

NOVEMBER 2

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Having my dental appointment this morning I immediately went across the field as soon as I got up. By 11:00 the dentist had all the impressions necessary so right after lunch Bob, Tom Hunt and George Lubell & I took them down to Passel. The Major there said the plate should be done Tuesday so it looks as though I'm actually going to have some teeth in my mouth pretty soon. Golly, I miss that trouble. Well I miss it every single day and it's getting to the point now where it's sheer agony all day long. Gave Dave that wife of mine and I miss her more every second. The time passes slower every day. It's hell!

NOVEMBER 3

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It was a beautiful day today so Bob and I decided to get some of our flying time in the "cub" naturally! We took off and just started flying around the area. Flying over one of the small towns we noticed that it was walled. Of course it was an exceedingly old town and the town had a ruin in its walls. Then we "checked" all the nearby towns and discovered that two out of three had walls with usually four towers to protect it and each walled town had a church in its very center dominating the other buildings and all the churches were of a Byzantine influence hinting slightly of Gothic. We're going to try to inspect one if possible.

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NOVEMBER 4

NOVEMBER 5

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NOVEMBER 6

This afternoon I went down to
Kassel after much haggling over
transportation and got my new
"stone teeth". Golly I certainly
am pleasantly surprised with
them. I had visions of their being
rather uncomfortable and not
looking too hot. Well except for
a little pressure on the bare
gums which is natural they feel
very comfortable and secure.
As for appearance they are a
perfect match in color and shape
and they match and look better than
my original teeth. If they retain
their position I shall be very
very pleased with them. I
sure wish they'd send me home
this life over. There is bad enough
now - factions are making it

NOVEMBER 7

Today we received some very up-
setting news, namely that we are
going to have to move across the
field into the bosom of the 36th
Fighter Group. C.B. seems that
C.D. a major fresh from West Point
is taking for H. C.P. and he feels
the added responsibility of our
outfit might merit that. He claims
it for security reasons and his
argument is Flood's stealing
the parachutes (it turned out
one of them was mine). This gloom
noon - dirty - after Bob Gron-
berg and I went duck hunting
along the Fulda river. We saw
a hundred ducks but only got
one. We had a damn good
time even if it wasn't such
a successful venture.

Bob, Gronberg, and I hopped in a jeep
 with the shotguns immediately after
 breakfast and went on a quick hunt-
 ing trip. We just went to that one
 spot on the river where we flushed
 the three flights of ducks yesterday
 afternoon. Arriving there we de-
 ployed spreading out and crawled
 up to the river bank. There was a
 flight of 30 ducks there but when
 flushed we didn't get a one. This
 trap shot we are using is just too
 tight for ducks. The day was miser-
 able and to make it more so no
 mail came in today. Gourd I'll be
 so terribly glad when I get back to
 that Hudson of Cole's mine. Every
 day, it now is one day longer but
 every day seems to take longer than
 the preceding one. Gourd I love that Gourd

NOVEMBER 10

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The two enlisted men that have been staying with Graham had to return to Wiesbaden today and Bob had to go there on bar business so we combined the two by taking them home in a 61. The weather wasn't too bad going down a solid overcast at 1500 feet. But coming back it was very bad. We took off at 4:30 in rain and fast growing darkness and headed for home. The ceiling had dropped to a 1000 feet and it was raining so we decided to fly the auto dahn. Frankly I was never so scared in my life we had to fly between clouds over a mountain along the erratic course of the auto dahn in falling light and rain. Sometimes we were as low as 20 ft making 260. Am glad to be home.

NOVEMBER 11

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At this stage I decided that I would not be able to be home by time this diary is completely filled so from now on I will only write the more outstanding points that occur in this prison like existence we lead over here. We have ^{no} the slightest idea when we will get to go home and each prediction as to that longest for time is unmercifully shattered. The days pass horribly slowly and every second is crowded with the dull longing for Erin. I had thought I'd be home for Christmas, then January and now I believe February. I hope that this last assumption is at least correct. I've just got to get home to that wife of mine!

NOVEMBER 12

NOVEMBER 13

NOVEMBER 14

NOVEMBER 15

NOVEMBER 16

NOVEMBER 17

NOVEMBER 18

JANUARY
~~NOVEMBER~~ 19

Last night I was so worried about not having received any word from Erin in such a long time that I actually prayed that I'd hear from her. This morning I heard but in a way I had never expected. I got a telephone call from the Red Cross in Basel stating that an emergency furlough had been approved for me on Jan. 19 because of Erin's condition. This explains why I haven't received any mail in so long, but I can't understand what took word of that emergency furlough so long to get here. I would like to say it was approved. It explains things but it certainly doesn't set my mind at ease. Just. Erin, just has to be O.K.

Frankfurt - Jan 20
NOVEMBER 26

I was so excited over the dual emotion brought by this emergency furlough, worry about Erin's condition and happy that at last I'm going home to her that I couldn't sleep. So after packing I went down to the bar and finished painting the squad's hon insignia and the good conduct badge. This morning verification of my orders came through and at 1300 after a fare well seasoned with Cigano I took off in a jeep for Frankfurt. I'm now on the Paris train on my way to Le Havre and the most wonderful girl in the world. To think that in two weeks I'll have Erin in my arms seems like a dream.

PARIS + LE HAVRE - JAN 21
NOVEMBER 21

0900 found us rolling into Paris with the train for Le Havre leaving at 1330. Immediately after checking my bed like luggage I got a reservation and finding an apartment I, also going on Emergency leave went and ate. This afternoon found us on the rickety contraction that is the Paris Le Havre duty train. I was only tonight at 1300 AM that we left the station at Le Havre and were trucked off to Camp Herbert Fagerston. We're bunking in pyramidal tents and it's cold as hell. The four others in my tent seem to be a good bunch especially Chuck Pierce the only Lt. I met in Paris. Tomorrow we process and within a maximum of 72 hours I'll be on that last of the

JANUARY 22
~~NOVEMBER 22~~

We processed early this morning and are all set to go except for having our order cut, getting that good ol' U.S.A. conversion money and getting on a boat.

Then (which will probably be the 24th) I'll be on my way to Erin.

Even though we are making for by fast I'm going nuts worrying over Erin, damn it I surely wish I could have flown. That telegram left all sorts of vague implications and I don't know what to think. I love that girl so damn much, she's just got to be O.K. Only wish that they had sent for me on her first attack. It won't be long now though and I'll have the most precious creature on earth in my arms.

JAN 23-26
~~NOVEMBER 23~~

I was under the impression that I had "top water priority" but first we were assigned to the Norway (to sail the 24th) it never got here going to Bremen instead. Then they assign us to the Claudia (Victory) which was to sail the 25th. It arrives in need of repairs and we are held over until the 28th. I'm going nuts around this place, there's plenty to do but all I want to do is get home to that Texan wife of mine & baby fast. We are sure to sail the 28th however and that's only two more days. I'd like to be able to fly & be home already. God, I love that wife of mine something terrific!

NOVEMBER 24

NOVEMBER 25