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Image 1:

Jan. 31, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I received the box of fruit and believe me it certainly tasted wonderful. I also received your letter, Mother. They were both here at noon mail call but I could not be there because I was on guess what – K.P. –

It was not regular K.P. because that lasts about 14 hours; it was special detail work. Five of us having our bunks close together were chosen for this highest of honors. We peeled ~~peeled~~ onions (I shed more than a few tears), prepared yellow onions, peeled 200 lbs. of potatoes and then sliced about half of them, sorted spinach, and mopped the floor. I don't mind peeling so much because you can at least sit down! But when I get regular K.P. and have to wash dishes it will be quite a different matter. I worked from 9 A.M. til 6 P.M. after helping to prepare the food and after seeing what goes on, all of us decided that from now on what we don't know

Image 2:

won't hurt us.

I still don't know any more about the tests. I am crossing my fingers.

It has really been cold here at nights. I use 2 blankets and a comfort, and besides I wear both my summer and my winter underwear and I am still so cold that I can hardly sleep. There is no heat at all although there are three stoves – 2 coal and 1 wood – in the barracks. By afternoon it is very, very hot. It is the worst feeling get up and stand in formation when it is cold and dark. It begins to get light around 8:30! I wish it were warm all the time because it is really wonderful here when it is warm.

Dad, as yet I haven't found out the names you asked for. Why do you want to know them?

Tomorrow there is a dental examination. I don't think I need to worry because my teeth have always been good. Wednesday we get our rifles. Basic will probably start next Monday – Feb. 7.

That is about all for now. Write all the news.

Love,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. I am trying really hard to use a bit of psychology. I have to be here, and there is nothing I can do about it so I am trying to make the best of the situation. Your letter helped me, Mother.