

Hippstadt, Germany,
25 June 1945.

Flavence, sweetheart:

Stars and Stripes carried two articles to-day which interested me a great deal. One a little more than the other, but still enough to direct your attention to them. The more important item was the announcement by some Congressman that the Japanese had a peace feeling out. I hardly expect the Japs to surrender unconditionally until our boys are sleeping with the Bersha girls. But one never knows. Perhaps the monothistic God has decided to overthrow the Japanese substitutes. In any event any place that will strip Japan of its power to create a similar condition in the next few centuries is OK to me. The other news item of interest was a post office directive advising that mail could be forwarded to Belgium either by air or regular from the United States. Letters not to exceed 2 ounces. If you have not yet written Frank about the matter please do so sending the letter via regular mail. Air mail costs 30¢ per half ounce.

No mail from you to-day, darling. But I did get a letter from my Belgian friends. Will forward it to you as soon as I reply to it. During these tedious, boring days when I do much to keep the morale high. However letters from you do much to keep the morale high. Since I get them 2 or 3 at a time I sort of spread them out over a few days. It's easy for me to waste my time away dreaming and imagining how you and Jim pass the days in the country. I suppose both of you go swimming in Sackett Lake, or maybe running. There's no need for me to caution you as I realize only too well how careful you are, but keep your sharp eyes on that little bundle of dynamite. Have a good time, laugh, smile, play, eat well, relax in that hammock, even be conscious of the fact that our day is drawing closer hourly. You and I have been blessed with many years of happiness, but believe you me it will hardly compare with our future life. Joy supreme will be ours forever and a day.

It is my turn to be CQ to-night, and I have nothing to do but write letters or read when I get tired of writing. The radio is tuned to a musical program, and the selection of music

is semi-classical. As a matter of fact it makes a wonderful musical halo for my dream girl, and I know my dreams of you can't get any better. I am in excellent health and spirits, feel fine and dandy, and getting plenty to eat. As a matter of fact I have cut down on my starches and butter because I don't want to put on any weight. Your elegant month work made a big hit with several of my choice friends, and once again thanks so much. Do not send any more until requested. Jules also has some presents to me.

I have some souvenirs to send you and probably will make up a box one of these days. Rather anxious to know whether or not some of the packages I sent the latter part of April and early in May arrived in tact. Be sure to advise contents of all bundles you receive so that I may check it against my list. Too often we hear of packages being lost before delivery, and even though there's little we can do, at least we can halloo. Also advise if you hear any more on that smashed case. Be sure to include that weekly stark quotation sheet, and hang in your every spare moment continuing writing letters about lowering that maximum age limit. Sooner or later it will click, and I still feel sure this is our year.

Hope you and Jim are happy in your new place and that everything is moving along smoothly. Take particular note how well you like living in a private house as I sure would like to live that way when we start again. However like everything else it must be a mutual desire so determine that now if possible. The post office is going to issue a few new stamps in the near future. Please obtain a sheet of each new one for us, and preserve carefully. I'm not going to trouble you with any first day card requests, but how did you fare on first day's for the United Nations stamp? Am still waiting to hear from Herb on those German Commemorative I picked up last week.

Stay well, darling, kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you back in mind. My very best to everyone, and all my love and adoration to my only pen-af dream girl

as ever,

George

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