



Ward 4
FITZSIMONS GENERAL HOSPITAL
UNITED STATES ARMY
DENVER, COLORADO

July 24th

Dear Janet,

I was moved to a new Ward yesterday. This is my permanent ward so note the change in address.

The doctors on this ward are pretty strict and they don't give passes very often so I will be confined to the ward.

You asked about the weather here.

It gets pretty hot here too - the last few days hit over 90 every afternoon - only it is a dry heat which makes it more comfortable. At night it gets pleasantly cool out here for the hospital is not in the city. In town it is often warm at night. The mountains begin only a few miles away. It is cool in the mountains especially at night.

^{German}
~~Inter~~ 2. I spoke German to the Germans. I knew some Yiddish which is at least half German and I took a year of German in college so I got along. It was hard at first. In the camp hospital we had a German dictionary and we would get Hitler's newspaper, ~~the~~ "Der Völkischer Beobachter".

in which I would read ^{how} the American jails had been emptied to get soldiers for the Air Corps. There were many stories about the brutality of American soldiers around Aachen. Other articles dealt with how the Jew, Hillman, was the real power behind Roosevelt. Once we read about how the Japanese navy had wiped out our Pacific Fleet. There were articles about the secret weapons the Germans were going to produce soon and win the Victory for Germany. I saved some cartoons and copies of the Beobachter but I had to leave them behind when we evacuated the camp.

About Roosevelt's death - that was a great blow to us. When we awoke on April 13th, the Germans told us right away that Roosevelt was dead and that now at last the Germans and Americans would turn on their common enemy, Russia, since only Roosevelt and the Jews kept the U.S. in the war against Germany. They believed that too, but American soldiers just laughed when the Jerves told us we were going to fight Russia.

I saw the German Captain in charge of us



2.

FITZSIMONS GENERAL HOSPITAL
UNITED STATES ARMY
DENVER, COLORADO

soon after and he said the German Radio carried news of Roosevelt's death. Somehow or other I believed it - one of the few German news items I believed. - and I was very depressed although I knew it would not affect the course of the war.

I made my rounds to see the sick and everywhere I went the men quickly gathered around me and asked, "Is it true?"

"Is it true about Roosevelt?" "Are the Germans lying to us again?" "Is this some more dirty German propaganda?", etc. The news depressed them all. Many were on the verge of tears.

That Friday the 13th was one of the bitterest days of my life. Soon after the march started one of our men collapsed on the road and died. I was bitter about that. An hour later another soldier started collapsed on the road and was writhing with severe pain. I put him on the wagon but he kept getting worse. The Germans promised to send him to a hospital

and then they didnt fulfill their promise. After a few hours of waiting, I went to the German Master Sergeant again and asked what about that hospitalization? He said he was taking care of it and for me to get out. A few hours later, our sick soldier was in such agony that the other men in the barn were becoming demoralized on account of his cries of pain. He was obviously dying. I went back to the Master Sergeant but the guard wouldnt let me in to see him. The Sergeants were eating and couldnt be disturbed.

I knew that German discipline was breaking down so I took a chance. I pushed the guard aside, banged on the door and then walked in. There were a dozen non coms eating including the Master Sergeant. (Non coms in the German army have much more prestige than in our army and a Master Sergeant is a man of great authority). He hollered at me for coming into the room unauthorized but I shouted him down. It is a trick I learned from watching German officers. They actually bellow and scream at their men and the men look on loud hollering as a sign of authority. you could have heard me a block away as I told him he had failed to provide transportation for a dying american. He ordered his men to arrest me and two men stepped forward



FITZSIMONS GENERAL HOSPITAL
UNITED STATES ARMY
DENVER, COLORADO

to obey the order but I bellowed at them
"Halt!" (It means the same in German as in
English). They stopped cold. I then
shouted out the fact that I was an
American officer, that an American soldier
was dying while they were eating and doing
nothing. Did they not hear that rumble of
American artillery in the distance? In a short
^{time} the Americans would be here and anyone
who mistreated an American would have to
give an accounting.

By this time the Master Sergeant regained
his voice and ordered my arrest again.
~~He~~ I turned to him and cried loudly
and sternly, "Schweig!" ("Shut up")
Then I barked out at another German non com,
"What is the name of this Master Sergeant
who allows an American soldier to die?"
I spoke authoritatively. The German Superman
snapped to attention (that is almost
automatic for a German when someone bellowed
at him authoritatively) and replied, "He is
Master Sergeant Wenzel, Sir." I deliberately
took out my note book and wrote
the name down. "Should this American

soldier die", I said, "I am holding Master Sergeant Wenzel responsible". I then ordered him (not requested) to get me a guard to take me to the German Captain at once to see about getting the sick soldier to a hospital.

Believe it or not, Ten minutes later I was on my way to the Captain who was about two miles down the road at another village. Had I attempted to browbeat a German Master Sergeant only two weeks before I would have been shot on the spot.

The German Captain had been hearing the American artillery and knew what it meant. He had been trying to be friendly for the past week so we would turn in a good report on him when the Americans captured him. I counted on his friendliness (or fear of us) or I would never have dared to order his sergeants around.

The German Captain commandeered a tractor which we hooked to a wagon. We filled the wagon with straw, loaded the sick man on



4.

FITZSIMONS GENERAL HOSPITAL
UNITED STATES ARMY
DENVER, COLORADO

and I went along with him to ~~the~~ a German hospital in a nearby city. We arrived there late at night and although the hospital was full of German wounded (We were very ~~near~~ the front) they accepted our patient grudgingly but they had to take him because I had an order from the German captain. I got back that night about one AM and dropped into the straw exhausted.

I don't know how the sick soldier got along. In all probability he died.

From that time on the Germans treated me with great respect especially when our artillery was heard and sometimes ~~our~~ ^{our} artillery could be heard for hours at a time. Some of the Germans even saluted me sharply and clicked their heels when I spoke to them. This is a typical German duplicity. The whole nation was that way. A few weeks before they had been bullying all Europe. After May 1st, every German was your pal. No he never was a Nazi and never understood why

Germany ever declared war on the U.S.
The Germans would cringe ^{or fawn} before an
American or British soldier and would
even betray other Germans. They all
claimed to be non Nazis and would
tell you where German soldiers were
hiding or where Nazi party men were
hiding. The German superman was
a supermyth.

d.