October 27th 1943 Dear Min and Dad, Och Thanks for your letter. I do lone reading hon things we back home or please keep sending me the letert news: Since of the guys don't get many letters or I always tell them what happening back in Blighty. Don't nony Mum I ship the personal stryf. I cheered or lond when I heard Box passed his exams. I had to explirin to everyone else why was so happy. They're happy too Things have been a last lively here since I last write you prombly heard about Silemo. I thought wed often into port and be welcomed with open arms by the Italians. I was wrong. The resissance by The evening was much greater than me expected. I imsn't past of the first landings and by The time my L.S.T ment ashone there were hundreds of boats, all sterning towards the shore while squadrons of lightnings droned overhead. It was really quite splendid. Jenny fought hard and we were kept very brong for the jost jun luys. My guns were near a wattery of heavy A. A and oney were joing constantly. It was tempeally bond. My ears were ringing when a much bell. We appeared some pary and they said it's the worst shelling they've ever seen. trentually we pushed the enemy back and were able to get a bit if a breather. There were even a couple of nights where I managed to get a desent bit of sleep. We got supplies of fruit hadouts and grapes from the totals and fresh milh from a farm that had been connected into a medial dressing station. Not as good as your cooling Mann, but better than Army rations.

now and the weather has taken a town for the noise. It's wetter than that week we spent in Margate. Some of the men from the 7th Amount Division order into town yesterday. They like to call chanselves the Desert Rats. More who the Drowned Rats. He Ha! Some Maori pellons from New Zeuland have just formed the party here. I suppose they wish they were buch in North Africa. I don't but I preferred the pris over one demned mozgistos they have here. Mayke the when mather will deal with them temaged by one war. Whole streets tuned to ribble 1th heardonealing sometimes. But the Italian themselves seem pleased to see us. They day and theer in The smeets when we arrive one of them their some graps to me . Delivers! The wals call the juny "teds" and some of the other men have started doney to, too, but I can't get used to it. It reminds me of that old bear we have in one attic. The takins are a good bunch: Mass of them seem is been to get rid of the test fing is we are one of the children game me a drawing of a tank! I don't think we'll be here much longer. I night even be home or my bithday. hope or! Will be in a worple of days so don't worry if you don't hear from me for a white. ambs up soon and a don't want to be last in line (again) so I guers 1'd better stop now. Give my love to Charlie, Isaselle, Johnny and Julie And Whom a Stick for Bonner for me. Lone always Danny. P.S. Thank Antie Janice for the payanas Theight were in handing when we get

October 29th, 1943

Dear Mum and Dad,

Thanks for your letter. I do love reading how things are back home so please keep sending me the latest news. Some of the guys don't get many letters so I always tell them what's happening back in Blighty. Don't worry Mum I skip the personal stuff. I cheered so loud when I heard that Boz passed his exams. I had to explain to everyone else why I was so happy. They're happy too.

Things have been a bit lively here since I last wrote. You probably heard about Salerno. I thought we'd steam into a port and be welcomed with open arms by the Italians. I was wrong. The resistance by the enemy was much greater than we expected. I wasn't part of the first landings and by the time my L.S.T. went ashore there were hundreds of boats, all steaming towards the shore while squadrons of Lightnings droned overhead. It was really quite splendid.

Jerry fought hard and we were kept very busy for the first few days. My guns were near a battery of heavy A.A. and they were firing constantly. It was terrifically loud. My ears were ringing like a church bell! We captured some Jerry and they said it's the worst shelling they've ever seen.

Eventually we pushed the enemy back and were able to get a bit of a breather. There were even a couple of nights where I managed to get a decent bit of sleep. We got supplies of fruit, walnuts and grapes from the locals and fresh milk from a farm that had been converted into medical dressing station. Not as good as your cooking, mum, but better than Army rations.

We're in now and the weather has taken a turn for the worse. It's wetter than that week we spent in Margate. Some of the men from the 7th Armoured Division rolled into town yesterday. They

like to call themselves the Desert Rats. More like the Drowned Rats. Ha

Some Māori fellows from New Zealand have just joined the party here. I suppose they wish they were back in North Africa. I don't but I preferred the flies over the damned mosquitos they have here. Maybe the colder weather will deal with them.

The towns we pass through have been heavily damaged by the war. Whole streets turned to rubble. It's heartbreaking sometimes. But the Italians themselves seem pleased to see us. They clap and cheer in the streets when we arrive. One of them threw some grapes to me. Delicious!

The locals call the jerry "teds" and some of the other men have started doing it, too, but I can't get used to it. It reminds me of that old bear we have the attic. The Italians are a good bunch. Most of them seem as keen to get rid of the teds Jerry as we are. One of the children gave me a drawing of a tank!

I don't think we'll be here for much longer. I might even be home for my birthday.

I hope so! We'll be heading in a couple of days so don't worry if you don't hear from me for a while.

Grub's up soon and I don't want to be last in line (again) so I guess I'd better stop now. Give my love to Charlie, Isabelle, Johnny, and Jackie. And throw a stick for Bouncer for me.

Love always,

Danny

P.S. Thank Auntie Janice for the pajamas. They'll come in handy when we get into