

Somewhere in France
Tuesday D+105

Dear Mother,

The D+105 means 105 days after the invasion, or D day. That's how the some of the calendars are made over here.

The last couple of days have been rainy and we've been fortunate to be in barracks. Even the floor is becoming comfortable for sleeping. And the hot showers that are available as well as a place for washing clothes make the living conditions quite favorable.

Bob and I walked around the country yesterday. We saw buildings that are bomb shattered and the remains of a wrecked tank as well as other signs of devastation that bring the war a little closer.

The roads are lined with hedgerows (the dirt roads), and the hedgerows are full of blackberry bushes. The berries are just turning ripe now and are delicious to eat.

For some reason the mail hasn't been coming thru. Perhaps the hurricane in New England is holding it up. Whatever the reason, I expect to get a flood of mail when it finally does come. That is if everyone has been writing, and I hope they have been.

Though we have many of the conveniences of life in the States, electric lights is one that we lack. However, that problem was partially solved too. Last night we made candles from some blocks of parafin that someone had found. They turned out pretty well and are very useful during the black nights.

Please show my letters to the rest of the family as I'm writing to everyone. Until I get time enough to write to everyone individually they'll have to share my letters. Besides, I'd be writing the very same thing anyway since there isn't too much that I can write about.

I believe it would be better for you to write to me air mail instead of V mail. The letters will get here faster and you'll be able to write more.

Since paper is scarce enclose a few extra sheets of air mail paper whenever you write. In that way, I'll have paper to answer with.

So long for now. Write soon and often.
Love,
Herst