

Capt. Robert I. Simpson,  
HW. 2675 Regt. Allied Comm.,  
APO 512,  
c/o P.M., New York City, N.Y.

Merry Christmas from Sicily.

Lt. (j.g.) Frank E. Harwi, Jr.,  
U.S. Naval Base, Navy 717,  
c/o Fleet Postoffice,  
San Francisco, Calif.

"It has been a little over eighteen long, exciting, hopeful months since my size 12's kicked the last piece of U.S.A. gravel off the sole, but at this point I am rather hopeful of a not-too-far-distant

transfer back to the grandest place in the world. . . . I haven't run into any Jayhawkers for some time, though in the field of athletics I have met some mighty nice fellows. Recently had a short chat with a fellow whose I forget who was All-American tackle at Texas a couple of years ago. Have recently been fortunate to visit with Gene Tunney also. . . . Can't tell you much about my location by will say that at times it is hotter than the '42-'43 edition of Phog's Famous Fives. At other times we are in mud up to our duffs. I think it is the only place in the world where you can stand in mud up to the back of your lap and have dust blow in your face at the same time."

S/Sgt. Wm. M. Howie,  
478th Sq., F.G.T.S.,  
Harlingen, Texas.

Bill was in the first bombing of Rome and also over the Ploesti oil fields. He says, "While these are air battles going on I'd rather be in them than reading about them. I begin to know how Civil War veterans feel."

A/S Otto O. Schnellbacher,  
72nd Col. Trng. Det. (Aircrew),  
Flight 26,  
St. Cloud, Minn.

"One year ago today (Dec. 7) I was thinking about the trip to New York. Now this New Year holds a new light. It doesn't seem possible that at this time last year we were just beginning to get together."

Lt. Warren D. Hodges,  
A.A.A.T.C. - Officers School  
Camp Haan, California.

"My wife and I have a room in Riverside which is only 8 miles from Camp Haan, and up until last week we were able to come home every night after 8:00. . .

I have my application in for transfer to the Air Corps for pilot training, but I might have to lose a little weight before I can get in."

Lt. John Pfitsch,  
448th Bn. A.A.A. (AW),  
Fort Fisher, North Carolina.

Capt. R. R. Amerine,  
Sq. 14-B, N.A.S.,  
Corpus Christi, Texas.

Dick sends a greeting with a clever photograph of "Robby" Amerine, the sterling offspring of Denny and Dick. He looks like a broken-field runner because he

has already broken through 1943 and is now with a big 1944 banner on his chest and tummy.

Mr. J. E. Kissell,  
Portis, Kansas.

Max Kissell's dad writes as follows:  
"Max has finished his work at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and is now at Athens,

Georgia, where he will be for some time. He did fine at Albuquerque and his flying rating was right up at the top of ratings there. I think it was 85 in flying, a grade that is seldom attained. His other general grades were