

April 2, 1945

Darling,

Easter came and went. The Chaplain held services, but we were busy in the ward and the O.R., trying to keep those who are still breathing, breathing. It was like any other day, a series of events, crises, decisions. Inside a tent it is always electric lit; there is no daylight or night time. But gradually "they" pick up strength, and begin to smile, to eat, to kid with the nurses. This stage of the game is always stormy - chest complications, distention, anemias, emboli. But so it goes, and we're getting along well.

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Don't worry about M in the heart of the seat of learning making my life in Denver small pickings. All the medicine in the world isn't in Boston. Don't forget the color of the sun-setting over the New Fork, the mists in the valleys in the early morning, or the whistle of the wings of the mallard, or the breath-taking leap of the Rainbow when it strikes - or the clean cold, cut of the powder snow, or the warmth of the affection of our friends in Denver! There is challenge, opportunity, and stimulating rivalry professionally in Denver. Let life be full of zest and the heart happy in the enjoyment of those things that are so dear to us. M will be professor of surgery in the Harvard Medical School, and will make important contributions to medical knowledge. But I will do good surgery and bring ideas and energy to those problems which will face us. My mental die is cast as to where; just what or how is not so clear, and I face some difficult problems of readjustment and re-education, though less than most of my Army compatriots I think.

The enclosed by Ernie is his idealization of events as they might be. As a matter of fact, I have been having a little fun on the side zipping around on a Jerry motorbicycle which I acquired. It'll do about 45, which, on these bumpy roads is plenty. Never drove a motorcycle before. It has its moments, but I'm not at all sure it's healthy. At least not the way I drive it.

The Signal Corps dropped in for a big photographic work-up on the hospital during the first days over the River. They took a picture of our Team in action which is fun. I have a copy which will follow. Nick and Bobby are full on, while I am semi-back profile. It's a corker, though, and I'll send it on.

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