

Saturday - 26 Feb 44 - Anzio Beachhead

Dear Cec -

The Col just said ~~harro~~ - a dud had landed - we are receiving an artillery harassing and they are heavy and too close - we are in our tent which is dug in about 4' and sand bagged on the allside to cover the top on the side towards the jersey - It has been and is very hot here - hope for the better soon - Fort Collins is due for quite a shock my old outfit is about full quite a story that will be told in due time - many are prisoners, I hope - I am E in this Regt - and since joining have had to do a lot of changing, shifting etc - to balance the outfits - another story similar to the one I have already referred to - Believe the newspapers tell reports are very accurate - so suppose you are familiar with the general story - Capt Johnson rec'd a verse from his wife: -

Starkle, starkle little twink -  
Where the hell have you think -  
I aint under the affluence of ineohel  
Tho some thinkte peep I ave -

Also one of Bill Mauden's Best: I'll send you one of his books as soon as I can - It is published by the

soon - Have had the opportunity  
but did not know he was here - Have  
been under our old friend Lucas -  
only see him in passing - Hope  
the electrical appliances will be  
more plentiful - as the production of  
tanks and other war materials decrease  
the necessary commodities should  
increase - \* I am serious in this -  
difficult to think business - the  
shells were landing short and to the  
right now they are over and to the  
near - there it goes again - you can  
hear their whistle which gradually  
gets louder and ends with a  
cr-wham - and the earth shakes -

Do enjoy your letters - news of your  
activities - Best welfare and the  
association with the Bastons  
Chapins Whitakers Warners Bracken  
Curry's etc tell them all Cheerio  
learned that on the way up from  
Naples aboard a British ship and  
over a Scotch - 6 live a shot -  
oh me - now niente nothing all  
sold or something - My Italian  
is not improving - Very best of  
wishes Hope this mess will be  
over soon and that we are

Saturday - 26 Feb 44 - Anzio Beachhead

Dear Cec -

The Col just said hooray - a dud had landed - we are receiving an artillery harassing and they are heavy and too close - We are in our tent which is dug in about 4' and sand bagged on the outside to cover the top on the side towards the jerry-. It has been and is very hot here - hope for the better soon - Fort Collins is due for quite a shock - my old outfit is about nil quite a story that will be told in due time - many are prisoners, I hope - I am Ex in this Reg't - and since joining have had to do a lot of changing, shifting etc - to balance the outfits - another story similar to the one I have already referred to - Believe the newspapers tell reports are very accurate - so suppose you are familiar with the general story - Capt Johnson rec'd a verse from his wife:

—— Starkle, startle little Twink

Where the hell I are you think

I aint under the affluence of incohel

Tho some thinkle peep I are ——

Also one of Bill Mauldin's Best. I'll send you one of his books as soon as I can arrange it - It is published by the Stars & Stripes - but they do not accept mail orders - He really tells the story as it is - Haven't run into Col Morrow - may have opportunity to look him up

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soon - Have had the opportunity but did not know he was here - Have been under our old friend Lucas - only see him in passing - Hope the electrical appliances will be more plentiful - as the production of tanks and other war materials decrease the necessary commodities should increase -. \* I am sincere in this - difficult to think business - the shells were landing short and to the right now they are over and to the rear - there it goes again - you can hear their whistle which gradually gets louder and ends with a cer-wham - and the earth shakes - Do ~~you~~ enjoy your letters - news of your activities - Arts welfare and the association with the Hartshorns, Chapins, Whitakers, Warrens,

Brackenbury's etc. tell them all Cheerio learned that on the way up from Naples aboard a British ship and over a Scotch - 6 line a shot - oh me - now niente nothing all sold or something - My Italian is not improving - Very best of wishes Hope this mess will be over soon and that we are privileged to again "Live in Colorado —

Pres

\* That I had begun the letter by saying it was difficult to think