

Belgium
8 March 1945

Florence, dearest:

It is quite apparent that one's imagination can easily be aroused by the merest event, word or gesture. Not receiving any mail from you in four or five days always manages to make me feel uneasy, and to give birth to all sorts of unhappy thoughts. I realize they are unnecessary, and when I receive some of your letters I am easily and readily convinced that all is well at home. Perhaps loving you so much makes it necessary to receive daily word from my only sweetheart and when it comes I am the happiest G.I. in the European theatre of operations.

To-day I received your air mail letters dated Feb. 22nd, 23rd, 25th, and V-Mail dated Feb. 24th. A good deal, and I thoroughly enjoyed every word of all the news, events and stories you related. Also received a letter from Eleanor, 2 from the folks dated Feb. 25th and 26th, and one from Gladys. She seems quite satisfied to see her husband go into the army, and wants my picture. With your permission I sent her one, together with one of Bob in officer's uniform, and one of Jim taken in the Country.

Eleanor's letter was full of news and stuff. She seems to think Maurice was not overcome by the bad news, but more impressed by Helma's dramatic acting. I quite understand her reasoning on this score. Hope she finally landed the job she wants, but think she is foolish not to be working during these trying times. Berrie's present condition (no secret, I hope) convinces me that your brother-in-law is quite a character, and I think he will never spend a happy moment in my company when I return.

The folks seem to ^{be} very elated with the package they received, and I sure am glad it finally arrived. Will not be satisfied however until I know definitely that you have received the 3 or 4 bundles I sent you the same time as the one to the folks. I await word from you most impatiently. Pop wrote about Jimmy is glowing terms, and sent me a long detailed report on Uncle Harry for Joe. Have not had

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.

any mail from Joe since my return, but no doubt I will soon. The folks seem to be well, and in fairly good spirits.

Enclosing several snapshots taken in Paris, but it is possible you have already received some of them. It is very simple for me to duplicate myself on some of these snaps as I have been dividing them up among you, the folks and Bob, with you receiving most of them, naturally. I have all the negatives should you want any others. Now I have some bad news about my camera. I loaned it last Sunday to Sgt. Guffin (the 1st sergeant) who took it to Paris on a trip, but managed to have it stolen. If possible, please obtain by hook or crook another camera using size 116 film, and forward it first class registered mail. Please do this as soon as possible, and thank you very much. I realize this may be a tough order, but my Florence can do anything.

It was my good fortune to visit Brussels the other night, and among other things we found a "Jewish Hospitality Center". It is run under the auspices of an English organization, and was quite a surprise to me. They have services there on Fridays at 7 P.M. and a home cooked meal at 7.30. Well I add I'll be there at 7.25, see what I mean. I spoke in the vernacular, heard some fantastic tales, and hope to go there again soon. Brussels is a very nice town, is used by the allied forces as a "leave" city, in which soldiers go for a 2 or 3 day holiday. The people are very nice, but more French speaking than Flemish. I have a packet of poems and will send them in my next package with the Paris scenes. My only hope and desire is to be able to come back to these places in the next 8 or 10 years with my only and sweetest girl in the world.

Although I want be around to help make your birthday a most happy one, you know that in spirit I am with you every moment of every day. This will be the last time I expect to be separated from you on these important days,

Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is heavily faded and illegible due to the age and condition of the paper. The document is divided into two main sections by a horizontal fold line across the middle. The top section contains several lines of text, while the bottom section contains a larger block of text, possibly a signature or a concluding paragraph. The paper is aged and discolored, with visible creases and stains.

so keep smiling, think of me, with the realization that I love you, on your birthday, any day, all the time, always and forever, with all my heart. Knowing you is to love and adore you, and I think I know you quite well. Happy birthday to my darling wife, and may your life in the future be as happy as those years before my call to duty.

All continues status quo with me. I keep plenty busy, could be more of an asset to my company, but the job does not call for so much effort. An attempt is being made to get me a better rating, but that's been going on for almost two months. In any event it's a "bean plate" and I suppose that's enough praise for me. I know you and Jim are proud of daddy as a mere corporal, but perhaps just a wee bit more proud if I received a higher rating, or maybe a discharge — But the "chicken" continues meekly on its weary way, and I wait patiently — for that inevitable "Reunion in Brooklyn".

Frank's wife sewed the cord on my new cap, also shortened the sleeves, sewed stripes on a field jacket, and is most anxious to do anything for me. Perhaps you have a dress, sweater, shirt or material you don't need any longer. These things are most expensive and I'm sure she'd appreciate it. If you haven't just forget it. You can see how tall she is in the snapshots, and she's just about Helma's build. Perhaps a bit heavier in the hips.

Am Charge of Quarters to-night, but this only gives me a chance to write mail, dream of you and Jim, and plan post-war events for you and ours. Hope the stock market continues kind to us. May have some money left at the end of the month, and if I do, I'll forward it to you. Received the dollar bill in to-day's letter. Do not send any more money until I request it again. Thanks.

Stay pretty as you are, keep well. Kiss Jim for me, and tell him to be a good boy or I'll give him company punishment of K.P. for 7 days — My love to everyone, and all my love and admiration to you.

as ever,
George

[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text covering the entire page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]



LANDESTHEATER SALZBURG

IM GROSSEN SAAL DES MOZARTEUMS

Salzburger Festspiele 1945

AM 14., 20. UND 27. AUGUST

Der Tor und der Tod

VON HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

REGIE: ERWIN FABER

BUHNENBILD: KURT RICHTER

VOR DER AUFFÜHRUNG „DER TOR UND DER TOD“:

Franz Schubert: Streichquartett d-moll

(DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN)

Der Tod	Josef Zechell
Claudio, ein Edelmann	Albin Skoda ✓
Sein Kammerdiener	Josef Weyrich
Claudios Mutter	 Frieda Richard
Eine Geliebte des Claudio	Tote Martha Marbo
Ein Jugendfreund	 Alexander Trojan

Claudios Haus

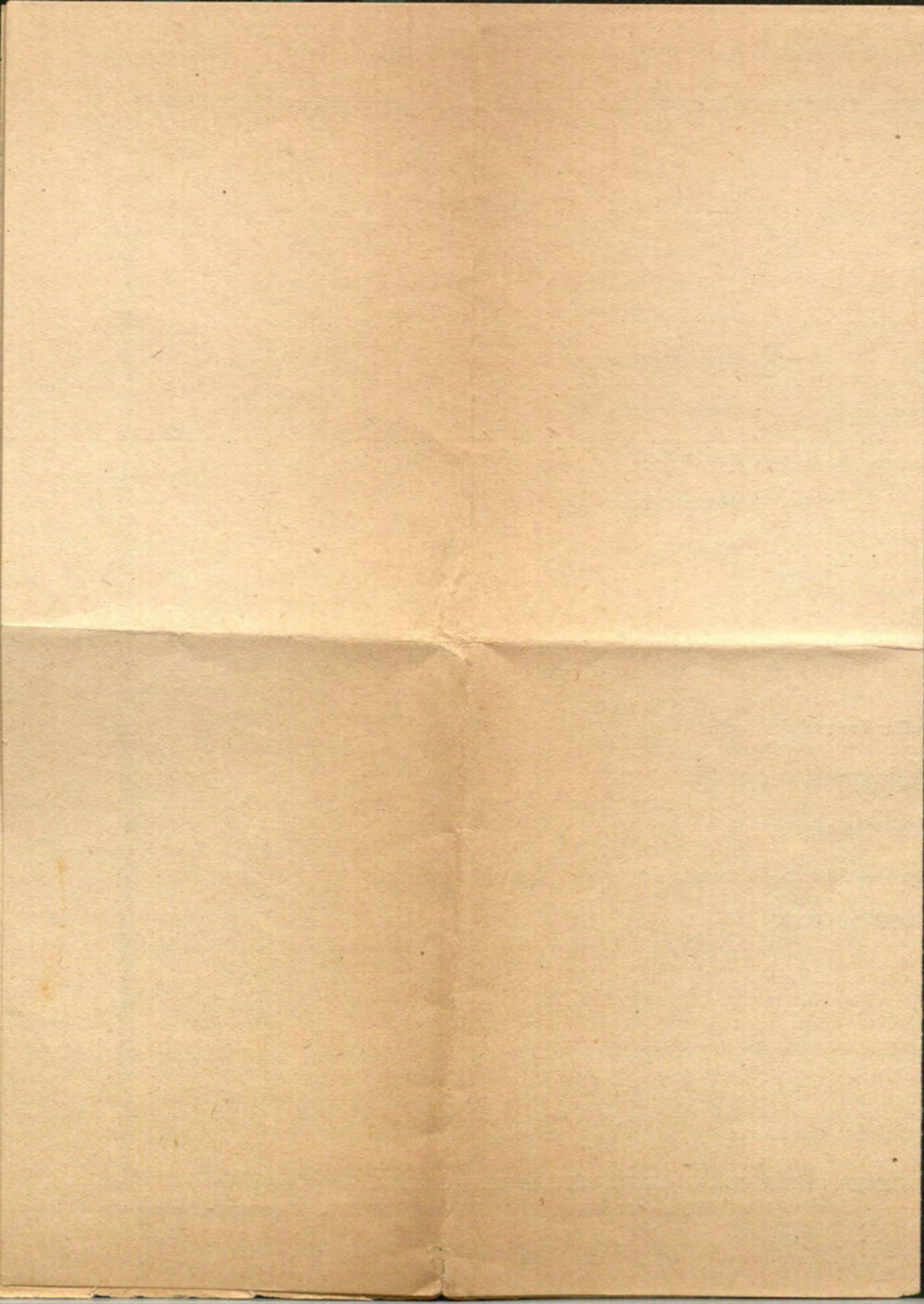
Vor der Aufführung von „Der Tor und der Tod“:

Franz Schubert: Streichquartett d-moll

(Der Tod und das Mädchen)

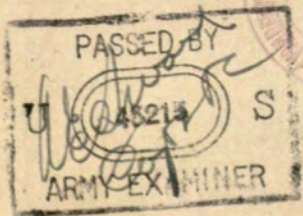
Allegro — Andante con moto — Scherzo — Presto

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