

Feb 16, 1944
A.P.O. 650
Italy

Dear Nick,

I wrote you a few words last night but I just got a letter from you today so heres a few more. If the old adage that the first year is the hardest ^{is true,} then the hard part of the war for me is over. I don't think its true tho, because we still got a long way to go. Speaking of time if you check back you'll discover that I am about to put in my first hitch in the army. On my August pay I draw an extra 5 per cent. That's one pay increase I don't particularly like. I won't refuse it tho.

I got a big kick out of you asking me what my job was over here. Over here you have a primary duty but what else you might do nobody knows. Myself I've done every thing from digging shit holes to pushing trucks on our moves. My primary duty is group file clerk, which is a specialist rating, but if any thing else comes up I'm also that. I'm told that what I do is necessary, and that it helps keep the planes flying, so I just believe 'em and do it.

You know what type of planes our group has so when you read of what they're doing

