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Image 1:

July 31, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I felt like talking to you this evening, I'd placed a call at 5 o'clock. It came through at 6:20 but no one answered. The operator was to try again in 20 minutes, but after waiting almost an hour I was told that I would have to take the delay all over again—this time 3 to 4 hrs., so I cancelled the call. I intend to call in the morning, however.

I am writing this letter in the library.

It was so good talking to you this morning. I'll miss your voices when we go out in the field. It looks as if we will leave Friday. Our bivouac area will be about 1 ½ miles from Leesville. I think the whole idea is crappy. At least here where we are now we can use showers, etc., telephone, go to the Service Club, movies, etc. whereas we will have none of that where we are going. We won't even be able to buy a paper or magazine or have any PX to go to. And yet they are going to bring us in for our meals and our training. So it looks like we will just sleep out there. Doesn't it sound ridiculous? ~~Why~~ Why couldn't they leave us

Image 2:

where we are now?

It looks like it will rain again tonight. It did a little while ago. If it does it will be miserable trying to sleep in that little tent. I wonder if you could find an old piece of canvas (preferably plain, not striped); I'm thinking of all the old awnings around the house. I sure could use it on the ground for protection against the rain, etc. (about ~~9x4~~ <sup>10x5</sup> ft.) The tent is far from being that large but I could use the extra canvas to cover up the front when it rains.

The war looks very good. Oh, I wish it would end soon.

I received the box of peaches this noon, and were they delicious. I say "were" because they are all gone already. Only one was spoiled when I opened the box. The rest were perfect, although a couple more began to spoil during the afternoon. It is so hot, you see. I ate them up right away, and they were marvelous.

I have been receiving all your letters and I am certainly glad to get them. Last night I heard Winchell in the Guest House. It was quite thrilling to hear him say that the first person to set foot on German soil was a Jew, a Russian General. I sat around and talked to the other couple there – you ~~don't~~ know the fat girl and her husband, a red-head. The Conrads went to a movie, and didn't come in until late.

Image 3:

(3)

July 31, 1944

I was paid today. I drew \$31.75, the most I have ever drawn in one month. That's because we get paid so much a day for rations while on furlough. After all, we don't eat any Army food on furlough, so we should get that money. I didn't know they did that, though, until today.

I bought some small flashlight batteries for my radio and flashlight at the PX. I also bought another flashlight, since my other one hasn't been working any too well. They are a necessity in the field.

Gee those fellows that were sent to Monmouth were lucky. Imagine, only 50 minutes from New York! [~~undecipherable~~] Another boy, also on furlough at the time, is just sick about it! One reason is because his home is in New York. There are several of us all in the same boat weeping on each other's shoulders. They all feel pretty badly about everything going on.

We had some code today. It's hard to get back into the swing of it after not having had it for so many weeks, for we had had

Image 4:

very little of it for a long while before I went on furlough. All we had were details. The 1<sup>st</sup> month or so that we were here we had a lot of code, and that is the only reason we are as far along as we are now. Since then it had lapsed off sharply.

They want to send some more to school, but I don't know when. And if they do, it will probably be to Crowder, because they said they want to give us more training on the typewriter and you don't need that for Monmouth. Those fellows at Monmouth are taking a 17-week course. The one at Crowder is only 6 or 7 weeks. Just imagine, they will miss living in the field, maneuvers, etc.

I do hope that Grandpa is better, and that you, Mother and Dad, are feeling well.

I have been eating Aunt Fannie's cookies. They are delicious. They're almost gone.

I saw in the Dayton paper that Dick Gerber and Howard Mayer were both sent to the Air Corps basic training center at Buckley Field, Colorado. Some people really get the breaks. At the time I went in everybody was asking for A.S.T.P. All they ever got was "A.S.T.P. – A12 candidate" stamped on their card. I wonder if it was just luck or if something was worked. Funny that they were both sent to the same place.

Image 5:

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July 31, 1944

Well, tomorrow begins the month of August. How I would like to see peace in Europe during the coming month. Wouldn't it be wonderful. Oh I wish it could only come that fast, for even though Germany may fall soon, there is still Japan to be reckoned with.

It's awfully hot here. I was in a pool of perspiration all day long. It's simply terrible. It's like being in an oven.

Gee, I would love to sleep in my bed tonight. My furlough seems like a lovely dream. Oh, it was wonderful. I long for the day when we can be together again.

Love to all of you, and please keep on writing. It's so good to get your letters.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.