

Dear Mom,

I am in the hospital with scarlet fever but don't worry it is a mild case and I will be out of here in 16 days.

Yesterday morning I woke up and I ~~was~~ felt faint. I didn't go to sick bay because we had an examination yesterday. This morning I had a sore throat, a headache, and a rash so I went to sick bay. They sent me to M-2 which is a dispensary and the doc there says I got it. I feel good right now. In fact I don't feel like I have got it and I told them so but I guess they know best.

The other guys here in the scarlet fever ward lay around like a bunch of stiffs. They are awful in-couraging. They say 'Yeh, you'll get out in sixteen days, if you're lucky.'

At least I walked in this dumps on my own power. These guys all got carried in. The doc here says it's a good thing I come so soon my temp is 97.6 I think.


Boy the food here is good but I don't have much of an appetite. I'm on a soft diet.

We have two nice nurses here and they are always cutting up and fooling. They told me. Oh,

You're going to like it here," I says "Yah, but when do I get out. I was late for chow when I got here and they didn't have any soup left. One nurse says "Here eat this, he hasn't touched it. I asked her if she thought I wanted to catch scarlet fever.

Well, don't worry Mom, and don't get coming up. You wouldn't be able to see me anyway. I got your letter and Donald's letter yesterday and I answered 'em but didn't get them sent out. They're still back to the barracks. I didn't get Aunt Vera's or Marcella's letters or your birthday cards yet and lord knows when I will get them now they have to go through so many transfers. Well, take care of yourself, I hope you're all well. Here comes that guy with that damn medicine.

Lots of Love + Kisses

Rich


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