

## KONNAROCK MEDICAL CENTER

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BOARD OF AMERICAN MISSIONS  
OF THE UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA

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KONNAROCK, VIRGINIA

Mutz R. Meyer,  
Receptionist.

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How do you do!

This is Mutz. I thought I would write you, because Jochen won't. Please excuse all my mistakes, because my English is really not good, - eigentlich sollte ich auf Deutsch schreiben, - and besides the keys on the typewriter are too close together for my ~~nails~~ paws and too far apart for my ~~nails~~ nails. It is 9:30 in the morning, when I most think of you, on account of I don't get any more eggs for breakfast and nobody stays around to watch whether I eat or not, so that there is really no point in not eating.

Life has been very dull since you have left, and I am afraid I have reached a dead end here. Sometimes I think Jochen and I are really incompatible because he seems to pay so much more attention to the patients instead of to me, but right now things don't look so black as all that. However my tail is quite limp from lack of wagging and has shooting pains in it all the way down to the end, so that I think I have ascending, symmetrical, peripheral neuritis in my tail and need some thiamin chloride. It gets very bad when someone steps off it or when I see the watery hell-hound.

Yetsreday I, Jochen, and the old man went to see old lady Wallace, and we went right by the barn at milking time. Jochen pulled me along with the rope, and I sure did feel a lot more secure that way. Well last night I had a most awful dream: We was a walking that same way agin and suddenly there were seven fat cows, and they were eaten up by seven lean cows, and then the Wasserhund and his allies ate up the seven lean cows, all the while I was running around the ~~xxxx~~ house as fast as I could. Then they caught me, and we all sang "There's a wideness in God's mercy" after which the Wasserdog preached on the spiritual interpretation of nature, using as his text: Make yourselves friends of the mammon of righteousness." And ~~sinner~~ when he got through he looked for someone to take up the offering, but because there wasn't anybody, he swallowed me whole, and then everybody sang: Create in me a clean heart of God. All the while Jochen was crying. .... Then I woke up, and licked Jochen's hand, so that he let me out. The Wasserdog wasn't there, the sun had just risen behind a golden veil of mist, the grass, and the bone I chewed last night before I went to bed were all wet from the dew.

I figured you might be interested to know what went on about everybody else since you gone, besides me being starved two thirds too deth. Well, nobody else hasn't eaten anything either. Just about all they have is sandwiches and milk, and just by looking at Jochen's face I can tell what they taste like. The Mrs. and the doc have been dead tired, done hardly no work at all and groaned something awful. Jochen missed you even more than I do, but he wont let on like he did, an runs around all the time doing something else and so many different things he don't know what he's doin. He haint done practically no work at all, but done so many things he sometimes forgot all about you fer a fu minetes. An then he gits mighty ashamed of hisself and thinks he don't love you at all., - but Lawdy I kin

on his mind and he been talking about it on and off for the last two days. Can you imagine how sick and tired I get hearing the same stuff over and over and over again. I heard Jochen telling you, his mother, his father, you telling him and his mother, and now I even hear his father telling him what he told his father a few weeks back, - about getting hitched or not getting hitched, and your families attitude and so on. I think Jochen is pretty sick of it too, but just barely polite enough to listen, and I guess the old man got to get off his mind whatever is there.

I guess if he had a little more rest, Jochen would write to you himself. But you know how he is. Whenever he writes a letter he thinks it ought to be good enough to be published and have a lot of thought content. And right there is the big trouble, 'cause you know as well as I that the whole trouble with him is, that he hasn't got anything in that brain of his, which is just about as juicy as an empty super-charged candy box: (all the trimmings outside and nothing inside) and not nearly so good as mine. (I still like him though)

Finally I have given up smelling around for you. The old scents are fading pretty fast, and I can't really remember what you smelled like. But Jochen smells as good as ever. And the Mrs! Oh boy. Trouble with Doc is, he takes a shour every morning.

I hope you excuse my awful style. You see, all that hillbilly talk, I learned from Snowwhite who has been around for a good many years. You know, I learn very quickly. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I haven't forgotten the proprieties of Harvard speech either, und von Frau Doktor habe ich erstklassiges Deutsch gelernt, alsoough I know sere isz somsing unjusual about her Enlisch.

One thing I almost forgot to tell you about: The lady who was wandering around from Hospital to hospital (including Charlottesville) where she was told she had rheumatic fever, appendicitis, migraine, or just plain jitters - - turned out to be a chronic typhoid carrier. You can imagine with what modest pride or proud modesty they found out about that.

I must close now. I Jochen doesn't write, I will again soon and keep you informed about what goes on. I think of you with upturned eyes and drooping ~~xxxxxx~~ ears and dragging tail. Give my regards to your parents, and to Peter.

.... Yours very respectfully and lovingly

Mutz R. Meyer.

Dear Margaret:

Mutz hat alles Notwendige geschrieben  
Du hast deinen Miltou hier gelassen  
darin ich mit viel Vergnügen lese  
Give my regards to your parents & Alex.  
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