

Belgium.

10.1.18.

My dear Father,

Enclosed you will find a letter written to me from Dinant, about 20 miles away. It is sister of a patient I was fortunately able to pull out of the fire so to speak. The patient & the sister of the priest here. She had been looked after by the civilian doctor whose diagnosis was quite wrong - he finally asked permission to watch me operate - his eyes were almost on stalks before the finish. Ever since, he has referred surgical cases to me.

Translation :-

Translation of Bethlehem

M. G. Doctor,

My brother, the curé (priest) at Morialme has written to me about my sister Marie who told me of the imminent danger she was in owing to the dreadful anthrax she had on her head. [this was the wrong diagnosis.]

He told me especially with what great kindness you deigned, doctor, to respond to the first request to go & examine the dear sick one, & with what devotion you offered to immediately perform