

Saturday, Nov. 3

Dear Elizabeth,

Yes, it's been said (once, I believe) that I'm kind of crazy - and not only about Chevrolets. I don't think it's true don't think it's true don't think it's true, though. Right now I agree with you - I don't see myself why I need a car over here. It's a beautiful Saturday afternoon and I'm restricted, can't even set foot off the post. On top of this my car is in the shop and I was supposed to have picked it up this afternoon. Maybe it will be sold for junk? My restriction is all a horrible mistake, I was framed, honest, I was! On the other hand a car is a great convenience. I am eight miles outside of Heidelberg and the service (bus) is very poor. Germany is criss-crossed by a network of autobahns (super-highways built by Hitler for military purposes) which are out of this world. You can drive as fast as your car will go. In my case about $42\frac{1}{2}$ mph downhill. Even