



Saturday 2-12-44

Dearest, Florence:

Just about three months have gone by since I last kissed you, and told you personally how much I love you, and it seems like three centuries. It doesn't seem possible that we could be separated for so long and still carry on, but dearest, we are strong, brave lovers, and we will push thru this mess just like all the other tough spots. Thinking of you daily keeps my spirits high, and your daily chances with Jimmy must enable you to bear all this. I knew this, though, we have a stake in future happiness, and I'm sure we will manage to get our share seen. Stay well, honey, don't worry, and above all be of good cheer.

Your Wednesday letter arrived to-day, and you sound as though Jim is giving you quite a hassle. I suppose he is so full of life and mischief you are having your hands full. But I know you will be firm with him, and don't let him bring you up. Of course you must insist upon all our friends and relatives do not spoil him, so don't be harsh. It seems you have plenty of visitors, and I'm glad you are not alone too much. Glad you received and liked those pictures. One of those boys, Elefante, has been here 1 month, and is leaving on Monday with another unit. He had completed his basic about 5 months ago. It looks like he's headed for a post of embarkation, but that's part of this business.

Had our first exam in school to-day and I
got the highest grade in the class, only 94, but the
H. wanted it was excellent. One of the instructors,
a sergeant, wants me to work hard and get a high
grade, especially since I'm over 35. Will become
more chummy with him in the next 3 weeks. I
am pretty busy afternoons setting up a new file
system for the battalion, and they seem satisfied
with my efforts and results. Working hard at
my typing, and Sunday I expect to put in the
day practising. Do not intend to go to town for
the next few weeks, as I'm too busy, but I'll
catch up when this school is over. Don't worry
I will relax on Saturday nights, as I did to-nite.
Went to see "Stage Door Canteen" and enjoyed the
sight of seeing 45th St, N.Y.

Will write you a long letter on Sunday,
and also expect to catch up with a few other
letters. Kiss Jim for me, and I have your kiss in
mind. So, good night sweetheart, take care of
yourself and the blond rascal, and dream of
how I love you always.

as ever,

G.

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VIA AIR MAIL

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