

June 13, 1944
(I guess)

Hi darling,

All well with me. For the past few days (time has lost all meaning) we have been busy as the devil and running on about a 20 hour day. The set-up for us has been very satisfactory indeed and we have managed to turn out a lot of work. Arnie has been swell to me - alternating cases - so I have had a colossal amount of big stuff to do - heads, chests, bellies, and extremities.

Manage to find plenty to eat - all canned & dehydrated stuff. So far - and today, believe it or not, finally managed a sponge bath & shave, & changed my clothes - first time in weeks.

Also today my bedding roll finally arrived, with it my air mattress, bed, radio, etc. Perhaps I can tune in on a news broadcast and find out what's going on in this war. Nobody knows as little about it as those on the spot. Also, can make my foxhole cozy.

I was happy at my reaction to my early experiences here, and from now on, I will at least not have myself to fear. Some of the lads have not been so fortunate.

The enclosed is a scrap of American parachute which one of my patients gave me the first day. I thought Hen & Edie might like a piece of it.

Must hurry to eat & get to work again. Had 3 hours sleep today so certainly don't need any of that.

H