



Thursday, Aug. 8, 1944
Somewhere in France.

Dear Jule:

I have been getting your morale building letters and will try to reciprocate by writing a few lines. I've been in France in 3rd Army for quite some time. After living in England for 6 months, France, to me, is much more beautiful and interesting.

You get plenty of war news so I'll relate a few personal experiences. One especially, I shall always remember: three boys and myself were routed back through a town our columns had just dashed thru. As we drew close to it I could see at once it was a lovely village unharmed by war. It had a neat appearance and fondly I likened it to Highland. As we drew into the square we were stopped by the populace, and in a few minutes knew how the bees in the center of a swarm must feel. I thought later how fortunate for us the French aren't the ambitious souvenir hunters we are, else we would have had to borrow a pair of trousers to hike out of town in.

A distinguished gentleman wormed his way up to us and in English welcomed us for all the people. With a smile he informed us that the Mademoiselles wished to kiss the American soldiers. One boy, a diplomat at heart, informed us it would be bad taste to refuse, and knowing that we

must always spread good will, we consented. After obliging the lovely little things I followed an elderly little lady who had been beckoning me to follow her. I found out she had four bottles of champagne and wanted to give it to us. Remembering my lesson in diplomacy, I accepted with open arms, and the stuff was good, too.

From the fields we collect potatoes, onions, lettuce, tomatoes and with a little barter get fresh eggs, butter and bread, and with those cherished packages from home, we occasionally cook up a real snack. Boy! after eating out of cans all the time that's a banquet for us.

The land here is good. The small fields are well farmed, with some of the finest farm homes I've ever seen. They seem to grow wheat, different clovers and beets mostly. Now a lot of fields are in potatoes and cabbage that the Germans made them plant. They have an abundant fruit crop this year.

There's no place like home, however, and I certainly hope we can all be greeting each other as civilians soon.

Very sincerely,

Capt. Robert J. Arendt
c-o P. M. New York.

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What fun you must have had consenting to the Mademoiselles' desires — also — We think you had a field day".

