

Mar. 28, 1945
Germany

Darling,

Since I last wrote things have been exciting and busy! A few hours after writing we left to rejoin our friends at the 48th F.H. We crossed the river on the pontoon bridge without event. We were the first and only hospital in this Army on this side for two days. Naturally, we were, and still are, very busy. Things have gone very well so far and we are quite happy about it. Of that, I'll write more anon. The first night was bright and clear with the full moon, and the Boche were busy. The flak was heavy, and the tracers cutting the sky was reminiscent of the early days on the beach. Last night, however, was misty, so things were relatively quiet.

With things going well locally, and the news from the other bridgeheads so good, there is a general feeling of excitement and expectancy, as if it were the beginning of the end. Perhaps it is!

Sad news from the 4th! Lew, our old working mate, and his entire team were killed in the airborne operation. This, includes, I think, Ed Young, but of that I'm not sure, so don't say anything about it until I know for sure. Pretty rough deal, apparently. Their glider had to cut loose early, they came down in the wrong place; and never even got out of the ship. Lew would rather go that way, than any other, I think. He was intensely in this war. But Ed had everything ahead of him! It's hard to take.

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