

Belgium

17 April 1945.

Florence, Sweetheart:

Your ever present smile gazing down at me from the shelf above my desk is probably, next to my dreams, one of the most important morale-building factors I have. There are many moments in which one's spirits are plenty low over here, but I'm sure of one thing, a glance at your smiling countenance is like a shot in the arm. It doesn't cure my missing you, but it sure helps me to sustain this monotony and lonesomeness. I know you too are having your own difficulties and problems these days, but keep smiling. Keep smiling that smile that I have locked up in my heart, ever reminding me of the sweetest girl in the world.

It begins to look as though the mail situation has been messed up by changes in the APO system. Rumor has it that shortly we'll be having a new APO number. In the meantime no mail to-day, and goodness knows when it'll come thru. I'll keep you advised on any changes so please continue waiting as heretofore, and when something definite does come down from higher headquarters I'll write you pronto.

The latest war news continues to sound and read pretty good, and one of these days I suppose this mess will end. As a matter of fact so many of the boys are sure that a trip home will be a certainty before the year is over, that they have stopped cursing so as to be able to converse with their loved ones at home when the big day arrives. Need I add that I include myself in this overwhelming group.

For the past few days I have devoted some spare time to reading a short book entitled, *40 POSTMASTER*, By CPL. THOMAS R. ST. GEORGE. The book is published by the Garden City Publishing Co. Inc. Garden City, N.Y., and retails for one dollar. You will find this interesting and enjoyable reading, and since it so reminiscent of my own experiences I want you

Dear Sir,
I have been thinking of you very much lately and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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To purchase a copy of this for our library. Let me know when you get it.

I have spent part of this evening making an ash tray out of the brass case of a 75 mm shell. This is done by first finding the used case of the shell, sawing it off about an inch from the handle, and then polishing the brass with sand-paper. To-morrow I will obtain some of those Mammoth Pie statues to set in the tray. If I can get some more shell cases I'll endeavor to make several more for gifts. It will always be a grim reminder of the centuries I was forced to remain away from my beloved wife and sons.

You have not sent me any pictures of yourself and Jim since those taken in December. I need hardly attempt to convince you how anxious I am to look at some recent likenesses of both of you. Please send those snaps along, and I'll be ever grateful to you. I am patiently awaiting a 116 camera and films if you are fortunate enough to obtain them.

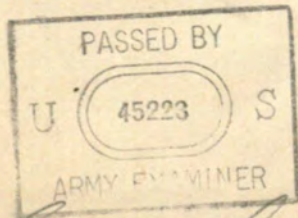
All goes well with me these days, my friend Frank and his family are okay, and we are all awaiting the delivery of your packages en route. Frank's sister was operated upon the other day, and if she's strong enough I may be able to visit her in a day or so. Conditions are improving for the Belgians, but I'm sure the Nazis hardly can say the same. I truly hope they are experiencing the same losses and destruction they inflicted on the rest of Europe.

The boys are all well, anxious to get it over with, and get home, which makes it unanimous. Hope you, Jim, the folks, and all our kinfolk are in excellent health and spirits. Stay well, keep smiling, remember I love and adore you always, and kiss Jim for me. My very best to everyone,

As ever,
George

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