

Wed., May 26, 1943—Dust storms and flies.
Thurs., May 27, 1943—More dust. Flies and bugs are getting bad. Puked this afternoon.
Fri., May 28, 1943—Chills on guard last night. “G.I.’s” (dysentery) today. Weakest I’ve ever been. Missed four straight meals.
Sat., May 29, 1943—Birthday today. Feel much better today.

Fri., June 4, 1943—Took two “shots” and a vaccination today.
Wed., June 9, 1943—Damn the flies!
Thurs., June 10, 1943—Dysentery is still hitting half the men in camp. I haven’t had it again (yet), thank Goodness.
Sat., June 12, 1943 ... Note for the above week: Damn the flies!

Thurs., July 29, 1943—Malta has more flies,, ants, and mosquitoes than Africa—and that’s something!

[Aug. 4, 7, and 10th, 1943—Flew his second, third, and fourth missions.]

Wed., Aug. 18, 1943—Sick today with G.I.’s. Had to get up to puke tonight.
Thurs, Aug. 19, 1943—Squadron moved by truck from Comunali to Gerbini #10, south of Mt. Etna. Been sick all day and have a sore back and ribs.
Fri., Aug. 20, 1943—Capt. McRae gave me some pills to take & sent me to bed. Mt. Etna, a few miles N. of here, is smoking.
Sat., Aug. 21, 1943—Feel O.K. today. ...

Sun., Aug. 29, 1943—The “G.I.’s” have me bad. I’ve mesed my drawers twice in three days because I couldn’t make it to the latrine. ...

Sat., Nov 27, 1943-- ... I was sick this afternoon. ...

Mon., Nov. 29, 1943---Chills and fever today. Capt. McRae is sending me to a hospital in Naples tomorrow.
Tues., Nov. 30, 1943—Started for Naples in ambulance but, due to an accident on road, I wound up in hospital in Caserta.

December 1, 1943—36th General Hospital, Caserta, Italy—Capt. McRae sent me to the hospital yesterday morning with malaria. ... The road was terribly rough, and it was pretty cool riding in the truck. I had another malarial chill; so they covered me up with blankets on the litter, and I got all right ... Dillon and I were put in different wards because he has yellow jaundice and I have malaria. ...

Thurs., Dec. 2, 1943—The meals have been good so far. I’m feeling fine except that I’ve got fever blisters on my mouth.

Wed., Dec. 8, 1943—Discharged from 36th Gen. Hosp. & sent by truck to 6th Personnel Center outside Naples. Sleeping (?) in pup tent on wet ground. Air raid alert tonight.

Fri., Dec. 17, 1943—Had to go to bed this afternoon because I suddenly got awfully weak.

Sat., Dec. 18, 1943—Went to Foggia to picture show, Bob Hope in “They’ve Got Me Covered.” I got weak again and went to bed as soon as I got back.

Sun., Dec. 19, 1943—Terrific malarial chill this morning. Capt McRae is going to keep me here this time, thank Goodness!

Mon., Dec. 20, 1943—I'm afraid I'm getting yellow jaundice on top of my malaria. I'm about the weakest I've ever been.

Thurs., Dec. 23, 1943—Got up and went back to work today. Feeling pretty good but am still a little wobbly.

Fri., Dec. 24, 1943—Christmas Eve. Spent evening with Junior. Started taking quinine again. Have to do it for 8 days.

Thurs., Jan. 13, 1944—Moved by truck to Vesuvius Air Field. I had a slight chill on this trip. I hope my malaria isn't coming back.

Sat., Jan 15, 1944—Had severe chills and fever this morning & Capt. McRae sent me to 70th Station Hospital in Naples.

Sun., Jan 16, 1944—Had chill at noon which lasted for over an hour, then had high fever & felt awful. Couldn't eat much today.

Mon., Jan 17, 1944—Had another chill this morning and then a temperature of 105.2. They moved me to a better bed in another ward. I feel a lot better this evening.

Tues., Jan. 18, 1944—Feel much better today. Ate well.

Wed., Jan. 26, 1944—I've developed a very bad cough and cold.

Mon., Jan. 31, 1944—Cold still bad.

Thurs., Feb. 10, 1944—Transferred to 300th General Hospital just outside Naples. It's a lovely building.

Sat., Feb. 12, 1944—There's nothing the matter with me now but a cold. Going back to camp tomorrow.

Thurs., Mar. 16, 1944—I'm feeling fine these days.

Fri., Mar. 17, 1944—Got a slight chill this afternoon & Capt. Mac sent me to 58th Field Hospital at Pomigliano. I'm about ready to give up.

Sat., Mar. 18, 1944—Feel O.K. except I'm weak. Almost fainted once today.

Mon., Mar. 20, 1944—Am so light-headed & deaf from quinine I can hardly hear.

Sun., Mar. 26, 1944—I'm to go back to outfit tomorrow. Kissed one of this tent-hospital's nurses tonight. First girl I've kissed in over 20 months.

Sat., Mar. 3, 1945—Have another bad cold. ...

Sun. Mar. 4, 1945—Coughed all night last night. Went to see a doctor this a.m. ...

Mon., Mar. 5, 1945—Worked all day & night. Have been overseas 2 ½ years today.

Tues., Mar. 6, 1945—I feel terrible.

Wed., Mar. 7, 1945—Have abscessed tooth that's driving me crazy—along with my cold.

Thurs., Mar. 8, 1945—Had tooth pulled this morning by Gp. Dentist. I fainted. On duty in Ops. All night. Feel terrible.

Sun., Mar. 18, 1945—Took bath. Went to dentist again. Am having terrible pains & headaches every day.

Mon., Mar. 19, 1945—Went to dentist; got X-ray. No infection. Dentist thinks I have sinusitis, & I believe he's right.

GERMS

If I were wrapped in cellophane
And saturated in champagne,
I still would feel no less immune

To germs of all descriptions.
Call me hypochondriac;
Say I'm too much on my back—
You still can't shake my firm belief
In doctors and prescriptions.
Germs cause a multitude of ills,
And so, I'm sure, without my pills
I'd shake with aches and pains and chills
And catch one finally that kills.