

Somewhere else in England.
15 October 1944.

Florence, darling,

As each day goes by without any mail from you it becomes more and more difficult to carry on. But somehow down deep I have every confidence that all is well with you, Jim and the folks. It's a rotten feeling not to be able to get a word from home but I suppose there must be times like these during the course of a war. This much I know we are both certain of, and that is that come what may we will continue to love each other as dearly as ever. Dreaming about you, thinking of the many happy years together, adoring the many fine traits you possess and forever looking forward to the end of this separation keeps me going on. I have an idea you are managing to carry on with the same thoughts in mind. Don't despair my sweetheart, all will be well and soon I hope.

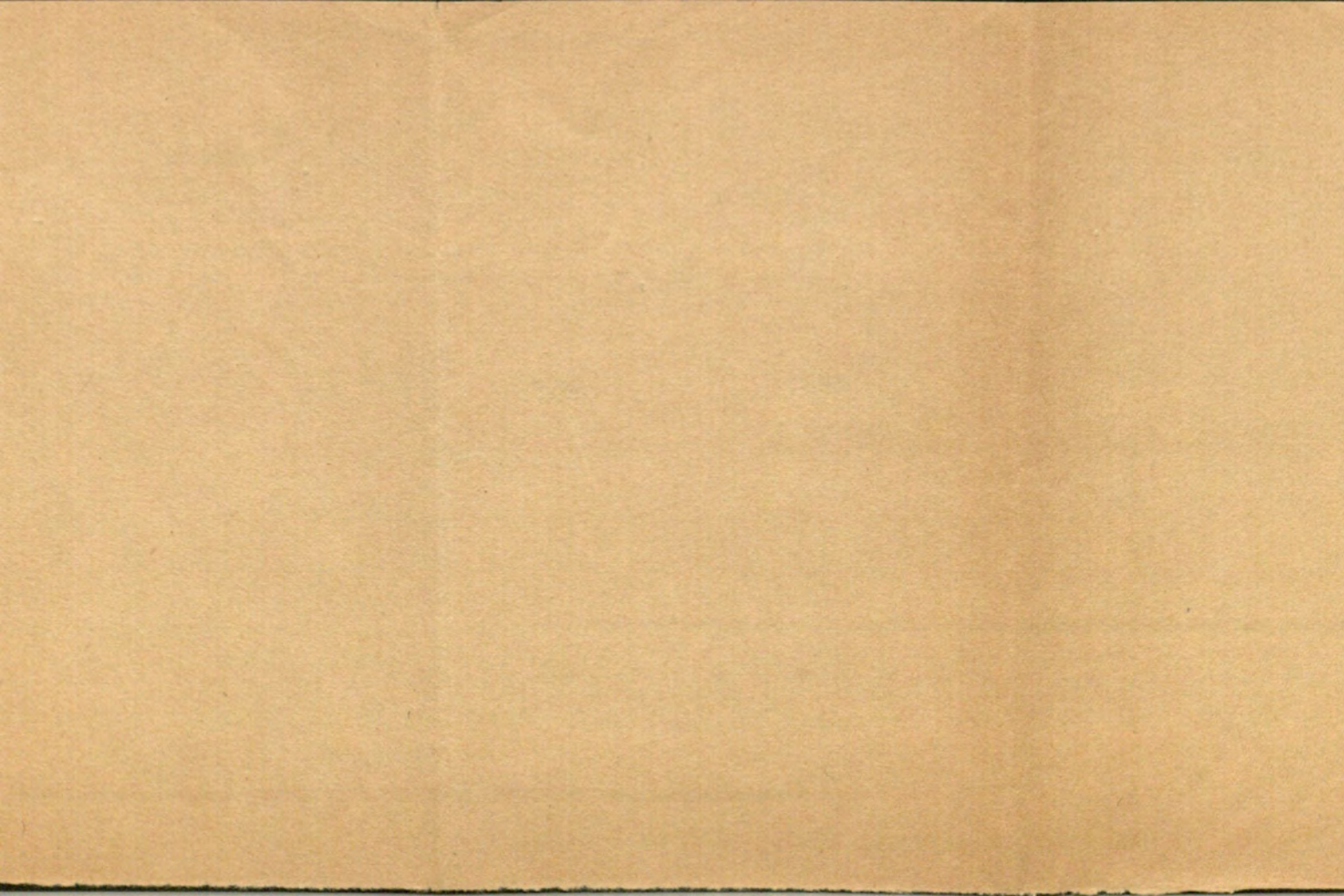
I had an enjoyable auto trip around the country side the other day and was amazed to see some of the most beautiful country scenes it has been my good fortune to view. The hills and valleys are most delightful to behold, the fields are just chock full of newly cut hay stacks, and the changing colors of the many strange varieties of trees and shrubs set the scene off beautifully. I guess it was a bit too early because I did smell any burning leaves. The homes are in many cases quaint and comfortable in appearance. It was unusual to see so many straw-thatched roofs, but they are quite common thruout the country. There are any number of country hotels along the way and it is not difficult to find pubs (taverns) as one travels over the narrow, winding roads. Yes, my sweetheart, as a trip with you this sure would warm the cockles of our hearts, but as it is it is just something to write about in substitution for a man being away from his adorable wife and family.

I visited some of the stores yesterday but had too little time to do any souvenir buying. If all goes well I'll try to do some of that in the next day or two. I have had some fish and chips and plenty of so-called tea. I even tried eating in one of the restaurants, and believe you me, honey, we should ever be thankful for being Americans and living in the United States. I have also visited some of the pubs and although they little else but beer to dispense they certainly manage to keep crowded. The natives sit quietly sipping beer, ale or bitters, and talk among themselves. It is unusual for any of them to converse with the American soldiers although you do see it in some of the cheaper places. There are many cinema theatres around town, and it seems as the most common pictures are Hollywood made. The children are the interesting items to me. So many of them are cute and blonde haired. Although I cannot quite comprehend how it comes about that such attractive kids grow up into such plain, unattractive adults. The girls here, and this is the consensus of opinion of the many men I have been with, are a sorry looking lot. The kiddies accost every soldier with the queries "Any gum, chum?" or "Any candy handy?", should the reply be in the negative they'll settle for an orange or cash. It isn't too difficult for these kids to get any of these items from me. Some of them have been shipped here from the heavily bombed areas, and they have some unhappy stories to relate.

All goes well with me and I know that were I able to get some reassurance thru from you I'd take all this in stride. In any event try not to worry too much as I'm sure it will all have been a wasted effort. All things come to an end and I know we still have some unfinished business to complete before inexorable destiny tells us that "the comedy is ended". Stay well, kiss Jimmy and my folks for me, and I will kiss you in mind with love in my heart

As ever,

George



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