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Image 1:

July 30, 1944

Dear Mother, Dad, and Grandpa,

I am writing this letter in the Service Club while waiting for my call to you to come through. There is a delay of 1-2 hours, and I have now been waiting well over an hour. Yesterday's calls came through right away. Scores of long distance calls are being placed here.

I hope you won't mind my calling so much, but I get so depressed, and I feel so much better after talking to you.

I have to talk things out with you. If I keep every thing pent up inside me, I just about go crazy. While I was home, I forgot about everything. I felt like I had never been in the Army. I am going to miss these calls while out on maneuvers, but we'll have to make up for them by letter.

I started to write last night, but I didn't have time

Image 2:

to finish.

Friday night I had just finished K.P. when I took a look at the bulletin board and saw my name for guard duty. So you can imagine how I felt.

I thought it would do me some good to get out this week-end so I planned to go to Alexandria. The Bentley Hotel there is supposed to be beautiful. A woman in the guest house the other night said that the rooms are air-conditioned and that the whole place is very nice. I wish I had known about it when you were here. I should have gotten a 3-day pass and gone over there with you. Oh well, live and learn! I called there Thursday and they were all filled up for Sat. but I thought I would take a chance on a cancellation and go over there anyway.

By bus it's 2 hrs. and 15 min. both to Alex. and Lake Charles. To Beaumont it is 6 hrs.—too far for a week-end. It's just too bad this camp isn't near a decent place.

It's so terribly, terribly hot here. I think that's one of the reasons for my feeling so low. To work in this heat in hot fatigues, leggings, heavy shoes, and helmet is perfectly terrible. There is no let up in the heat.

Image 3:

(3)

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Even on a day like today where I am doing nothing I fell "all-in" because of the heat. I am rather worried about Grandpa's being ill, and am anxious to know how he is today. I hope it is no more serious than before.

Well, the call just came through, and it was surely swell talking to you. I hate it, though, when they limit the call to 5 minutes.

I've ~~being~~<sup>been</sup> trying to be more cheerful, but it's awfully hard. In the first place, I am such a nervous person.

I've been sitting here thinking how at this time last Sunday we were getting ready to go to Cincinnati. That was such a marvelous evening at the hotel and the opera. What is there here—the exciting Service Club. If you could do your work and then go out and have a good time it wouldn't be so bad.

My radio works – but only late at night when I can't use it.

Image 4:

At any other time I can't get a think on it. A bigger radio would probably be better. Reception here is so very poor anyway. This is a miserable part of the country. One trouble with me is that I hate regimentation. When you go somewhere you don't walk, you march. You eat by a whistle, get up by a whistle. There is nothing democratic about the Army. It seems so funny—so peculiar. It reminds me of Hitler's creed—"Stop thinking and follow me!"

Well, I must stop now for lunch. I'll write more later. I rec'd a letter from both of you. Also the stamps which I needed, Dad. Write all the news.

Lovingly,

Jerome, Jr.