

October 8, 1942

303<sup>rd</sup> Bombardment Group (H)  
359<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadron (H)  
Dow Field  
Bangor, Maine.

Dear Annie Lee,

Guess you have been thinking that this shavetail had forgotten all about Sterling City and you—well, to tell you the truth, Anner, I haven't had much time lately to think about anything but my work. I'm sure you will agree that that is enough to occupy one's mind. I'll try and do better from here on out, I promise.

We've been seeing lots of country lately—we moved on to Battle Creek, Michigan after we left El Paso from El Paso we came on up here to Bangor, Maine. This is certainly a beautiful state Anner, you should come up here sometime. It is especially pretty this time of the year—the latter part of fall and nearly winter. From the air the countryside looks like something one reads about in story books—a thousand different colors mingled together to form an unforgettable picture.

I took a cross country trip over to Denver a little over a week ago and saw my old pal, Jim Bob. We had about forty eight hours together, to talk over old times, kick up our heels, and have one more hellava time together. It was certainly great to see him again—You would hardly know him, Annie Lee, he has grown so and put on so much weight. And, another thing, he's so brown I didn't recognize him at first—honest, I didn't. But he did me! He let out a yell and started running like mad when he saw me. Uncle Sam certainly got a solider when he took Jim Bob!

There is nothing much of interest happening around here that would interest you, or I should say, nothing that I can say or tell—by the way, Anner, I'll give you my overseas address just in case you do not have it. It is:

Lieut. Jack W. Mathis 0-727110  
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359<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadron (H)  
A.P.O. #3082  
c/o Postmaster  
New York City, New York.

I've about run out of gab for this time so will close. Write when you can and tell everybody "hello" for me.

As Ever,

Jack