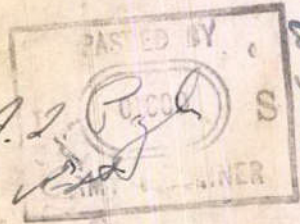


Post Ben Segen  
32898252  
Hq. Battery  
93 AAA. Bn  
APO. 464 - SPd n. 7.



Miss Judith Berman  
817 West End Ave.  
New York, #25  
N.Y.



apt 3E

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Thursday  
Dec 30, 1943

so my Beloved Judy,

Here again I find myself on the night shift but I don't mind it in the least because I occupy my time writing and listening to some good music that's coming in on one of my trunk lines. Just heard a good arrangement of the St Louis Blues. I hit upon a kind idea. Called up the OP - Observation Post which is located on the front lines and asked if they would like to hear the music, the reply was yes so the captain and his assistant, are now connected in. I figured that they would appreciate the music even more than I do. because the OP is the forward observer who directs the artillery fire.

Today two incidents happened that may interest you.

The first story happened this morning when I walked up to one of the main roads that led up to the front.

Pardon the interruption but the song I'm now hearing is "Blues In The Night". Remember when you heard that song at my club party. The music sure sounds good. I never expected this in combat.

Now back to my first story. Before I went up to the road a group of fellows from a Infantry division were passing by the house I'm staying at. When I noticed one of the fellows were one of

the replacements that came overseas with 2  
me and when with me from one  
replacement depot to another. I didn't have  
a chance to talk to him because his  
outfit were going through a training but  
he informed me that many other fellows  
were assigned to his division. I was  
interested in seeing some of my buddies  
that I got acquainted with during our  
stay together, that's what gave me the  
idea of going up to his main road.  
When I reached my destination, I saw  
the company commander call his unit  
together for a rest and talk on their  
work, but more surprising I noticed  
a kid dressed up in complete G.I. equipment  
with a machine (similar to rifle only lighter)  
walking next to the C.O. all the time.  
A war correspondent passing by must  
have also noticed this young fellow  
dressed in G.I. equipment so because  
he stepped out of his car, with  
camera in hand to take a picture  
of the youngster with the commanding  
officer. Then the war correspondent  
took a picture of the kid and the  
radio operator carrying a walkie  
talkie for the C.O.

If you see the picture in any  
of the papers back home please clip  
one it out and send it to me

The boy's parents were killed  
company during an air raid and this  
boy can now speak a little English.  
The C.O. that's commanding officer said they  
plan on taking the boy back with them to  
the States. The C.O. name is ~~Smith~~ B. B. Smith

The second story is another one of these kind of stories that you read in the newspaper.

One G. I. soldier came around to this town this afternoon and all the civilians came out of there bombed ruined houses to greet this lad. The story behind it is that this fellows father lived in this town and most of the people were related to him. Uncles, aunts and cousins. I never saw the people in such a happy mood. In fact one women must have been so happy that she started to cry.

That concludes my two stories for the day.

The next item.

Its often said, "that women are the weaker sex" well those people that think so ought to come around here and they will see differently.

The women of this community really work hard while from what I seen the men do the lighter work. maybe you will understand me better if I give you a few examples.

The women carry heavy items on there head such as buckets of water, a basin of wash and a large amount of wood that they use for there fireplace.

I saw a man carrying one trunk body of wood and the wife a woman, probably his wife was carrying six trunk bodies of wood on her head!

The women do all the washing which keeps them busy all day besides attending to their children and preparing food for the house.

The men on the other hand, some of them take the goats out into the open fields.

What surprises me most is the amount of weight that the women carry on their heads. Why I doubt if I'll ever be able to carry as much as they do. My fellow-complain, even all about the steel helmet that we wear.

You probably are wondering how we manage to get along with the dimians. We don't have much to do with them but the little we have such as doing the laundry and telling them when we washed like to have it back. That problem has been easily solved cause the landlord of my house speaks English. He was in the states over 30 years ago than he was in scotland for some time. He's been back in Italy about 20 years but he still can speak a understandable English.

You can see that I'm writing much smaller than what I ever did back in the days so if this happens to be a few page letter you can figure it to be 12 pages. The reason why I'm writing small is to conserve paper and not to have the envelope to heavy.

In answer to your question about writing smaller I have noticed a slight improvement but I still think you can do better.