Belgium
Sunday, 11 March 1945.

Dearest, sweetheart:

It is a quiet Sunday, one of the few I have had to work in the past 3 months, and I have been devoting it to dreams of you, past, present, and future, and to letter writing. One of the most important things two sweethearts can have, when living under our present circumstances, are memories of sweet, wonderful days gone by, and the bright future to be. This interlude in our life may seem unfair, unnecessary, and unholy, but believe you me, dearest, we must be proud of the opportunity and privilege to make this world a better place for our children to live in. It's true that even the offspring of some unpatriotic service-dodgers will benefit, but the children are not to blame for this. Perhaps many of these parasitic characters will some day have a case of "conscience", but be that as it may, no one can point a finger at you or me, and all the others who carried the burden during these critical times. Loving and adoring you, dreaming about you, planning post-war ideals and hopes, have all been the sustaining factors, and I know it has been mutual with you. For that I salaam you, my only sweetheart, and bless the day you and I became one.

Mail call consisted only of packages, and I did not receive any. However yesterday's harvest kept me in excellent spirits, and writing you, Eleanor, the facts, Pericles and Magnus this afternoon certainly has kept me alive among those who mean everything to me. Write but a whoffer last night, and expect this will be plenty windy before I conclude it. The censoring officers surely have a devil of a time reading so many letters but they are good sports about the job, which incidentally is probably the most despised chore an officer has to do.

I neglected to acknowledge your package of Malomars which also arrived yesterday. They were a hit day, but most welcome. Incidentally I did not share them with Frank but several of the boys and myself finished the box in a few minutes. We missed the pint of cold milk that should accompany these cookies, but I'm building up an awful thirst for milk. However, do not get the impression that we are missing anything here in the line of food-stuffs. Breakfast to-day consisted of juice, corn flakes, powdered milk solution, french toast, coffee, syrup, butter. Lunch: creamed chicken, potato dumplings, green peas, pineapple juice, coffee, bread, butter and sliced peaches — How am I doing? Sure hope you and Jim are doing as well —

Frank's wife was kind enough to sew the braid on my new cap, some stripes on my jacket, and shorten the sleeves.

It's simple enough to get these things done at a tailor, but she gets a big kick out of doing this for me, so who am I not to try to make them happy. Eleanor's package of cookies, tea, cocoa, fish and candy was the source of much pleasure and good cheer. If we only had some evaporated milk or cream to drink coffee, but Spring will bring a larger supply of this cow juice, and then everything will be all right again.

I have just checked your letters for February and find I have one for every day up to and including the 26th except 18th; 19th; and 21st. No doubt they too will come then. How is my series coming then? Your suggestion about the broken pottery is fine, but the whole thing is hardly worth the effort even if I could get a bill. They are not so expensive and hardly worth the trouble. I am anxious for the statue of the drunks to arrive in perfect condition, so please advise how this arrived. How about the perfume in this box, and the packages from Paris? How long did it take for the first class packages to arrive from the city of Joy? Also did Jim's toy arrive? Will send him some more some time this week, I hope. Do not send any more money until requested. I have more than I need, and may even remit some to you soon, if I don't find any more perfume.

As a matter of fact, dearest, I have packed another package for you to-day, and it will be mailed to-morrow. It is going first-class mail, registered if possible. The package contains 2 bottles of perfume (hope you like the selections) a home-made bracelet (the story of which will prove interesting when I relate it in person) a Belgian coin brooch, a pair of Belgian cuff-links, views of Paris and Brussels and a souvenir from the "Casino de Paris". Suggest you do not permit Jenny to look at the Casino de Paris souvenir. — Also enclosed some foreign beer coasters for our bar — or is it Jim Tay dept these days? Advise as soon as you receive this or any bundles from me or Joe, who sticks has some of my money to buy several bottles of perfume for you. Please advise if you have enough of the stuff, or can you use more. I sure have fun buying it for you. All the perfume shop-keepers know you, the color of your skin, hair and eyes, how much I love you, what I've already sent, and what I'd like to send. Are you flattered to have a personal representative land your charms and graces all over Europe? I know I'm proud to be the lucky person privileged to do this.

My recent visit to the Jewish Hospitality Center is

Brussels was most pleasant and interesting. By far the majority of those attending the services and dinner were British Jews, and for the first time I was able to exchange idea on an international scale. Following the dinner I was invited to sit in as one of a "Brain Trust" to discuss, in a humorous vein, various questions put to us. Just unlike the "Information, Please" program of the Radio. Need I add, my darling, your chocolate here has a standing invitation to return. It is most illuminating to listen to stories told by Belgian Jews working into this Center, which, by the way, was a Nazi office club during the occupation. A strange twist, eh what. If possible I will visit there soon again.

All goes well with me. The different boys you met during your stay at Fort Snelling are all fine and dandy. Ferdinand lost his father several weeks ago, but is keeping a stiff upper lip. His wife is fine and often sends her felicitations to you and me. I do not see too many of the boys these days, as I'm living at headquarters, and they are billeted some miles from me. I have the better set-up, and for this I'm always grateful, but I do miss being with some of them.

Among the movies featured in town this week is Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times", which I hope to see again. As soon as I finish this I am going over to Frank's for a light snack, and listen to the radio, talk, and await the news broadcasts.

Waste Eleanor to-day that I'd get her some perfume or other items she desired if she requested them. I also tried to impress her this was a personal service and favor, and not to solicit relatives, friends or neighbors. Please impress this fact on her mind.

Jim must be keeping you in a state of suspense daily, and I suppose his Commando tactics must have the other children's mothers managing you. Don't let him get away with this stuff, but I sure am glad he has all the boy instincts despite the proximity of so many women these days.

Stay well, my sweetheart, we are coming down the home stretch, and soon — very soon I hope, we will hear the news we await so impatiently — Victory and Peace. Kiss Jim and the folks for me, have fun, don't worry, and give my best to everyone. I continue to love and adore you.

As ever,

George

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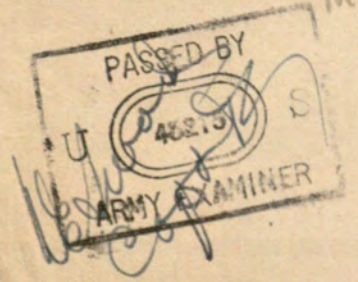

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