Germany
28 april 1945.

Florence, sweetheart:

Another day closer to the inevitable day when Uncle Sam will say to me, "Well done, faithful servant. I hope you can pick up where you left off." This will be one of the few times it will not be an order, and yet I will endeavor to fulfill that suggestion as though eternity depended upon it. I know it will be easy to pick up where I left off because in mind I have left your side. I have continued to love and adore you, to dream about you, to hope and pray that I may return to your caressing arms, ever mindful that we have a peaceful world to live in. The earth must be at peace so that you, Jim and I can be happy. My humble efforts may help to produce such a world, a place in which children will look to a future of peace and happiness, so that ambition and initiative will not be utilized for cannon fodder. I realize, my darling, the many sacrifices we have made in the past eighteen months, but the horizon looms brighter. Hold on, be cheerful, keep that precious smile working overtime, and before we realize it all this will be a thing of the past.

To-day was moving day for me again. This time I moved from the company back to battalion headquarters much to my disappointment. It is not that working or living at headquarters does not have it's comfort advantages, but I have more friends in the company. They like me and I reciprocate that feeling. At a time like this, when entertainment and sources of amusement are limited, it is easy to relax among friends. However it's not as serious as it sounds so I'll relate some of the advantages to-days shift gave me. Instead of living in a railroad car, I am now the sole occupant of a lovely room in a private house. It contains a bed with spring, bathroom, tub, radio, electric lights and a garden. How could anyone expect more at a time like this, but let me tell you about the 'piece de resistance'. There are two liberated Italians (forced labor German) who clean the house, make the beds,

and do our laundry. By this time I know you are jealous, but that's the deal. Headquarters is located in a fairly good size town of some prominence, and there is a GI movie in the vicinity of our quarters. I think it will all work out very nicely. Will endeavor to borrow a camera tomorrow to take some shots of scenes and places of interest that used to exist. As time goes on I'll relate more about things I am permitted to write.

As a result of my rather hasty move I missed mail call to-day, but any letters will no doubt be delivered to me tomorrow. In last night's V-Mail I wrote that I sent you four brass ash trays. These are sawed off from brass artillery shells and filed down. Please have Sam solder the three Monnikendam statues on three trays, and have him do the same using the empty shell (50 calibre) that I sent you recently. The tips for three trays are also cut out and included in one of the packages, have him improvise for the fourth tray. When, as, and if finished please give one to Sam, one to Bob, and retain the other two for us. The 2 packages also contained several small souvenirs for you, so please advise when received. They were packed in wooden boxes and should arrive in good condition.

The enclosed portion of an ad was cut out of the Ny Times magazine, and I suggest you do the following. Please write them, supplying my insurance policy number, the advice that I am in the Army, and have been overseas since Sept 20, 1944. Request a refund of premiums paid since that date, and advise them that I want the policy to lapse pending my return from overseas. In short do not pay this insurance premium until I return, at which I will take care of the matter.

I have a pretty good time reading this Sunday paper even though 4 to 6 weeks old. The major item, though, which interests me are the ads. Yesterday all of us had a long, hearty laugh, as I read the script writers attempt to convince the women of America the advantages of using the new Kotex. We finally decided the manufacture of this worthy product

showed beside some similar contraption for sailors who are subject to 'wet dreams'. Need I add the trend of the conversation with took place with your big mouth setting the tempo of the lonesome sailors' symposium. Another source of conversation were the lovely, typical feminine clothes the girls are wearing these days. All the men were agreed that when they get back home they wanted their sweethearts and wives to look and dress like women, instead of masquerading in clothes emulating a uniform. Hope you are keeping your wardrobe up to date.

All goes well here boy, and to-day evening in my new "home", I took a dandy hot bath. Then fixed up my room, washed some handkerchiefs, ate a parley, and proceeded to write the sweetest girl in the world. Before I left the company I arranged with one of the boys to buy that Chinchilla perfume for you. He may get a pass which would enable him to obtain several bottles for me. When I get them I'll send them to you registered mail.

Hope you and Jim are in excellent health and spirits these days. Anxiously awaiting word about what luck you may have had finding a summer place. I know you are not desirous of spending too much money, but I do hope you work something out for you's and Jim's vacation. Both of you would benefit immensely by it, and I'd be happy in the thought that you are having everything even the Draft Board would want you to have. Will write in length again to-morrow.

Kiss Jim and the folks for me, give my best to Bob and Eleanor, and to all our friends and kinfolks. Keep smiling, darling, it won't be long now, and I continue to love and adore you.

As ever

George.

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