

Back at the field, where I landed about an hour and fifteen minutes later, the doctor probed the wound for the bullet, but couldn't find a single fragment. He examined my oxygen mask which had a hole in it and then he probed the wound and still couldn't find anything, so he sowed it up, putting in five stitches. He asked me how I felt and I felt fine, so he gave me a tetanus shot and some sulphurthiasole and told me to lie down in my room. The funny part of the whole thing is that I felt swell. I went upstairs, took a bath. There I noticed that I also had some tiny cuts on my leg from the blast of an exploding 40 millimeter shell, which exploded inside the wing of my plane and which was responsible for my radio going out.

The next day the Doc said he couldn't get any sleep because he kept thinking that I must have something in my face. So he took me to the base hospital where I had three X-ray pictures made. They showed nothing in my jaw. Even then he was doubtful, so he had the head surgeon look at the pictures and he agreed. The Doc said that in a short while all I will have to remember this thing by, will be a small insignificant scar on my chin. Hell, I need something to prove that I was in the thick of it, don't I?

The day's mission was a success. The group destroyed an ammunition train, a train loaded with oil, and the trainload of tanks, which we later reported was blown sky high by some bombers which were immediately sent out. That's the way the war goes.

The only thing that irks me right now, is that I have a tough time chewing. Other than that I feel fine and am anxious to get into the air again. You see, I feel that I must be under protection. I am the first fighter pilot on this base who has come back wounded. Fighter pilots either come back O.K. or else stay over there. You see what I mean.

All my love, I am

Your loving son