

Somewhere in North Africa
January 29, 1944

Dear Friends,

I received your nice Christmas
^{present} of cigarettes a few days ago. My
mikel finally caught up with
me here, after chasing me half
way around the globe. Thank
you so much for remembering
one of the "Old Boys". I especially
appreciate your present because
cigarettes over here are rationed
and each one counts.

My job over here is flying
vital war materials and pass-
engers for the Air Transport
Command to the Near East as
well as through Africa. I am
now pilot of a C-47, a twin
engine cargo plane made by
Douglas Aircraft. With luck I
expect to get an assignment
on the new C-54 which is a
four engine cargo plane which
grosses around 60,000 lbs.

This country is rather "sad"
after being used to the good

old U.S.A. At least we have something to look forward to—returning home after we have "polished-off the boys" and this mess is over.

The people that make up the population here are mostly Arabs and French. They are at

I have gotten to be quite a inviol fan of late because that is all there is to do for diversion as the whole town is "off limits" to all American Service men.

There is quite a nice American Red Cross Unit here. They even have hot showers for all the "boys" as well as good sandwiches, and coffee and an occasional show with real live white girls from the States to sing and dance for us.