

Sept. 1, 1944 Genesee News.

RON HUFFMAN IN FRANCE WITH RECONNAISSANCE UNIT

Ron Huffman is now in France, according to a letter written by him on July 18. He is with a reconnaissance unit. His letter reads:

“Dear Pete: “I guess it’s time I was writing you a few lines. I don’t know from one day to the other just when I will be able to write again.

“As you no doubt know, I am now in France. We left England a few days ago and it was sure some trip across the channel. I hope it’s not quite so rough when I cross again.

“Guess there isn’t much use in telling you about France as I suppose you know more about it than I do, but it looks a lot different now than when you saw it. It doesn’t look so good. Some of the sights I have seen I would never have believed and I guess I haven’t seen anything yet. There is one sight I have seen here I will never forget. Wish I could tell you about it.

“Just how soon I will be sent to the front I don’t know, but it will be too soon to suit me if I never get there. I hope I get to see Paris and at the rate certain people are traveling it shouldn’t be long. I had just as well see all I can since I’m this far. I’ve been moving pretty fast since I left the States. Hope that when we start back the traveling will be just as fast.

“Well, Pete, I don’t know of anything I can tell you. Some of this may be cut out, so I will close for this time. I haven’t received the paper since I left Maryland and I’m sure looking forward to it. It should catch up with me soon. I will write again when I can.—Ron.”

“P.S.—How was the wine and cider set-up when you were here? It’s not bad now.”

Note: Thanks for the letter Ron. Your papers will reach you some day for they have left here each week. Mrs. Pederson and I

saw your wife and little daughter the other day. They are both just fine. Twenty-five years ago this month I pulled out of France via the port of Brest, after touching at Camp Pontenezan, on our way home from Germany, so I may not be qualified to write about the wine and cider. Oh, yes, there were vin blanc, vin rouge, cassis, vermouth, port, etc. Now and then there was some rum, cognac, whisky, benedictine, absinthe, and if a fellow had enough "clackers" and a few paper bills he could negotiate for a bottle of champagne. Up in Germany where you fellows are headed for they used to have pretty good "schnapps," and they made a specialty of "heis wine." One of us oldsters better not write too much, although a litre of cognac, if three-star, was enough to make a regiment take up arms against itself. There was another trouble maker for the boys too, triple-sec, but enough for that. Remember well, the pullet sutee, pomme de terres frit, avec du pain, butre, un botte beirre, and about dix ouef en omlette, tuit sweet. The spelling and the pronunciation are not guaranteed, but it was a swell feed for a doughboy, and will be the same for a G.I. Joe.