

Monday 15 August 1944

France.

Dearest Mom and Dad.

Just another line to let you know that I'm ok and am in top shape except for my nose. That projection on the front of my face is about the reddest and most sore thing you ever saw. Between the hot sun and the wind, it's in a heck of a shape, and this dust that's about as fine as talc powder doesn't help out a bit. The thing looks about like a big red tomato stuck over my face. My job of late has required quite a bit of jeep riding and that didn't help things a bit.

The weather has been very nice for us so far which added something to the beauty of this country. This place is especially beautiful when you're able to get on top of a mountain and look down on the many small villages and farms. The fields are always surrounded by the hedgerows which you've heard so much about. They are usually 12 feet or higher and so thick it's impossible to see thru them. The fields are seldom larger than 2-3 acres. About 90% of the farmhouses and barns are built in such a manner that they are in reality one — the people live in one end and the horses, cattle, etc in the other. The people have lost quite a bit of their cattle and horses to the Germans. Any time they desire any thing they just take it.

This morning I went by my company and we had mail for the first time in about two weeks and I really raked up the letters. As Bubba would say, I had some fun getting them in the order they were written.

This paper is all I could find, but anything will have to do from now on. I have seen Billy Whit for the last few days but I would say his still ok. I'll close for now so be sweet & write often and tell everyone "Hello" —

Lots of Love
Jack

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