C0262B001F003L005 Image 1:

Aug. 11, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

King of K.P. yesterday, I didn't get a chance to write you. I meant to write early this morning since we had to get up at 5 o'clock anyway because some fellows went out early on the rifle range. But I was so tired I couldn't manage to write a letter. Breakfast was at 5:15 but I slept until reveille at 6:15 instead of getting up. I didn't want to see the kitchen anyway unless I absolutely had to after being on K.P. At 6:20 I went back to sleep until about 7:15. After I was on a detail policing up paper, cigarette butts, etc. around the orderly room, I came into camp with the rest. We swept out the radio school, dusted, cleaned the latrine, -ect etc. for about 2 hrs. and then took a few minutes of code. We are now goldbricking, waiting to go back to the bivouac area!

I got of [sic] K.P. at 8:45 last night, and at a few minutes later a truck took us all in for a shower from 9-10 P.M.

Image 2:

I got a good break yesterday. The 1st Sgt. told me I was coming into camp for a week for security guard duty.

Saturday, Aug. 12

Well it was certainly swell to hear your voices this morning. I really got a good break for a week. As I told you, four of us from Hq. Co. were sent in for this guard duty. We are on from 4 P.M. until 8:20 P.M. It is only supposed to be 4 hrs., but we take 20 minutes off for dinner so that accounts for our getting off at 8:20. My post is the motor pool where all the trucks, jeeps, weapons carriers¹, etc., are kept. You saw the various motor pools of the 8th Armored when you were here – all their tanks, half-tracks², etc. The fellow on the 8-12 shift relieves me while I eat dinner. The motor pool is fairly close, but not too close, to the barracks, so at chow time they bring me back and forth in a jeep. Yesterday I even got a ride when I went on duty and when I got off.

I went to a show last night – I can't even remember the name of it, but I do know that it was lousy.

Image 3:

(3)

Saturday, Aug. 12

Frances Langford and Guy Kibbee were in it. I slept through most of it. After the show I came back and went to bed. How good it felt to sleep on a mattress. They didn't provide clean sheets for us, so I just put one blanket over the mattress and another one over me. I did use the dirty pillow case. I'd rather sleep on that than on the dirty pillow. I got up about 7:30 this morning. We don't have to get up for reveille, although they do turn the lights on at 6 o'clock. I missed regular breakfast, but I did manage to get some cold cereal with plenty of milk on it. I had a good lunch this noon at the Service Club. We really aren't supposed to eat there, but I walked right in and no one said anything. There was no M.P. around. If there had been, I probably

¹ A generic term used to refer to a large range of light and medium utility trucks, either 4x4 or 6x6, produced by Dodge for the U.S. Military.

² A hybrid vehicle, the front axle was wheeled for steering while the rear used tracks for propulsion and load bearing.

Image 4:

couldn't have gotten away with it. I may be able to work it for breakfast and lunch this week. At least I'm going to try. I can't try it in the evening because of guard duty!

I was able to get "Time," "Life," and "Newsweek" yesterday at the little PX in back of our old barracks. And before they never had them.

If I have time this afternoon, I'm going to get a haircut. I need one badly. Also I'll have to shave before going on guard at 4 o'clock. It's now 1:15 and I'm still at the Service Club. I'll leave here in a little while. I'll have plenty of time.

This morning I went into the coffee shop and had 4 doughnuts and a Boston cooler. That was after I had talked to you for the first time, Mother. I then read my magazines for a while on the Service Club porch and then went over to the library.

After that I came back and made my second call.

Image 5:

(5)

Aug. 12, 1944

I did so because I didn't want to miss talking to you, Dad. I don't beleive believe I was with you last year on my birthday either. I was away at school, although I was with you 2 days before (the day I was sworn in).

I had a letter from Miami this week. It was in the form of a circular sent to all Miami men in the service. It gives all their present addresses, news of men overseas, etc. Also a message from Vice President Morris hoping to see everybody everyone back on the campus after the war either for a visit or to continue studies. They have my name and address listed. I also noticed Kuzow's [?] address at Great Lakes. So many of the boys who were in New Damn are now overseas.

It looks very much like it's going to rain. I hope it does

Image 6:

and that it's all over before I go on guard. It rained yesterday while I was on duty. August must be the rainy season. It clouds up and rains almost every day. It's miserable out there anyway rain or no rain.

I'm hoping I'll get my birthday cake. I know it will be delicious, Mother. I think they will bring our mail to use [sic]. I hope they will, anyway. I intend to call you early tomorrow morning.

It's been wonderful getting all the magazines and newspapers you have been sending me.

The zipper on the toilet article kit you sent me broke this week so I bought a new leather case at the PX for \$6.00 It's pretty expensive, but it's a very nice one. It's really too good to use in the field. But then, why not use it? I might as well get a little pleasure out of something.

Doesn't the war news sound wonderful? How long can the Nazis possibly hold out?

Image 7:

(7) Aug. 12, 1944

"Mr. Skeffington" is wonderful. Don't miss it. Bette Davis and Claude Rains are superb. The problems of intermarriage is touched upon as Mr. Skeffington is a Jew. I can't tell the story in a few lines but it is

excellent. It was written by Philip and Julius Epstein – are they the distant cousins you are always talking about or are they different Epsteins?

Well, I'll write more tomorrow. I was lucky this week. I got a holiday (after a fashion) on my birthday after all. Love to all of you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.