

August 29, 1943 A.P.O. 393

(Catania, Sicily)

Dear Mick,

Late as usual but here just the same. I think I owe you two V mails but one regular letter is just as good. Well every time I write I wonder if this will still find you at Norfolk. I hope it does. I forgot what you asked me in your last letter, so if I don't answer it, its not because I don't want to. I don't know if I told you any thing about this place but its pretty nice. At least its civilization. The people here don't resent us at all. As a matter of fact they were pretty glad to see the Americans, and wanted to know why we didn't come in 1940. Its a funny thing about these people, but they think we are invincible. Every time a place is successfully bombed, the Americans did it. If it wasn't a success the British did it. In spite of that they tolerate the British and welcome us with open arms. Of course all the G.I.'s are usually found giving their candy rations to the kids, and cigarettes to the men. The people here are very poor, and salaries range anywhere from 25 to 50 cents a day. Fifty cents is tops with us, but its lower with the British.

Our headquarters is in a area that was literally bombed to hell. It was just a perfect job of destruction.

Standard price for a shave is 5 cents. A haircut is 10 cents and it's as good as any I ever got in the States. You can get a form of ice cream here. At least that's what they sell it for. You run into a good many people here who used to live in the States. I took a few pictures that I'm sending home so if you get a chance to slip home ask Sara to show 'em to you.

That sure was a cheap job you got on the car. I guess you can't run it very much now. If you were over here you could easily see why there aren't more for pleasure use back home. I made a few airplane trips I would like to tell you about but I guess it'll just have to wait.

Every once in a while "Jerry" has what we call a nuisance raid. One plane will come over, drop a bomb or two and run. Of course ack-ack goes into action, but we still don't have sense enough to run for the trenches, we just

stand and watch. Its a great sight. Well, Mick, its getting dark now so I'll have to quit here. So long.

Hymie

P.S. Don't forget to use my correct A.P.O. 393



Catania, Sicily August 1943

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