

of one of these planes silhouetted against a colorful evening sky sends a chill down my back.

Yesterday I walked over to the artillery range to see just what was making all the noise and what I discovered was a most fascinating spectacle - a new experience for me. From a high vantage point, especially set aside for spectators witness the drama below. Imagine perched on top of Wallburg ridge and to see below 30 guns at the head of the duck dam, each gun projecting their shots over the hills into the Wallburg valley proper. After 3 or 4 guns have determined the angle of fire by information supplied by the control points of the hill tops, the entire battery lets go, resulting in a devastation of the target that is incomprehensible. The ground seems to come to life with geysers of spraying dirt trending sky high. The reverberating sounds of the blast reach ones ears 9-12 seconds of the initial shot are fired indicating their distance away. One thing sure, I would never like to be singled out for a target under such firing - I have never been so good at dodging artillery shells - just do not seem to be quick enough 😊

The organization is shaping up nicely with a full complement of medical officers and nurses. This would indicate to me that the time for departure is not so far away, as nurses are generally assigned and join the unit at the last moment. The 18 females are really qualified and nice gals, and should offer that impetus necessary for the development of the fellows refined gentlemanly and other courteous manners.

Most of the enlisted men have had previous hospital training and are now, in reality, training many of these new officers. My desk is in the same office as the Chief Nurse and her staff of