

Sunday, November 21.

My darling Richenda,

I haven't written you for a week, but during this time I have been travelling around for five days on a hunting trip with Dan'l. We went into French Morocco and stayed overnight in Oujda. We had intended to hitch a ride into the prairie country the next day, but we could get no transportation, so we set out for the hills about 9 miles away with our rifles. We didn't expect to see any game, but at least we could see the country and get some target practice.

We ate our canned supper about 4:30 and then had plenty of target practice. A little Arab lad of about 17 came over and watched us eat. We gave him some cookies and candy and talked with him in French. He seemed to be a very smart little lad. We had our target practice and then started off for camp about 8 miles off. You can well imagine how sore were my feet!

The following day we did get a ride with two pilots who wanted us to go hunting with them. We drove thru a little town called Berguent and went on for 30 miles into the plains.

The prairies were all covered with sage brush about a foot high and they stretched for miles around us. We sighted a herd of gazelle and started chasing them. We four were in a jeep. The two pilots were in the front and Doc and I were

the back. The two in front had automatic pistols and carbins. Dan'l and I had the regular, hand-loading, Army rifles. We all cut loose with a tremendous volley and succeeded in wounding one of the males. We set out after him and what a ride we had! The jeep bounced all over the place and we had to hang on for dear life. The gazelle led us a merry chase for some 15 or 20 minutes and he was going at a speed of 20 miles per hour on three legs.

We shot two more out of the herd of 26 and each of them led us for quite a run and also at the same rate of speed. Some times they ran as fast as 30 miles an hour.

I would tell you more about the hunt, except that it would sound too cruel, for the gazelle, which is a small antelope, is a beautiful animal. I think the museum of Natural History has some on exhibit.

After we shot three, we returned to our trailer which he had dropped off to chase the gazelles and Dan'l cleaned the game while I broke out the grub and passed it out. After our meal we set out in another direction. I didn't like that because it was getting late and I was afraid that we might not find another herd, besides this herd was probably a bit tired and would be easier to hunt than a fresh herd of those swift little animals.

We were soon hailed by an Arab who wanted to guide us, but I was pretty apprehensive about him, because the Arabs in town are such rascals and they just take the Americans for

suckers and charge them outrageous prices for everything. So we went on and finally had to stop when we tried to cross a railroad track. The Arab caught up with us and asked again and showed us the names of 4 other officers who had hunted with him. We finally let him come along and got into the jeep and sat between the two of us in the back.

I was so astonished and pleased to find such a fine fellow. He was a picture book Arab except he had a beautiful brown instead of a white steed. Hamouin was so very clean and so different from the city Arab who is just a tramp. We got along pretty well, as I seemed to understand him better than the other fellows.

As far as I could see, he was dressed in a two piece suit of a blue denim, quite clean. The trousers were tied at the ankles and he had white cuffs that were pretty clean. He had over this suit a white Arab type robe that was of a heavy, coarse woven material. Over this he wore a brown woolen, robe that had an attached hood. When he got into the jeep, he took off the brown robe. He had on a white turban and with his gray beard and browned, seamed skin looked the picture of a romantic Arab. He was enjoying the hunt, too.

Hamouin guided us into the prairies beyond and we succeeded in getting two more gazelle. We wanted to hunt some more, but our jeep had a leaky radiator and so we had to run back to our trailer which had a little water left.

We soon used that up and the jeep got hot and refused to budge. Boone and one of the pilots got out and started out with a can to look for water. We told the Chief that we needed water and he understood, but was quite surprised that the jeep had stalled. He hopped right out and the three set out over the deserted prairie for water. By this time it was 6 PM and getting dark quickly.

Hamouin led Boone right to a water hole and they filled the can and came back in about an hour. The chief went on and prepared some tea for us.

While we were waiting in the jeep we noticed a lantern light far off to the left. Later we discovered that his family had put it there to guide the Chief home. When Dan'l came back with the the water, we poured it into the leaky radiator and headed right for that light.

As we got there, we saw the chief and his sons waiting for us. They waved us onto the house and we noticed his wife (I guess) run into the house. We gathered about the jeep outside the wall of Hamouin's house and soon out came a large silver tray with a silver tea pot and five small glasses.

The tea was hot, minty and sugared. The Chief drank first and ^{made} a very loud sipping noise. We took the hint and Dan'l and I gave them assembled males some cookies and sugar and candy.

All this time, the women were out of sight in true Arab fashion, all the males of the household surrounded us

with such curiosity. I guess Hamouin's brothers, sons and nephews were all there. He showed us a fox pelt, that one of his young son's had. Hamouin told us that his son rode the fox down on horseback and killed it. He was quite proud of his son and patted him on the head as he talked to us. He offered me the pelt, but I didn't take it.

Hamouin asked us say for dinner, but it was quite late and he understood ~~us~~ that we wanted to get back to ~~Sadya~~ ~~Sadya~~ Oujda, so didn't press his invitation. He was quite the patriarch, surrounded so by his family and he was the only one who drank tea with us, altho we did give his youngest ones some candy and was pleased with that act.

He told us when we came back again to come early in ^{the} day and hunt until night fall and to bring him some soap and he patted his purse, indicating that he would pay for it. Dan'l had a small piece of Lifebuoy and gave it to him and I got a bar out of the jeep and handed him that also, he was very thankful.

We drove back in the biting cold for four hours and got chilled to the bone, but we were happy for it all.

We got back to our base a day late, because we couldn't get transportation back. We were wondering how we could get our gazelle cooked, but when I got back there was a note for me from one of mother's friends, a Colonel Miller who was mother's commanding officer at the Interceptor Command.

I called him up and asked him if he knew of a French family that could cook well. Sure, he said. Got something to cook. Yes, sir, I have. What, he asked, Gazelle? Yep! Jeez, he shouted, Bring it over. So Dan'l and I got all dressed up and the Colonel sent his car out for us and off we went to town.

The dinner and company was excellent. All this time we have been wanting to meet a real French family and eat some real French cooking. Well, we got our wish. The meal started with a thick potage and then we had a marvelous chicken pie that was all chicken. It was round like a pie and about that size. The second helping was in the form of little biscuits with chicken inside. Just marvelous with the most tender and flaky crust. Then came the gzele, a hind quarter which had been roasted!

It was tender and juicy. The meat was much like the fried squab which we like, except that the meat was not quite so tender or sweet. But much better than venison, such. The gravy was a thin meat sauce with onion, tomatoes, garlic and was just wonderful. The liver was the best that I have ever eaten. It was so smooth and tender. Much better than any calf liver could be. Then we had a dessert of sweet potato pudding with a white wine sauce. Wonderful, too and it was chilled and firm. Of course we had wine.

The family was so very pleasant and hospitable. They were just what we had been looking for. The girls, about 19 and 23 were perfect hostesses. They were the typical French family girls who didn't go out without their families and of

in war time, they don't go out at night. The younger one was a blonde and pretty, but the older one was a brunette with the ~~xxxix~~ spirit and sparkle of an elf. There was something I like about her and didn't find out until three days later when we called again. ~~I~~ She is an artist and one could see she was very keenly aware of everything and everybody and was enjoying life to its fullest every minute.

The other night, we called again, for we might not see them again. Once more we were delighted at their warmth. The father was not home that night (he is a captain in the French army, but the mother was. I wanted so much to be able to talk to her. She sat next to me, or rather I to her and she kept looking at me. If the Colonel had not been there and translating for us, I am sure that we could have managed to get along somehow.

I noticed a lovely crayon sketch that I had not seen before and then on closer inspection saw "Genoyer '43". That meant that one of the family had drawn this lovely head of an angelic girl. (The wife of a Major). I turned immediately to the dark haired girl, Christienne, and said You. No, she said, but the Colonel said Yes and she finally admitted it.

I asked for her sketch book, but she didn't have one and then it developed that she had used up her last bit doing this ~~ear~~ crayon sketch for the Major as a surprise. The Major lives with the Colonel upstairs from the ~~xxxix~~ Genoyer family.

~~W~~
I asked her, thru the Colonel, if she didn't have other work she had done, she brought out two other heads. One was a character study of a fierce head that was unfinished and the other a water color work of an American movie actress dressed like a nun, but not looking like one.

I felt it was such a shame that she had not been able to do more, but artist's materials cannot be obtained here. Christienne is working for the Colonel and is doing some posters and art work for the Signal Corps. However, I should like to send her something with which to express her more truly creative moods.

Will you please send some drawing pencils of various colors and a pad of paper, buff would be ~~not~~ best, I think. Also some charcoal and a sketch book. Have the things well packed for overseas and rough shipment. She has the three heads on large paper, about 3 feet long by 2 1/2 wide, but I think big sheets will be hard to ship. Perhaps she can get paper at the office, I don't know. Also would ~~some~~ water colors be too expensive? If not, please send some of those too. I know she will appreciate them immensely, ~~and I know~~ you most certainly would like very ^{much} much, too.

Send the package to Colonel Harrod G. Miller
Hq. S.O.S., Signal Section
APO 750 c/o PM NYC.

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I don't know anything about drawing pencils, but the one she used was a pinkish pastel on buff paper and the soft type that spreads. You know what she needs, darling. I shall appreciate it very much, if you would do this for me. Don't spend too much. Send her the crayon and charcoal and some paper first and then the water color next if you wish. Also put your return address on the package, in case it gets lost.

That's all for now. I hope soon to be getting some of your letters. I shall be so very happy to hear from you. It's been two months now. Have you been receiving letters from me, I hope so. I have been writing you regularly. As for my future letters, it may be some time before you hear from me again. In the meantime, remember that I love you so very much and I think of you whenever I see anything that I like or do anything. You are constantly in my mind and I love you so much all the time. Take good care of yourself and keep well, my dearest.

How's Tami, I shall be eager to hear about her, too.

With all my love to my dearest, my lovely sweetheart -

Lawrence