



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Hamm —

27 May 1945.

Florence, Sweetheart:

Life in the ETO is just one new experience after another. To break up the monotony of things to-day I went along with the courier on his daily run of about 75 miles each way. Part of the trip is over the famous German autobahn (super-highway) roads, and the balance thru towns and back roads. It was a lovely day, sunny, gorgeous cloud formations and everything in bloom. Yet my heart was heavy. You see, dearest, I know that some day, soon I hope, I'll be heading back to America, home and you, with every confidence in mind that I'll find you secure in a warm, comfortable home and a future. I knew this, I accept it as a fact, and think about it all the time. But to-day I saw people, all races and nationalities, making that long trek towards their home. By foot, by cycles, by horse and wagons and even some autos, but the appearance of their faces convinced you that they knew not what to expect upon arrival. Little children, hats, helping to push wagons up-hill, others sitting by the wayside examining worn-out feet, others trying to make bread and water do the job of a meal. True, there was no feeling or sympathy for the Germans but there was every European nation represented on the roads.

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All these people, young and old, have

the urge to return home. For some it will mean weeks of tortuous waiting, inclement weather, hunger, cold nights, illness, but the urge to get home will help them to survive, and I too have the urge to go home, to love and be loved by my devoted sweetheart and son, but all I have to suffer to get there is time. This should be a simple matter for both of us, and I know we will continue to be patient until our day comes. I am not trying to kid you, darling, but I do feel that one of these days the maximum age will be reduced to 37 or 38 and then our motto "this is our year" will be a fact. A letter from Don suggests that this may be a possibility in the very near future. So hold on, honey, keep writing those fan mail letters to the felicitious about family men over 35 or 36, and hope for the best. -

Received your V-Mails dated May 19th and 20th and your air mail letter dated May 21st, also had the other 2 pages of Don V-Mail May 20th, and a letter from Frank in Belgium. He had received the first 2 packages I sent but has not gotten my letter. Will write him again in a day or so. Your package containing 3 rolls of 116 film and assorted chocolates and biscuits arrived today in perfect condition. Thanks so much for all this, but as I suggested in previous letters please send no more bundles. As for the 116 film I have already returned your grand's camera and will in a day or so return some 116 film which you can use. am trying to locate some film for your use, this being easier said than done, but I prefer getting it to you rather than trying to write



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the word pictures.

I'm glad you finally received that \$25.00 money order, and I expect to forward another after pay day. The shortage of meat, fuel and eggs must really present plenty of cooking problems, but perhaps with the war over this situation will lessen as the months fly by. It pleased me to learn that Bob located some colored film for you, and I hope you got some shots of him, the folks, Jim and yourself. I'm anxious to say nothing of your trip folk. I'm anxious to see how everyone fared during this period of loneliness.

I didn't know that things were so bad that you have to sell our mattresses - or perhaps you are doing this because I am no longer accustomed to sleeping on them - or perhaps they've just been worn out. I am interested in learning what suffers, and also what you arranged for substitutes. I've learned to sleep on hay, canvas cot, wooden desk, corrugated cardboard, soft earth, hard earth, mud, and sitting in a truck. If you have better any of this varied assortment I'll have no complaint.

Even though Pat is married I guess my men will always think him her little boy. Since there's no telling when anyone will see him again after this leave I guess having him to dinner at home, even with the difficulty of

obtaining meat is her desire. No doubt they
went out a few times during his stay, but if
they didn't I'm sure my father was displeased.
Perhaps even your mother finds a little joy in
having you and Jim to dinner occasionally. It's
not beyond the realm of possibility that
I'm a member of the victorious army in
Europe that your dear mother would even be
pleased to invite me, some day.

From all accounts you seem to have
everything under control at home satisfactory to
leading for the country. I continue to hope that
you have a swell time, with no complications,
either with the Barts or the Prostermans. I do
not quote this in a sarcastic sense, darling, but
in the hope that the evil spirits of the past will
not be reassembled this summer, as they won't
has been each summer gone by.

Have just eaten one of Barton's cherries,
and believe you me it reminded me of wonderful
days gone by. You and I, home together of an evening,
Jim in his crib, radio playing, lights low, me on
the couch, and a box of Barton's cherries on
the cork tail table — Love and romance, you
and me, forever and a day — but first my
Army discharge —

Enclosed pictures were of those taken
in Harum. More coming, and I hope you find
them interesting. Kiss Jim for me. Keep smiling,
stay well, and keep your ~~eyes~~ hopes high. My best
to everyone, and all my love and adoration
to my pretty wife as ever.

George

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