompanied through the temple by Mr. and Mrs. Call, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans and a group of eastern states missionaries.

In the evening a family dinner was given at the Call home.

The young couple will spend the holidays in Salt Lake City and will then leave for San Francisco, where they will make their home for the present.

Ruth Taylor

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Ruth Taylor,

daughter of Victor Taylor of East Mill Creek, and Joseph F. Schow, son of Mrs. John U. Schow, 172 K street.

The couple were united in marriage October 8 in Salem, Ore.

The bride is a graduate of St. Mark's hospital school of nursing in Salt Lake City and is now stationed as a second lieutenant with the United States army nurses' corps at the Barnes General hospital in Vancouver, Wash.

The bridegroom is a former student of the University of San Francisco and is now a corporal in the United States army medical corps at Camp Roberts, Cal.

Figure 12: Record of Military Assignments for Lt Ruth Taylor

(5082)

(Now Mrs. Schow)
TAYLOR, Ruth (Res.Nurse)ANC N-737,072 March 14, 1942

March 14, 1942 Camp Roberts, California

Aug. 9, 1942 Barnes General Hospital, Vancouver, Wash.

9th SO SO 256/50 9-14-43 Cp.Stoneman, Calif. Pool

SGO 8945 4th Ind 11-1-43 Discharge Authorized

1943

10 Nov Left hosp

11-14 Nov Incl travel time (4das)

15 Nov -15 Dec Incl Final LWP 30 das.

15 Dec Honorably discharged per par 31 SO #310 Hq ASF, Cp
Stoneman, Pittsburg, Calif. 15 Dec 1943
(married-pregnant)

Address: now Mrs. Ruth Taylor Schow
Box 108-A
Sugar Station, Utah.

bm
gv
me

Figure 13: Ration Books when living in Pasadena

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

948112 DA

WAR RATION BOOK No. 3

War Price & Rationing Board
85 East Colorado Street
Pasadena, Calif. 91106

NOT VALID WITHOUT STAMP

Rationing Board 82.5.10

Identification of person to whom issued: PRINT IN FULL

Ruth T Schow
 (First name) (Middle name) (Last name)

Street number or rural-route 456 North Lake Ave.

City or post office Pasadena State Calif.

AGE	SEX	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	OCCUPATION
<u>23</u>	<u>F.</u>	<u>116</u> Lbs.	<u>5 Ft. 3 In.</u>	<u>Housewife</u>

SIGNATURE Ruth Schow
 (Person to whom book is issued. If such person is unable to sign because of age or incapacity, another may sign in his behalf.)

WARNING

This book is the property of the United States Government. It is unlawful to sell it to any other person, or to use it or permit anyone else to use it, except to obtain rationed goods in accordance with regulations of the Office of Price Administration. Any person who finds a lost War Ration Book must return it to the War Price and Rationing Board which issued it. Persons who violate rationing regulations are subject to \$10,000 fine or imprisonment, or both.

LOCAL BOARD ACTION

Issued by _____ (Date) _____
 (Local board number)

Street address _____

City _____ State _____

 (Signature of issuing officer)


Book IV

4

19183 EW

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

WAR RATION BOOK FOUR



Issued to Joseph F. Schow
 (Print first, middle, and last names)

Complete address 456 No. Lake
Pasadena, Calif.

READ BEFORE SIGNING

In accepting this book, I recognize that it remains the property of the United States Government. I will use it only in the manner and for the purposes authorized by the Office of Price Administration.

Void if Altered Joseph F. Schow
 (Signature)

It is a criminal offense to violate rationing regulations.

OPA Form R-145 16-35570-1

Figure 14; Joe participates in a surgery at Pasadena Area Sation Hospital



Photo back read, in part "ARROW-Your husband, Cpl Schow"

Figure 15: Power of Attorney for Joseph F Schow, 1944.

POWER OF ATTORNEY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, now on duty with the Army of the United States, do hereby make, constitute and appoint Mrs. Ruth Schow (wife) Box 108A, RD 3, Salt Lake City, Utah my true and lawful attorney in fact, for me and in my name, place and stead to act generally as my attorney and agent at any and all places in relation to any and all real property, personal property, and all other matters in which I may be interested or concerned, and on my behalf to execute all such instruments and to do all acts and things as fully and effectually in all respects as I myself could do if personally present. Without in any way limiting the foregoing, my said attorney is authorized in particular to sell and mortgage property, borrow money and execute negotiable instruments, and:

To execute vouchers in my behalf for any and all allowances and reimbursements properly payable to me by the United States, including but not restricted to allowances and reimbursements for transportation of dependents or for shipment of household effects as authorized by law and Army Regulations, and to receive, indorse, and collect the proceeds of checks payable to the order of the undersigned drawn on the Treasurer of the United States.

Any act done hereunder after my death before my said attorney shall have received knowledge thereof shall be fully valid and binding, and notice that I am "missing in action" shall not be held to constitute such knowledge.

IN WITNESS THEREOF. I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Camp Ellis, Illinois, this Fifth day of July 1944.

WITNESS TO SIGNATURE

Joseph Fielding Schow

Joseph Fielding Schow
T/5 39090322

Alexander H. Montecarlo
26 Grove Ave Woodbridge N.J.
(Address)

Joseph H. Miller
3355 E. 143 St. Cleve, Ohio
(Address)

Phillip H. Hanford
Oakesdale, Washington
(Address)

STATE OF ILLINOIS)
: SS
COUNTY OF McDonough

On this Fifth day of July 1944, before me a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said County and State, personally appeared Joseph Fielding Schow, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

Don C. Melchin
NOTARY PUBLIC
Don C. Melchin

MY COMM. EXP. Feb. 15, 1948

Figure 16: Last Will and Testament for Joseph F Schow, 1944

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Joseph Fielding Schow, a legal resident of Salt Lake City
Utah, United States of America, now in the military service
as a Tech 5th Grade (Army Serial No. 39090322), in
the Army of the United States, do hereby make, publish and declare this instru-
ment as my last WILL AND TESTAMENT, in manner following, that is to say:

1. I hereby cancel, annul, and revoke all wills and codicils by me at any
time heretofore made;
2. I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to Mrs. Ruth Schow (Wife)
_____, now residing in Box 108A, RD 3
Salt Lake City, Utah, all my estate and all my property
of which I may die seized and possessed, and to which I may be entitled at the
time of my decease, of whatsoever kind and nature, and wheresoever it may be
situated, be it real, personal, or mixed, absolutely;
3. I hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint Mrs. Ruth Schow,
_____, of Salt Lake City, Utah
United States of America, as my executor (executrix) and request that he (she)
be permitted to serve without bond or without surety thereon;
4. I hereby authorize and empower my executor (executrix) and request that he
(she) absolute discretion to sell, exchange, convey, transfer, assign, mortgage,
pledge, invest or reinvest the whole or any part of my real or personal estate.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal to this my last WILL
AND TESTAMENT, at Camp Ellis, Illinois, this Third
day of July, 1944.

Joseph F. Schow
Joseph F. Schow
T5 39090322

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the above-named testator,
Joseph F. Schow, to be his last WILL AND TESTAMENT in the presence of
all of us at one time, and at the same time we, at his request and in his presence
and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses,
and do hereby attest to the sound and disposing mind of said testator and to the
performance of the aforesaid acts of execution at
Camp Ellis, Ill., this Third day of July, 1944.

WITNESSES	PERMANENT ADDRESSES
<u>John L. Young</u>	<u>8211-4th Ave North Bergen, N.J.</u>
<u>Phillip H. Hanford</u>	<u>Cabe's Dale, Washington</u>
<u>Troy C. Hoover</u>	<u>P.O. 1 Locken, Indiana</u>
<u>Van H. Brumbaugh</u>	<u>230 East K. St. Casper, Wyoming</u>
<u>Thomas Long</u>	<u>714 W. Trenton, Tulsa Okla</u>
<u>Robert J. Bailey</u>	<u>1485 Glynna Ct. Detroit, Mich.</u>

Figure 17 Somewhere in England.

On the back of this photo he wrote the names of his colleagues to his left: Poyazolkowski(sp), Ingle, Dillon and Bauer. He entitled this photo, "Somewhere in England". I believe this "Somewhere" was Newton Abbot, England.



Figure 18 Application for a Waiver of Premiums, page 1 of 2.

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
Insurance Form 357
Rev. July 1942

* or by the beneficiary if insured is deceased.

STATEMENT OF CLAIM FOR WAIVER OF PREMIUMS OR CONTINUATION OF WAIVER OF PREMIUMS UNDER THE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE ACT OF 1940, AS AMENDED

This form is to be executed by the insured if competent, or by the committee or guardian if insured is incompetent* If the person executing this claim is the committee or guardian of the insured, give date and designation of court appointment _____

1. Name of insured JOSEPH (First) FIELDING (Middle) SCHOW (Last)

2. C-No. _____ K-No. _____ N-No. _____

3. Home address 172 K Street (Street and number) Salt Lake City, Utah (Post office) (State)

4. Mail address Same

5. Make (x) after branch of service in which insured served—
Army Navy _____ Marine Corps _____ Coast Guard _____

6. Rank T/3 Organization DOP Mehl Conv Hosp Cp Lockett, California

7. Serial number 39 090 322

8. Date of enlistment 22 February 1942 9. Date of discharge 26 February 1946

10. Did insured apply for (a) Disability compensation? _____, (b) Disability allowance? _____, (c) Retirement pay? _____, (d) Pension? _____

11. On what date does the insured allege that continuous total disability caused him to cease work, or if in military or naval service, be relieved from duty? 28 August 1945

12. What disease or injury caused the insured to be totally disabled? Bronchial Asthma

13. Places and dates of residence of insured since the date on which the alleged total disability began, and for 2 years prior thereto—
Street and No. or R. F. D. _____ Post office _____ State _____ Date _____

U S Army

14. Names and addresses of hospitals at which the insured has been treated—
Name _____ Address _____ Date of admission _____ Date of release _____

See VA Form 797 Attached

15. Give names and addresses of all doctors who have attended the insured for the disease or injury causing continuous total disability (except doctors who may have treated the insured only while both the insured and the doctors were in the military or naval service). Also date of treatment. If insured has been examined or treated by a private physician, or physicians, during the past year submit a supplemental statement by such physician, or physicians, under oath, preferably on the physician's letterhead, showing length of time under treatment, history of condition, physical and laboratory findings, diagnosis and prognosis, and any other pertinent medical data relating to the insured's condition.

U S Army Doctors

16-38156-1

Page 2 of 2 has Joe's signature, the date 25 Feb 1946 and the signature of the Notary Public, "R K Overstreet, 2nd Lt MAC Asst Ch Mil Pers Br". No Form 797 was found.

Figure 19; Return of Marriage

CERTIFICATION OF VITAL RECORD

**PUBLIC HEALTH DIVISION
CENTER FOR HEALTH STATISTICS**

RETURN OF MARRIAGE 3- 685

1. Marriage: (a) County Marion; (b) City or town Wix Salem

2. Date of marriage October 8, 1942 3. Title of person officiating Circuit Judge

GROOM		BRIDE	
17. Name <u>Joseph Fielding Schow</u>		18. Maiden name <u>Euth Taylor</u>	
19. Residence: State <u>Utah</u> County <u>Salt Lake</u>		19. Residence: State <u>Utah</u> County <u>Salt Lake</u>	
City or town <u>Salt Lake City</u>		City or town <u>Salt Lake City</u>	
20. Color or race <u>white</u>		20. Color or race <u>white</u>	
21. Age last birthday <u>22</u> (Years)		21. Age last birthday <u>22</u> (Years)	
22. Birth date <u>Jan. 12, 1919</u>		22. Birth date <u>Jan. 1, 1920</u>	
23. Previous marital status <u>single</u> (Single, widowed, or divorced)		23. Previous marital status <u>single</u> (Single, widowed, or divorced)	
24. Number of this marriage <u>1st</u> (1st, 2d, 3d, etc.)		24. Number of this marriage <u>1st</u> (1st, 2d, 3d, etc.)	
25. Birthplace <u>Utah</u> (State or country)		25. Birthplace <u>Utah</u> (State or country)	
26. Usual occupation <u>U. S. Army</u>		26. Usual occupation <u>Nurse</u>	
27. Industry or business		27. Industry or business	
28. Birthplace <u>Norway</u> (State or country)		28. Birthplace <u>Utah</u> (State or country)	
29. Usual occupation <u>Deceased</u>		29. Usual occupation <u>Farmer</u>	
30. Birthplace <u>Norway</u> (State or country)		30. Birthplace <u>Nevada</u> (State or country)	
31. Usual occupation <u>Housewife</u>		31. Usual occupation <u>Housewife</u>	

Registered No. 24332

Witnessed by E. W. Page Signed Lee Chas. Ferguson
(County Clerk) (County Clerk)

I CERTIFY THAT THIS IS A TRUE, FULL AND CORRECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL CERTIFICATE ON FILE OR THE VITAL RECORD FACTS ON FILE IN THE OREGON CENTER FOR HEALTH STATISTICS OR A DELEGATED LOCAL OFFICE.

DATE ISSUED: **NOV 07 2012** JENNIFER A. WOODWARD, Ph.D. STATE REGISTRAR

THIS COPY IS NOT VALID WITHOUT INTAGLIO STATE SEAL AND BORDER.

ANY ALTERATION OR ERASURE VOIDS THIS CERTIFICATE

Figure 20 The Wedding Gown.



Joe's silhouette taking the photo of Ruth in her wedding attire.

Appendix

I was curious about the men whose signatures witnessed these documents. They were people that knew my Father and he knew them. Maybe some were close friends. Also, with this story being published on the internet, someone searching for these men for their genealogy will find their names. So, here's their names and, if any, information about who they were.

Witnesses to the Power of Attorney:

Signed with his full name, "Joseph Fielding Schow", three witnesses and notarized. They were:
Alexander H Montecalvo of Woodbridge, NJ, b: Jersey City, d: 5 June 2007 in Florida.

Joseph H Miller of St Cleve, Ohio, *uncertain* b: Cleveland, OH 7 Aug 1919 d: Cleveland, OH 21 Nov 2019, Enlisted 17 Jul 1942 in Cleveland.

Phillip H Hanford of Oakesdale, WA (who also signed the Last Will, above).

The Notary was Don C Melchin, b: Illinois 10 Jan 1918 d: Arkansas 18 May 1995, Enlistment unknown, perhaps a civilian.

Witnesses to the Last Will and Testament:

John E. Young, North Bergen, New Jersey, b: 23 Jan 1917 d: 8 Feb 2015, Enlisted 11 June 1942.

Philip H. Hanford, Oakesdale, Washington, b: 1919 d: 1983, Enlisted 14 Sep 1942.

Troy E(ugene). Hoover, Goshen, Indiana, Tech4 US Army, b:23 May 1923 d: 16 Aug 2012, Enlisted 1 Feb 1943.

Wm H. Brandon, Casper, Wyoming, Tech 5 US Army, b: 5 Dec 1921 d: 10 Mar 1993, Enlisted 24 Feb 1941.

Thomas (William) Long, Pvt US Army, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Native American, b: 1911, d: Dec 1973, Enlisted 4 Mar 1942 at Fort Sill, OK.

Robert J(oseph) Bailey, b: 1 Mar 1921 d: 1 Dec 1988, from Detroit, Michigan, Enlisted in the Army Air Corp 29 Dec 1941.

These are the surnames given by my Father of his buddies in England:

Poyazolkowski(sp), Ingle, Dillon and Bauer

End Notes

- i 1940 United States Federal Census, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Ut, ward 3, blk 156, population schedule, St Marks Hospital, Joseph Schow, image, Archive.gov ([https://1940census.archives.gov/search/?search.result_type=image&search.state=UT&search.county=Salt+Lake+County&search.city=Salt+Lake&search.street=700+%287th%29+N#filename=m-t0627-04226-00432.tif&name=30-111&type=image&state=UT&searchby=location&searchmode=browse&year=1940&index=33&pages=38&bm_all_text=Bookmark:accessed October 8, 2019](https://1940census.archives.gov/search/?search.result_type=image&search.state=UT&search.county=Salt+Lake+County&search.city=Salt+Lake&search.street=700+%287th%29+N#filename=m-t0627-04226-00432.tif&name=30-111&type=image&state=UT&searchby=location&searchmode=browse&year=1940&index=33&pages=38&bm_all_text=Bookmark:accessed%20October%208%2C%202019)), p33 of 38. See *Figure 1*.
- ii "United States Census, 1940," database with images, <i>FamilySearch</i> (<https://familysearch.org/pal:/MM9.3.1/TH-1961-27863-17814-94?cc=2000219> : accessed 19 October 2015), Utah > Salt Lake > Election Precinct 1 > 18-2 Election Precinct 1 bounded by (N) 39th S, 27th E, Neffs Canyon Creek; (E) precinct line; (S) precinct line; (W) Holladay-Cottonwood Rd, 23rd E; also Holladay (part) > image 32 of 32; citing NARA digital publication T627 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 2012). See *Figure 2*.
- iii "United States Census, 1940," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/pal:/MM9.3.1/TH-1961-27866-1286-22?cc=2000219> : accessed 19 October 2015), Utah > Salt Lake > Salt Lake City Precinct, Salt Lake City, Ward 3 > 30-111 Salt Lake City Precinct, Salt Lake City Ward 3 (Area B - part), St. Mark's Nursing School > image 32 of 38; citing NARA digital publication T627 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 2012). See *Figure 3*.
- iv "United States Census, 1940," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:VT4V-YKF> : accessed 18 October 2015), Joseph F Schow in household of John U Schow, Ward 4, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake City Precinct, Salt Lake, Utah, United States; citing enumeration district (ED) 30-129, sheet 10B, family 281, NARA digital publication T627 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 2012), roll 4226. See *Figure 4*.
- v Photo of Johanne and John Schow, taken about 1910-17. From the acquired Ron Schow Collection. See *Figure 7*.
- vi Photo of Victor Hugo Taylor. From the Edward C Taylor Photo Collection. See *Figure 6*.
- vii Photo of Beryl Georgia Hocking Taylor, abt 1919. From Edward C Taylor's Photo Collection. See *Figure 5*.
- viii Actually, it was my cousin, Janet Taylor Wooley, who spoke that phrase to me.
- ix The National Archives in St. Louis, Missouri; St. Louis, Missouri; Record Group: Records of the Selective Service System, 147; Box: 1614. Ancestry.com. U.S. WWII Draft Cards Young Men, 1940-1947 [database on-line]. Lehi, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2011. Also on this card: Telephone; MA 6816: Fireman Realty's address was 653 Hayes St. See *Figure 8*.
- x "United States World War II Army Enlistment Records, 1938-1946," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:K8BW-MFG> : 5 December 2014), Joseph F Schow, enlisted 22 Feb 1942, Presidio Of Monterey, California, United States; citing "Electronic Army Serial Number Merged File, ca. 1938-1946," database, The National Archives: Access to Archival Databases (AAD) (<http://aad.archives.gov> : National Archives and Records Administration, 2002); NARA NAID 126323, National Archives at College Park, Maryland.

- xi Utah State Archives and Records Service; Salt Lake City, Utah; Military Service Cards, ca. 1898-1975; Creating Agency: Department of Administrative Services, Division of Archives and Records Service; Series: 85268; Reel: 107. Also, Ancestry.com. Utah, Military Records, 1861-1970 [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2011.
- xii Return of Marriage for Joe and Ruth Schow. See Figure 19.
- xiii HistoryLink.org: "World War II Army Hospitals in Washington", *HistoryLink.org Essay 10111* (Duane Colt Denfeld, Ph.D), (<https://www.historylink.org/File/10111>) (accessed 13Oct2019)
- xiv Wikipedia contributors, "Battle of Dutch Harbor," *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Battle_of_Dutch_Harbor&oldid=917663674 (accessed October 15, 2019)
- xv Utah State Archives and Records Service; Salt Lake City, Utah; Military Service Cards, ca. 1898-1975; Creating Agency: Department of Administrative Services, Division of Archives and Records Service; Series: 85268; Reel: 107. See Figure 12.
- xvi Ibid.
- xvii <insert Ration Book Citation> Thanks to Janet Taylor Wooley for these Ration books. See Figure 13.
- xviii Thanksgiving, 1943



- xix Birth Certificate for JT. Los Angeles County Registrar-Recorder, Certificate of Live Birth of Joseph Taylor Schow (22 May 1944), certificate 019282015, (Registered 25 May 1944), Chas C Arthur, Recorder, Pasadena, CA.
- xx Power of Attorney for Joseph F Schow, Signed and Witnessed 5 July 1944, Notarized by Don C Melchin, Public Notary. See Figure 15.
- xxi Last Will and Testament for Joseph F Schow, Signed and Witnessed at Camp Ellis, Ill, 3 July 1944. See Figure 16.
- xxii Website with information about Jack Anderson Wilson, who served along side Dad

at Camp Ellis and Camp Lockett. It's possible that he went to England at the same time as my Father and very possible that they knew each other:

<http://ww2f.com/threads/pvt-jack-anderson-wilson-124th-gen-hospital-camp-ellis-ill.35251/>>

xxiii Veterans Administration Insurance Form 357 revised July 1942. See Figure 18

xxiv California Historical Landmarks, webpage, <https://www.californiahistoricallandmarks.com/landmarks/chl-1045>'(accessed 17 Oct 2019).

xxv Ibid