

Sept. 2, 1944

Dear Mom,

Everything is swell and I'm feeling fine but I can't tell you where I am as yet! you can write to the following address from now on tho. —

95 Station Hosp. - APO 627 4/0 P.M.-N.Y.

I really hated to leave the 259 Station because they were a swell bunch of fellows and we had such a nice set up. I'm sorry but I didn't get a chance to see Ed. Payne.

I probably won't be getting any mail for quite awhile now and I'm afraid the camera

will never catch up with me. I want be able now to send you that package for quite sometime and my buddy has the pictures we took but can't get them developed.

I saw a very good picture the other night that I want you to see if it hasn't already been there. "Up in Mabel's Room", it will keep you laughing all the time.

I thought I'd seen mud at my last place but here the mud is really something and it rains all the time.

I can't understand why I haven't had Malaria or Dengue as yet, I haven't taken any

atahuie or quinine and I've
been exposed to it every night
when I was working nights at
259th.

Say did you get my letter
that I sent from Africa, I've
asked you that a couple of times
but you never answered so
maybe I just didn't get your
letter saying that you had.

It seems that I'm no longer
a ward boy or Medical Tech. but
I'm a Sanitary Tech. now.

Well I guess I'd better sign off
now. Will write again as soon as
it is possible.

your loving son,
Jimmie