

Ring -

Saturday, 28 July 1945.

Flanerie, dearest:

Another Saturday night spent, thousands of miles apart, and yet somehow I always feel so close to you. There have been many Saturdays, many nights, when we could only dream of each other, but my sweetheart I feel our day is drawing closer. Soon, I hope, your letter-writing efforts, prayers, and hopes will be rewarded with a lessening of the average limit. I feel certain this is our year, but we must not relax the pressure on Congress or even the President, until the announcement is forth-coming. It will be worth the effort, and that big, happy day will be recompense enough for all your work. Incidentally, the pressure must come from civilians, not the soldiers themselves.

We had quite a thunderstorm around 5.30 to night as I was enroute to the shower-house. But it subsided about 7 P.M., too late for me to go for a shower. Since I had seen the movie I returned to my quarters to re-read the sweet bunch of letters I received to day. Mail call brought your V-Mail dated July 11th, and your air mail letters dated July 8th, 9th, 10th, 16th and 18th. Also 2 letters from Jack Kramer, one from Harry Meyerowitz, one from Mr. Jack Weber, 3 from Bob, a change of address from Joe Shapiro, and one or two others. Most of them were sweet reading and brought me up to date on current events.

Thank you so much for Jim's snips and hair. Ours. I compared the texture of this curl with the former ones I have received, and it is easily discernible that his hair is getting thicker. I am delighted to hear he is growing taller and heavier, and since there is no doubt he's all boy, I guess he'll be a strong one. It sounds as though he likes stanzas and tales, and I suppose I'll have a perfect audience for the poems and anecdotes I'm going to spout off when I get back. He certainly looks fine in all of those snips, and that hair is quite unique. Hope both of you are getting well browned, and that Jim continues to improve his vocabulary daily.

The mix-up with the dependency checks and how is due to the practice of not forwarding these O D B envelopes to a change of address, I think. However if the checks do not arrive write the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark 2, N.J., and explain what you expect, and that change of address is only

James A. Smith

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for the summer. Advise how you make out in the matter. I'm glad the packages are coming then okay. The films (9 reels) were not packed with camera, but went in another package. However in a box containing some brass ash trays you should find an exposed roll to be developed. Do so when received and advise what the snaps look like. Be sure to list contents of all bundles to enable me to check against my list. At present I have 5 rolls being developed, and they should be coming then during this coming week. I'm glad you liked the beer party scene, and the little girl next to me is daughter of a neighbor. The party was okay, but I merely chanced to drop in to see one of the fellows, had my camera in hand, and immediately had a picture taken.

In one of my recent letters I asked you to send me a few first-day covers, and also about 10 ^{with} of the latest Commemorative stamps issued. I don't know whether I can do ourselves any good, but it'll be fun. I located some stamp dealers in town, and they are desirous to trade or buy these new issues, particularly any with Roosevelt names thereon. So, honey, try to obtain about 20 or 25 of any recent stamps issued including those new Roosevelt stamps, encase them in wax paper, reinforced by a heavier paper and send them pronto via air mail. I'll take care of the rest. Also sent you a request for some coffee and a pair of macarons. Take care of this please, quickly, and in addition send some cocoa, chocolate, and tea. Wrap sensibly and mail early. Thank you so much, darling, for your prompt service, and I'll give you a souvenir for doing this when I return to your waiting arms.

Jack Weber's letter was written from his home, and it looks as though he's been unmastered out - over 42. He tried to get you but no answer. Couldn't remember where my dad is, and although he could find him in phone book, perhaps 2 years in the Islands caused him to forget about phone directories. In any event he wanted your and pap's address, which I gave him. If you have not heard from him yet you should soon. Mayerowitz's letter declared that his son was being re-deployed to the Pacific without a furlough home. What a dear! I also learned from Harry about the Lodge affair this November. It would be wonderful if I could be home to take you, but don't plan on it. I'm sure we can always get a table. If you desire to buy ^{in your own} ~~for \$100~~ ^{for \$100} in our name it's okay with me. I prefer to send that money to the Home for Incapables, - a letter from Murray

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whitmen also arrived to-day, and it was a surprise to see his handwriting. I guess he's beginning to improve.

Bob's letters read about the same, but I'm pleased that he's still around Mess. I don't expect the Japs to surrender with being defeated on land, but it looks like they will happen sooner than planned. His and Fran's Ray fever has them down plenty, but perhaps there's an improvement by now. I also learned that Max Eddles lost his sister. I'll also drop him a line in a day or so.

Not working too hard these days, and didn't get to go to Salzburg to-day as planned. Will try to make a truck to-morrow morning (Sunday) and return Monday morning. All goes well with me, I feel fine and dandy, watching my debt, and plenty disturbed that you are not receiving my letters more promptly. This is no doubt due to the nit-wits who work in army Post offices, and the group we had at Lippstadt nearly scraped the barrel. Let me know how they are coming down since July 16th, when we started using the Post office in Ling.

I think I got a lead as to where I can get Jim a pair of those leather asfine pants. Will know more about it in a few days, and will keep you posted. There aren't many souvenirs obtainable around here, and I sure would like to get them for Jim. If I do I'll try to get a size a little larger so he can wear them for a couple of years. Frank Bell is fine, and hears quite regularly from Hilda. She sends him a Daily news about once a week, and to-day we read July 16th's issue. Felt like old home week.

Guess you'd tried reading my tiny script, so I'll end this letter; more to-morrow. Stay well, kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you in mind, with all my love and adoration. My very best to everyone, and keep smiling.

As ever.

George

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