so many broken down and crippled men, so many with cans. They call it the Cripple Brigade. There are twenty or more officers here and we have tough times often for sick or wounded or married soldiers are not bad, I do not complain. They would fight still like tigers if a chance were offered them without marching. They know the whistle of a bullet and the shriek of a shell and do not know what it is to fear them. These are here the representatives of almost every battle field since the war broke out east or west or south. They are of all nationalities, but largely German. They are coming and more coming every day.