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Image 1:

Somewhere in Italy

Feb. 16, 1945

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

Today was a red letter day. The package you sent on Jan. 12 arrived and is certainly appreciated. I always like the apricot nectar, and the can opener is mighty handy. The cookies, though quite broken up – mostly crumbs, in fact, were delicious. I'll tell you how everything comes, so that you can better judge the best way of packing these things. The melba toast and cheese make a nice combination. One corner of the cheese was moldy due to a tear in the wrapping. The chocolate and dates were excellent. So much for that.

I still can't write much about places I have seen, etc. We have all been seating out the Russian offensive. The favorite question around here is "What did the Russians do today?"

Dad, your letter of Feb 1<sup>st</sup> and Mother, yours of the 2<sup>nd</sup> came today. I have plenty of money. I'll be drawing around 35 or 36 dollars a month now – enough to make me a wealthy man since there isn't much to spend it on. Also we have a sufficient supply of toilet articles issued to us so far.

(continued in next V-mail form)<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> No additional pages in file