

Italy
June 7, 1944

Dear Kay—

I wrote you a hurried V-mail yesterday but I'll bet my boots that you'll receive this far [sic] it. Whenever I write, I seem to find myself in the same situation as the others, that is, what in the hell am I going to write about. Its [sic] still the same ol [sic] story, you see, of military restrictions on the best of letter writing subjects, those subjects being where you are, where you've been, what you've seen and done and are doing at the present. That just about includes everything of interest.

We replacements carry our chest with a sort of conscience because as yet we have done comparatively very little and have made no great contribution as yet to the reputation that is the 100th. I shouldn't say we, its [sic] just my opinion or my case, because some have already made what is referred to as the "supreme sacrifice." At any rate, everything is fine and dandy with me. And as for the war, I'd say you people back home know just as much or more about it than we do so I won't make mention of it.

We get mail regularly here and I have yet to answer a few letters. I'll write Scooter Boy, but its [sic] one hell of a long ways from where he is to where I am. You mention Nakashige, well, I hope he gets on the ball and does write.

It was either you or Y that told me about Edith. It may be finito by the time you get this but give her my congratulations or what ever [sic] you're supposed to tell people who just got married.

About the beach gang, why don't you send over a few pictures of them and the beach. We thought we couldn't carry any pictures when we came over so all I had, I either gave to Hal or sent back.

I am expecting that the next letter I get will be telling all about the life in Hawaii now, with no blackout regulations and all that. Things like that make a guy here wish a lot of things, and thoughts go flying back to that two legged thing with hair on her head.

We get our beer (not much, certainly not enough) every once in a while. Last night, we had it, and result, singing etc with the morale increased by the trend of current events, especially that which had every body [sic] wondering and guessing.

Today I'm sitting on the (military) crest of a hill and everybody is talking, writing, sleeping, or preparing packs. Oh yes, they all are grumbling and cursing the mosquitoes or the bugs or what it may be that attacked them last night.

The country side here is very picturesque and beautiful. Also, now I find that I must take back what I said about sunny Italy being a lot of bally-hoo.. Its [sic] too sunny to suit me.

A little further back, the place was full of red poppies, bucoos [sic] of em [sic] but here its [sic] trees and shrubs and flowered bushes and grass and – insects.

I got a letter from Hal, and he is in Italy. Maybe I'll get a chance to see him, maybe not.

Well, I've just about hit the end of the line so I'll conserve my ink.

Bless you and take care of yourself.

Love
Stan