

Hello gang:

Wednesday 1 Sept 43

Well, I guess you all know that I'm finally a captain. At least I assume that you noticed the change in address on the envelope of my last two letters. Unfortunately this is not the only change in my status of late. I have always said that I would rather be a 1st Lt. in a clearing company than a captain elsewhere in an infantry division medical setup. It seems that luck has not been with me, for two days after I received my appointment as captain I was transferred to the collecting company. As you know, this is the medical installation lying between the battalion aid station and the clearing company. Usually it means being about 3 miles behind the front line. It will entail much more moving and a much more tedious life than that in the clearing station, but still is very much better than a battalion aid station. The change was made because of the change over to the new table of organization which went into effect to-day. In the future it will probably mean a company commandship, but there is no glory in this, merely hard work and responsibility.

Soph has written you somewhat of what has occurred with us desert rats. We lived in Cal- exico for two weeks, just long enough for the kids and Ros to get a very nice tan. They enjoyed it very much there and spent most of the day sprinkling one another with the hose. We moved from Camp Pilot Knob to Camp Coxcomb, so it became necessary to move the family to a spot somewhat closer, for Calxico was 150 miles from our new location. We looked in Palm Springs, the famous movie resort in the heart of the desert, but it was impossible to find a house for love or money, so we looked farther along and finally the man in charge of the Red Cross in Beaumont, Cal. promised us a house which was to be ready in two days. We therefore moved to Beaumont and took up residence in a tourist cabin, dumper than any in which we had stayed on our trip across country. The two day wait turned out to be eight days before we were able to get into our new home. It was tough on Ros and the kids being cooped up in a sloppy little room and a half for a week, but at least we had the outlook of moving into a house at the end of that time. We were fortunate in this, because many families are living in tourist cabins as a permanent arrangement in Beaumont. Houses and rooms are almost impossible to get. The nicest thing about our home is that the OPA has placed a ceiling price of \$17.50 on it, and it is really worth much more than that. Most of my friends are paying \$65 and \$100 for places no better than ours. Of course Beaumont is 120 miles from camp, but until I went in to the field this week, I was able to get home every other day. This meant getting home at 7:30 P.M., going to bed about 10PM and getting up at 2:45 A.M. to start back to camp. However just getting home to see Ros and the kids, and knowing that I could get out of the desert to see them, made this well worth while. I made the sleep up during our rest period during 12 to 2 which we have daily because of the terrific heat during this time.

Sunday we went in to Los Angeles and believe me the various things you read about that town are not exaggerations. We went to Hollywood, Beverley Hills, and Bel Air, and I have never seen such beautiful homes on such beautiful streets, in such profusion in my life. Every street in Beverley Hills looks like the prettiest street in Rose Hill but multiplied dozens of times. The houses are surprisingly close together. I had the idea that each movie star's home was in the center of an estate, but this is not at all the case, except for a few I guess the prettiest of all is Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. This is situated on a hillside overlooking a valley and is beautiful to look up at. We all enjoyed our inspection tour immensely. Ros and a couple of friends whom we took along, were especially thrilled with some of the famous spots in Hollywood, and spent a little time at Grauman's Chinese Theater looking over the sayings of some of the famous stars which are incorporated in the cement block along with their footprints. The only untoward incident occurred after we had arrived home. Elaine awakened during the night with an upset stomach and kept us up all night vomiting. She did not seem very sick, but I was especially worried because of the reputed epidemic of infantile paralysis in California (1000 cases), but I could find nothing to substantiate my worries. Nevertheless I stayed home from camp until noon in order to watch her and see how she progressed. The worst part of it all was that I had to go out into the field Monday PM and this meant that I could be reached only with the greatest difficulty. However, Ros knew how to reach me if necessary, and I also had one of the officers from the clearing company stop at the house Tuesday nite to make sure everything was OK and he sent word out to me this morning that Elaine was well again.

Our home in Beaumont is swell because it is out of the desert. Beaumont is situated on a plateau between mountain ranges and is consequently very cool. This makes it entirely unnecessary to have a cooling unit with the house. In fact the weather is much like it was back Greenfield. At night it is necessary to sleep under covers.