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Image 1:

February 24, 1946

Dear Mother and Dad,

It was a perfect day for golf—warm and sunny. We had a foursome and used some clubs from special service. We had no bag so created a novel one by using a barracks bag. Special service has only 11 clubs and that is hardly sufficient to meet the demand. They have 20 sets on order but don't know when they will come in. If I knew just how long I would be here I would have you ship my clubs down. But it wouldn't pay to do so now. All the balls are still synthetic or reclaimed rubber. I bought some for 85¢ a piece. Walgreen's has some for 50¢. I think I'll buy a couple.

I knew you would like "Dear Ruth." I am looking forward to the Draper-Adler concert. Jose Iturbe is coming next Sunday, but it is a complete sellout and I was unable to get a ticket.

Friday, being Washington's Birthday, was a holiday for us, so I played golf all day. It seems funny to have the weather so nice this time of year.

Image 2:

The Ballet Theatre is coming the 5th of March. Memphis has had a number of attractions this season. It's good to be in a city where one can take advantage of so many things.

The nuts you sent and also Claire's candy came.

Stanley Frankel must be on terminal leave now. Everything for the officers! Did you read about the retired general, a West Point man, who would abolish the caste system? We need more people like him.

Lately have had a mania for chocolate fudge sundaes. I can't get enough of them.

You can't get any mixed drinks in Tennessee. The bars serve only beer. You can buy your own bottle if you want to. Everybody guzzles beer. I don't see how they do it—they drink it in such enormous quantities.

I am unable to think of anything important to write about. There is really very little news.

Love to both of you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.