

Hammer,
17 June 1945.

Florence, Sweetheart:

To-day's letter is going to be difficult to write for two reasons, one, the monotony of life around here, and secondly, because I received no mail for the second day in a row. It will not stop me however from leaving my "dreams of love", and writing my pretty wife about them. It is always a natural and simple thing for me to relax and dream about you. Our first kiss, our first date, our first week-end together, our first party, our first 5 gallon can of oil for your super-duper Essex, and our first honeymoon all are wonderful chapters in our romantic life together. I know about some of the unpleasantnesses had they were just too much pepper at the moment. Now that we know how much spice should be added to make for perfect understanding the momentary emotions should be something out of this world. Count on me to do my share, and I know you'll do more than necessary to make our second honeymoon and life thereafter one of sublime bliss and happiness. With Jim to make it a trio for the present I have no doubt we have a winning team. The near future will have us winning again, so sit tight, stay well, and watch Tempus fugit.

As I write this I notice that the Jack Benny program is on the air. This must be a preview of what he will do later in the evening (your time) so I hope you listened too, and enjoyed it. From the laughter coming over the radio it sounds like he's funny to-night. I had the day off to-day, but am now on duty in Headquarters. There's nothing to do but read, write and listen to the radio, so I did a lot of writing. Mind you I have probably repeated myself in the past few letters to you, the folks and Bob, but at least some of the enclosed snapshots are new.

The weather was most delightful to-day so I took a long walk thru the park. Now that we are permitted to make friends with young children I gave a blond haired little boy a piece of gum and he walked with me for several hundred yards along the road, hand in hand, calling me "Onkel von Amerika". How did they ever expect us to hate and despise these little fellows? I can easily see why the adults and Hitler Jugend ages have to be

Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is mirrored across the page, suggesting it was written on a single sheet of paper and then scanned or photographed. The handwriting is dense and fills most of the page.

pushed around, but these little kids, that's another matter. In any event I had a lovely week, imagining, dreaming, wishing, planning, and not too lonesome since I knew you and Jim were right alongside of me all the time. It'll sure be a day when I can feel you in person instead of using my imagination.

I picked up a number of German Commemorative stamps this afternoon, which have been issued in the past 6 to 10 years. Feeling they may be of some value to Herb I wrote him on the air mail letter, enclosing some samples. If you are in the city soon after receiving this please check with him, as I'd like a reply or soon as possible. Also have a very nice leather cigar case, which I'm sure would please you. Will try to make up another package in the next few days. Nothing much of importance, just some novelties and personal items.

Dinner this afternoon consisted of a beef stew, but the meat was tough. However, to-night we had delicious creamed chicken. Getting tired of this GI cooking, but somehow I'm sticking on it. Have cut down on potatoes, bread, butter and gravies in order not to gain any weight. I'd sure hate for folks back home to think I got fat during my service in the army, but confidentially heavy. I think I weigh as much or more than I did when I was inducted. Awful, isn't it.

Still awaiting word as to whether or not you are in the country, and I sure hope there's no disappointment attached to this deal. I trust you and Jimmy are in excellent health, having fun, and planning for my return as am I. This is our year, sweetheart, and your letter - waiting in addition to thousands of others is going to hasten the day. Be of good cheer. Kiss Jim for me, and I'll kiss you both in mind with all my love. My very best to everyone, and remember I continue to love and adore my pretty wife

as ever,

George

P.S. who's buying you Vilets these days?

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