

From across the Atlantic we hear of our boys in France and England:

Lt. John A. Pfitsch (APO 403, c/o P.M., New York) sends a V-mail from France and says: "The towns and villages that we roll through are certainly different than those earlier in the campaign. The people throng the streets and shower the convoys with flowers and fruit. If you stop you are immediately swarmed by people who I believe are sincerely joyous to see us. By the way, Doc, France has many beautiful girls to its credit, and their greeting system isn't just a rumor. . . . The picture is changing fast and we are well on our way home."

Johnny Pfitsch from Pflugerville, Texas, and a Kansas post-grad - you are a first class fighting man. And are we proud of you!

In an earlier letter Johnny said, "The men of the infantry are the boys, Doc. Boy, they have it rough and how they go! You would be proud of them if you could see the teamwork."

Chick Pontius is one of our boys in the infantry over there in France, and we are proud of the things he is doing, Chick was awarded the Purple Heart on July 13. He writes, "I am well now and am back with the company. They released me from the hospital on July 29. I received a promotion to sergeant August 14. I have a great deal more to think about now than I had before." Chick is Sgt. Vaughn W. B. Pontius, APO 4, New York.

Chick, all of the boys at the Country Club will be proud of your achievements over there. Congrats on your promotion. Mit and Bob Allen are both being told that you are too tough for Fritz. Their nicks are not as bad as their blasts.

Maj. Lawrence E. Filkin (APO 90, c/o P.M., New York), who is with the medical corps in France, writes: "I saw Paul Harrington about a month or six weeks ago. He was hale and hearty and glad to see a different face from home. He's still in the same outfit and doing well. Along with Paul were a number of my old classmates from Medical School, and some old internes and profs. It was like old home week. We've been moving along so fast lately that I doubt if Paul's outfit will be able to stay very close to us, In our mad rush I've seen several outdoor basketball courts in this section of France. Don't know how much they play, however, because when we pass there is more important business at hand at the moment."

Lawrence, the next time you see Paul Randall Harrington tell him that I told that Harrington-Quigley episode of the basketball court at the Quigley dinner. Quig, you will remember, called several fouls on Paul. Quig interrogated Paul, "Do you understand?" "No," Paul said, "but I am getting used to you."

We were delighted to hear from another "medic" - Maj. George Mandeville (APO 2, c/o P.M., New York), who wrote from France in July, saying, "I have heard about your paper or something called The Rebound, and I wondered if you might send me a copy before the war is over. Most of the betting is that now that we have the first team in it won't be long. This is the roughest contest I have ever had the privilege of being in, and strange as it seems a lot of guys have got hurt. These d--- Nazis are a fanatical bunch, they have a lot of determination but no common sense, and about the only thing they can understand or I should say the best persuader I have seen is the bayonet. Of course when they get in front of our artillery they get pretty well ground up. A lot of them hang on when they surely know they are going to be exterminated.