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Image 1:

July 27, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I am writing this letter in the library. I just had to get out of the company area. I hate to burden you with my troubles all the time, but I have been so down-hearted and I just have to let it out some way. I know you must love to hear all this stuff, but I do feel so much better when I talk things out with you. There were a lot of things I wanted to tell you when I was home, but somehow I just didn't get around to it! I suppose the reason that I didn't was the fact that I was so happy to be home and I wanted to forget all about the Army. Nothing was important. Just think in general that get me down was what I wanted to tell you. I just wish I had sat down and talked everything out with you. You just can't imagine how happy I was to be home and how terribly, terribly hard it is to come back. I was like this before, believe me, but I kept on going because I had a furlough to look forward to.

Image 2:

You just can't imagine how wonderful it is to be free.

I had lunch and dinner today but I only ate because of necessity. I can hardly force this food down after having such marvelous meals at home. It's so terribly hot here. The worst heat at home is nothing compared to this.

It's so wonderful to come to the dinner table at home nice and clean and to feel refreshed, and to have napkins and tablecloths. Here we eat in hot, dirty clothes, all perspired and terribly tired.

We have to use lukewarm water in little basins in the field to wash in. It's awful. While in camp we are allowed to wash in one of the barracks but lots of times it's too far to go. I didn't get a shower today, though I wanted one badly, but I would have had to have taken it after supper. I wanted to get away from the company area as long as possible, so I didn't have time.

Gee, it was nice to go to the faucet and get a good, cold drink at any time. And what a treat it was to have the ~~refe~~-refrigerator.

It looks like we won't have any more code. We spend all our time on details, although the schedule calls for code while we are still here in camp. Most of the time is spent at the motor pool, taking care of wire, trucks, etc.

Image 3:

(3)

July 27, 1944

I don't know any more today than I did yesterday about what's going on around here.

How I would like to sleep in my bed tonight. My room is so beautiful.

Tomorrow, of all the luck, I have K.P. I always get it on Friday, and that's the hardest day. They tear the mess hall apart from top to bottom to get ready for Saturday inspection.

Hq. and B Co. are eating in B [~~undecipherable~~] company's mess hall. We use mess kits and canteen cups. No more cups and dishes.

How I wish the war were over.

I received a pamphlet from Miami Univ. and that made me feel worse than ever.

I'm not used to manual labor and I'm always exhausted from it. If the heat weren't so intense, it wouldn't be so bad.

Most of the fellows are much older than I and have worked for years at hard jobs.

I do want to be sent to school. I want to be trained for something, so I can have a chance of getting ahead, and not do details all the time.

Image 4:

Well, I've complained quite enough for one night.

Mother, I do hope you enjoyed your stay in St. Louis. That family would drive me batty if I stayed around them very long. There's so much confusion in their house. I don't think Anna is a very deep thinker. She seems very flighty.

That was a marvelous steak she had for me.

Their home is a dream. I've never seen anything so gorgeous. It's like a Hollywood setting.

Now that I can't get milk, I want it badly. Wish I had some now, good and cold. It's so hot here.

Well, that's all for tonight. Loads of love to you all. Let me hear from you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. Dad, how was the poker game? Mother, I can't get your food out of my mind!