

Sept. 10, 1944

Dear Mother + All

My travels in the States seem small against the traveling I've been doing lately. Now I'm somewhere in France, and just the idea of being here makes it sort of thrilling.

The weather as well as the terrain is beautiful. But the night that we arrived, we didn't think so for we were welcomed by a heavy rain (including lots of mud of course). It's nice and sunny now though, and the blue skies with white billowy clouds look pretty contrasted against the deep green fields. The fields around here are divided

by the well known hedge-rows. Each field is about 100 yards square or thereabouts, and there are numerous trees about. In fact, you can't see very far because of all the trees.

Our company has its tents in one of these fields (right next to an apple orchard). It makes a good company area and drill field. Bob and I have a pup tent together. We get along well, beside enjoying each others company, and will be together as buddies for the rest of our time in the army.

Yesterday we walked down the road and talked, as much as our scanty French would allow us, to some of the many farmers in this area. This seems to be rich land, for grazing

as well as crops. We spent most of our time talking to a family which was made up of a farmer, his wife, their ten month old child, and a girl of fifteen. The people generally seem happy to see us. Our conversation was limited, of course, since they don't speak English and we don't speak French well. But from what I remembered of the French I had two years ago in school and with the aid of a small phrase book the army puts out, we did quite well. There are some interesting facts that we learned about this war-torn section: The people value soap like gold, and will trade their milk or cider for it jeverishly. They are allowed 10 kilograms of bread per person per meal (they would much rather ~~the~~ have American bread than French bread.) and also get an allowance of saccharine (sach?).

They like our cans of C rations, which I don't particularly care for, nor do most of the fellows (K rations are better) and we told these people we would bring them some. They were happy about it and immediately gave us an egg apiece. We didn't want to take the eggs, but they insisted; and since there were plenty of chickens roaming around their yard, we thought they must have enough so we took them. That evening we fried them in our mess kits along with our C rations and it was good.

We are going to take some pictures of what we can around here. If it is possible and practical I'll send you some. Don't give up your efforts to ~~send~~ get 35 m. m. film for us. We

want to take a lot of pictures. Here are some other things that we can use to good advantage; if you can send them - fine - a cigarette lighter (that works). I haven't taken up smoking, but we often want to build a small fire & matches are scarce - Nestle's chocolate (powder form) to make hot or cold chocolate. Candy (preferably chocolate) and you can send it by the box if you can get it. A flashlight would really be a welcomed item also. That's about all that comes to my mind at present

I received a letter already - the one Gerry sent with mother's inside. That was a treat. I can see that mail is going to be

that which I look forward to most, so don't let me down. I'll write as often as I can. From now on I'll probably write V" mail, but this time I had so much to say it would have been too much bother.

That's about all I can tell you now, except that as usual, I'm feeling fine and am in good health. In fact, my spirits are unusually high. I guess it's the novelty of being in France and such.

So long for now. This letter is for everyone.

Write often

Love, Hersh