Somewhere in North Africa
January 29, 1944

Dear Friends,

I received your nice Christmas gift of cigarettes a few days ago. My mail finally caught up with me here after chasing me half way around the globe. Thank you so much for remembering me as one of the 'Old Boys'. I especially appreciate your present because cigarette boxes here are rationed and each one counts.

My job over here is flying vital war materials and passengers 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 grossed around 60,000 lbs.

This country is rather 'sad' after being bled 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 Arab and French. They are at
I have gotten to be quite a movie 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.
Here is quite a nice American Red Cross Unit here. They even have hot showers for all the "boys" as well as good sandwiches, bread, coffee and an occasional show with real live white girls from the States to sing and dance for us.