



AMERICAN RED CROSS

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Ring -
Weds. 25 July 45.

Florence, Dearest:

I spent a rather busy day working until about 4 P.M., but after that I devoted practically all of my time and thought to the sweetest girl in the world, who is not only my sweetheart, but confidante, girl, and wife. In my daily exercise we meandered along the highway paralleling the Danube up to the shewness and peak. For a few minutes while I shewness you waited on a bench in a most romantic lane. I suppose all the passing soldiers ogled you as they passed by, but you did not encourage them. From here we walked around a while, but it was too warm for you so we went over to the Red Cross, where I had doughnuts and coffee, as you almost my dancing technique. To avoid all the staring eyes you and I went to the movies to see "Hans in Indiana", in technicolor. Holding your hand throughout the picture made it more bearable, but there were several 48-49-50 sequences. Gosh, honey, it was a grand evening we spent together, mentally, but there will be literally thousands of such evenings in the near future. Continue to be of firm faith and hope, because this is our year. Sooner or later they will announce the news we await so impatiently, and from then on, it will only be a matter of time. Thanks for a grand time, lovely lady, and now

we'll chat a little before going to bed.

There was no mail for anyone today, so perhaps tomorrow's delivery will bring bear camp letters. So many of your July letters are still missing that I know any one of these days will bring me a hint. All the other fellows are in the same boat. I am more concerned about you and the folks receiving my letters, so please advise how long my mail is taking since I arrived in Ling. I think I neglected to advise you in yesterday's letter that under separate covers, via face mail, I sent you an envelope of paper money from different countries. Please advise when received as well as contents of all packages, and two sums of money forwarded you this month, viz \$20.00 via money order, and \$40.00 via Army Finance Office.

Yesterday's mail also brought me a letter from Jimmy Goldberg, who is still stationed at Fort Snelling. He insists that he is sorry for not being overseas with us. When I see him I'll kick him in the head for having such ideas. The letter from my Belgian friend, Frank, speaks of some domestic difficulties concerning health, but I'll send the letter to you, to read it yourself. Frank, Jr. also wrote me a letter advising that they had received a letter from you. I sure wish you could send packages to them, but I know you will check with the Post-office continually until you can. Clothes and sweaters are the most urgent needs.



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I am trying to arrange to go to Salzburg over the week-end to visit part of my company there. The first Sergeant has been kidding me about staying away so long, but I refrain from visiting too often for fear that I'll tell my Captain to kiss my fat ass in that cute, sarcastic manner you know only too well. Oh, don't misunderstand, honey, he thinks I'm a great guy, but what I think of him is not very flattering. However, it's all part of the army so I manage to keep my distance, and my mouth shut. But I do want to visit Salzburg so I hope to make it this week-end despite my personal feelings. The visit will hardly interfere with my letter writing so look forward to my daily effort. The weather has been grand for the past few weeks, and perhaps it will continue long enough for me to take some more shots Saturday and Sunday.

Jimmy must be growing into a big, strong boy these last few months, and it hardly seems possible that he'll be 3 years old soon. Being home to keep him celebrate his birthday is a swell idea, but I hardly expect it to be a reality. However you do everything possible to have a party for him in grand style, and although I may not be able to get him a present here, I know you will attend to that important detail for both of us. In years to come I'll do my

best to relieve you of that chore, or at least to help.

I wrote Bob a long letter to-day, addressed to Western Field. Do try to keep me posted in each letter as to his whereabouts. Sometimes his letters are delayed longer than yours, and you write more often. The other day I wrote Ken a long letter, but he still owes me a letter. I realize it has been 20 months since they started sending monthly checks, but I am sure they continue the practice until I get out. However, if for some reason these payments stop, I want you to continue living as you have on the funds you have in the bank. You understand how I feel about this, don't you?

Stay well, sweetheart, kiss Jim for me, and give my best to everyone. Hope you and the rescue are well and happy, and knowing that it makes me feel fine and dandy. All my love and devotion.

as ever,

Gg.

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