

Germany.

23 April 1945.

Florence, dearest:

Remember that small picture I snatched of you and Jim soaking your feet in the stream at the bottom of Minnehaha Falls? Well I have that picture under the glass top of my desk, directly in front of this sheet of paper. It is a simple matter to write to the sweetest couple in the world as I gaze on your likenesses. Those days both of you spent with me were among the happiest in my life, and when our permanent reunion is a reality, I know our happiness will be long and lasting. Your most recent letters display a strong undercurrent of good cheer and optimism. No doubt due to a combination of spring time, packages of perfume, money orders, the brilliant war news, and my letters. However, whatever the reason, realizing that you are all right works wonders with my morale too. So keep smiling, have fun and continue sending those heart-warming letters. I'll also try to demonstrate by means of the written word, how much I love and miss my pretty wife and handsome son.

Your anecdote about Jim's reaction to the bowling set, and his determination to await my return so that we can play together. You must be telling him stories about me, but perhaps you'd better suggest that he get some practice before I return. Isn't it going to be a wonderful day for me when I can kiss and caress you, and play with our son. The sample of his magnetic personality has me hypnotized, and I'll try to live up to his expectations. There are two other toys enroute to him, but I'm sure you will hide one of them pronto. It is similar to an Erector set but made of wood. The screws, bolts and rods will drive you frantic. The other toy is more rational. How does he react to brown shoes? I'm certain he'd have a lot of fun playing soldier with my combat shoes, but please don't get him any guns.

It was a year ago to-day that I arrived home on my first and only furlough. Looking back it seems like a yesterday that happened an age ago. Almost 8 months since last I kissed you, and almost a year since I saw my dear parents, a long time, too damn long, but soon there'll be rain bows and blackbirds. At present the monotony of things, and the lack of daily mail is a twofold handicap, but this will be

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the matter of the 1st of the month of June last. I have the honor to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.

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adjusted in due time. Hope you have located a summer place and that you and Jim have a grand time.

Bob wrote that Sam and Kay received the package I sent them. Am anxious to learn how they reacted to the merry collection of gifts and souvenirs I sent them. Also did Bob find the Belgian lighter I sent him practical. Sam probably visited his brothers on the coast, and if they are going to the Pacific theatre I guess they too will have some stories to relate. This last mail harvest included a letter from Owen McCabe, his first, and one from Mary Weber. McCabe's was plenty full about office events, and all the boys and girls sent their best. I replied to Mac's letter but I will probably forget the other character's. Among other things he is looking forward to a pleasant, quiet summer, figuratively and literally. That's all, brother, see what I mean. Still no word from Pinus but I intend writing him to-morrow.

There was no mail to-day, and there probably will not be for several more days. This is probably due to the switching over of APO numbers, and location of new post offices. Whenever I know the next mail call will bring my usual haul, and I trust the news will be as good and optimistic as it was the other day. Your report on the various checks, bonds, stocks and so forth brings me up to date perfectly. I write you to forget cancelling my policy, and to pay all premiums when due. The notary public renewal will just have to await my homecoming, advise when the thirty dollar money order arrives. Please send me the Monday morning stock sheets from the Times or Herald each week as I'd like to follow the trend of the stock market.

Have just listened to the 9 P.M. news reports, and it certainly looks like Berlin is doomed to complete destruction. Since this is the heart of Germany it pleases me no end to learn of its complete elimination.

I am fine and dandy, love and adore you every moment, and kiss you and Jim in mind very often. Stay well, keep smiling and kiss the casual for me. My very best to my folks and your kin folk.

as ever

George

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