Monday, Jan 17, 1944.

Florence, my beloved:

Time marches on, dearest, but that has no effect on my feelings toward you, because it seems my love and adoration is only becoming greater than ever before. Being without you for so long a period did not seem possible before it happened, and now it seems worse. I spend all day thinking and dreaming about you; wishing I could see just for a moment so that I could tell you what's in my heart, but in vain. Be patient, sweetheart, this love of mine is going to mellow and age like champagne, and soon the cork will be released, and those famous bubbles will keep you drunk with love forever.

We had a fairly dull time in New Orleans yesterday, not so much because we didn't have a full day, but because both Goldberg and I were lost without our little lotice. We spent most of the day talking about our families. He has two boys (9 + 13) and I have you and Jimmy. Well we walked around ~~town~~ town, then went to the "Court of Two Sisters" for dinner. Had a couple of Martinis, and a most delicious Turkey dinner, with Creole dressing. Wished have preferred yours or mom's cooking, but this had to do. Under separate cover I am forwarding you a menu of the place. Quite romantic sitting in the garden and dining, and believe you me I'd have given anything to have had you there with me. From there we visited some famous sites and buildings, then to a U.S.O. and a community sing. Reminded me of the story my dad tells about the time he used to visit the Salvation Army in New Haven on Sundays to hear them sing. There being nothing to do. Well, I laughed inwardly at the thought of all this happening to me.

following this I took a supply of U.S.O. stationery, envelopes and cards for future correspondence. See what I mean. Then we marched over to the YMHA and watched a basketball game in the evening. Had coffee and cake and back to the barracks at 10 P.M. In all a lovely day, but without salt and pepper, and millions of strangers looking at us, and we looking for a friendly face.

It is so good and heart warming to learn that Jimmy is growing, and learning as he does. You must be proud of his ability to do those little chores, and how cute he must be brushing his curly locks. Oh, well! Your description of his toy is most illuminating, and please keep him well supplied with things that will make him happy; because if we can keep him happy there is always the assurance that you and I will be happy, too.

Ben sure is a good skate to get you those shoes, and while on the subject I hope you are not neglecting your clothes and wardrobe. Don't dare hesitate to buy everything and anything you and Jimmy need, and please see to it that you are the best dressed woman in the neighborhood, or else. As for that "Reformers Permit", darling, please do not attach any comments to it. I got that on the beat mile and thought I'd add it to that collection of nonsense we have for parties. I know you don't fit that role, and I'd rather get kicked in the head than say or do anything to cast any aspersions on my pretty sweetheart, the sweetest girl in the world.

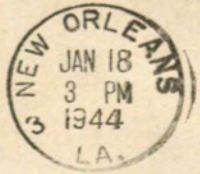
Your inquiry about my basic training gave me a laugh. It is true that if a soldier here is permitted to follow right thru with his basic training he would be finished in 4 to 6 weeks; but that isn't the usual procedure in this GFU Camp. You recall how many times I have been transferred from one company to

another. Each time we are transferred messes our basic training program up. I have actually completed about half of my basic, but don't let it worry you. I don't mind how long it takes, and after what took place to-day, it gets funnier. I tell you how we (Goetzberg + I) became mail clerks yesterday. To-day Battalion headquarters discovered both of us in the mail, and being short of clerks in headquarters we were drafted from the mail room to headquarters as file clerk (me) and message center clerk (Goetzberg). Then the lieutenant in charge, who knew us, persuaded the major to write regimental headquarters for permission to keep us in the 5th Battalion. This latest move once again postpones basic training, and would not surprise me if it at least temporarily postponed shipping out. Most of the boys in my Co. were sent to-day to San Antonio, Texas, but I'm still here. ~~See~~ What I mean, all this suits me fine, and maybe the war will be over in the near future. So, dearest, don't worry, up to now I've been getting all the breaks due me, but it seems strange that after 15 years in one job, I have already had many in my 2 months army career. I bet you must be having a laugh listening to all the rumors I hear. Well, keep smiling, because that's what I'm doing, but I know every thing is temporary.

I feel fine; hope you, Jimmy, the folks and everyone are well and in good spirits. With a kiss in mind, and with love in my mind, you find me, adoring you,

as ever,

Guy.



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