Belgium
4 March 1945.

Florence, darling:

Looking backwards the days seem to merge into limbo very quickly, and I'm glad for that. Since I'm putting in at present away from my only sweetheart belong in limbo, and I'll be just as happy to forget this chapter in my life, as soon as I return to your tender arms. It is a bit difficult loving than the medium of the written word, when there are times that your smile is so badly needed, or a caress, or just a kiss. You too must feel the need and urge of these things as do I, but hold on tight, my sweetheart, the day is drawing closer, hour by hour when the reality of our dreams and desires will become a fact indeed. Our love for each other has been the sustaining factor during these trying times, and with the end so close we can manage to hold on some more. Keep smilin' then, my beloved wife, stay well. Dream of the future and forget the undesirable features of the present and past. They are permanent and dare with.

Of course receiving mail from you would be most inspiring these days, since even the war front news is shrouded in secrecy, but no luck to-day. Received one V-Mail letter from Magena in to-day's mail, and no packages. I guess my heap will arrive with the masses. Hope my letters, pictures and packages are coming than post-haste, and I anxiously await confirmation of their receipt by you and the folks. Have sent you, the folks, Bob and Uncle Harry, also Mr. Pinero, many snapshots, but if I duplicate any of them to you or the others please adjust this somehow. I write so much, so often that the best I can keep record of is the date of the letter written. The contents are difficult to recall or record. — you understand, I'm sure —

Am now sitting in Frank's one-heated room dreaming of you, Jim, home the folks, and trying to put my thoughts into the written word. We are kidding back and forth as I endeavor to persuade them to suggest items for you to send me. This is more difficult than you realize but I do want you to get the following off as soon as possible: 2 lbs rice; 1 lb. lentils; chocolate candy, crackers, fig newtons, smoked cheese, cinnamon, curry powder, 1 can evaporated milk, Ritz crackers and Crisco. To-day's dinner consisted of a watery vegetable soup, rice (yours), carrots and peas, and rabbit stew with a beer sauce, followed by an apple cake sans milk, sans butter, sans sugar, sans apples: see what I mean? I will teach you a delicious meat sauce made with Madeira wine. The beer sauce is supposed to be made with this Madeira wine, but, you're right, no Madeira — Bread is not eaten at a meal in which you have potatoes or rice, so we'll have some for supper. Rabbit is not unlike chicken if you can forget it resembles a skinned cat. Rabbits are raised just like chickens here for food purposes and are somewhat of a delicacy. Chicken sells now on the black market at 210 francs a kilo. This is about $4.70 for 2 lbs. Don't complain about any shortage of meat, Americans still have the best way of life compared to the rest of the world. Chow at the barracks was fried chicken for lunch. But I skipped this.

Enclosed some snaps taken in Paris and Belgium. I have the negatives to most of the photos sent home should you desire them. Hope you and Janing are in fine health, having fun, and not worrying. Wish I could ~~go~~ do something for your birthday but I'll make all this up to you when Georgie comes marching home. Will send you some more perfume towards the end of the month. Have a bottle of TABU for you, and will get some others. Please send me the names of those you have received to date so that I do not duplicate them in the future.

Kiss Jim and the folks, my best to Bob and Fran, Eleanor and the others. With all my love and adoration. You find me

As ever

George

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