

POST. F. MAURO 32810329

A. P. O. 8962

C/o Postmaster,  
n. y. n. y.

Free

Mrs. Frank Mauro  
Springton Avenue  
Mount Kisco,  
New York

Censored by U.S.M.  
7th. B.P.A.C.

June 26, 1943

Dear ma + Pa,

I received your letters today and I was happy to get them.

Vince seems to think it's getting hot, [redacted], but he doesn't know what real heat is. It was so hot at my first camp that we were in the barracks one day and we saw the thermometer break. The thermometer went up to 100° and it was in the shade when it broke.

Speaking about that cyst that Val [head] had, one of the boys from my platoon at the training camp had one of those and he was in the hospital for six weeks. As a matter of fact, when we all shipped out of that camp, we left him in the hospital. I think he is home on a medical furlough now.

I've seen enough of the

Army now, so I wish I could get into the navy. I like the Army but I want something different now. Probably after 4 months in the navy I'd want the marines, then the Air Corps, then the Merchant Marine, then the Coast Guard. I don't think I'd ever like being a civilian again.

I was reading in the "News" about how the Dodgers took the Giants the other day. They sure throw those poor Giants around, don't they?

I'd like to know how many times I have to tell you that I can't take any pictures? I can't even get near to town. The closest I can get to stepping out of

this camp is to stand by the  
M. P. gate and talk to the  
M. P. and I can't even do that  
very long.

You better not send  
me the "Times" because the  
mail here is terrible and  
if I got it at all it would  
probably get all ripped up.

One of the fellows here  
wrote about six letters  
home and his mother and  
father haven't gotten a ~~one~~  
yet. He just lives in

[redacted] today. I say all wrote  
to him and they think he  
is in Panama or some other  
place like that because none  
of his letters ever got home.

nothing more to say.

L + R.

To Jay  
[Signature]