Dear Folks:

This has been a busy week for me. Both Brady and I have murder cases. Brady is chafing because, altho' he has the two murderers apprehended, he cannot determine which one fired the shot. Since one of the negroes is a complete rascal, and the other is syphilically idiotic, there seems to be little chance to clear the question up. Brady has even resorted to the last chance, a dramatic re-enacting of the crime. The reenactment went smoothly up to the point of the killing shot. Then the old, dozen-times rehearsed controversy broke out again. It's really hard on Brady, who is an exacting perfectionist in such items.

Stacked over in a corner of our living room is a pile of junk.
Brady found in the room of the house where the idiotic negro had hid himself for four months, as a deserter. A portable typewriter, brass dollars, a change of clothes, a foreign pistol, a stolen U.S. carbine; these were his miserable jug of wine and book of verse for his sojourn in the wilderness. His "thou" was a miserable German girl, who will bear a miserable bundle of humanity in a few months. For amusement, or God knows what, he murdered. A ghastly existence. And yet, in a way, he achieved the twisted ideal at which so many of our poor negroes aim over here: complete amorality, an absolute absence of freedom from compulsion, and the subservience of some white people. But now, the honeymoon is over,
and he's playing his luscary for all its worth.

Brady got another case, a couple of months ago, similarly impossible of ultimate solution, but even worse because there wasn't a much less definite approximation to the truth. At an EM club, after the issuance of the monthly liquor ration (a bad time for us), all the totally drunk soldiers engaged in brawls, name-calling, etc. In the confusion one EM was stabbed.fftho' it was a bad blow, the poor bastard was so drunk that he did not even realize he was wounded until he accidently noted his hand was bloody. fftho', by superhuman effort, Brady produced the likely suspect, further proof was out. The victim hadn't even felt it, let alone seen anything. The accused was
himself so drunk that at night, that he took refuge in not remembering anything. Suspiciously, Brody took him to the hospital for analysis. They found out the guy was a chronic drunkard of the worst type. Even more discouraging, truth serum, (scopolamine) failed to produce results. The fellow just didn't remember what had happened. They pumped him so full of the serum that he got groggy, but the thing couldn't be cleared up.

The case was "solved" by the Doctors recommending a medical discharge, (Section 8, nervous or "natty" condition.)

Not a very cheerful letter, now that I re-read it. I'm sorry if it's too morbid.

Love, Bob