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Image 1:

Somewhere in Italy
April 17, 1945

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I feel badly for not writing as often as I should or would like to. I intend to write every day, and then something interferes and I never get my letter written. I have all your letters up to and including April 9, which, I think, is pretty good.

The war is slowly coming to an end, in Europe, that is, but it will still be hard and long, no matter what radio commentators say. The Germans will prolong it as long as possible. As I see it, as long as they are able to fire guns at us there is still a war on. That's why I can't get very optimistic over the whole thing.

I was terribly shocked when I heard of President Roosevelt's death the other morning. He was such a wonderful person. He has to die, and Hitler lives on I don't understand it.

Please send some food whenever you care to do so.

Image 2:

(2) Somewhere in Italy
April 17, 1945

Truman will be O.K. I think.

These people I lived with I don't even know their last name or their address. It is nice of you to want to think of them. Perhaps I can get it for you from a fellow who was with us. He is of Italian descent and speaks Italian fluently.

Several of your boxes came this week and all are perfect. Everything is delicious. Yes, I received that little stove a long while ago. I thought I wrote you about it. It is marvelous.

This week a box of candy came from Sally. She always remembers me.

The camera came. I'll get some good pictures and then send them to you. The pictures you sent are very good. And I was glad to get them. Please send some more films.

I weigh about the same as always, no more, no less, and am feeling fine.

Have they heard any more from Bob yet? Jerry Potosky went over in a hurry. That's the way it works these days.

Please send some food whenever you care to do so.

Image 3:

(3) Somewhere in Italy
April 17, 1945

Yes, it is nice of Charlie Smith to write his friend.

I will write Jean Daniels and thank her. Had a letter from Harry today. I must write so many people.

That's a good picture of Nancy and her husband. I too can't imagine her being married. She's the first one of the old gang.

I haven't seen Jack Comey for years. Maybe he is smart.

Mother, I believe the Mayerson boy you speak of is the brother of the one I know.

Funny about the Major, isn't it?

I imagine you have read in the papers about events going on over here lately. The fireworks have started,¹ and the “Krauts” will pay plenty for their evil.

Well, I’m afraid this letter isn’t very interesting and it is pretty short, but there isn’t much to write about. Keep writing yourselves—I enjoy your letters so much. Love to all of you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. Please send some food whenever you care to.

¹ Epstein’s Division, the 10th Mountain Division launched a major offensive on April 14, 1945. On the day this letter was written, April 17th, they broke through German lines and advanced into the Po River Valley.