

The fellows are really a fine bunch of lads, each one well qualified in respect to physical requirements. It would appear that a more healthy mind goes along with a healthy body. I have already met two rather outstanding personalities, one a fellow from England, very young but with a mental maturity surpassing all other members of the unit. His ambition is to become a writer and philosopher and I do not doubt that he will make the grade if one can judge by his ability to think and express himself. Another fellow which I find certain things in common is a Dr Rosenthal, a Private, and one who causes the medical officers to think twice before expressing thought along the medical line. This outfit is certainly a miscellaneous collection of men. The Colonel (1st Colonel and a M.D.) impresses me as being one more qualified to stand with Eisenhower and Marshall; served in the last war as an enlisted man and officer and therefore understands and appreciates our position with the result that the organization is real one and not the disunited gangs of my former outfit at Berkeley. He is a sort of army patriarch and approximates one's father and while he has a certain sternness and earnestness is one we all respect and accept. In reality we are organized on a close family basis with each officer having a true interest in the work and individual. This all in contrast to the feeling of apathy that pervaded the atmosphere of the dogged training Battalions of my earlier Berkeley experience.

A roll call of our hospital would register 140 enlisted men, 22 officers, 18 nurses and one pedigreed pouch of terrier offshoots. The gals