

Feb. 20, 1945

Dearest,

Haven't written for a couple of days. Night before last was a busy one. Three of the most seriously wounded and difficult cases I've ever coped with hit us all at once, and we had a long hard night. Since then they've been a constant problem in the ward, so we've been busy. On one of them, the aorta and vena cava were both torn and had to be tied off. Also small bowel injuries. He is still miraculously alive, although I don't hold much hope for him. The other had his iliac vein torn up, together with small bowel injuries. He received 10 transfusions in 5 hours. He died this morning, probably in kidney failure from transfusion reactions. Thus we spent the night fighting major hemorrhage, a very exhausting procedure.

Well, darling, guess I'd better go back over and see my boys. The first two we did several days ago, are getting along swell, thank goodness. I always feel defeated when I lose one, even if the situation is seemingly hopeless. There's always the thought that there might have been something else or something different that we should have done.

Goodnite, dear -

H