

Sat July 10th, 1943,
2.30 P.M.

In North Africa..

Dear Mom:

Well I've gotten some more mail Mom. I got it two days ago, but this is the first chance I've had to answer it. I got one from Ann Hill, a card with 2\$ in it + wrote and thanked her for it yesterday.

I got a card with a 1\$ from you and a letter too. I got a letter from the Chief and one from Frank, they were all addressed to Columbia and were post-marked April 22 . 8 I sent the Hill girls one of those pics I had taken when I was on furlough.

So Vee failed in latin, now do you see why I didn't want Frank and Dot to join up, how the hell do you expect those kids to get an education when the brains of the family are in the army. If Frank and Dot were home that would never have happened. The only solution is to keep her in and make her study. How are Ronnie and Betty making out? Did they flunk a couple too.

Never mind about me carting your mug all over Europe. If you have the picture, I want you to send it, send some of all the family, the garden and the chickstoo. I've got the G.I.'s again Mom, you know what I mean, dysentery. I don't mind the running so much it's the cramps that go with them, I think I'm on the mend so don't worry about me.

Say Mom did you ever get that telegram and letter I sent from Florida before I took off? I have long wondered about that.

Well Mom I want to write Dad a letter so I'll close for a while. Bye now and write soon.

Love always
Joe.

O.P.S.

I never thanked you for the money, you shouldn't have done it Mom I don't need it, but thanks an awful lot.

Joe

Send me some stationery and air mail stamps.

Sat. July 10th, 1944 ~~QARX~~
E 3.39 P.M.
In North Africa,

Dear Dad:

You old son of a gun you, So you finally got around to writing me a letter. But after reading it I can readily understand why you don't write more often. Yes Dad Mom does cover just about all the news when she writes, but I'll tell you what lets do, you write one letter and Mom write the next, that way I'll hear from you both more often. Then too she can give you all the neighborhood dirt and I won't miss out on anything.

The Easter card that I sent you, if I remember rightly wasn't very much. They don't put out nice cards for fathers. Why is that? I guess its the same old story. We do all the work, but never get the credit. I'm not slighting the mothers, now, mind you, but you'd think they'd give the Fathers a little more consideration.

You did some nice reminiscing there "Chief", but I think you left some out. How about the trips to the Killie pond, and don't forget the times at Tlatlands Bay. How about those rides in the old

Maxwell. Do you remember when you used to take Frank and I to Lowes Bay Ridge to the stage shows. I'll never forget the times either that you took us with you when you went to get paid. You stopped to buy the license plates then you took us to dinner and the Fox movies and topped it off with a boat ride from the Battery to Staten Island and back to 60th St.

And do you remember those trips up to the Scout Camp. Gee Dad those were the days. I realize more and more each day Dad why you used to say. A "If I could only be a boy again just for a day" This growing up isn't all its cracked up to be Dad I realize now, that my best days are behind me. But thats life I guess Chief, we can't stay young forever. But this thing won't last forever Dad we'll all be back home soon, then we can make up for some lost time, it won't be long either Dad take my word for it.

Say Dad you mention the gang at Boyles asking for me, well how about giving them my address and having them write me. If I get a letter from them I'd have something to write about, but if they wait for me to write they'll never hear from me. Remember me to Mr. Lovett too will you Dad? If I can possibly do it I'll drop him a line. You speak of that pint of beer and a snack at nite Dad. Sometimes I sit here and picture those juicy hamburgers on hot home-made bread with the juice and melted butter running down your chin. Boy, what I'd give for one of those and a cold glass of Ballentines, those were the days. Then too remember when we used to have a hot mess of crabs and beer after a hard days crabbing on the Island. Thats about the only thing I've missed since I came into the Army. Those midnite snacks at Shielases were something that ~~mix~~ couldn't be beat anywhere.

I'm sure proud of Frank Dad, I'm sure you are too. He beat my marks by 11 points. All I got was 169. But I never could shoot one of those hand held guns with the exception of the shot gun. But you give me a 250 cal. machine gun and watch me go to town. That Infantry stuff is O.K. but for me I like speed.

Well Dad I'm just about run out of words, but write again soon I've always enjoyed composin g a letter to you for I know you like to read them.

Bye for a while & "Chief" and write soon

Love always

Joe
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