

Belgium
14 April 1945.

Florence, Sweetheart:

Since I cannot keep a date with you this beautiful Saturday evening, I'll do the next best thing. For the next half-hour or so I will do my best to commune with my only sweetheart thru the medium of the written word. Hardly a poor substitute for a man who wants so much to be loved and kissed by you in person, but still the only substitute. One of these days, and time will pass quickly, will have our reunion in Brooklyn, and want that to be a day, and a night. I truly hope Jim will not be disappointed in the bald-headed person he calls "daddy." I know how you will react to my return home, but until that inevitable day comes, my darling, keep smiling! Thru and don't worry about imaginary troubles. I'll keep you well posted on all news and developments, so rest assured that your beloved is all right.

Back again to the "no-mail" mail calls, but yesterday's harvest is keeping me satisfied, at least for another day. I am surprised though that Pinus is not writing as frequent as he used to. It seems as though more than 2 weeks have gone by since last I heard from him. Is he well?, or did his leg get hit again? I sure trust all is well with him, as he's one of those back home I'm most grateful to for being so kind and helpful to you and me during these trying times. Please let me know what goes with him.

Pap's letter of April 1st described Jim's visit to the shop the day you departed for Monticello. Hope the little desperado did not break Pap's glasses. If you don't stop feeding that big raw meat and vitamins, he'll be taking Bob's weight-lifting apparatus over, and then beware. I'm patiently awaiting some recent snapshots of all of you, and no doubt you are taking care of this request. Hope you have had some luck locating a camera and some 116 films for me, as the scenery is just begging to be photographed, to say nothing of my desire to show you what I look like these days. Oh, I haven't changed any in appearance, but I do want to demonstrate that I still have that merry twinkle in my eyes, and I'm

sure you will recognize what is on my lips.

Wrote Bob a long letter last night, and also wrote the folks a long one to-night. I am now caught up on all my mail, and until some more arrives I'll devote all my writing efforts to the most wonderful girl in the world, and I've been around lately. It's a pity Bob has been so busy recently to prevent his getting home week-ends, but perhaps he's had more time since his last letter. Incidentally this is the 100th letter I have written you since January 1st, and I hope they have all arrived. Also arrive when money orders and packages arrive. Please include the New York Stock Exchange prices in the first letter you send in reply to this. I'm anxious to know what the stock market is doing after the President's death.

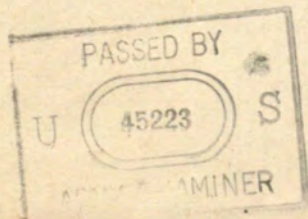
I noticed in the Stars and Stripes that there is another Band Drive on. Suggest you buy a band for Jim, but think you should buy no additional ones for us, merely maintain your monthly purchase of one band, and the one I buy on pay allotment. Did you attend to the insurance policy cancellation I requested?

Just listened to the war news and it continues to sound like a home-run with the bases full. No doubt you too are listening to the news and commentaries, and one of these days Gabriel Heatter will hit upon the exact day of the war's end. It'll be soon, honey, and then we'll know more about the Army discharge point system - and mustering out. Be of good cheer, keep smiling, take care of yourself and Jim, and I'll watch out for your boy friend. Kiss Jim and my folks for me, give my best to Eleanor, all our good friends and neighbors, and remember I love you always,

As ever,

George

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