

15 July 45
7th Gen. H.

Dear Herb,

I don't know how to begin either, Herb. I just got your letter, written in London on June 11. Gosh we must have just missed each other. I was around London up to June 1st - then came out to the 7th Gen. Hosp., then I went back to get some things & leave a note for my "Team" - that was around the 4 or 5th - then the "Team" came out here and got me & took me into London for some pay - that was a week or so later.

Did you stay at the Columbia Club? That's where we ate - at the Red Cross & stayed there too, while in London. We were all over around in that area - I'll bet we just missed. I talked to a lot of Ramps

(2)

but never found out from AB,
talked to an F5T pilot who
was with 104th (915th) and
was a Ramp, also.

Boy, I was hoping I'd run
into you - but no luck. Just think
if I'd know, even. I'm just
30 or 40 min. from London now.

Boy, Herb, so much has happened
since Denver days, hasn't it,
and so far "we three" are still
living and furthermore bound
for, if not in, the States. You
should be home by now & Peter
should be home with 104th by
now and I'm "on my way"
waiting for the boat.

I've got Pappas's address
in New York - from mom (the will,
remember?) and I'm going to
drop in at his place & play
he is still there.

I hope to route myself

3
through Denver on the way
home and drop in on Jean.
She still weighs about 1 or 2
pounds a week and she's really
burnt well.

Marilyn (sp?) was married
as you probably know by now.
It was sudden - Jean wrote
- the first thing she knew Marilyn
called her up and told her she
was married. It surprised me
& well as Jean. Jean just
had her appendix removed
& is resting at Montrose -
her home town.

She & her girl friends spent
a weekend at Broadmore -
does that sound familiar to you,
she didn't say how much it
cost to "play millionaires,"
as she called it.

They had the same luck
about renting cars & homes,
all sold out. They did hike
up the Mountain & explore
around a bit, however.
(over)

(91) (I can use this side and I guess I had better)

oh yes, Denver is all right for my money. I hope to rent a car, if I go through there, and get up to the Stream where you & Marilyn went, if I can find it.

So much for the contemporary stuff. We'll get back to that "infamous" day - Oct 31st.

What I recall about that day is really vivid - what I recall, I remember getting back to the dyke - and having another bandage put on & from then on I came to from time to time.

I've learned later some details which have cleared up a lot of things for me - but still it's so incomplete - I've tried to reconstruct the events since I've been hit - but, boy, there are gaps.

The first I'd learned anything from, was whom I met Sept

(5) Gray in the 19th Rept. Depot. He told me who was left when he left the line He told me about Nelson, Peter, Acosta, Phelps, and a lot others. Mainly he told me that you were captured & as far as he knew, ~~you~~ you were not wounded. That's the first I'd heard of you. I wrote you in the Works, but - no answer.

I remember that you were Gray and after I heard you were captured I still remember that you were safe & would come out okay.

Gray told me Peter was still young and I was awful glad of that, too. He is a Sgt, now so I hear - but I don't exactly know him - do you?

The next information I learned was when I bumped into the medic who helped carry me out of that place. He was the one who was next to me when I was in that box in Normandy for a couple of nights. I walked

(6) into our orderly room at Cite Universitaire in Paris. This guy stood at me + said. "I helped carry you in." I guess I just stood there and blinked at him, I remember him from that Thursday Hoop - but that was, all.

We explained something which had bothered me a lot. That was what time had I been hit, I thought it was AM - but the tag on me said 1400 or 1500 or something like that - for my admission to aid station or some-where.

We said that someone stayed with the wounded out there after a retreat had been ordered. We didn't know who it was but we said it was my buddy or we thought it was, and then he helped carry me - in - and a long way, too.

Well, if that was you I don't know what to say - but I'll say it plenty when we meet - and if I can possibly

(7) get to you - I'll do it.

Sgt. Gray told me that Moss laid out there till 2 AM next morning before they got him in. That was a shock to me, believe me. I had believed all along that they were carrying Moss in behind me, that made me feel sick inside, too - together with that news of Petlet + Melan, I can't describe that feeling - but it really puts you on the stomach, bad.

I suppose you know the extent of my injury by now, as far as I can remember and with information on my tag, this is what happened.

A machine gun - or tank gun - sprang up from the far right and one bullet entered my head just the blow my subconscious and at a terrific angle went out my eye. My skull bone was "hit" or my eye lids - it was clean. The other bullet (I think there were two) splintered my right & left shoulder + arms, respectively,

(8) The only way I can see that it happened was - I must have had my arms forward while pointing & putting up braces, and the two patients slipped me. I had a wound on the left side of my nose - I don't know how that happened, believe me.

Well anyway, Herb; I was so fortunate all the way around. There was so little pain, no suffering, before or after the operation. They removed my left eye that same day in the bin & that's all the operation I've had & will have.

The main thing is your okay, I'm okay & Peter's okay. We ~~with~~ all should be awfully grateful & thankful & I'm sure we all are.

For myself I wake up in the middle of the night and think of how close it was &

9 how much I owe to Him, and you and so many people.

Needless to say my religious convictions have grown deeper ever since because I believe there must be something or someone who helps us.

I can't possibly tell you how much I've missed you. I don't know what I would have done if you had left me up there, but I would have really been down, I know, especially if I didn't know how you were doing.

Remember when we shook on that deal "No volunteering from work on" after that fraternal supper party. - well do you regret that we didn't follow the rule. I don't. We should have known we could never get back and let someone else go in and do all the dirty work.

Do you know that that morning I was hit I told Tom Gray that I wanted my old job back with you. I told him on the way out to that position.

10 Just think if things had worked out a little differently - we would have been together, maybe, still. Why or why did I take that Sgt's job?

Well maybe it worked out better this way, anyway.

Wow, Herb, I haven't met anyone who could even approach you in anyway, since that day. I've been with all types of kids from Pepl Depots to ETO Hqs - and they may have the IQ's - but nothing more, what has hurt me more than anything else has been human nature.

I've seen since I left you, I haven't found anyone to run around with yet who has your ideals and interests & by that had in morale.

One of the reasons I got out of this ETO set-up was that way they were "winning the war" - I blew my top all the time - I got so discouraged at times

11 because I know it was such
guys, as I was working, with ^{them} who
grabbed all that stuff going to
the front Army command cars
for pleasures + grabbing ration
cards + every damn thing they
could get their hands on. Oh -
I don't want to get started on
it. I know. guys were still
fighting up there - the hell
was a hot as ever - and the
near schools were "having a
wonderful time."

Enough of that - I'll tell
you just what I told them later.
I didn't really get any war
in comparison, but the little
stuff I got was enough to
enable me to imagine what the
hell it was like. I get hungry
& cold just to think of it - and
that isn't the half of it.

Well that, I'll sign this
off for now, but will write
again real soon and tell
something what happened

to me much I saw you.
I want to see you so bad
and tell you in person how
much I missed you.

Thank God for many, many
things. We have a lot of happy
memories, from "two men in a
ranch" through "pup tent
troubles" to "bread & bacon" by
candlelight."

I can't help smiling when
I think of some of those sweet
days. We sure had some good
times, cheaply & nicely, too.

I write again real soon, Bob,
and keep in touch with you
till we meet again.

Thanks again so much for
all your love for me and
some day I'll be able to tell
you just how much you mean
to me.

So long for now - keep growing
and I'll be seeing you
soon I hope.
As ever,
your buddy
Bob