

Germany
2 May 1945.

Florence, Darling:

I guess I have written millions of words to you in the eighteen months that I have been away from you, but each time I sit down to write you all I can think of is "I love you". It would be a simple matter for me to pen some of my army experiences and fill up many pages of paper. And yet, somehow all of these overdates, as a matter of fact, everything else seems so unimportant except I love, adore and cherish the sweetest girl in the world. While I write and think of you I'm in another world, in a world all our own, where all is peaceful, clean, righteous and unclouded by lies, propaganda, deceit, and murder. In a world in which culture and education, decency and good-will mean more than brutal strength. This is the kind of a place we are going to create for ourselves and ours, and this is the world we are fighting to create and preserve. Our Raffenine is assured, and with a little more of the patience you have demonstrated up to now all will be normal soon. Keep that sense of humor working overtime, keep smiling, and it must follow as the day the night that George will once again play Romeo to Florence's Juliet, save the halcyon.

In last night's V-Mail letter to you I acknowledged your regular mail letter dated April 15th, and the V-Mail letters dated 16th, 17th and 18th, also the Sunday Series March 28th edition and a package from Ray and Sam. The letter was the cause of a hectic night, since my buddy and I devoured a pound of strong cheese, box of crackers, and about half pound of anchovies. I spent the night getting a drink of water every hour on the hour, and Ray spent the day with a heartburn and diarrhea. Everything okay to-day, and the results were worth the effort. I also received a letter from Don and Ruth Gilbert. I'll reply to these in a day or two, if events do not change my plans. What with the war news and Hitler's death announcement keeping the possibility of the war's end any moment, there is always the possibility that I'll only want to write and dream about my sweetheart.

Your visit to Rackaway sounded as though you, and

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Jim particularly, had a grand time. I can just picture the little rascal laughing heartily as he thrills to the excitement of the various amusements offered at a children's playground. Watching him eat, especially feeding himself, must be a source of great satisfaction, but what goes with the bottle. Seems as though he's set enough to quit that habit. It's my hope that should you not find a suitable summer place that you'll go to some hotel or seashore for a month or so. Please do not let the summer go by without a vacation since I know you and Jim would really benefit by it.

I'm sorry about Joe's present lot, but that's just a sign of the times there deep. Am glad he's arranged to send under Harry a package containing my request for you, and when it arrives please advise. I have also arranged for several bottles of Chirochella which I hope will be acquired when one of my bags goes on pass soon. Your camera has not yet arrived, nor has the package containing the sweetener and vitamin pills. I do not quite understand what purpose the latter were sent for, as I'm sure they cannot help my flat feet, and my general health is most satisfactory. As I wrote the above sentence the significance of vitamin pills struck me. If they are similar to the brand you sent once before I'm sure they will prevent my prostate gland from becoming dehydrated— By the way have you heard of the "meron" who discovered upon getting married that you cannot have fun without laughing?

The paint job must have brightened the apartment, and I trust you did not have too much work as an after-math. Does your colored girl still work for you? Last night's featured picture was "See here, Tot. Hargrave" and supplied a number of laughs. Did not go to -night since I devoted the whole evening to writing letters. Mail call will be 10 P.M. to-day and I'll acknowledge all or any letters in to-morrow's letter. Sam's letter of yesterday was a typed V-Mail, but full of news and chit-chat. Ruth is under the impression that I visit Louis at will, and sent her brother's address. If I ever get there again I'll look him up. Have not written Frank in Belgium yet but will as soon as I learn whether or not I can send

packages to them.

One of the boys in another company has the facilities to develop films, and as a special favor will do a roll or two for me. With a little luck, and if the race does not get lost enroute to and from him I may have some more snaps for you. Weather permitting I intend taking some shots around here on Sunday. There is plenty of scenery (that was) and I want to be sure to pick the high lights.

All goes well with me as usual only more so since I have become accustomed once again to flush a toilet after using. This privilege of showering, sleeping in a bed, bed room slippers and the like will surely help to make the transition from the army to civilian life easier. Weather is slightly cold but the outlook is improving. Food is good and plentiful, but the cooks and waiters continue to prostitute the quality of the chow. Plenty of work at headquarters but I have most evenings to myself and work one Sunday a month.

Stay well, my dearest. Keep smiling and kiss my boy for his daddy. I'll kiss his mother in mind with all my love and affection. My very best to everyone, and I'll be dreaming of my only pin-up girl

as ever,

George

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the matter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.

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