

Sgt. JOSEPH MILLER
(Co. D)

Angis Beachhead
May 4, 1944

Dear Folks,

I am feeling fine, tonight, as I write this letter, and hope you are the same. I received your package a month after you sent it. The three books also. The watch is swell but runs an hour fast and it is almost impossible to have it adjusted over here. I cannot use it until I find someone to do the job. Having nothing else to write about I will put down a little poem I wrote. It concerns an infamous shell we have nicknamed "Angis Annie"

Annie goes by my dugout door.

Each morning noon and night
To make the rounds of Angis
And this tiny beachhead site.

Her daily meals are stone and wood;
Her drink, the salty sea.
Sometimes though, she hungers quick
And stops to eat by me.

A coat of steel is all she wears,
It runs on her daily spree
To that battered little town
So very close to me.

