

Good afternoon, darling:

Sunday, 5 Nov. 1944, 1500

This is one day when it is great to be alive. The sun is shining brilliantly, the day is not too cold, and the scene from here is one of beauty. However, those are only secondary reasons for this feeling. The main reason is that last night we underwent a shelling the like of which we have never experienced. It all started at about 3:30 in the afternoon when we were startled out of our complacency by a tremendous explosion on our left. Immediately we realized that a shell had come in. Immediately after the explosion one of the officers from the field artillery came rushing downstairs to see where the shell had burst and came in to report that it had been a high air burst about 500 yards to our left. Now these air bursts have a definite purpose. They explode too high to do any particular damage to the men on the ground, but the Germans can see the spot where the shell bursts in the air and using several observation posts they are able to calculate just over what area in the ground it burst. Thus they can adjust their guns for correction so that they can hit the spot on the ground for which they are aiming. Every three minutes for the next 45 minutes a similar shell would come in. Each time the field artillery officer would rush outside to try to determine from which direction the shell had come, judging this by the whine which it made thru the air. He finally decided on a certain direction and then had his observer watch in that direction and the observer picked up the flash from the gun which was shooting. The next step for our artillery was to fire a couple of rounds at this gun with the observer letting them know where their shots were falling. When they were on the target a tremendous number of guns adjusted to this and all fired so that their shells struck the target at the same target. The major from the field artillery then came downstairs and told us, with a broad smile, that we would have nothing to worry about because he was sure that the gun had been knocked out. We agreed with him when no more shells fell and everything seemed to become quiet and peaceful. Were we in for a rude awakening. Apparently Jerry had gotten the adjustments he had been working on from the high air bursts of his guns, for suddenly, without any warning at all the air was filled with the screaming whine of a tremendous number of shells. They whined to the left of us, to the right of us and over our heads. Capt. Byrnes the same artillery officer who had rushed outside before to locate the direction from which the shells came, again came rushing down the stairs to go outside but we advised him against such a move because these shells were far too close for anything like that to take place without absolute risk of death. As it was a piece of shrapnel from one of the airbursts had missed his foot by only two inches earlier in the afternoon, and he had dug it out of the ground to determine the size of the shell from which it had come (a 150, pretty big stuff). Needless to say, the barrage had us all worried, and in addition to putting on our steel helmets we adopted the old Chinese custom of sitting on the floor in order to get below the level of the window in case any shell fragments should come thru that. Most of these shells fell quite some distance behind us, but apparently one of their guns was shooting short and its shells were falling on the hill behind us, a distance of about 400 yards. The shells ceased as suddenly as they had started. However, we didn't feel any too good about that, realizing Jerry's tactics and merely waiting for the next barrage to come in. He uses the universal trick of artillery the world over, of stopping his firing and hoping that the enemy will think that the firing is over and then just about the time that they get back out of their slit trenches or other shelter, throwing in another barrage. Needless to say, we did not leave the building. In fact, those who found that the excitement had increased the adrenal secretion to the point of making them urinate, found an empty beer bottle in the room and used this to take care of his need. I am not ashamed to say that I was in this group. Jerry did not keep us too long in suspense. 13 minutes later he threw in a barrage that was even heavier than the first one. By this time, I for one, realized that our immediate area was not the target and was only hoping and praying that the guns that were shooting short wouldn't shoot too short and hit our building. Actually we were pretty safe, being on the ground floor of a building with good walls. If a shell had hit the roof, it would have probably caused damage to the group upstairs but would not have bothered us particularly, and if it had actually hit the building, we had two rooms between us and the side of the building toward which the shells were coming from. Nevertheless we again assumed our positions on the floor and sweated it out until they ceased firing. It is interesting to note how quiet a room becomes during a shelling. There is no kidding or joshing, because every man wants to listen to see how near the shells are landing or how close to the building they are passing. No one even tries any conversation, knowing that he will be hushed by every man present if he does. All

not too cold, and the scene from here is one of beauty. However, these are only secondary reasons for this feeling. The main reason is that last night we underwent a shelling like of which we have never experienced. It all started at about 11:30 in the afternoon when we were startled out of our complacency by a tremendous explosion on our left. Immediately we realized that a shell had come in. Immediately after the explosion one of the officers from the field artillery came rushing downstairs to see where the shell had burst and came in to report that it had been a high air burst about 500 yards to our left. Now these air bursts have a definite purpose. They explode too high to do any practical damage to the men on the ground, but the Germans can see the spot where the shell bursts in the air and using several observation posts they are able to calculate just over what area in the ground it burst. Thus they can adjust their guns for correction so that they can hit the spot on the ground for which they are aiming. Every three minutes for the next 15 minutes a similar shell would come in. Each time the field artillery officer would rush outside to try to determine from which direction the shell had come. Judging that the wind which it made turn the air, he finally decided on a certain direction and then had his observer watch in that direction and the observer picked up the flash from the gun which was shooting. The next step for our artillery was to fire a couple of rounds at this gun with the observer leading them from where their shots were falling. When they were on the target a tremendous number of guns adjusted to this and all fired so that their shells struck the target at the same target. The major from the field artillery then came downstairs and told us, with a broad smile, that we would have nothing to worry about because he was sure that the gun had been knocked out. We agreed with him when no more shells fell and everything seemed to be come quiet and peaceful. There he is for a time awakening. Apparently Jerry had gotten the adjustments he had been working on from the high air bursts of the guns, for suddenly, without any warning at all the air was filled with the screaming whine of a tremendous number of shells. The same artillery officer who had rushed outside before to locate the direction from which the shells came, again came rushing down the stairs to go outside and we advised him against such a move because these shells were far too close for anything like that to take place without absolute risk of death. As it was a piece of shrapnel from one of the airplanes had missed his foot by only two inches earlier in the afternoon, and he had dug it out of the ground to determine the size of the shell from which it had come (a 150, pretty big stuff). Needless to say, the barrage had us all worried, and in addition to putting on our steel helmets we adopted the old Chinese custom of sitting on the floor in order to get below the level of the window in case any shell fragments should come that way. Most of these shells fell quite some distance behind us, but apparently one of their guns was shooting short and the shells were falling on the hill behind us, a distance of about 100 yards. The shells seemed as suddenly as they had started. However, we didn't feel any too good about that, realizing Jerry's tactics and merely waiting for the next barrage to come in. He uses the universal trick of artillery the world over, of stopping his firing and hoping that the enemy will think that the firing is over and then just about the time that they get back out of their slit trenches or other shelter, throwing in another barrage. Needless to say, we did not leave the building. In fact, those who found that the excitement had increased the action at attention to the point of making them wobble, found an empty beer bottle in the room and used this to take care of his need. I am not ashamed to say that I was in this group. Jerry did not keep us too long in suspense. 15 minutes later he threw in a barrage that was no heavier than the first one. If this time, I for one, realized that our immediate area was not the target and was only hoping and praying that the guns that were shooting short wouldn't shoot too short and hit our building. Actually we were pretty safe, being on the ground floor of a building with good walls. If a shell had hit the roof, it would have probably caused damage to the group upstairs but would not have bothered us particularly, and if it had actually hit the building, we had two rooms between us and the side of the building toward which the shells were coming from. Nevertheless we again assumed our positions on the floor and waited it out until they ceased firing. It is interesting to note how quiet a room becomes during a shelling. There is no hiding or jostling, because every man wants to listen to see how near the shells are landing or how close to the building they are passing. No one even tries any conversation, knowing that he will be rushed by every man present if he does. All

during both periods of shelling the group upstairs were busy as bees trying to help other similar units locate the batteries that were shooting at us so that we could start shooting at them and make them cease firing. However, apparently they were not successful at the moment for eight minutes later Jerry laid them in worse than he had done either time before. The group upstairs tried to keep count of all the shells that came in, since this might give them an idea as to how many guns were firing at us, but those shells came in far too fast for any man to count. I didn't have my mind on the subject of counting. All I was interested in was in counting the LAST shell that came over, because there wouldn't be anymore after that one. The total number of shells counted varied from 130 to more than 200, by far the heaviest barrage that we have ever been subjected to. To our amazement we had no casualties to take care of despite all that shelling. That seemed to end Jerry's exercise with guns in our vicinity for the night. Later in the evening, when the Major who does all the calculating for fire direction upstairs, came down to visit us, a daily occurrence, I kidded him about lowering our morale by telling us the gun had been knocked out and then allowing us to be subjected to such a heavy shelling. He told me that he had been busy during the shelling, and therefore had not been able to come downstairs and reassure us. When I asked him what he had been doing he told me that he had gone up on the roof and had been patting the shells as they went over to make sure that they wouldn't stop on our building. He said at first he had used one arm to push them along their way, but later on he became so busy that he had to use both hands and even his feet to prod them on their way, so that he had been all worn out with his swimming motions before it was all over. It was quite a relief to feel that we could joke about it now that it was all over.

Most of the boys in the station took it quite calmly, i.e. excitedly but no more than one would expect, but one of the men, and later on he was joined by several others, got himself under a table and stretched out on the floor beneath with his bedding roll between him and the wall. He does this every time there is a shelling within a mile of us, which is a bit silly. I am not reckless about shellings, but one must use common sense and not become panic-stricken. One would have figured that Jerry had given us enough excitement for one night, but he wasn't finished yet. He was through with our area as far as artillery was concerned, but he still has a plane or two with which to harass us, and it wasn't much later until one of these came over and we received the alert over the telephone. The plane passed by us very quickly and went on to the rear, so that we didn't have anything to worry about. I went out on the porch, which is quite well protected, and watched to the rear to see what the plane would do. Of course, since it was pitch black outside, there was nothing to be seen, altho a few search lights did try to seek the plane out. Then the plane strafed some road far to our rear and the ack ack opened up on him. You should have heard the roar of his motor as he tried to get away from the ack ack. He then came forward, again in our vicinity, and quite a distance from us some ack ack again opened up on him, a truly beautiful sight to watch when you know that you are out of danger. Apparently this ack ack came mighty near the plane because he made a sudden dive away from the ack ack. Out on the porch I was able to tell that the plane was quite some distance from our building by noting the direction which the ack ack too, but the boys who remained in the room all dove under the table because when they heard the plane dive to them it sounded as though it was diving right over our building. They were all excited about it, which surprised me since I hadn't given it a thought. The plane then dropped a flare which was decidedly ineffective, since it did not stay lit more than a second or two. After that he, or some other plane, circled around a time or two and then scooted back for the German lines before the moon came up and apparently because of all the ack ack which we were throwing at them.

That was all of the actual excitement that occurred for the night, much more than we have had in quite some time, but we did have some artificial excitement when a small puppy, the property of the boys who live in the room in front of us, stood on our doorstep and whined to be let in. Now the whine of a small puppy is a sound very similar to that of a shell which is passing close by, and we waited with bated breath to hear the sound of the explosion. When no explosion occurred, we realized that we had a visitor and let him in.

The advent of the planes upset a little party that we were having in our station. After the shelling I decided to ease the nerves of the group here by making some pop corn. It really was enjoyed by all of us and didn't last very long when we dug into the popped results. It did turn out very nicely, practically all of the kernels popping. I won't be averse to your sending

them and make them cease firing. However, apparently they were not successful at the moment. For eight minutes later Jerry laid them in worse than he had done either time before. The group upstairs tried to keep count of all the shells that came in, since this might give them an idea as to how many guns were firing at us, but those shells came in far too fast for any man to count. I didn't have my mind on the subject of counting. All I was interested in was the counting the last shell that came over, because there wouldn't be anymore after that one. The total number of shells counted varied from 130 to more than 200, by far the heaviest barrage that we have ever been subjected to. To our amazement we had no casualties to take care of despite all that shelling. That seemed to end Jerry's exercise with guns in our vicinity for the night. I sat in the evening, when the Major who does all the calculating for the direction upstairs, came down to visit us, a fairly common occurrence. I kidded him about lowering our morale by telling us the gun had been in the room and then allowing us to be subjected to such a heavy shelling. He told me that he had been busy during the shelling, and therefore had not been able to come downstairs and reassure us. When I asked him what he had been doing he told me that he had gone up on the roof and had been patting the shells as they went over to make sure that they wouldn't stop on our building. He said at first he had used one arm to push them along their way, but later on he became so busy that he had to use both hands and even his feet to push them on their way, so that he had been all worn out with his swimming motions before it was all over. It was quite a relief to feel that we could joke about it now that it was all over.

Most of the boys in the station took it quite calmly, i.e. excitedly but no more than one would expect, but one of the men, and later on he was joined by several others, got himself under a table and stretched out on the floor beneath with his bedding roll between him and the wall. He does this every time there is a shelling within a mile of us, which is a very common occurrence. The one man who was most excited was Jerry, who had given us some excitement for one night, but he wasn't finished yet. He was thorough with our ears as far as shelling was concerned, but still was a plane or two with which to harass us, and it wasn't much later until one of these came over and we received the alert over the telephone. The plane passed by us very quickly and went on to the rear, so that we didn't have anything to worry about. I went out on the porch, which is quite well protected, and watched to the rear to see what the plane would do. Of course, since it was pitch black outside, there was nothing to be seen, although a few searchlights did try to seek the plane out. Then the plane started some road far to our rear and away from the ack ack. He then came forward, again in our vicinity, and quite a distance from us some ack ack again opened up on him, a truly beautiful sight to watch when you know that you are out of danger. Apparently this ack ack came within range of the plane because he made a sudden dive away from the ack ack. Out on the porch I was able to tell that the plane was quite some distance from our building by noting the direction which the ack ack took, but the boys who remained in the room all dove under the table because when I heard the plane dive to them it sounded as though it was diving right over our building. They were all excited about it, which surprised me since I hadn't given it a thought. The plane then dropped a flame bomb, which was decidedly ineffective, since it did not stay lit more than a second or two. After that, or some other plane, circled around a time or two and then scooted back for the rear. I saw flames before the room came up and apparently because of all the ack ack which we were throwing at them.

That was all of the actual excitement that occurred for the night, much more than we have had in quite some time, but we still have some artificial excitement when a small puppy, the property of the boys who live in the room in front of us, stood on my doorstep and yined to be let in. Now the yine of a small puppy is a sound very similar to that of a shell with its passing close by, and we waited with bated breath to hear the sound of the explosion. No explosion occurred, we realized that we had a visitor and let him in.

The advent of the planes upset a little party that we were having in our station. After shelling I decided to ease the nerves of the group here by making some pop corn. It really enjoyed by all of us and certainly had very long when we dug into the popped kernels. It did turn out very nicely, practically all of the kernels popped. I won't be adverse to your and

me some more pop corn. Just one packet of it at a time until I request more, since I don't use it very often. The supper served by the field artillery, to which we have attached ourselves for rations, usually consists of C rations, of which we are all tired, and I had planned on skipping supper last night. This was all planned before Jerry started throwing his shells in, but all the men here joined me in my sentiments after those shells fell in. They were not going outside and risk any shelling for just one meal. I don't believe I told you about our attaching ourselves to the field artillery for rations. When we realized that during the bad weather it was sometimes impossible for our chow to get up here, I decided that I would put one less vehicle on the road and make more certain that we would eat daily by attaching the group up here to the field artillery for rations. Since doing so I have found what good cooking we have in our company, and also the fact that we receive much more food than other companies do. The reason for the latter is that we often feed patients for which we make allowances and therefore get more food than a company of our size would ordinarily warrant. We find that the cooking does not meet ~~the~~ the standard set in our company, nor does the quantity come any where near meeting the quantity which we serve. I expect to skip supper daily since I won't eat C rations unless nothing else is available. The field artillery is making a profit on us on the food deal, since we are supposed to have 10 men eat three meals a day but they have such crazy eating hours that we don't eat any breakfast with them and most of us skip supper. They eat breakfast at 6:30 but we never get up until 8:30 or 9. We then make our own coffee and toast. The noon meal is the main one, and then most of us skip supper and at about 8 P M make sandwiches of toasted cheese or bacon and more coffee. We don't go hungry by a long shot, but if this kept up indefinitely we would all develop vitamin deficiencies. Regardless of how much the army may stress the fact that the army diet is a balanced one from a vitamin viewpoint, nevertheless I feel that we will see quite a bit of it in soldiers after this war because they simply don't eat the vegetables that are served them. In fact the great majority of soldiers live on meat and carbohydrates, skipping all leafy vegetables, much of the fruits and practically all of the fruit juices. It's something to keep in mind after this war.

In the past few days we have had several examples of inefficiency in the bureaucratic type of medical set up as exemplified by the army medical system. Vince Brady hasn't been feeling well for quite some time, having almost continual headaches and having lost a considerable amount of weight. We sent him back to an evacuation hospital to find out if they could determine what was wrong with him. Since his main complaint was headache, he was sent to the eye department of the hospital where he had a thorough checkup for his eyes. When nothing was found wrong with him, instead of continuing the work up they returned him to our company with a diagnosis of "cephalalgia". By that time he was so disgusted he didn't want to go back to the hospital and now he is laying around the company still feeling as bad as he did before, with nothing obvious to be found on ordinary physical exam by our limited means.

The other case is a patient of 46 who came through our station yesterday. He had been sent back to the hospital because of symptoms from a hernia which had been operated on a number of years before. The poor sucker had reenlisted in the army at the outbreak of war and had gone thru all the training with our division as a master sergeant. When he got over seas he had an argument with one of his officers and was demoted and transferred to a line company. He walked over every mountain which his company walked over from Minturno all the way up here and finally his age told on him and he couldn't keep up with his company. Back at the hospital they decided to reclassify him and send him back to the states, but by some mistake in bookkeeping, they ended up by sending him back to his unit. Obviously there was only one thing to do with him when he arrived at his company, and that was to send him right back to the hospital. It is somewhat discouraging to see this type of thing happen so very often.

I believe I mentioned the way the boys pass their time by playing cards almost all day long. As a rule this has been 500 rum or Casino, but the other day they were paid, and you should see the difference in the aspect of the men when they are playing cards for money and when they play merely to pass away time. When no one had any money and they were playing for fun, the room frequently rang with their laughter, but since they have been paid and the game has shifted to the usual poker played for limited stakes, there is a tension over the entire group with no more kidding, and occasional vicious cracks about someone who is a bit too mercenary to be a gentleman. I guess the worst man in this respect is Hunter, the erstwhile Medical student from Indianapolis who either flunked out of med college in his Sophomore year or was expelled. He says the latter for skipping classes. He is quite coldblooded

is in, but all the men were joined in my sentiments after these shells fell in. They were not going outside and risk any shelling for just one meal. I don't believe I told you about our attaching ourselves to the field artillery for rations. When we realized that during the bad weather it was sometimes impossible for our crew to get up here, I decided that I would put one less vehicle on the road and make more certain that we would eat daily by attaching the group up here to the field artillery for rations. Since doing so I have found what good cooking we have in our company, and also the fact that we receive much more food than other companies do. The reason for the latter is that we often feed patients for which we make all advances and therefore get more food than a company of our size would ordinarily warrant. We find that the cooking does not meet the standard set in our company, nor does the quantity come up where near meeting the quantity which we serve. I expect to ship supper daily since I won't eat 3 rations unless nothing else is available. The field artillery is making a profit on us on the food deal, since we are supposed to have 10 men eat three meals a day but they have such crazy eating hours that we don't eat any breakfast with them and most of us skip supper. They eat breakfast at 6:30 but we never get up until 8:30 or 9. We then make our own coffee and toast. The noon meal is the main one, and then most of us skip supper and at about 8 P.M. make sandwiches of toasted cheese or bacon and more coffee. We don't go hungry by a long shot, but if this kept up indefinitely we would all develop vitamin deficiencies. Regardless of how much the army may stress the fact that the army diet is a balanced one from a vitamin viewpoint, nevertheless I feel that we will see quite a bit of it in soldiers after this war because they simply don't eat the vegetables that are served them. In fact the great majority of soldiers live on meat and carbohydrates, skipping all leafy vegetables, much of the fruits and vegetables. It's a mistake to keep in mind after this war.

In the past few days we have had several examples of ineffectiveness in the neurotic type of medical set up as exemplified by the army medical system. Vince Brady hasn't been feeling well for quite some time, having almost continual headaches and having lost a considerable amount of weight. We sent him back to an evacuation hospital to find out if they could determine what was wrong with him. Since his main complaint was headache, he was sent to the eye department of the hospital where he had a thorough checking for his eyes. When nothing was found wrong with him, instead of continuing the work up they returned him to our company with a diagnosis of "cephalgia". By that time he was so frustrated he didn't want to go back to the hospital and now he is lying around the company still feeling as bad as he did before, with nothing obvious to be found on ordinary physical exam by our limited means. The other case is a patient of mine who came through our station yesterday. He had been sent back to the hospital because of symptoms from a chronic which had been occurred on a number of years before. The poor sucker had resented in the army at the outbreak of war and had gone thru all the training with our division as a master sergeant. When he got over seas he had an argument with one of his officers and was demoted and transferred to a line company. He walked over every mountain which his company walked over from Richmond all the way up here and finally his age told on him and he couldn't keep up with his company. Back at the hospital they decided to reactivate him and send him back to the station, but by some mistake in bookkeeping, they ended up by sending him back to his unit. Obviously there was only one thing to do with him when he arrived at his company, and that was to send him right back to the hospital. It is somewhat discouraging to see this type of thing happen so very often. I believe I mentioned the way the boys pass their time by playing cards almost all day long. As a rule this has been 500 run or Casino, but the other day they were paid, and they should see the difference in the aspect of the men when they are playing cards for money and when they play merely to pass time. When no one had any money and they were playing for fun, the room frequently rang with their laughter, but since they have been paid and the game has shifted to the usual poker played for limited stakes, there is a tension over the entire group with no more kidding and occasional vicious cracks about someone who is a bit too nervous to be a gentleman. I guess the worst man in this respect is Hunter, the ex-while medical student from Indianapolis who either flunked out of med college in his sophomore year or was expelled. He says the latter for skipping classes. He is quite coldblooded

gambler and admits it, saying that he is playing only to win money. None of the boys like this attitude and get pretty vicious about some of his plays. I let them alone but have warned them that if they get too loud or too angry, the gambling will have to cease. To everyone's chagrin Hunter wind, despite all they can do to stop him. When the game here finished, he went into another room where there was a no limit poker game going on among some men from the field artillery, and he got into that, ending up by winning \$97. Not bad for one day.

For the time being I haven't been doing so much reading, both because there are no good books around to stimulate me into it, altho I still do have Jane Eyre to read. However, the print is so small that I have held off on reading it. Then, too, I have been getting quite a bit of reading matter, such as Time and Life and PM and the NY Times. That reminds me, you wrote me about ~~disapp~~ resubscribing for me to P M. Just let the subscription ride, sweets, because I don't get the paper until anywhere from a month and a half to two months late and then it comes in large numbers so that I rush thru it without spending much time on it. I'm going to ask you to subscribe to the Cincinnati Enquirer, including the Sunday issue, instead. Make sure they send the same edition that you receive in Greenfield. I did read a historical novel "Search and Beware", a story of the escape from a ~~federal~~ confederate prison of two union prisoners during the civil war, but it really wasn't particularly good. I also read "Flying Colors" by Forster, a capt. H oratio Hornblower story, the third of the trilogy. I had read it before but enjoyed it so much that I reread it.

The other day I met a new medical officer who is to become one of our battalion surgeons. He has been overseas for quite some time, having been attached to a Tank outfit before coming to our regiment. He is a tremendous fellow, name of Messer, from Florida. I felt sorry for him because he has never had to do any walking with his previous outfit, but he'll certainly make up for it when we start moving again. He is in for a liberal education in combat medicine for there is nothing tougher than being a medic in a battalion aid station.

The other night we had an engineer officer as an overnight visitor in our station. He had been sent the wrong route by some MPs and had arrived in our vicinity after dark, only to find that he was headed in the wrong direction, so rather than spend the entire night riding in the rain, he asked if we would let him remain for the night. He was an artist in civilian life, and originally came overseas with an art project, but was left stranded in N. Africa and ended up by being taken into the engineer corps. The funny thing is that he is not using his art ability with the engineers but is acting as a man of all work for the commanding officer of his company. He told me that he had done some painting in the town where I had the busts made, and had also had a bust made of his fiancée there. He was quite enthusiastic about their work. This fellow really had a gift of gab and told us many stories which were hard to swallow, but we merely smiled and nodded our heads in agreement. After all, one has to be hospitable up here in the front lines.

The same night I had my hopes lifted to the skies when I received a note from the rear station that I should prepare things so that I could leave on pass on the 3rd. Since I had to send Van to Co A, it seemed that this would be impractical, since it would leave the company with only one medical officer and here we had two stations set up. As a result, I decided to call up the colonel and ask him what to do. When I reached him he told me that my pass had been recalled, so it looks like I'll have to wait a while before I get to go. Oh well, one of these days I'll get to see that town. That clearing station and headquarters group have given us headaches no end.. The spot in which they are located at presnet is an ideal spot for comfort but tactically it stinks. Every time the creek raises because of a rain they are isolated, an incident which occurred again just a couple of days ago. When this happens they use our rear station as a clearing station, evacuating patients as fast as they come in taking them to an evacuation hospital farther in the rear. I suggested to Duncan a long time ago that they were in a bad spot but no one has taken the hint, so I'll just keep my mouth shut and see what happens.

Well, the boys want to use the spot where I'm typing to play cards, so I guess I'll have to call it a day.

I received a cute letter from Judy to-day, and will try to answer it some time to-night. All my love, sweets:

Walt.

✓ Dr
✓ Edith

Chip
Leo
Louise

Soph

✓ Sunny

time being I haven't been doing so much reading, both because
to stimulate me into it, since I still do have time to
small that I have held off on reading it. Then, too, I have
and matter, such as time and life and the NY Times, the
out of the newspaper for me to P.M. Just let the newspaper
it get the paper with anywhere from a month and a half to two
large numbers so that I wish that it without spending much
to subscribe to the Blackhawk magazine, including the Sunday
and the same edition that you receive in newspaper. I like
"Lovers", a story of the escape from a Japanese prisoner of
prisoners during the civil war, but it really wasn't particularly
"ers" by "Forster", a story of a woman's story, the first
one but enjoyed it so much that I read it.
a day I met a new medical officer who is to become one of our
overseas for quite some time, having been attached to a tank
ment, he is a tremendous fellow, name of Messer, from Florida.
He has never had to do any walking with his previous outfit,
it when we start moving again. He is in for a fight, I should
a no thing for him being a medic in a battalion in the state
I think we had an engineer officer as an overseas veteran in
the wrong track by name Mrs. and had arrived in our vicinity
in the wrong direction, so rather than send him
and in the wrong direction, but was left standing in
some overseas with the project, but was left standing in
then into the engineer corps. The funny thing is that he is no
engineers but is going as a man of all work for the commanding
to me that he had some work painting in the town where I had
a busy made of his Chinese there. He was quite interesting
really had a bit of gap and told us many stories which were
asked and needed our heads in agreement. After all, the boys
front I then.
right I had my hopes lifted to the skies when I received a
should prepare things so that I could leave on the 2
to A, it seemed that this would be impractical, since it would
me medical officer and here we had two stations set up, and a
colonel and ask him what to do. When I reached him he told me
it looks like I'll have to wait a while before I get to go
et to see that town. That clearing station and headquarters
o and... The spot in which they are located is great, is a
ly it strikes, every time the creek raises because of a rain
ch occurred again just a couple of days ago. When this happens
a clearing station, evacuating patients as fast as they come
hospital further in the rear. I suggested to him a long stay
ot but no one has taken the hint, so I'll just keep my mouth
s boys want to see the spot where I'm trying to clear roads, so
a day.
ed a cute letter from my family today, and will give you answer as
sweetest:

Yours
Joe
Cliff
Copy