

From Walt to R May 12th, 1944.

Just writing to let you know that I'm o.k. Have been up for about 48 hours and have been as busy as can be. My company is doing an excellent job and everyone is pleased as punch with us. Have much to tell you but no time in which to spend in writing. I'm afraid while things continue so active as they have been that I'll have no time to do more than let you know I'm ok. Just realize, sweets, that as long as I'm ok that is the most important thing--letters being only secondary. I'll do my best to drop you a daily line or two.

May 13th, 1944 (Saturday)

Well I'm still ok but gosh, am I tired! What was that Sherman said? I'm afraid he was not emphatic enough. We are so completely out of touch with everything that is going on except in my own little battlefield and yet we are hoping so much that things have finally started, that it leaves one with a feeling of confusion. My company has been extremely lucky, so far, with only minor casualties in an extremely limited group of my men. Yesterday we were visited by all sorts of medical big shots who were very complimentary as to the work we have been doing. Our colonel was up and was pleased as punch with us. My entire company really seems to consist of heroes--my litter bearers have been accomplishing the almost herculean task of bringing back the wounded despite the shelling that goes on. Our ambulance drivers have been working day and night without rest as has our station group and kitchen crew. I've got a warm spot in my heart for this whole group. John, particularly has done some heroic work. Yesterday he took a group of litter bearers forward under fire to see if it was possible to evacuate any casualties. They ran into some very intensive mortar fire and had to lay on the ground for a while. One shell burst in their immediate vicinity and wounded one of my men and a fragment pierced John's helmet and caused a slight laceration of his scalp. We entered his name for a purple heart award. I had to make him go to bed last night when he came back completely exhausted. He wanted to go back forward but I put my foot down and also told him that he was taking too many chances and that he must not go as far forward as he can't keep up his real function of coordination when he is all the way in the front lines. I finally got him to see my point so I hope he doesn't continue taking risks which ~~xxxxxxx~~ are really unnecessary. I finally was able to get four hours of sleep last night which isn't too bad. I'm going to sneak in some rest this afternoon. I'm going to sleep now. I'm afraid that mail will be very skimpy for the next few days.

~~xxxx~~ Sunday, May 14th, 1944 (Mother's Day).

Still going strong. Things at our place are even less dangerous than they were before. I am so proud of my company that it hurts. Every one of my litter bearers are individual heroes. There is no question by the infantrymen but that the medics are the bravest soldiers of them all. They keep moving through shell fire, streams, over hill and down winding trails diving into any available hole when they hear a shell. For 3 days now, practically without rest, they have been going steadily. Only 2 or 3 have broken down so far, but when you hear the experiences of those who have broken under the strain it is amazing to believe that a man could go thru anything like what they have and not be a madman. Allenozy was the first to break and is actually the only one who has broken completely, but only after days of heroic work among the wounded while undergoing shell-fire. Even the heroes up front say that Allenozy was the most heroic of all, and that is judgment by the elite. He was a pitiful sight when he first arrived all bent over and shaking like an aspen leaf, shuddering every time a shell exploded on ~~the~~ its way out. However, we got him into the kitchen and got him to tell his experience and it was amazing to see the improvement after this mental catharsis. We sent him on back for more rest. A common complaint was registered by one of the men in such a way as to make everyone laugh. He had just come in from the front and said "I can't eat, I can't sleep. All I can do is pee".



It would do your heart good to see the results we have been getting with plasma. The patients who receive it, and we give it to everyone in shock or with impending shock, perk up immediately. I am sure that we are saving lives with it so you know that your pints of donated blood are really doing some good. Last night we had a soldier in who had been carried into the Battalion aid station by 8 Germans who wanted to surrender. That is the case of ~~him~~ a wounded man getting credit for capturing 8 Germans with nothing but a litter. I had a swell night's sleep and am feeling pretty good. I'll try to write you daily altho I'm afraid the letters will be short for a while. Happy Mother's Day.

Tuesday, May 16th, 1944.

~~xxxxx~~ Things seem to be going swell at last. We haven't been ~~sick~~ nearly so busy as we had been and now our casualties have been running a fairly high percentage of Jerries which pleases us no end. They certainly don't look like supermen and there are a high percentage of kids in them. Several of them have told us that if they had known how well they would be treated by us they would have given up long ago. They have been receiving exactly the same treatment as we have given our own men. We have all been curious about them and many of the boys crowd around them asking questions, looking for souvenirs, etc. Untracht, who has been helping in at our station, speaks German as well as the Jerries do, has carried on prolonged conversations with them. I can get by in conversations, but slowly. The Jerries really hate the Russians and feel that they will never permit them to enter Germany but that the Americans will take Germany. They do not question the fact that they are going to lose the war, now. After a couple of days of tough going our boys have now reached the stage where they are taking prisoners in droves. We have pushed the Jerries back far enough away so that our station has been beyond the reach of their naval guns for the past day or so. It's a swell feeling to know that all the shells you hear going overhead are ours on the way to pounding the Jerry. They really have respect for our field artillery. I don't believe I told you that we had been assisted by Italian litter bearers. They have helped our men carry litters at the front and also have helped us at the station. They really have done a swell job and are in defatigable workers. When the first Jerry casualty came in they ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ didn't want to carry him in, but as more and more of them came in the Ities became happier and happier realizing that things were going well for us. It's so quiet around here this morning that it reminds me of Sunday mornings back home. At least for the time being our danger is over.

Wednesday, May 17th, 1944.

I'm sitting under a tree in front of our station while the boys load up ready to move a few miles up the road. Things are exceptionally quiet here now except for an occasional very loud bang of a tank destroyer gun which is located behind our place. Enemy shells have not come over since yesterday, and only a few came over then. At present we are as far behind the lines as the clearing company usually is and our unit has been taking a rest for a day or so before they move back in to let one of the others units rest. Things are going along excellently and we are all quite overjoyed with the state of affairs. Last night I was on duty for the night, not particularly because it was expected of me, because I haven't had to work all night long except for the first terrible night, but because I was on duty when Van and Leip went to bed and saw no need to awaken them. In fact I slept all night long from midnite to 7 am except for one interruption at 2:30 am. So you see our casualties have been extremely light. Our medical battalion has set two all time army records, sorry--can't tell you what, and since our company was chiefly responsible for this we all feel quite proud. I don't imagine that the colonel will bother us very much from now on. It is a funny thing to notice that our litter bearers, heroes almost to a man, don't seem to feel that they did any heroic work. "When you see those boys laying out there wounded, you know you've jut got to go back out there no matter how tired you are or how heavy the shelling is" is their reply to the praise which I have given them. They have now rested, more or less, for two days and it is surprising to see how quickly they have recuperated.



I heard a funny incident yesterday. Stark, a Scandinavian with the cute Scandinavian accent of the J equalling V--Jumping Yiminy and that type of thing, was walking up a trail up at the front during some mortar fire, and some infantrymen called to him from the slit trenches in which they had taken refuge, "Hey, medic, you'd better get in a slit trench." He looked at them scornfully and replied "I'm a gun brave medic, shells don't scare me". And on ~~as~~ up the trail he walked. Providence has been good to us in this, our first real push. I'm afraid that I shall always love and revere these boys and I know we'll never make good garrison soldiers again. You can't make a man keep his shoes shined when he has gotten them dirty walking thru the blood and muck of the front lines. How can you raise Cain with a man for wearing a dirty shirt when that shirt became dirty from dropping to the ground to avoid a shell?

Thursday, May 18th, 1944.

We're on the move. Jerry is being shoved back and we're moving right after him. We had expected to move yesterday morning but our orders didn't come down until evening and so we didn't pull in until about midnite. It was quite a trip over dusty, crowded mountain roads. Only half of our company came up, the other half remaining back in the other building. We are now getting ready to move forward again and are sweating out whether the rest of the company will catch up with us or not. Since our unit is not now one of the forward units we have had no battle casualties but nevertheless we have not had a moment to spare because of our move and the amount of work which it entails. I told you that we had a company of Italian litter bearers attached to us and they have made things much easier for us. Since we don't have enough transportation for ourselves, much less for the Italians, we decided we'd only carry 20 of them with us and yell for more if we needed them. The lieutenant in charge of them asked for volunteers to come along ~~and~~ with us and practically every man volunteered. We selected several of the better workers and let the lieutenant pick the rest. So far we have not been able to bring up these Italians but we are hoping to because they lighten our burden so. Last night we pulled in to Mike's station which was in a ruined building. This was the only place available to us so I slept in an open shed on a litter right along with Mike. This morning I started scouting around and found a small house inhabited by an Italian man of 67, his wife, 66, and a granddaughter, pretty and 16. I figured that I'd have a time keeping my men away from her, but I don't believe we'll be here long enough for anyone to get her alone. The Italian talks a little American having been in Philadelphia for 8 years 36 years ago. He returned to Italy after he had made some money and has lived here since. The Jerries occupied this house before we moved in and the old man tells me that they made him act as a handy man, getting water and wood. He says that if they don't get absolute obedience from the natives they shoot them in cold blood. They barely got enough food to live on and have had no bread in the past 8 days. It doesn't take much imagination to see how happy they are to see the generous American troops move in. We were planning to let them live in one room while we used the rest of the house but I guess we'll be moving along.

Thursday noon, May 18th, 1944.

I'm sitting in a farm yard, shaded from the hot Italian sun by a tree with the sea visible before me and mountains to my left and right. We're it not for my reason for being here, this would be a glorious moment. As it is the road 15 yards away is in a cloud of dust raised by the continuous stream of army traffic, shells are bursting about 400 yards away (they can't reach us because of a high hill which lies between us and the enemy and planes, our thank God, are flying over head to drop their bombs on the enemy a few miles to our front. Flowers and fields make the countryside very attractive, with the fields, the red pattern of thistles sprinkled with yellow of a daisy type flower and orange of poppies. To add to all this is the pink of roses and the



beautiful scent which they exude. Unfortunately war even breaks in on the odors around here--there is the acrid smell of smoke and also in spots the putrefying smell of dead men and horses and mules. We haven't run across much of the latter because the units ahead of us have covered up most of these. Then there is the ever present waste of war with broken down German and Italian tanks and guns--not so numerous in this area, but much more so in some of the others. We have seen many of the boys with souvenirs of taken from the Jerries--almost every vehicle has a German helmet hung on it and we have seen some of the units using captured German vehicles for their own purposes.

The night before last we had an inkling that we would be moving up before long because things were going so well for our troops. I stayed on duty, sleeping on a litter in the station. Actually Leip was supposed to be on duty but Van should have taken over during the afternoon and evening in order to give him a rest. However, Van, in his usual absent-minded manner, decided to investigate a neighboring town which was in our hands and forgot all about letting Leip get some rest. Van then proceeded to go to bed at 9 p.m. expecting to be awakened at 3 a.m. but I took over and Leip went to bed at 10. There were practically no casualties so that I went to bed at 1230 using a litter in the station. At 2.30 a load came in, including an Italian woman with her 4-year old son. The latter had been wounded by the Jerries during their escape thru the lines, and a machine gun bullet had gone all the way thru his head from temple to temple. Surprisingly enough he was in rather good shape and not unconscious but he'll have a hard time ahead of him. Following their removal by ambulance I wasn't bothered for the rest of the night so that I was completely refreshed for the strenuous day-yesterday. Tuesday I had gone along with Frank and Renzi and Runde to a town which was now occupied by American troops to determine whether we would move forward or not. The town was very interesting being located on a hilltop with the ascent so steep that steps connected various streets making it impossible to take vehicles into many parts of the town. The streets were extremely narrow, often times narrower than our alleys back home and the houses are contiguous--all built of stone and those in the closer parts of town showing little of the ravages of war except for having been ransacked by the ever-curious G.I. In order to reach the C.P. where we had to go, we had to go thru a castle, which in this case seemed to be merely a larger building than the others with numerous subterranean chambers. While there we ran across our general who seemed dog-tired but very happy because of the good work being done by his men. It was an interesting experience to go back over roads and past corners which a day or two before were so constantly under shell fire that one had to speed past them to avoid being there when a shell landed. Now, none but Jerries biggest guns could reach it and only a very occasional shell was lobbed in for its harassing effect.

Frank had originally come up telling me that I'd have to move my station at once, but since I knew the tactical situation better than he did, I explained to him that we couldn't move forward because we would then be ahead of the stations we were servicing and this was confirmed by the G3 section at division.

(The rest of the company just pulled in and I have been busy for the past 2 hours getting them settled).

Yesterday morning I took a trip forward to a town which we had captured the night before. All the Bn. aid stations we service were in the town and I had to pick out a place in which to set up if and when they moved forward. I found a swell spot but unfortunately when they did move, they moved so far forward to the side that our location in the town wouldn't be feasible for evacuation. The town was very attractive, despite the fact that it had taken a terrific pasting both by shells and bombs. The Jerries had blown out two bridges the previous night and then had mined the blown out bridge on either side where vehicles would have to go around it. The caterpillar which repaired the bridge hit one of these mines but all it did was to blow off one of its tracks and this was repaired almost at once so that they had the bridges fixed in almost no time. These engineers do a marvellous job of keeping traffic moving, sweeping mines, making two way roads out of goat trails, filling in shell holes, etc. I watched



a caterpillar fill in a large shell hole in only 1 minute yesterday. All he did was lower the front metal pushing device, push a pile of dirt in front of it right into the hole, filling it up. It hardly took him any more time than it takes to tell. All the time that he worked traffic continued in 1 line past him but as soon as he filled in the hole two way traffic was able to start. Roads are a mighty important thing in a war like this and the engineers have a great deal of importance in deciding which side will win.

The Italian soldier artist who has been sketching our portraits (I haven't had a chance to send mine yet) has been making colored portraits with crayon. I had hoped to get him to do one of me but I moved out before he had a chance and now I think he lost the crayons on our move up here. Did I tell you that one of the Italian soldiers has attached himself to the Catholic chaplain and wants to accompany him for the duration of the war? He is a very intelligent fellow who translates Italian into Latin and converses with the chaplain in the latter language. Many of the Italians are college students whose studies were interrupted by the war. They come from the northern part of Italy which I am told is inhabited by a much nicer class of people than is southern Italy. All the Italians would like to stay with us during our push and I'm hoping that we will be able to take them along with us because they do make things much easier around the company what with doing KP and other menial tasks. However because of lack of transportation we have quite a problem in trying to take them along with us. We are now carrying only 23 of the more than 100 we had with us. We hope to have them alternate with the cooking in order to get variety in our food. I understand that they can fix G rations so that they taste like a banquet. I'm waiting to see that.

Yesterday, while waiting to move, I cleaned up the baskets which I planned to send to you but on the dusty trip up here they got so covered that I'm afraid I'll have to clean them again. I'm hoping to find something to mail them in for we're too crowded to take it along with us.

It is amazing to see the waste that actual combat creates. When men are under the extreme stress of dodging shells they are apt to throw away just about any piece of equipment which impedes them. As replacements come up they are often expected to be outfitted by the company which they join. This becomes impossible after a time and then they come running back to us because we don't send any equipment or arms with the men we send back and therefore we accumulate quite a bit of equipment, especially if we are busy. Our men usually pick from this equipment any items which they can use. Especially desired are combat jackets which are much nicer than field jackets, and combat shoes which do away with the need for leggings. It is no problem to take off a man's shoes to make him more comfortable and then forget to send them back with him. He gets reoutfitted at the replacement center so we really aren't taking undue advantage of him. It won't take very long before we all have just about everything we want.

After waiting around all day we received a rush call to move at about 7 p.m. We were all set and started right out. There was only one dangerous spot on the road and that was at a road junction which had been shelled when Macri and Van had been passing it in a jeep searing the wits out of them. One shell lit only 20 yards over from their vehicle showering them with dirt. When we arrived at that corner we were all prepared to zoom right around it when we were stopped by an MP who had a soldier that wasn't feeling well. I did some mighty fast talking, telling him where an aid station was, only a mile back up the road and then did we get away from there in a hurry. The trip soon slowed to a halt because of road conditions and since we knew that there were no buildings in which to set up, we stopped at an MP station which was being used as a prisoner of war collecting point. We planned to move in with them, but decided we'd run forward a piece and see what we could find there. While we were at the MP enclosure they brought in some 20 Jerry prisoners--all of them quite young. Some machine gunners playfully suggested that the MP's step aside and they'd have no business to worry about. Actually the prisoners are very well treated and altho



no funny stuff is tolerated, they are happy to get away from the war. I got to talk to a Polish Jerry that came thru our station. He has been made to fight because of threats against his family.

When we continued forward we had our vehicles stop at the first place where there was room for them while we went on ahead. We saw no place to set up and finally arrived at Mike's station which he had in a ruined house. There was an open shed at one side and he had fixed it up into a station which could be blacked out at night. There was just enough room to park a few of our vehicles on the other side of the road so I decided to spend the night with him and look for a place in the a.m. He was amenable to the suggestion and I stretched out a litter on top of a pile of rocks and proceeded to drop off to sleep while waiting for the rest of the vehicles to come forward. I sent the jeep back to tell them to come on forward and then the jeep continued back to the company to tell them to stay there overnight and I'd send for them when ready. Finally the vehicles pulled in at midnite and I awakened and got them set for the night so that if we had any patients we would be able to take care of them in a blacked out ambulance. Fortunately we had none.

An amusing thing happened just before we pulled out. The clearing station moved up to that swell building we formerly occupied but before they would move in they had the engineers up to check for mines. We tried for more than a week to have our area checked for mines before they did anything about it, but they have it done before they even come up. Such is life in the rear echelon.

After sleeping quite well last night, I looked for a place this morning and found this small house which the Jerries had occupied before us. They were the old Italian man and wife and his granddaughter here when I investigated this place. We allowed them to stay in a tiny room downstairs and have taken over the other 2 rooms--1 for a station and the other for our sleeping quarters. They have a nice well in the yard, the water of which we chlorinate before we use it. This morning we used it straight for washing and the old lady insisted on drawing water and pouring out our water just as soon as it was a bit dirty. Several other Italian civilians have come around but except for a girl of 16 or so we have chased off all the others. All day long Italian civilians have been walking back down the road from the towns we have captured. The Jerries don't get them out of the battle zone but use them to do their work, and their women to satisfy their desires. However, just as soon as we take over we move the Italians out of the danger zone, usually evacuating them by truck.

We have had the opportunity to see some of the elaborate dugouts which the Jerries have built. Of course, they have been here more than a year and have used the labor of the Italians, so I need not tell you how elaborate they are. Stairs lead down to them and they have a subterranean room as large as my X-ray room around the walls of which are bunks for 6 men. We didn't do very much in there for fear of booby traps.

Our house is so situated that we can see our guns as they shoot and see the target as it is struck. It is quite interesting to see cause and effect in this manner. With all the hills around here, whenever a gun shoots the sound rolls from one hill to the next and the reverberation doesn't stop for 9 seconds (actually clocked). Thus, when we are firing steadily there is the constant staccato sound of the gun going off and then that rolling reverberation, so that sound is almost continuous.

Well, so far things are pretty quiet for us and we seem quite safe in our present spot.

Friday, May 19th, 1944.

Gosh, we are living the "life of Riley" for the moment! We have just moved into a beautiful house with a gorgeous view. Unfortunately we are probably not going to stay here for any appreciable period because the troops are moving



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forward at such a good clip that we will soon be too far behind to give them the proper medical service. (I guess I should have started the last sentence with fortunately.) We're ~~xxxxxx~~ tickledpink at the progress we're making. I'm afraid that we are going to be so much on the move that my writing will be sporadic. However I'll try to get off at least a V-mail daily.

Despite the fact that our last place was nothing to brag about, it was still a house where houses were at a premium. We had a fair-sized room for our station and the room above it for the officers sleeping quarters. Since we now have 7 officers, the two addition being Lieut. Brady and Catholic chaplain Wojlcki, it was obvious that the room would be quite crowded but Van was on duty and slept in the station so we were able to squeeze 6 of us into the room.

All in all we had a very enjoyable time at that place. The Italian boys hung ~~xxx~~ around the old man who was quite a comedian and kept them amused. At supper last night, after we had eaten and then had fed the Italians who are attached to us, we fed the Italian civilians in whose house we were living. It was amazing to see the quantity of food which they ate. They had been semi-starved over the year or more that the Germans had been there and apparently they were trying to make it up in one meal. They showed us some bread which the Germans had given them. It was shaped and of the size of a large pumpernickel and the blackest bread I have ever seen. It looked somewhat moldy, despite the fact that it was only 2 or 3 days old. There is no question but that the Jerries must have a desperate food problem. They would kill the mules belonging to the Italians and then give them only a small portion of the meat--not more than 4 lbs. from one mule.

We spent most of the day just laying around, since our casualties are down to nil at present. In fact we saw more Italian civilians as patients than we did our own soldiers. Some of them are quite pitiful. We saw an orphan of about 1 year who had a shell fragment wound of the face, and a generalized eruption--probably scabies ~~altho~~ the vitamin deficiency can't be ruled out. Scabies seems practically universal among the populace. After ~~only~~ last night, I sat for another portrait this time with colored crayon, but I didn't think that the finished product looked like me. However I'll send bot of them to you as soon as I get the opportunity. While I think of it, I want ~~xxxxxx~~ you to send me a couple of boxes of drawing crayons of the type that artists use. I think that they are pastel pencils, but investigate and get some good ones. I want to give them to the artist, Renzi Constantini. You send them to me and I'll send them on to him if he isn't still with us. Mail also came in last night. I received a V-mail of May 8, Judy's letter of May 10 and Soph's Pyle and Winchells of May 10 which latter I haven't had the opportunity of reading as yet. Please tell Judy I am simply amazed at her ability to write such a long letter. I'll try to reciprocate as soon as I have the opportunity.

It seems that our company has become a center for chow for any soldiers who happen to be in our vicinity. Yesterday we fed about 20 engineers who were working on the road adjacent to us. They really appreciated getting a hot meal. They have their own K rations but it's always nicer to get a hot meal than eat a cold one.

I believe I forgot to tell you about the war correspondents who have been accompanying the troops on our drive. The other day they made a mistake and got in front of our troops and thus were the first Americans to enter a town which the Jerries still occupied. So far we have had no personal contact with any of them, altho one of them visited Renzi's company and gave him a write up in Stars and Stripes. Most of my boys resented the write up because we had taken care of 50% more patients than had Co. B but I'm not looking for any publicity.

Shortly before dark, Mike sent for me and I went down to his station which was about a mile from the road. He told me of the tactics of the situation and I realized that I had to move. Since John and Maori were already out scouting around for a place for us to move into, I waited for them there. They arrived very soon and reported having found 2 likely places. ~~xxx~~ At one of these



places they left a couple of men to hold it for us, but they didn't investigate the second one beyond noting its existence, so I sent their jeep back with word to have the company ready to move, but to get some sleep. In the meantime we drove down to the other building in blackout. It looked ideal for what we wanted. We went into the house and found, after a search, 9 men down in the basement. They were the only ones occupying the house, so we told them that they could expect some company in the morning. We left one man there to hold on to the building and it's a good thing we did because Renzi later came around and had his eye on it. We then set out on our way back. The road was simply clogged with traffic going both ways. Sharpe, our jeep driver, drives like a demon so our progress was quite good, despite the blackness of the night. We decided to go up to the regimental CP to learn more about the tactics of the situation but ran into Mike on his way back from there. He told us that the plans had been changed so we headed back and after checking over the change in plans decided our house would still be the proper place at least for the time being. We didn't get back to our area until 1 a.m.

I was up at 7230 this am getting the men ready to go. I forgot to mention why we got back so late. They had some big guns coming down the road and there had been a tie-up of traffic. It seems that when one of these big guns has to go around a sharp corner they have to unhitch the gun from its tractor and then turn the gun by manpower. Obviously this takes both space and time so that traffic gets tied up in each direction. We had to sit ~~xxxxx~~ at a road junction for an hour before we were able to get on our way. Fortunately Jerry had been knocked out to the point where he was throwing no shells at all, so we had nothing to worry about.

While we were eating chow this morning Italian civilians, men women and children, lined up at the edge of our area waiting to see what we would give them. After we had all eaten there was very little left except bread and a few oranges. We decided to dole out a half loaf of bread to each one because we had far more bread than we could possibly eat. However, the civilians ran over the cook who was handing out the bread and fought for the bread like wildcats. We learned our lesson in a hurry and immediately after chased them out of the area to keep them away from our kitchen. As we had the preceding night, we took excellent care of our hosts.

As soon as possible after eating, we took half of our company down to our new setup. It is simply magnificent--a two story house almost large enough to be a hotel with a white finish on the outside reminiscent of the homes of Beverly Hills. It is located 50 yards from the main highway on a cliff at the base of which laps the sea. Beautiful trees and flowers dot the entire estate. It has been damaged by the war in that plaster and glass are everywhere and part of the roof has been knocked off of one corner. However after a little cleaning up by the boys the place is scrumptious. All floors are tile as are the walls half way up to the high ceilings. The color of this tile varies in the different rooms. The living room has one of the most beautiful tile fireplaces I have ever seen. The floors of this living room, the hall and stairs, are marble with the living room in 2 levels with 3 steps leading from the upper to lower level. There are 8 rooms and 2 baths on the main floor and 7 rooms and 3 baths upstairs. To top this off there is a sunporch surrounding the entire downstairs facing the sea, another balcony--very wide--sun porch and a large railed platform overlooking the sea. This platform is big enough to accommodate two of our ambulances with room to spare. In addition there are steps which lead down the side of the cliff to the sea, winding back and forth at various levels. Wherever this walk runs flat for a short distance is covered balustrade where one can rest and look at the sea. All in all it is the most beautiful spot I have seen in many a day. From the seaside of the house one can see for miles, as it sits on a bay and across the bay can be seen a peninsula with a city on it, jutting out into the sea. Not only can this city be seen but also another one only a short distance away and there is also a perfect view of the mountains where one can see other small cities nesting on the crests.



I believe I mentioned 2 basement rooms which are as elaborate as the other rooms in the house. The house was heated by an oil furnace, apparently, using hot water or steam radiators. All the fixtures are modern and electric outlets can be seen all over the place, including the outside. I'll bet we never hit anything as nice as this in all our travels. I am planning to use the kitchen for my quarters tonight, i.e., if we're here that long. The few pieces of furniture which remain blend in nicely with the color scheme of the room in which they were found and seem to be of excellent quality. Some prominent fascist really had himself something. At the moment I am writing this letter sitting in a chair resembling our back chair but with a much more comfortable shape. I'm telling you it's glorious.

The boys have really been busy souvenir hunting. There are a few buildings not far away and they have ransacked these. The Jerry's are to leave in a hurry and some of the boys found a couple of Jerry guns with ammunition. They tried out their aim on objects on the beach and even I took a shot. They also brought back a double typewriter--1 with English letters and 1 Greek--welded together with a very large carrier. We are turning it over to our ordinance. Maybe they'll be able to make one good typewriter out of it. I have warned the boys of the possibility of booby traps on this enticing stuff but they still persist in hunting for it. Yesterday a man in one of the infantry units was killed when removing a watch from a dead German. It had been booby trapped. Despite the fact that I have sent you souvenirs I have not as yet gone out of my way to get the. Usually the boys give them to me. That will have to suffice.

I'm waiting for John and Macri to return and let me know what the situation is so that I can determine whether we're better off staying here or moving forward. I'll say good-bye for now.