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Image 1:

August 17, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

Well, my week of leisure is just about up. It will be tough getting back to the old, hard, difficult, and tiresome routine of Army life. We will leave sometime tomorrow I guess, but I don't know just when. If at all possible I am going to call you in the morning. I wish I could have called earlier ^{in the mornings} this week so I could have talked to you more, Dad, but there was no way that I could do it.

Oh, is it ever hot here. I haven't been doing a thing today that requires any exertion, and I am still all in from the heat. And I have been inside most of the time, too. Outside it is simply unbearable. I put on a clean khaki suit this morning and now it looks like I have slept in it for a week. I have perspired so much. I sent one suit to the laundry this morning, as well as the rest of my dirty clothes.

Image 2:

Did I write you that we don't have any G.I. laundry service anymore? They take it to a civilian laundry in De Ridder. A dollar is paid in advance, and if the laundry cost more than that, you pay the difference when it comes back, if less they pay you. Last week I got 10¢ back. At least it's better than the G.I. laundry. I at least get my own clothes back and they are done up better. Still, it's a long way from being like the laundry ^{done} at home.

Last night I saw Edward G. Robinson in "Mr. Winkle goes to War." I wrote you yesterday that I was going to see it. It was very good. Tonight there is no other movies to go to that I haven't seen, so I may see this one over since I missed the newreel and other shorts last night. I knew that you would like "Mr. Skeffington." Yes Claude Rains was wonderful.

I'm so glad you are sending the peaches and pears. I like fresh fruit so much.

Do you really think that Stanley F. exaggerated in his story?

I feel the same way you do Mother – about talking over the phone. It doesn't matter whether there's really anything important to say – it's just

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the idea of being able to talk to each other and to hear each other's voices.

I had breakfast this morning in the mess hall. Also I had lunch at the Service Club again.

I guess that Air-mail really does go faster since you received my letter written Monday today and haven't received Sunday's letter yet. Still from Monday to Thursday for an air-mail letter seems awfully slow to me. Don't you think so?

I saw Mrs. Conrad yesterday. He is going on maneuvers for a couple of weeks but still expects to go over.

It's swell that you were able to get another suit of fatigues for me. I really need them badly.

The patch on the suit I am wearing is partly torn off. I will have to sew it back on today. I think someone started to rip it off when it was hanging in the orderly room. That's where we hung our khakis while we were living in tents here in camp for a couple of

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weeks. Gee, it would be nice to wear some good looking civilian clothes.

I think I wrote you about this Kline boy from Philadelphia who was transferred to "C" company in the 68th –a construction company. He was fed up with it, and volunteered for the Infantry. Well, one of the fellows had a letter from him today, and he is in the 86th Division. Everybody there thinks he was crazy to volunteer. A construction company in the Signal Corps is still better than the Infantry. Another fellow, in the same boat – both were in Hq. Co. in the beginning, volunteered for the paratroopers. He took his physical this morning, so I don't know whether he passed it or not. His name is Levinson, and is from New York. I think they are both very foolish.

Everybody in the whole outfit is pretty much disgusted, though. We don't learn a damn thing. Nothing but details and more details. The old members of the company, though, know everything they need to know – they have been in the Signal Corps a long time and have had plenty of experience. But we new fellows aren't given a chance. It makes it awfully hard.

After being in the Army for almost 8 months, I still don't know what my job

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is to be or where I am. That's true of some of these other former A.S.T.P. boys, also. Some of them drive trucks and jeeps, but I didn't want that. I probably could have volunteered for that if I had wanted to. They have to spend most of their time doing maintenance on their vehicles. Some fun that is!

Well, the war looks good, but it won't be good enough until the end comes and I just wish it would come fast – plenty fast. (Ran out of ink again) I do so want to be free from it all and to be home and study what I would like, etc. It's the same old story, and I know you are probably tired of having it, but I just can't help from wishing for the things I want so badly.

A year ago around this time we were wondering when I would be called, and it's almost a year since I entered U.D. How the months fly by!

Well, let me hear from you, and love to you all.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. When will your pictures be ready? I'm glad you are sending them. I saw yours, Dad, when I was home. Are you sending

Image 6:

that or a different one. That one is very good. Mother, I believe you said it would take 3 weeks for yours, didn't you?