



AMERICAN RED CROSS

June 22nd, 1942

Dear George & Flo.

Well here it is Monday and things are status-quo. I'm still in the hospital doing nothing besides eating, sleeping, ping-pong, letter writing, and a little reading.

After explaining in more detail, the trouble and "kinks" my eyes have caused me to use. I am no longer using Boic Acid. Now it's just plain ice-water.

Friday, I am to have some allergy tests taken. It was my suggestion. (I know what I'm doing)

Life here in the hospital is so comfortable that it's boring. There is so much time to kill doing nothing, that one really goes nuts from sheer comfort. There is another side to it. One, which can't be explained. You have to be in the army to appreciate what I mean.

I can best explain it by drawing your attention to Masly. I think you know what I mean.

Every thing works so slowly here in the hospital that one must be endowed with the world of patience. Nothing is said to the patient. Most of the boys are



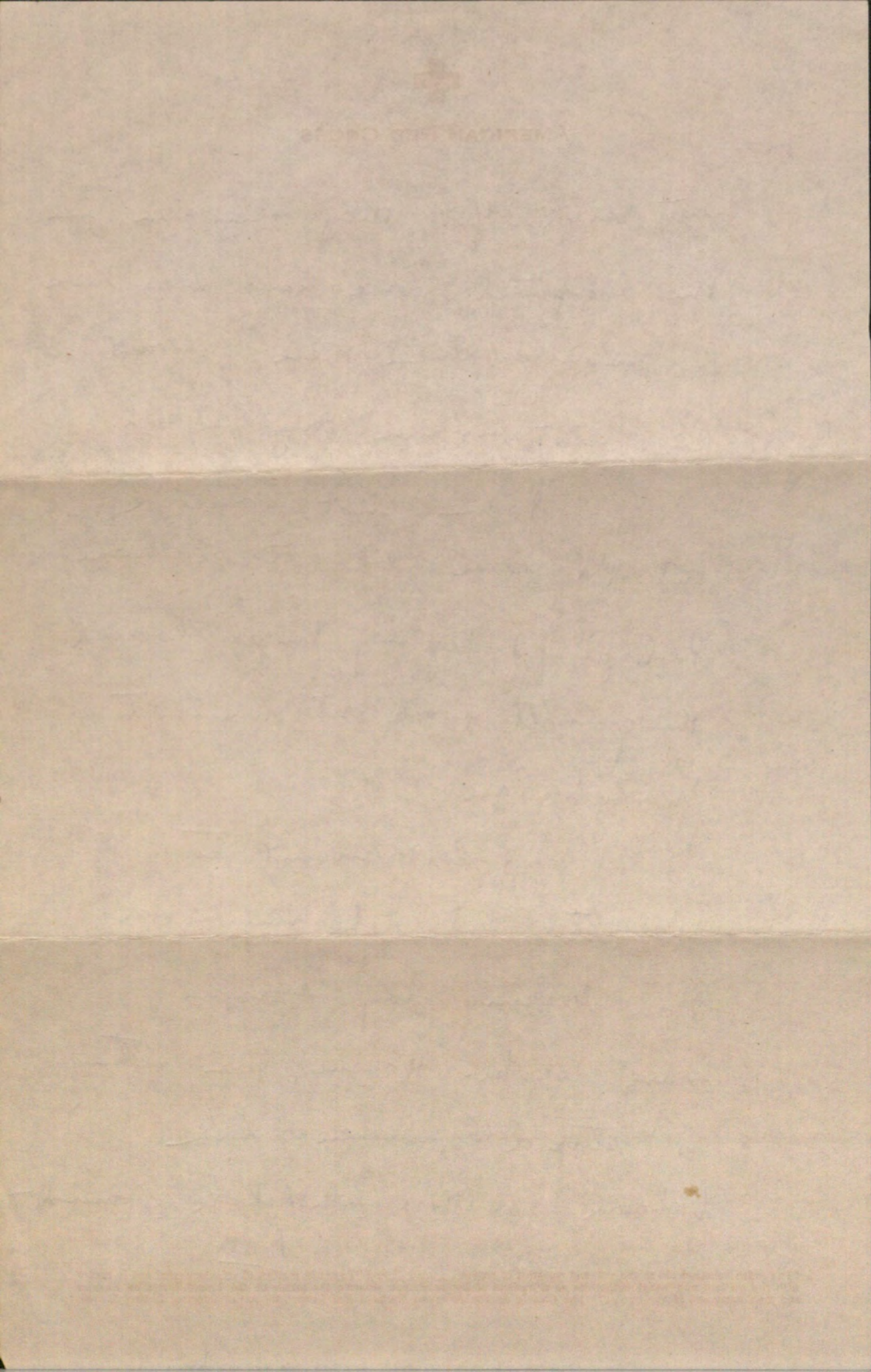
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not sick. Yet they remain in
the hospital. Some have been here
for months. Even these fellows
know not where they stand.

I am not homesick;
but I'd sure like to be home.

Perhaps if I keep my fingers crossed
things will work out similar to
Marty's case.

I don't want to
elaborate; but take my word,
I'm keeping my eyes in
"rave" shape. However, I'm acting
as stupid as a new born
baboon. with a handshake in mind -
Bob





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