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Image 1:

February 10, 1946

Dear Mother and Dad,

As I am writing this you should be leaving for Washington. You should have a nice little trip—for Washington is a wonderful city. If I were going to be in the Army a long time I would try to get assigned to Army Ground Forces Headquarters there. That's about the best place in the Army—an Army Headquarters like this being second best.

Too bad you couldn't get accommodations in New York. It would have been an ideal time to go there. I suppose it is the same way all over the country. The big cities better start building new hotels, for I doubt if things will ever be like they were before the war. Everyplace will be jammed for a long while.

Although this is supposed to be the "sunny South" I awoke this morning to find a thick carpet of snow on the ground. It turned very cold. The climate here is most peculiar—hot one day and cold the next. It is neither northern weather nor southern weather. I don't know what it is.

Last evening I saw the controversial "[Scarlet Street](#)" with Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett who looks like Hedy LaMarr's twin.

Image 2:

I am quite surprised that the Hays office passed it, knowing that they are quite prudish about life. But it seems to me that most people are immoral, so why should any attempt be made to cover it up?

I was quite shocked to hear of Aunt Bertha's passing. Her sickness made her life such a tragic one. If she had had the means, she could have at least been made happier. People use the cliché expression, "money doesn't mean everything" so often, but I am beginning to realize more and more just how much it does mean. I think my contacts in the Army have taught me how the average person goes through life. I never before realized what a hard struggle life really is.

I thought Milton would get out early this month. Where was he discharged? He will be pretty old to go back to school—but he really should.

Two boxes of "turtles" came yesterday from Aunt Fannie. She bombards me with "turtles." It's really very thoughtful of her to keep sending like she does.

Bob will probably be discharged as soon as he lands. I don't know the Air Corps system, though.

My section is supposed to have 23 enlisted men and 24 officers. What a ratio!

Image 3:

(3)

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I started "Cass Timberlance" by Sinclair Lewis. It's the story of a man in his 40's who falls for a girl of 21.

I always enjoy his novels, and so far this one is quite entertaining.

No new rumors to report—not even new versions of the old ones.

Love to both of you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. Mother, how did you find such a small post card?