← G.I. FRENCH MONEY. 2 francs

Somewhere in France
27 November 1944.

...ain that my emotional nature will ...hen I return home to you. I feel sure ...will privilege me to escape from ...tence one leads in this station, when ... I assume my former way of life. ...king and dreaming about you keeps me right on the ball, and come what may, I'll stay on that spot until this job is done. You too have your moments of lonesomeness but I'm certain time will adjust that soon. For the nonce let us put up with this numb feeling, because we sure will paint the town red when the army finds no more use for me.

I am writing this before the mail clerk returns with to-day's mail call. This is the first time in 3 days any mail or packages has come thru. Later in the letter I'll advise what, if anything, arrived for me. This problem of mail delivery over here is perplexing, and cannot be helped, I assume. Since you are having your own troubles getting prompt delivery I suppose there is no use in worrying about it.

Everything is just fine and dandy here with me; weather not cold at all, and now that we've been around for awhile it's just another experience in my army life. Albeit a most unusual and interesting experience, yet I regret that man showed cruelties of such things as I've seen. At first I was awe-stricken and unhappy about these sights; now they seem immaterial. To-day, however to change the variety of sights I decided to visit the scene of the usual Monday market-place.

Directly after noon chow Johnson and I walked a short distance from our billets to the square in front of the Cathedral. This is the traditional market place of the town. Lined on both sides of the street, extending for about several blocks, are heaps of fresh farm produce, fresh killed rabbits, pens of live, young suckling pigs, novelties, hardware, and the like. Several blocks removed from this spot is found the corral housing the cows, bulls, heifers and horses. The market places are

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27 November 1944.

Florence, darling!

It is my opinion that my emotional nature will have a slight rest when I return home to you. I feel sure that poetic justice will privilege me to escape from the monotonous existence one leads in this station, when the war is over and I assume my former way of life. Needless to say thinking and dreaming about you keeps me right on the ball, and come what may, I'll stay on that spot until this job is done. You too have your moments of lonesomeness but I'm certain time will adjust that soon. For the nonce let us put up with this numb feeling, because we sure will paint the town red when the army finds no more use for me.

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these shoes to you. Incidentally this will be the second package I have sent you so please be sure to acknowledge them.

This is now a little later in the evening, and mail call sure was a good deal for me. Among others I received your Oct. 20; 26; 27; 28; 28; 29; and Nov 11 and 12th letters. It was heart-warming to learn that you are having a lovely time in the country, and I have every hope that your complete stay was a success, mentally as well as physically. Also received 2 set letters from Pirus, who included the usual supply of postage stamps, and a letter from Ruth Swaal, who described Jim's visit to the office.

I am very happy you are contemplating taking that place for the summer, and I sure hope you don't change your mind. A vacation in the country this summer would be the best substitute for another visit to St. Paul. If it's all right with you I prefer you take the place yourself, and invite anyone you want when you want them. Needless to add I do not want to prejudice the situation with my own thoughts on the subject, so I leave it up to your good judgement; but please decide to take a vacation for yours and Jim's sake.

Although about 65 packages arrived it did not include any for me. I quite appreciate how anxious all of you are to forward parcels but until those sent arrive there is no use sending others. There are probably plenty in the mail to me, and until after the Xmas rush is over I'll not send any requests. So be patient, tell all our good friends I'll request packages when the time comes. If you sent my archie "insured", I suggest you send out a tracer for it. Have not received that package, and I'd sure hate to lose them. Also sent you some money than the War Dept Finance office, which you will please acknowledge on receipt. I'm glad the bonds are coming thru all right, but did you receive the $12.50 allotment check commencing on 1 November.

Those snapshots of you and Jim are really wonderful. Jim certainly is growing nicely, and that twinkle in his eyes is still very apparent. Is he still as mischievous as ever? I am looking forward to those photographs of you two, and I know that I'm not going to be disappointed when they arrive. Try to send some snaps of my folks. Pirus promised to send me cheap camera and films. When this arrives I hope to take some shots of me, my buddies, and the country side.

well filled with the native population, and there is a constant traveling to and fro from the town in horse and buggies of all sizes, shapes and dimensions. It is most interesting to watch the buyers and sellers chatter in their native tongue, and looking, they seem to speak more fluent French than those Frenchmen we met in Montreal. We meandered about for a short while taking in all the sights, and the turnip-lady insisted we accept 2 turnips from her — gratis. Despite our plea to accept currency for her wares she insisted we take them, sans payment. Since then we have wondered whether she had ever heard of or seen "Tobacco Road", and had she related as to that "turnip-eating" hero.

We admired some people sitting at a table in an outdoor cafe, having lunch, no doubt. They even looked at us, for at the time we were the only tourists in the vicinity. I continued to look, as you no doubt have surmised by now, for some token or item suitable for my sweetheart and Jimmy. When lo and behold, I spied a woman carrying a pair of wooden shoes; those usually worn by French peasants. I have wanted to get a pair of these for Jim ever since we arrived in France, and here was my opportunity, but where? I stopped the lady, but "no speak English". I went to the police; I visited several shops, but the usual "no comprez" almost gave up in disgust, until destiny sent a woman along who overheard me trying to explain what I wanted. She could speak English, and without much ado directed me to the factory where these are made. There I had another good time but finally by waving a 100 franc note, showing Jimmy's picture, and passing out some candy and matches she understood what I wanted. Yes, sweetheart, in the next day or so I'll send you another package, containing among other things, a pair of wooden shoes for Jimmy. They are the usual plain, wooden shoes, but can be decorated if you so desire. If you have as much joy out of them as I had hunting them down and buying them I know you'll really have a sweet time. Never Jim ever became inspired to use them for house slippers I feel sure you will use the day I sent

Harry's wife wants about her phone talks with you, and perhaps by this time you have visited back other. But please, sweetheart, don't let civilian women seem as wild as do our latrine rumors. We can't write any more than any of us can so all you can hope to do is read between the lines. I attempt to reply to all your questions somehow, but it is not always possible to relate all I want. Some of this stuff must await either the end of the war or my return. By the way, did you ever read that Aug. 14th Life issue. I'm glad you continued our subscription to this magazine.

Have made several requests that you advise the dates of every letter received from me. Perhaps you have in the few letters still missing, but I do hope you will continue the practice. No word from Don, Bill Rubel or the office since I arrived in France, but I continue patient, as long as your letters continue to arrive. Anxious to learn officially about Bob's graduation, but I'm sure that'll come then too soon. One of these days sit down and write me a long letter about things at home; you don't have to censor mail coming our little paradise. Of course, if we make any more of these sudden away moves our mail will be messed up again, but all's well that ends well. I'll continue writing as often as possible.

I am now authorized to wear the European Theatre of Operations Ribbon, and I have every hope that sometime in December I'll be authorized to receive the Good Conduct Award Ribbon. Suggest you ask Don to obtain these for you when I advise the authentication and I'm sure Jim will be even more proud of his G.I. "Sojin" Daddy. Let me know how you make out.

All is well with me, and I can feel more relaxed about you knowing that you are assigned to a period of waiting until my return. It's my hope that men of my age will not have to see service in the other front at the conclusion of the European phase. Let us hope we get that kind of a break out of this muddle.

Kiss Jim and my mom and Sis for me, and sweetheart, as I sit and gaze at the snapshot taken at the foot of the Minnehaha Falls in which you and Jim have your feet immersed in the water, I dream of our future wonderful life and happiness together. My very best to everyone, including the tellers. How is she? With all my love you first me, adoring you,

as ever
George

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