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Image 1:

Somewhere in Italy  
March 12, 1945

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I have been wanting to write you all week, but it seems that every time I wanted to start, something else would turn up. For instance, yesterday I spent most of the day digging a foxhole, so that when evening came around, I was so tired I fell asleep immediately upon climbing in the foxhole, instead of writing as I had intended to do. I had the foxhole covered with a shelter half, so it made it warmer, and also, by doing so, I could use a flashlight. My hole wasn't big enough for the steel bed I have been lugging all over Italy with me. It's real luxury! I put my 2 shelter halves on the bed, then 2 blankets, then the bed roll you sent (incidentally it came last week and is marvelous—I wrote you not to send it, but I'm certainly glad you got it out before my letter arrived), and finally 2 more blankets. Please send some food whenever you desire to.

Image 2:

(2) Somewhere in Italy  
March 12, 1945

With my fur lined pile jacket and my mackinaw for a pillow, I'm really warm and comfortable.

Some of your letters have come in 7 and 8 days time, which, I think, is pretty damn fast. Your letters of the 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> came in that time, but yesterday, Mother, your letter of the 25<sup>th</sup> reached me.

So many of <sup>the</sup> things you have been sending arrived during this past week that it would take practically a whole letter to enumerate them. You don't know how swell it has been to get them. 6 boxes came including the bed-roll. 2 were mailed Jan. 31 —although one came last week and the other just yesterday. The others were mailed Feb. 8, 9, and 10, I believe. All the food came in perfect condition. The cookies were all marvelous. That's an excellent way of sending them. By the way please send some food whenever you care to.

Image 3:

(3) Somewhere in Italy  
March 12, 1945

I haven't tried the cocoa yet, but it sure looks good. I passed some of the things around, and everyone really went for them. The fruit juice, pretzels, toast, olives, etc. — all were swell and all came in perfect condition. You really do some good wrapping.

Mother, the cigarette case you sent is perfect. Thanks so much for sending it.

Dad, all the papers and magazines you have been sending are coming in right along. It seemed funny to read the "N.Y. Times" and "Herald-Tribune" once again after having been without them for so long.

Mother, I do want to wish you a very, very happy birthday and hope some day to celebrate many more of your birthdays with you. Perhaps next year we can be together again. Let's hope so, anyway. Your birthday comes at one of the most beautiful times of the year—springtime — a season well suited for you. I would like to write more now, but I want to get this in the mail.

Image 4:

(4) Somewhere in Italy

March 12, 1945

As it is, I am afraid this won't reach you, Mother, in time for your birthday.  
Love to all of you.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.

P.S. Please send some food whenever you desire it.