

Somewhere in France
22 December 1944.

Flavence, sweetheart:

There are exactly 11 men standing about talking and gabbering in a room as large as our foyer, and attempting to express my thoughts is a bit difficult. It is all too simple to merely say "I love you" or "J'adore you", but are there any other words in the language that better express my most introspective thoughts than these two apt phrases. I realize only too well that this script is a poor substitute for the spoken word, but I'm building up a list of words in my mind to whisper into your ears when I return home. Be of good cheer, don't worry and keep smiling, and one of these bright days I'll deliver my letter in person - and then, the renaissance of our happy life together - Note that despite the slight pain going on I still "love you".

A little mail arrived to-day, and I received your Nov 30 and Dec 1 at V-Mail letters, one from Teddy Cochrane, and an old letter dated 17 Oct from Jules. The Masters Assn of 1939 forwarded me a Xmas package addressed to Fort Snelling. I guess it will get here by St. Valentine's Day, and I hope I'm in New York before that. He wrote that he phoned you prior to writing, and found you all night. Teddy writes a nervous letter and I was happy to hear from him. If all the packages en route ever arrive I'll surely be weighted down, but I'm ready.

We have been kidding one of the boys who cannot write English. I do his correspondence. You know a modern Cyrano de Bergerac in khaki. Well, some of the replies he gets to my literary efforts are unusual, but to-night's letter from a St. Paul caskie advised him that she was getting married Xmas, and not to write again. Naturally we construed this as a gentle hint not to bother her again. He is not sure whether to take us seriously or not, but it makes for laughter, and we need plenty of that these days.

It is good to learn that you and Jim are having a grand time in the country. Visualizing your picture and description of the snow and scenery is awfully simple when I think back of our honeymoon in the Laurentians. But how could I ever forget that chapter in our life. I suppose Jim and Jan are learning to ski, and have they learned to enjoy sleigh bells? It makes my heart heavy, though, to realize that Jack is unable to be so carefree and full of life as his two cousins. Such is our destiny.

Your letters continue to neglect to advise the receipt of my mail by date. I hope that you are receiving my letters, and that sooner or later you will commence to acknowledge them as requested. Commencing with my January 1st letter I will also number my letters, to better enable you to follow the sequence, and to let me know that my mail is coming thru to you. Also advise about the 2 packages and money I sent you the early part of November, and did the contents please you -

Enclosing a cartoon clipped from the Stars and Stripes, which is without any doubt more truth than poetry. There are times when it seems as though these common necessities are a long way off, but *tempus fugit*, and I know even as you that everything comes to an end sooner or later.

I feel fine and dandy, looking forward to Sunday's dinner party and Xmas Turkey dinner, a poor substitute at its best for a few moments with you and Jim. But I'm helpless to do anything about it. Stay well, sweetheart, don't fret or worry, and let me hear some news, - but news. My very best to everyone, and wish everyone a happy new year for us. Kiss Jim and my folks for me, and I'll kiss you in mind with all my love and adoration

as ever,

George

md