

4-5-43
7:09:25 P.M.

Dear Folks,

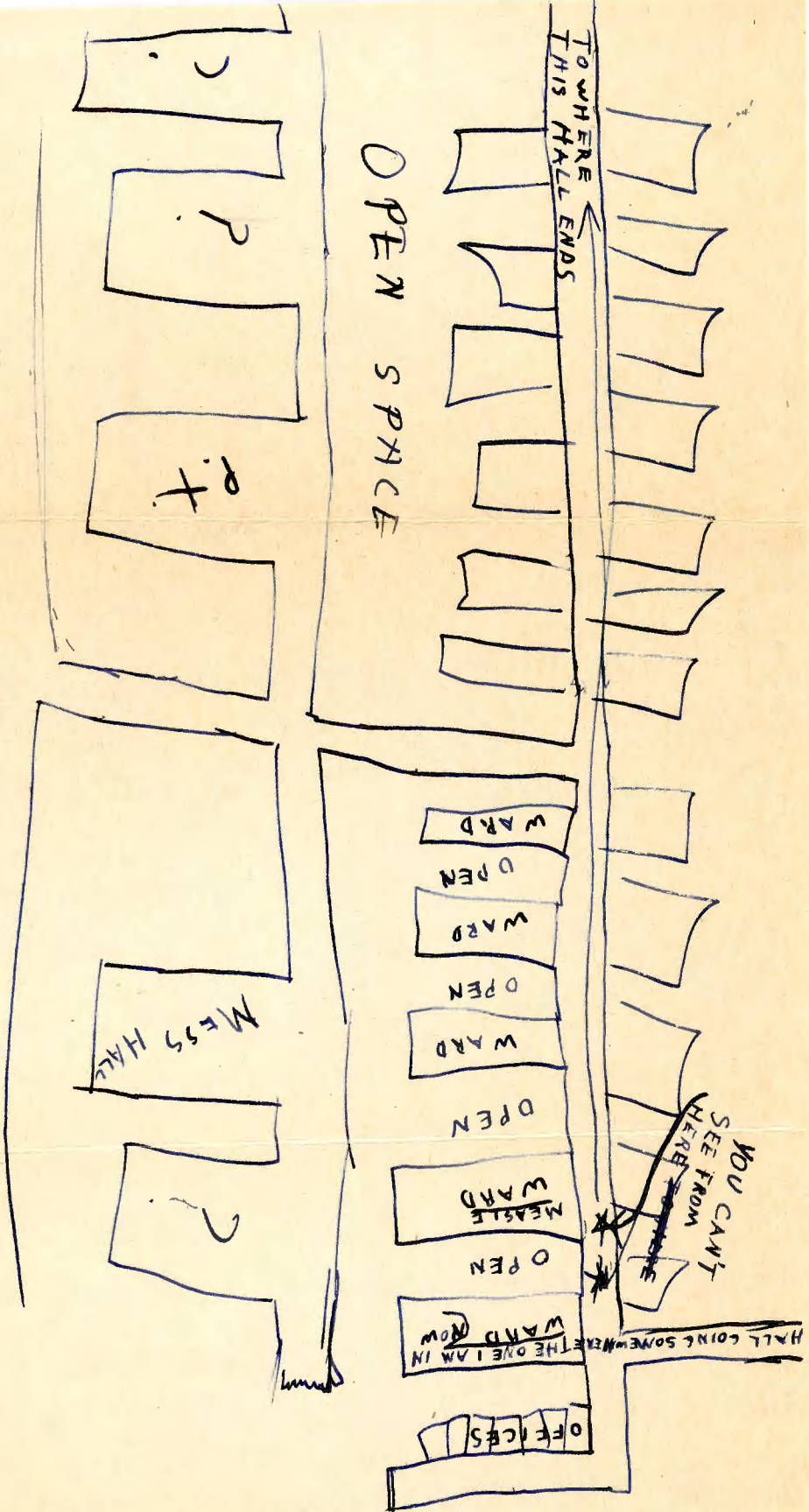
I sit me down with pen in hand to write to you all a letter.

Subject: --- Unknown as yet.

I am not in the measles ward any more. Last night as soon as I finished writing you they moved me to the convalescent ward. So all day long I've been convalescing. I understand that I'll have to convalesce again tomorrow. I have been in bed all day trying to get well enough for the Dr. to let me go. The only times that I have been up, except for two or three necessities, have been to go to chow. In the measles ward they bring your meals to you, but you have to get up and go get them here. They have a system of hall, and catwalks here, where you can walk for miles and never get outside. The hospital has its own P. X., Mess Hall, Picture Show, Service Club, Rec. Center, etc.

From the little bit I've seen it looks like this

(OVER)



I haven't even started good on this drawing, it would take a ton of paper to even draw an outline of this place. No fooling you can't see from one end of these cells to the other. The reason is that they are made out of wood so they aren't absolutely

straight. But it is still a long way from one end to the other.

There is a Corporal from Vernon, Texas that sleeps next to me here. We really give these boys fits. We've assured them that Texas won't make a separate peace.

I don't think they will let me out before Wed. So maybe I can start to school Thurs. That should put me far enough behind to where I'll feel natural. I think in order for me to live a healthy life, I ought to give up school altogether.

If this thing doesn't make sense, it's because of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, doing "On the Road to Morocco" over the radio.

I am running out of ink so I'll quit and write to morrow, probably in pencil.

Love,
Joe