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Image 1:

May 2, 1944<sup>1</sup>

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa

I have been rather lax on my letter writing lately, so tonight I vowed that the first thing I would do would be to write you this letter. There really isn't much to write about, since I have been telling everything of importance over the telephone.

I didn't have a chance to call over the weekend, and although I wanted to, I also felt that I should ease up on the calls for a couple of days for I know that they are terribly expensive. I do get a lot of pleasure out of talking to you, though, and I always feel so much better after calling home.

I received those delicious cookies last Saturday – and when I say delicious I really mean it. Mother, they were really swell, and I know I don't have to tell you how much I appreciated them.

Image 2:

Also, none of them came broken, a fact which is something close to a miracle.

I was glad to get the zipper kit and toilet articles. Something in which toilet articles can be kept is really a necessity in the Army. The razor is swell. I have been using one which I bought at the PX for 18¢.

Dad, as always the papers and magazines were a welcome sight. I have always had a desire to keep up with current affairs, not only those concerning the war of which there are plenty, but also those of the arts of which I will never tire. There are so many good books out. I only wish I had time to read them.

My company bought a new <sup>RCA</sup> radio and Victrola<sup>2</sup> combination for the day room – also some new records. I have been listening to two of my favorite tonight – the albums from "Oklahoma" and "One Touch of Venus." They are beautiful. If I ever get to New York – oh well, you know what I am going to say – I will want to see every show on Broadway.

Tomorrow I have an anniversary. It's just 4 months since I went on active duty. It seems much longer. IT's May already, and still no invasion. The air war is simply amazing though. And Goering<sup>3</sup>, once boasted that no bombs would ever fall on German soil!

How was Sherwod Eddy? He must be very interesting.<sup>4</sup>

Joe Howard's show must have been a riot. "[Gay Nineties](#)" revues are always good.

Image 3:

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<sup>1</sup> Camp Polk stationary reflects another change of assignment, as Epstein was reassigned from the Infantry to the Signal Corps are transferred to Camp Polk. The Signal Corps is the branch of the Army responsible for communications. Originally founded during the Civil War, the Signal Corps used aerial telegraphy (or "wig-wag") flags to communicate between commands within line of sight; by World War II they were primarily concerned with radio communications. The Signal Corps name remained, however, and indeed the Branch's insignia was a crossed pair of Civil War Era signal flags.

<sup>2</sup> Record Player.

<sup>3</sup> Hermann Goering, commander-in-chief of the Luftwaffe, the German Air Force.

<sup>4</sup> An American Missionary and author.

From your description, Mother, Margie Miller probably stole the show. She might get somewhere yet. You have to give her credit.

I got a few letters off over the weekend, but I still have many more to write. I will get to them as soon as possible.

My sunglasses were not found at the cleaners, so I don't know what happened to them. See if you can locate a new pair, will you? There are going to be plenty of bright days when I will be able to make use of them. It's terrible the way I lose things, but living like this makes it difficult to keep track of one's belongings.

It would be marvelous if you could come down here for Mother's Day. I don't think there is much of anything in Leesville, however. I will try to find out all that I can about accommodations. It would be grand to be together again.

I just heard Celeste Holms singing

Image 4:

["I Can't Say No."](#) She is superb in that Kurt Weills music in "One Touch of Venus" is reminiscent of his "Lady in the Dark." He can really write music.

Well, my letter is rather short and disconnected tonight. I wish I had more to write, but since I haven't, I will come to a close. Write me all the news in Dayton.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.