



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- 164 -

Hannover,
18 June 1945.

Florence, darling:

Another day without any mail from anyone, but there was no mail for the whole battalion, so you can readily see that it's no one's fault for the delay in delivery. It so happens that most of the American units are leaving this area which will be taken over by the English. Rumor has it that we too will move this week to LIPPSTADT near KASSEL. This is about 30 miles from here, and I believe that stay there will only last about six weeks. Although I have a swell set-up here, I expect living conditions will be similar to those in our next stop. Well, of course, keep you completely posted on daily events.

At 4 PM I drove up to Ahlen to see Sgt. Baiffin and the rest of the company. Had dinner there, chewed the fat with Wendenberg, Ferdinand Fox, and the other boys. It's a pity I have to get stuck with a Ray Wendenberg and the malicious group in Headquarters, but one does not choose in the army. All goes well with those you know, but not unlike many others they are all anxious to get home, even

for a furlough. I feel the longer we stay here the less chances the younger men face for redeployment to the Pacific. As for me, I know men my age are not being shipped. I believe within 60 days the age limit will be lowered. Continue your letter writing on this subject in cluding PM (newspaper) on your list.

The Countryside is beautiful and the grand weather of the past three days brightens the peaceful scenery. I sure hope you and the Jim are away by now, and that Bess's arrangements have not disappointed you. It would be a wonderful surprise were it possible for me to get home before Jim's birthday, but my guess is that it will not come off that soon. However the army has done stranger things in the past, so never lose faith in them always during the unexpected.

I ate lunch to-day in the depot mess run by Co "C". The dining room is on the street level facing the street, with the tables adjacent to the windows. However, it makes one feel almost like a monster or a Nazi to sit there eating meat, potatoes, string beans, white bread, butter, marmalade, sliced peaches and hot chocolate, and have a dozen kids ranging from about 4 to 12 ogling you. Somehow the food doesn't taste as good, and there is down deep a feeling of having lost a little of the spark of humanity in not sharing the food. Yet,



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they are the representations of the Master-Race, so-called. Are these not the ones who so cruelly mistreated our racial kin-folk? Are they not the children of those beasts who conducted the infamous concentration camps? Have not the reports and pictures of slave-camp scenes nauseated us, and these are the children of a breed of people who gloated in their inquisitorial tortures? One can have no feeling of pity or sympathy on such creatures, and yet, are they not the unfortunate children who will be the scapegoat for the wrongs and ill-doings of their elders? Somehow I cannot reconcile an almighty God with all these facts.

It will be a wonderful day when I return to your conversing arms, and the opportunity to forget all this. There are many questions I could ask, and many queries I want answered en route, but I'll be patient until mail arrives. Like the words in a popular song, my dreams are getting better all the time. Have not been too busy the past few days so I spend most of the time reading magazines and am very dissatisfied, but reserve 50 minutes out of every lesson I am dreaming of the loved and loved ones I have waiting back there for me to return. Daily we draw closer together, and I know it will be this year.

Hope all goes well with you and Jim,
that your summer arrangements conform
with your hopes and plans, and that the
weather is ideal. Kiss the little fellow for
me, and I'll kiss you both in mind. My
very best to everyone, and all my love and
adoration to you, my pretty sweetheart,

as ever

George

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