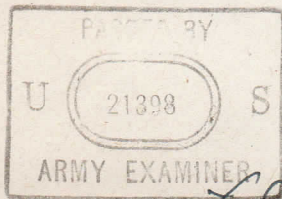


Cpl F Mauro 32810329
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7PM NY New York



Mr; & Mrs. Frank Mauro
491 Lexington Ave.
Mount Kisco, New York



Herbowski L. J.

July 18, 1944

Dear Folks,

I am well, happy, and safe and I hope you all are the same.

I think I told you that I received your packages a few days ago, but I didn't tell you that the Italians glooped off all of the stuff except the strawberry jam and most of the cookies. What little I did get out of the packages, though, I enjoyed very much and so did the rest of the boys.

Well, things are pretty peaceful around here now and the weather is swell. The sun comes out all day and it stays pretty warm all of the time now.

I still haven't sent you any packages because I can't find a suitable box to put the stuff in and I don't want to take any chances on the package getting lost or broken so I'll wait a while yet.

I haven't received any letters for quite a while so it makes it kind of difficult for me to write. I expect some mail today, however, and if I do receive any, I will finish this letter today. If I don't receive any mail today, I will probably spend the greater part of the day trying to finish this letter.

I was reading "Time" magazine today and it had quite a bit to say about these strikers back home. All I've got to say is that they better not have a strike on the railroad because that would make me mad. It makes us pretty mad every time they strike back there.

Well the mail jerk just came but he doesn't seem to like me anymore because he sent me nary a sign of a letter.

The Plums, Apricots, and Peaches are about ripe now, so we never go hungry for fruit now. I even drank some of this Dago red wine but I was in pretty high spirits so I disregarded the taste and drank some anyway.

You probably noticed the sudden change in vocabulary

for which I blame the Army. They sent our First Seargent home on a furlough. As I told you previously, he was responsible for my sudden inspired spurt of educational vicisitude.

Between smoking and eating plums I manage to pass most of the time between paragraphs. However, the plums are just about finished, and I've smoked too many cigarettes already. Therefore, I will have to finish this letter in a hurry.

I've been reading the daily news and it seems as though the Dodgers are doing all right for themselves even though it's only for a little while. In the three papers I've read, they won two doubleheaders and split one. Then I looked at the standings and they were in 6th place. However I would rather see them in 6th place and as colorful as always than just slog along in first place playing mechanically.

I've been wondering how Vince has been making out with his little problems. I wrote to him after receiving his address but he hasn't had time to answer yet.

Do you remember the guy I was always writing to you about- the fellow named Joe who was my buddy at Camp Wheeler and the succeeding camps? Well, he is in England now and he has a good position if you know what I mean.

Well, I've just about reached the end of my rope so I'll have to sign off pretty soon.

Thank all of the people who sent me packages and send all my love to Spring street and Brooklyn if you write to them. I just can't write a letter anymore until I receive one first. I already told you that I haven't received any letters in quite a while - hence the short letter.

However, you know that I am all right and feeling fine so that is all that counts.

Love and Kisses,

Frankie