

C0262B001F003L009

Image 1:

August 16, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad and Grandpa,

Again I am writing from the library. It is 1:20 in the afternoon and I finished lunch at the Service Club about an hour ago. It was very good, by the way. I had fried fish, mashed potatoes and gravy, peas, 2 peach salads, bread, and 2 glasses of iced tea. Earlier in the morning I had 6 doughnuts and a 7-up at the PX, so I feel pretty well stuffed right now. I have ^{not} been eating breakfast though these mornings, for I have been getting up too late to make it. Breakfast here in camp is at 7:00 and I have been getting up around 7:30 or a quarter till [sic] eight. However, I have been making up for it with the other 2 meals during the day.

This morning I had to police the company area. It didn't take long. After that I had a shower and shave and then came up here to the old standby, the Service Club.

Image 2:

It was swell talking to you again this morning, Mother. I kept on talking and talking after we were disconnected, not realizing what had happened. There really isn't much to tell you over the phone, but it's just good to hear your voice.

I noticed that the PX got the new "Sat. Evening Post" in today, so I will buy a copy.

It is awfully hot here, worse than ever, but I haven't been bothered by it this week so much because I have not been working hard or wearing those hot uniforms (fatigues, leggings, helmet, etc.) It will be awfully difficult to get used to the old routine again. I just wish the war would end. Of course the end of the European war or even both wars won't mean the end of all this disgusting training, etc., but still it would provide some hope. How I long for the Nazis to crack today – this very hour, this very minute. I don't want much do I? Well, I guess I can't be blamed for thinking about it, anyway. I'm afraid that in spite of all our brilliant success, if we have to depend of [sic] military operations it will still take a long, long while to defeat Germany. If someone favorable to the Allies would only overthrow the Nazis and surrender unconditionally. But I just don't see how this

Image 3:

(3)

August 16, 1944

could ever be possible.

When I get back in the field please send me as many papers and magazines as possible. I do want to keep up with the news.

I got 3 Dayton papers yesterday, the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday editions. I don't know why they must come bunched up like that. I imagine they send one out every day in Dayton. The fault must be somewhere else along the line.

Mother, as I told you this morning, I received your letter yesterday – the one with the article about Bill Epstein. He is certainly very clever.

Yes, I would like to write, etc., but I neither the time nor the necessary experience required for it. Maybe I could try my hand at it if I only had time, but how can I find that time when I ever find it difficult to get a few minutes to write these letters to you? Believe me, though, I am going to study journalism, etc., after the war. No pre-med or anything of the kind, thank God!

I saw a terrible double feature last night. I walked out before it was over. I knew it wouldn't

Image 4:

be good, but wanted something to do. Tonight's show, "[Mr Winkle Goes to War](#)" with Edward G. Robinson, should be very good. It's something new for E.G. Robinson. It's the story of a man in his 40's who was drafted in the beginning and stayed in even though he could get out – a meek little man. Imagine Robinson playing that role.

You should have heard the audience the other night when in the pre-view he refused an honorable discharge, preferring to stay in the Army.

What does Seymour have to say? It's nice that Aunt Fannie is able to hear from him so often. I don't care where you are, in the front lines or in the rear, it's still plenty bad.

I have been thumbing through a copy of "Who's Who" and I found several names that I recognized –Rob't Nathan, your friend, Dad, Basil Walters, Dr. Brill, my chem. Prof. at Miami, and Dr. Bain of Miami whose wife was my government teacher.

Well, the cake is all gone now. I certainly did enjoy it, though. It kept so well. The frosting didn't melt at all. It was packed very well, Dad.

That's about all for now, I guess. Love øf to you all.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.