

Africa
Feb. 8, 1943

Dear Sis,

Today is three months that we landed in Africa. It seems more like three years than three months.

Since then, ^(coming here) we have changed camp sites several times. While en route to these different places we have seen as well as

some really very prosperous and fertile land.

Haven't heard from you since I received the letter dated Jan. 3. It seems that the only mail coming through is that written on V-mail forms. It is sent

in the forms by air-mail. I suppose you know that mail call with ~~is~~ rates higher than mess call.

I had to come to Africa to see orange trees, tangerines, olives, ^{trees} grape vineyards, and cork trees. No, I haven't yet seen either a lion, tiger or zebra. We did see some camels, though.

To a certain degree I am more fortunate than some of the boys, for I find many of the local people who speak Spanish, so I can make myself understood. I've spent many an enjoyable hour chatting with some of the people.

Don't get me wrong
I haven't yet talked
to any girls. (~~never~~ ^{haven't}
had the opportunity)
The people here seem
to be all for us, and
there seems to be more
hatred towards the
Italians than towards
the Germans.

The main reason
for this letter is to
let you know that
everything is as well
as can be expected, and
being that there is
nothing more to write
about, I'll close.

I sure would like
a letter from you.

Your brother
Pete

P.S.

My tent mate
Rudy was going to
write home, too. As
yet he hasn't even
opened his pen. All
he has done is pester
me. It really is very
difficult to write a
letter, that is why
there isn't more of
them. Then with Rudy
trying ^{to} see how smart ^(funny)
he really is, it adds
to the difficulties.