

19441027

Page 1: Ben's birthday letter to sister, Ruth, on her 25th birthday. This web site is being created in 2009, and Ruth will be celebrating her 90th birthday.

Still in France
Friday, October 27th, 1944

Dear Ruth,

Boy, I feel good. Just got back from having a nice hot shower. Feels wonderful to have clean underclothes on once again, and to have clean hair.

I drove down in my peep with the 1st Sergeant and a couple of the fellows. But just as we got there, the Red Cross girls pulled out with their Clubmobile, so we missed having coffee & donuts & jive.

I was sorry to hear that you are dissatisfied with my changing of jobs. I'm happier now than I was before. I have an assist driver, so I drive every other day and usually have spare time during the day. Don't worry about my being too reckless, please. Did I ever have an accident with Dad's car? Besides, I was thinking of all the walking I did in Tennessee in the MUD. I think it's better to drive in the mud, then walk

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in it. Don't you agree?

Before I forget the purpose of writing this letter to you, let me wish you the happiest of birthdays next November 3rd. I never was very good at expressing myself in these things, as you well know, but nevertheless my wholehearted best wishes will be with you. I'm afraid the local department store isn't quite ready to reopen, in fact, I can't even find it, so a gift is out of the question at this time. And I can't send you any money because like a boob, I left my wallet and pen in my other shirt, and that's in my duffle bag. But I wish you would take some money out of the money order and buy

whatever you like. And if you won't, I want Mom to do it, whether you like it or not.

You know, it's funny how much difference 3 cents can make. Today I received Arnie's letter of the 17th and also some letters sent September 14th, but with just three cents postage.

I wonder if all mothers are as enthusiastic

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about their babies as Arnie is? I hope those pictures hurry up and get here.

The weather here isn't cold enough for an overcoat yet, but we're all wearing our long johns. The Army issued us a heavy sweater so I won't be needing another, but you can send the scarf. You don't have to send me any more soap cause I stocked up on the boat and I can get laundry soap from the kitchen. And just in case you were going to, don't send any pipe tobacco. I have a pile of it, and since I lost my pipe, it grows weekly until I can secure another. Something I can always use is hard candy, but paper wrapped so I can carry it in my pocket. Also some blades & Pepsodent powder.

I don't know how all these guys are lucky enough to get stationed in Paris or some other big city. We're in farm country & the girls are all big, stocky, ugly, galoots.

Had a little steak the other day.

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Some of the fellows shot a cow & butchered it. We fried it with onions & it was delicious. Don't you wish you could just go out & shoot a cow, or a pig, or a chicken?

How did that get in there?

Well, I can't think of any more news, so until next time.

Love,

Ben

Ben crossed out, or a pig, and wrote “How did that get in there? His attempt at humor to his family’s kosher home.

My name is _____

I am _____