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Image 1:

Italy

July 14, 1945

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I have been a trifle lax in writing, though why, I don't know. It's been terribly hot during the day, and I keep saying I'll write in the evening—but it's the same old story.

I sent you a box today full of souvenirs, etc. which I have accumulated. Included was a vase I picked up in Venice and also souvenir enameled spoons—you know—the kind Mr. Fracker has from all the cities of Europe. Hopes they all arrive in good condition. I packed everything as good as possible which, under the circumstances, wasn't too well. I also sent 2 original water-colors and 4 copies.

Perhaps you noticed that censorship is once again in effect.

The latest box received from you is dated June 16th which came a few days ago. How's Frank Sullivan coming along?

The Pacific war is going along remarkably well, don't you think so?

I was hoping to go to Rome soon, but I won't be able to. Can't say I'm very disappointed, however.

There is really nothing out of the ordinary to write about. I was going to study Italian and business at the Army Education school—but I understand the school is out.

Life here goes on at a normal pace, and it's good to be able to relax a little.

How is the ration system at home now? Are you able to get plenty? I've been reading about the terrific meat shortage.

Write me all the news. I wrote you about Earl Robertson and Jim Irvin, didn't I? Wasn't that some coincidence? I'll write a longer letter tomorrow.

Love to all of you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.