Dear President Bat,

Your last letter made very poor time. It arrived in about nine days. The Humboldt River letter has, however, a much longer journey.

Upon reading it, I thought it would end it all the way back to jail. Figure out how far it has to travel.

The mail arrived, they finally came to an end. More certainly died when we were assigned to a general hospital. For much

Our worst complaint, however, was the food, there, bugs, mud, sickness, so hot water, little to do or see etc., but the

weather. This country is just not suited for white people. The nearest and more clean looking town recently under the extreme moisture. One

has to be very careful the plenty of fowlers and they will. Most native getlittle done for which

It is known about tractable. The native state says he recommend leaving the iguana - a ch-

"Jumilla" etc.

We are and talk the little of the bugs from the

hot train - they are eating at first near a

compliment. One car a day is necessary - another a day,

full the pass through every part of the body.
And still 75% of those under treatment are on whole or partially for this trouble. As you see what I mean. The term the M.J. or Jingle Act; covers everything from any name to imagined illness.

I don’t know how long this assignment will last, but I begin to appreciate the fact that I can or have hopes of returning with patients back to J.L. from what life really means in America - one forgets a lot in 36 months like some of these fellows have.

You mentioned Charlie Blake. It’s been a long time since I last saw him and other ex-guards. I know everyone enjoyed that real fold out table dinner in the T.P. This I believe is rare paper used by the top officials. A great many of their supplies were captured at this place.

Until next time I wish you and peace the best in everything.

Sincerely,

[Signature]