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Image 1:

June 25, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

It is now Sunday evening and a perfect time for letter writing. I have been in a pool of perspiration all day – the heat is so intense. In fact, while walking back from the Service Club. I ^{left} as if I were in a daze – this heat is really sickening. It's much worse than it was when you were down here. A couple of boys got back from furlough today, and they said they felt a terrific change as soon as they hit St. Louis.

It shouldn't be very long now until I get a furlough although I haven't the slightest idea as to when I'll get it. You only get a few hours advance notice, you know. Any way, I'm hoping to get it soon. We get paid Friday, so I'll probably have enough cash for the train fare. If not, I can use the Traveler's checks. This may be wishful thinking, for I may not get a furlough for several weeks yet. I don't know. I wonder if you could send me my small suitcase. I'd rather carry that than an ugly duffle bag

Image 2:

or my musette bag strapped over by shoulder. But, for heaven's sake, don't send the large suitcase. I'll only have a few things to carry.

I washed out my clothes again today.

Today I saw Bing Crosby and Rise Stevens in ["Going my Way."](#) It's excellent. It's quite an [undecipherable] role for Crosby – he plays the part of a Catholic priest. Barry Fitzgerald gives an excellent performance as old Father Fitzgibbon.

Ate at the Service Club tonight – fried chicken, etc. –no iced tea and warm water. In fact, I couldn't get any cold water all day. I was fortunate in being able to obtain any water at all. This is like living in the wilderness. Even the cokes are warm all over camp—no ice. I think I mentioned to you before that we usually have iced or cool water in a Lister bag.

Went over to see Mrs. Conrad today, but she went swimming over at North Camp. I left her some papers.

Yesterday I had K.P. It comes once every 8 days now.

I was able to get "Time," "Life," and "Newsweek." I also bought "Esquire," "Reader's Digest," and "Liberty."

Tuesday we go out on bivouac. As I understand it, we'll be back Wednesday night. It should be very pleasant sleeping with the mosquitoes, ticks, jiggers, etc.

Image 3:

(3)

June 25, 1944

Mother your cup-cakes are wonderful. It is so good to taste some home-cooking. Boy, will I want to fill up when I get home. Please tell Aunt Fannie how much I liked her cookies and how much I appreciated ^{receiving} them. I'll write her in a few days.

I am enclosing Seymour's letter.¹ Mother, I am curious to know why you want it.

Has Bob Green been transferred yet? He has certainly led a strenuous life in the Army, having had a desk job for a year and a half.

¹ Not included in records.

I was surprised to hear of Ed Cohn and Don Knob visiting you. How long will they be home?
I saw ["Follow the Boys"](#) The night before I left Camp Livingston. It's very good. Don't miss it.
Jimmy Daneman must be quite a guy. Something like H. Green, Jr.
Jack Arthur sounds like a nut.

Image 4:

If he really has a legitimate reason for being 4-F why should he worry about what people say? After all, a sick person doesn't get ill out of his own volition. People are always criticizing others, anyway. It's human nature. You and I do it, and so does everyone else. Perhaps there is more than we know in back of it. Maybe through some psychological twist, Stanley's success in the Army has something to do with it. He has been through some terrible hardships, and it was certainly wrong for Jack to write him about Olive. What can he do about it – being 10,000 miles or more away?

Mother, you say the food at the Van Cleve is rotten, but it would be heaven to me. It would be worth it just to sit in a dining room among civilians.

Dad, I'm glad you're sending the "U.S. News." It can't be bought here and the library never get the latest copy until 3 or 4 weeks after it is published.

The war looks good. We might have Cherbourg in a few weeks. There is no use discussing the war anymore. ~~They~~ There are too many angles to be considered.

Well, I'll come to a close now. Write all the news. It's so good to hear from you. I'm pretty tired, so good to hear from you. I'm pretty tired, so I'll retire to my boudoir. Love to you all.

Jerome, Jr.

Image 5:

(5)

June 25, 1944

P.S. Grandpa, do you intend to go to Elkhart this summer? If so I hope ~~that~~ you'll be home when I'm on furlough, whenever that is. I surely want to see you, and it would be would feel terrible if you were away.