



AMERICAN RED CROSS (Sunday)

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A.P.O. 520, 9th Postmaster N.Y.C.
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Hiya, Folks:-

Here tis Sunday again - and I haven't gotten down to writing you a real letter yet, so might as well start one anyhow, eh, what?

Our five days were up, two days ago, but still we sit surrounded in luxury and relaxation. Confidentially, we aren't a bit tired of it and don't give a hang if our plane forgets to show up for quite awhile, yet. I'm to be perfectly honest I wouldn't be surprised to see it come in today with some more and take us back. After all we can't be too "greedy" with this, dam it!

You should have seen the weather here yesterday. - The afternoon before we had a real old fashioned "thunders-torm" and all day yesterday the clouds were hanging right on the ground and the whole day was "drizzly". Honestly, you couldn't even see the ground from the second story window at times! It was the first

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"weather" I had seen since we left the Equatorial zone behind. - If it hadn't been so cool I know I would have been right smack out in it!

I've been playing tennis most every day. The hotel furnishes us rackets and we go into town to play on the public courts. We have no balls but there are always some girls with whom we can play. - They seem to enjoy it - and you know we do! I played quite a bit with one girl of about 16. She & her family were here on a vacation for a week or so. - Had lots of fun. She spoke English very well and was even attempting to teach me French! - Her tennis wasn't bad either. - Sometimes I could beat her - but sometimes she literally beat my pants off! - Most of the girls, even the better ones, seem to be awkward in their playing, but not this one. By another year I wouldn't be able to keep up with her! The girl, Millicent, and a younger sister, Magdalene, practically adopted me - but I didn't mind! It's fun to watch the difference in customs. - These over here are so quaint. - Everything



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a person meets another - they must shake hands. - Makes no difference if it's 2 or 3 times a day - or a whole group - They shake hands everytime with everyone - both in coming and leaving. "Millie" being a young girl - would "curtsy" upon shaking an older woman's hand.

She wasn't allowed to come to the hotel for the dances, either, but was looking forward to next year when she would be thru high school, and be of age to participate in things. - Also, as in Spanish customs - a young lady must be accompanied by an old one if & when she walks the streets with a member of the opposite sex! It really is fun & interesting to be around them. - Up to now, I've never had any use for the French as a race - but am now finding myself getting bent! - Think its because I've never come into contact with the nice ones before - always the lower class ones that are really trash, so to speak. -

Wondex About this point we were notified

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that a plane would be in to pick us up - so we packed and rode the 40 odd miles to the airport. - No plane - so as it was too late to return had it come, we came back to the hotel. Next time, think I'll just wait here until the pilot actually arrives. These 80 miles of African roads are not to be traveled for the fun of it.

After we got back yesterday, the day passed off in a normal sequence. First I played myself ragged with an hour or so of Badminton, then supper, and a dance till midnight! - What a rest! Our supper was worth coming back to, too. Imagine having to eat nasty old steak!

One day last week we went out hunting. He borrowed some regular Army rifles and set out in a jeep with an enlisted man as guide. Rode about 20 minutes - got out - and then started climbing the mountains & woods. He really were hunting "wild boar" but all we ever saw were some baboons scampering along the tree tops! - The six of us shot 4 of them - two being quite large. Sorta useless in a way, as we couldn't eat them, or anything - but not bad shooting with a rifle when we had to get them on the wing!



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I can't really understand this climate around here. It has gotten really cold up in these mountains, - but yet we find things like baboons that I've always associated with extreme heat! - Oh, well, guess our usual answer of "c'est la guerre" will answer here, too, in lieu of a better one!

Baboons aren't all, either. You know, this town was ~~only~~ founded in 1929 and as it doesn't cover much scope - the wilderness isn't far away. They tell me that until recently there were lions about - and even now a panther is to be seen! - The other night I awoke and damn if there weren't a pack of wolves howling & yipping right outside the hotel! - You get to the point where nothing really surprises.

The only thing that will seem good about leaving here and going back to camp is getting my mail! - Haven't thought about it much but it's over a week now and - well - guess a letter or two would seem pretty nice about now! - Besides, I have to find out what's going on back there. - Understand you have, or had, a vacant room again. - But it's probably rented again

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by now?

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Been having trouble with my watch the last few days. - Must be dirt + dust in it. - I'll turn it over to our parachute man when I get back. He can fix them as long as they need no new parts. anyway. I still have the old watch of Joe's. I'll have to dig it out and see if that will still run!

Well, folks, hold your hats! - a box is finally on its way to you. One of the enlisted men here helped me find the stuff and pack it the other day. - He said it usually takes from 3 to 8 weeks for it to get across. I tried to get something for everyone - but couldn't for the men folks. Guess I'll have to get some bill-folds and send them separately! Guess, too, that by the time you get them they will almost all be a Christmas present, so far as the time element!

Sister, how would you like to trade places with "Trude" the Red Cross worker here? You used to complain about being picked on by 3 boys in the family! - How do you suppose she feels with about 100 teasing her all the time? - Boy, - she really takes a beating!

Well, I'm about writ out again, so before I get too boring - I'll close this for now.
Will write again soon.

Love, Frank