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Image 1:

May 7, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I slept late this morning—didn't get up til 9:15 – and was it wonderful. It's going to be a beautiful day – one which I would much rather spend at home, however. There has been a lot of rain here this past week, so the sun is really a welcome sight. The nights and early mornings are still cool her, but they say that when it really does get hot it becomes unbearable. I always thought of the South as being hot all the year round. I have certainly changed my opinion after seeing GA and LA.

Dad, I just received your letter and am glad to hear from you. The mail orderly is sorting the mail in the battalion mail office, which is located ~~the~~ in Hq. Co. dayroom. He just handed me the letter. Am happy to hear that your cold is better. You should have stayed inside, however. It's too bad there isn't someone else

Image 2:

to take care of the business. Does that stinker Harvey Green ever come down to the office? If not I suggest that things are really better off without him – he is such a louse.

I was very much surprised when you told me about Stanley [undecipherable]. He got the Navy—that's good for him. He might have been deferred all this time or he might have been 4-F and then reclassified, for they are reclassifying 4-Fs' at the rate of 60,000 a month! I am inclined to believe the latter. I don't believe that about medical school either. And anyways how could anyone go to 2 schools at one time? That's what he would have to do since both Ohio State and Ind. are dying to have him. That's a lot of propaganda. And you can't tell me that he wanted the Navy. Most of the draftees are going into the Navy now, anyhow. So much for that.

Mother, the house must look swell after spring cleaning. Do you have any help? Also is Connie gone for good? I'll have to bring you a maid from Leesville.

Some weekend, I'll have to go to Shreveport. There's absolutely nothing to do around here. I still haven't put New Orleans out of my mind.

Image 3:

(3)

May 7, 1944

Last night I went over to the Main post. There isn't much to do there but at least it's a little different. I bought "Time" and "Newsweek" – couldn't get a "Life" so I read it at the Library. I heard a girls choral group from Beaumont, Texas – they sang last night at the Service Club. They were pretty good. On Saturday night we're allowed to stay out until 2 A.M., but there's nothing open in the camp after 10 o'clock.

There is another town about 18 miles from here called De Ridder. An Army Air Base is located there. From what I hear its' not much better than Leesville.

I'd love to get a good steak dinner somewhere but I suppose that's an impossibility. The Service Club seems to specialize in pork. Where is all the meat going?

Image 4:

In civilian life they tell you all the steaks are going to the Army. Well, I haven't had one yet. I know the Air Corps gets them. The chow is very good here though. In fact it's the best I have had in the Army. But what I wouldn't give for just one of your dinners, Mother.

I take 4 hrs. of code every day, and I am progressing as fast as possible. Every morning at 7:30 we have 15 minutes of calisthenics on the obstacle course followed by 15 minutes of marching. Then we go to the radio school for code practice. After 2 hrs. of that we have 1 ½ hrs. of radio procedure in which we must learn various types of signals. There is a test on this next Friday so I want to study them today if possible. At 11:30 we knock off for lunch until 12:45. Then from 1-3 we have more code practice. Then comes radio theory which involves electricity and fundamental physics. I never had physics, so I don't understand much of it so far. Sin Friedberg is teaching the class. He is really brilliant. I think I will be able to get it, however. I'm not worrying about anything anymore. The best thing to do is to live from day to day.

Image 5:

(5) May 7, 1944

I think that what type of work we will do depends on how well we progress in this basic.

I have been getting the Dayton papers, but I think you had better have them change the address from Co. B to Hq. & Hq. Co. I also buy the Lake Charles, La. Paper which isn't bad. The paper boys see the foul Chicago Tribune around here. It was also sold quite extensively around Livingston. Looks like Col. McCormick has a good eye on the Army camps.<sup>1</sup> ¾ of the space in that paper is used to attack Roosevelt and the New Deal. I bought it several times this week and noticed that there wasn't one article concerning the war on the front page. Hidden in the middle of the paper was a little dispatch telling of the air attacks on Germany. That paper is really seditious.

I didn't receive your cookies today, Mother, but they'll probably come tomorrow. And will I be glad to get them.

Image 6:

Am enclosing a clipping from the camp newspaper. I thought it might amuse you.<sup>2</sup>

Mother, you wrote that you enclosed Aunt Fannie's letter, but you must have forgotten to put it in the letter.

Well, I'm still waiting for the big news to come, and I hope it comes pretty darn fast.

It's been swell talking to you and I think were very fortunate in being able to do so.

I'll write again in a couple of days. Let me hear from you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. Can't understand why it takes so long for my letters to get to Dayton.  
Also, could you send me some more stamps?

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<sup>1</sup> Robert M. McCormick, owner and publisher of the Chicago Tribune. McCormick had served in the Illinois National Guard and then U.S. Army during World War I, reaching the rank of Colonel, and preferred to be referred to a "Colonel McCormick" after the war. McCormick was also a conservative Republican, and used his paper to oppose the Democratic President Roosevelt and the New Deal.

<sup>2</sup> Clipping not included in file.