

Jan 19 1944 Jill to Al
Carson

The baby is crying. She did not get enough to eat before and I have to get up and give her the bottle some more, as Rachel is cooking dinner. 'Scuse it please.

She only took a half an ounce. Phooey, it wasn't worth getting up for. I had an interesting and enervating afternoon. Rachel took her first afternoon off, and there I was left alone with that fearsome creature, the baby. Actually, I was very calm and collected about the whole thing, I guess having nephews helps, because I did occasionally diaper and feed Paul and Joe. She crapped in her pants and I changed them with great aplomb, then I nursed her, except in the middle of it the baby carriage man came with the newly repaired baby carriage, and I had to throw her down and write him out a check. Then I gave her the bottle, having heated it to the correct temperature. The only flaw in the whole performance was that I didn't burp her, or rather, mistook one of her large repertory of noises for a burp. As a result, five minutes after I had set her back in her basket with a sigh of relief and had lit up a Chesterfield in the classic manner of calm and collected people, she tosses up all five ounces of milk, which is a lot of milk when you see it arching across the room in a neat parabola. So I had to clean her up and change her clothing, my first try at that knotty little problem, and feed her all over again. This all took about two and half hours, as contrasted with with 40 minutes the nurse manages to do everything in.

But it's funny, babies don't seem to mind whoopsing. If anything, she looked satisfied, with an air of accomplishment about her. Nor do I particularly mind performing these tasks which might be repulsive to the civilian, as I shall hereafter designate the non-mother. And I find myself loving her ~~xxx~~ for herself along, as well as for the fact that you're her father, the latter of which feelings sustained my tolerance for ~~xx~~ her during the months before she hit air.

You may be unhappy to know that at the moment you are faced with the competition of Frank Sinatra, whose notoriety most surely have reached your remote corner of the world. He has his own radio show now and I just turned it on for the benefit of Rachel, who hadn't heard him before and wondered what all the fuss was about. She still wonders, and so do I. Mom, however, claims he stirs her soul. I guess I'm not young enough or old enough to appreciate him, and Rachel, who is crowding sixty, is too old.

Fritz just came ~~in~~ with the news that he'd been rejected by his draft board again. Poor Fritz -- not only is he disappointed but he'll probably have to go through all this six months from now again. Nothing is static to the draft boards.

Hell's bells - Diana & Oliver came in after that last sentence, interrupting what I had planned to be a nice long letter. Now it's quarter of eleven & having nursed the baby I must go to sleep too - But anyway, I'll write more tomorrow to my best and only sweet heart



all my love
Jill

(even if underlining I try to outdo you)

(and I'll never forget that) Anyway, drying is a long complicated process and the blouse and I are now the precise color of shit. So are all the pots in the apt.

Your rose was pretty, anyway it smelled nice, altho it came apart in the envelop.

I still haven't heard from Pech & Pech about that check that got lost, but I guess they'll be able to stop it, I hope, I hope.

I did another cross word puzzle tonight. I'm getting pretty good. It's a waste of time, I know, & I can't find a single reason for doing them, not even fun. It's just a bad, enervating habit, like biting ones nails.

They had a flag raising ceremony in the block tonight. The flag was in part dedicated to you (one star) I was invited to go in your behalf but couldn't on account of the d-nt-st. (I guess you're getting tired of my oral problems).

There isn't anything else new, I guess. Now tomorrow.

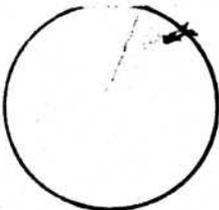
Love and kisses - oooxxx

Jill



DOMESTIC SCENE

10/14/42 J.O.D.G.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Capt. Alfred DeGrazia
 PWB, 7th Army
 APO 758
 c.1 PM, New York City

Jill DeGrazia
 5436 Ridgewood Ct.
 Chicago 25, Ill.

July 28, 1945
 (Sender's complete address above)

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

one has to spend some time indoors. My usual solution is to get up and bike my head off, but when the feeling is combined with fatigue or the inability to get outdoors, there's not a damn thing one can do about it. It's funny, I can feel sexy whether I'm tired, hungry, sick or have a broken leg -- at least, I can deduce the last possibility from the certainty of the others. I don't know whether I'm worse in that respect than other people, or whether other people are just inhibited. But don't ever let anybody hand you any crap about men being different. Look at me, a well brought up, reasonably well-behaved young woman and you'll know. Well, I think I'll take a tour around with the bike tonight and find a good absorbing spy story in the local drug store.

And in these troublous times I have to start being a chain smoker, at least, when I am writing to you. The thing is, I get absorbed in a sentence or a paragraph and the next thing I know, my cigaret is down to nothing and I have to start over again. I've lit four butts since the paragraph before last, and then got involved in cataloging your old letters and haven't had four decent puffs out of them.

Well, tomorrow I'll have a busy day because I imagine Bill will be coming down to see Priscilla and we'll have a picnic. I already got a lot of hot dogs for the occasion. She isn't staying here tonight but I think it's a good idea that she spend some time here, to curb my growing restlessness with a lot of girly girlish talk and also, by her presence, to afford me some nights off to go to the movies. It's sort of like having a younger sister around. I don't have to be as polite or deferential as I do with friends my own age, with whom I feel more competitive, for one reason or another. And we keep exchanging clothes, another sisterly pattern. Most of the other girls I know are either too fancy to do that, like Maxine, or else too fat, like Bea. My sister and I would probably do that if we lived in the same city, since she has conveniently grown into a size 12 during her many years of married life.

Well, this letter is getting silly and in any case, it has to stop sometime. It's going to take me all night to address the damn thing.

And you, you big stoop, you'd better get home before I grown into a size 20 and am good for nothing except making meatballs. I love you so damned much, darling -- it's the blight and joy of my life.

Always your --

Jill



— Sexy Jill on her bike.

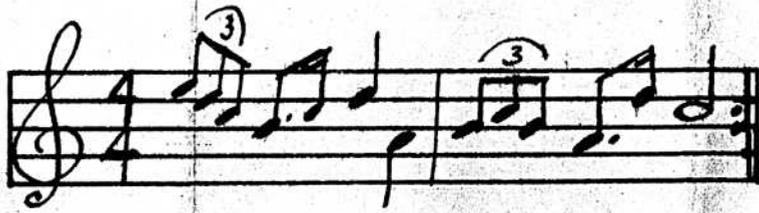
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V - MAIL

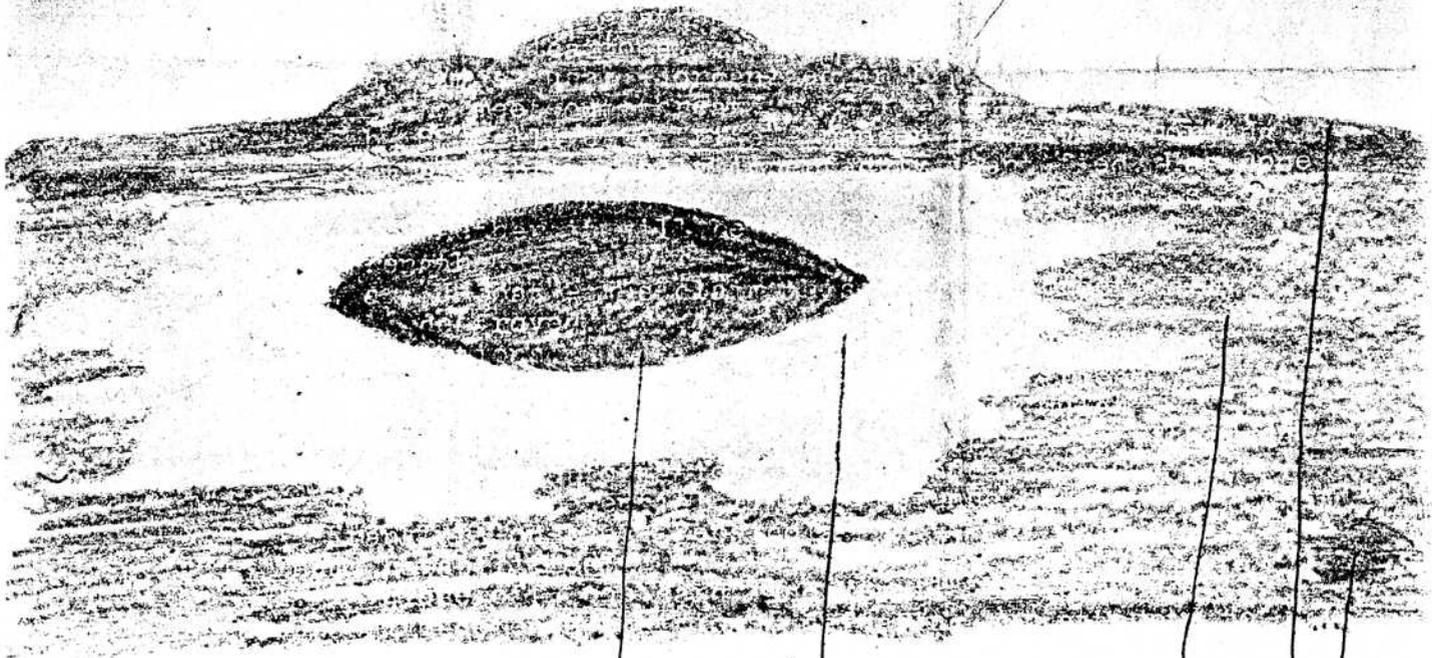
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT FORM NO. 1

VERSE III.



VERSE IV.



PEACE

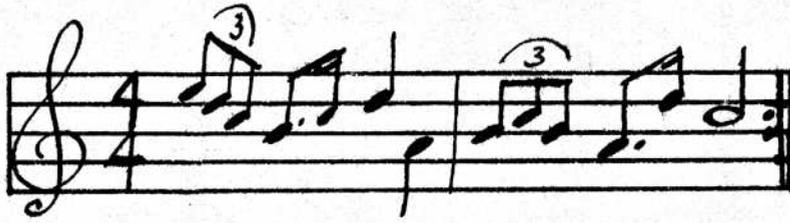
JOY

COOLNESS

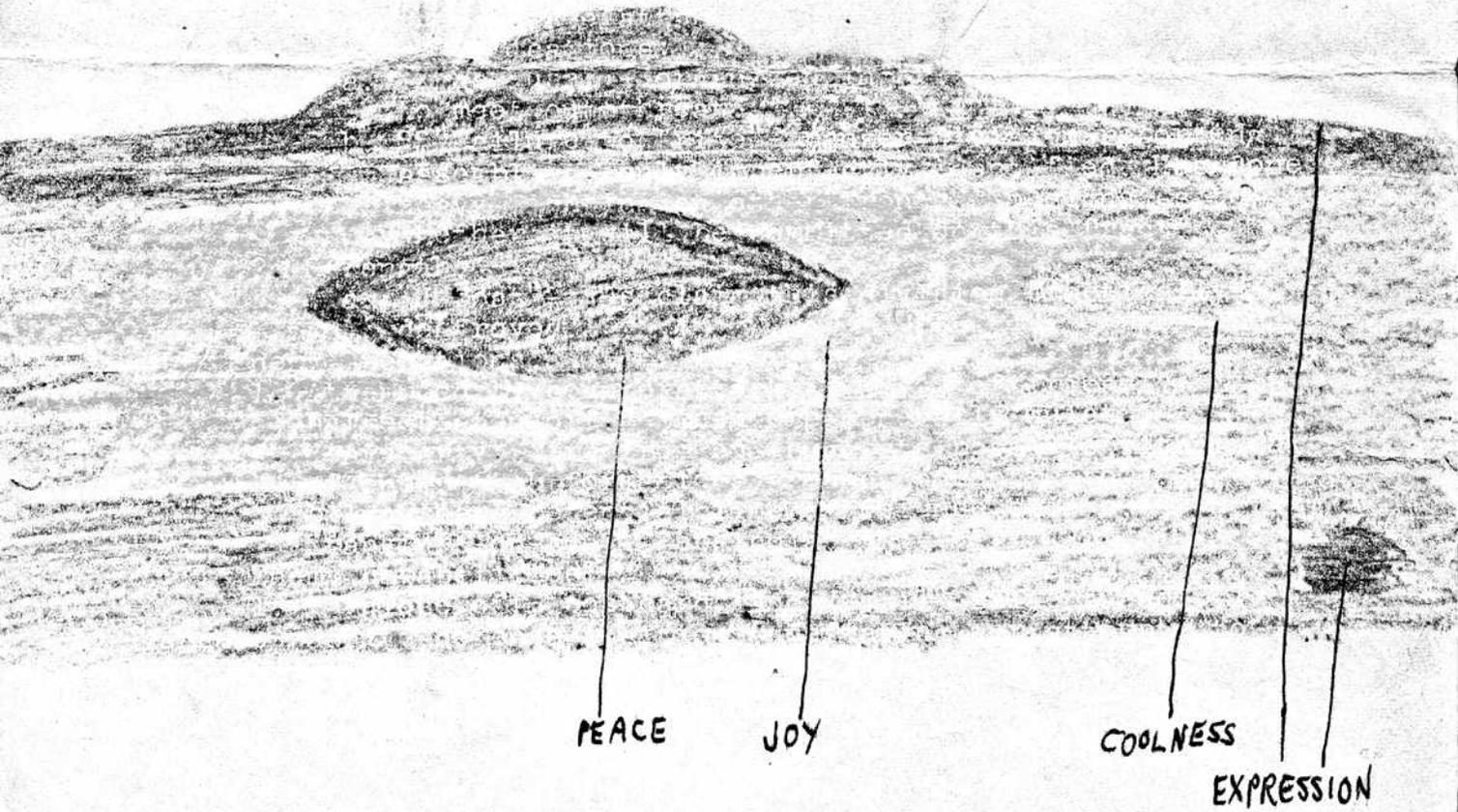
EXPRESSION

March 17, 48

VERSE III.



VERSE IV.



Jan. 18, 1945

Dearest Jill,

I thought I had finally gotten a letter from you this afternoon, but it was only addressed by you and contained one by Johnny who is still well, I am glad to hear. Need I say more?

Let sensation be rampant.

VERSE I.

An envelope developed
With a famous schawl.
In it, "Corblimey! Stymied!"
nothing at all.

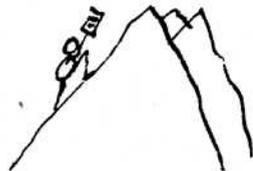
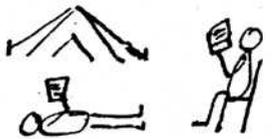
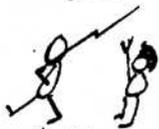
Why forward a friend's letter?
Can't you do any better?

I don't mind that kind of thing to ring
my bell when, hell,
There's other stuff with fluff and luff
from you, true blue.
But that chunk stops no chink
in my bleeding needing
For more of you. So pour it on.

Oh the chagrin in the grin
of a male without mail
Not even love in a paper glove
to ease years of yearnings.

VERSE II.

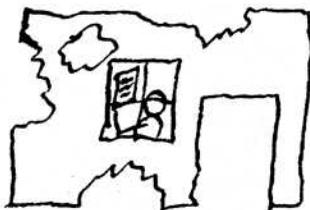
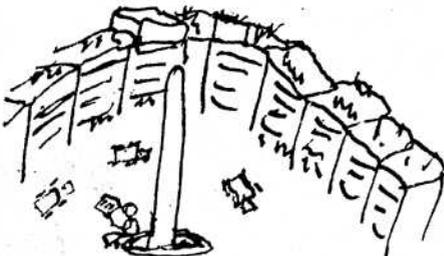
Bye!



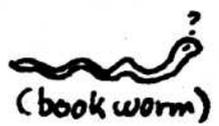
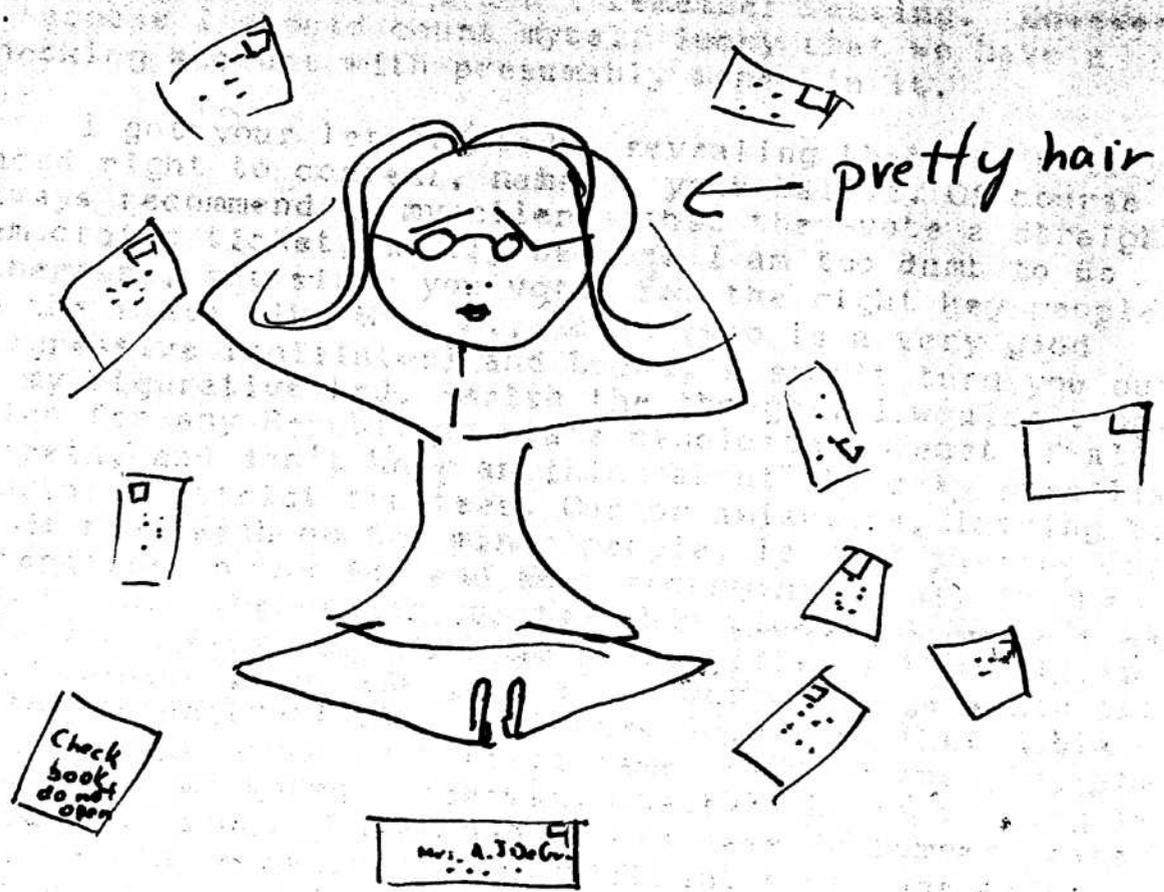
Hi!



"I don't remember you,
but your style, oh, kid!"



of length of shorts
in case you need more
6 - How long must I keep bank
statements before they are of use
enough to throw away?



(book worm)

When is she going to
put that stuff away
so I can start
eating it?

of them to some worthy cause, and he absolutely refused. He said nobody would want them, and wouldn't I please get them the hell out of his store, only he didn't swear, he just looked. By that time I had put on several more pounds of baby and was incapable of carrying them all home at once, so I had to make two trips. The reason I obliged him at all was that he had promised to order these two limited, and therefore hard-to-get, editions of Goya's etchings for me, and I couldn't afford to antagonize him. So your original premise, i.e., that nobody would want books that you didn't want, was correct and I wasn't so smart after all.

Darling, I would like to send you some fudge if I can ever make the kind that gets hard. Would you please ask me for some? Would you also please ask me for some magazines generally, or some New Republics specifically? Bernice subscribes and if I can ever get her to read them -- she is three months behind already, -- she is going to give them to me to send you. I also wrote the New Yorker yesterday to ask them about an overseas edition I hear they have. Then you would have a better chance of reading them all and fairly steadily too.

I am getting sleepy from the beer. Take care of yourself for you are my only darling. All my love, and all Kathy's too, whatever that's worth, limited as her emotional range is.

OOOxxx

Jill

Speaking of pet peeves in re our American Way of Life, do you know what mine is? It's the concert programs sponsored by vast industrial establishments like Ford or GM, the main purpose of which seems to be not the dissemination of good music but to avail the fourth vice-president the opportunity to shoot his mouth off. Apparently every big corp. in America has on its payroll in the upper brackets one if not many assholes who should have been circuit-riding Methodist ministers but who, having missed their vocation in the lust for Mammon, have been storing up sermons in their crabbed bosoms all these years. Then along comes radio, a good if mercenary conductor like Stokowsky, a contract between corp. and conductor, and voila, the executive has his day. I have just heard Mr. Charles G. Kettering, whose name is burned as incredibly and unpleasantly in my mind as Spam is in yours and who is the vice-president of GM, take up 15 minutes of an hour's symphonic program extolling the virtues of American industry and exhorting the youth of today to become the dullards of tomorrow via the system of free enterprise. The awful thing is that he does this every Sunday and says exactly the same thing too. And guys like that invariably have the most unpleasant radio presences. They could at least hire a radio-trained stooge to toss of their paens of penuriousness for them.

And then they play Wagner!



I'm enclosing a review of Sforza's new book. If you want it let me know. I'm also enclosing a card from the Harris Trust for you to sign. When I get it back I send it to them with the pass book and they make out the account in both our names. Just write in on the line marked X, that's all. I'm anxious to get all three savings accounts in joint form because, aside from reasons of sentiment, I don't have a will and this will make it easier for you legally if a 55-51st St. streetcar should catch me intestate. I think it's sort of silly for me to write a will anyway, particularly in this will do the trick with the important items of property.

Now I have to do the dishes. It's amazing how ditty everything is all the time, considering how little I cook and for how many. Gripe gripe

But I do love you always and only you. The asterick above is a word of encouragement. Don't let anything I've said discourage you from asking for books and things. I always enjoy sending you stuff -- as long as I don't have to write the book, I mean.

Always -
Gill

This is the same shitty fountain pen you nearly left me over last March. How P'er paid and paid for it!



her that he moved into quarters in some small town, the name of which I now forget, and found papers in the desk drawer signed by you. I wish I could remember what town it was. A strange coincidence, what? I also hear that George and Chris Peck are back in Chicago for a few days, before George moves on to an assignment in Washington. I'd like to see the, but don't feel up to entertaining and don't see any way out of it, if I do want to see them. I think I must be getting psycho-neurotic, I have such an aversion to seeing people if it takes any effort on my part. I guess it's because I've seen so many people these past few years that you've been away, and always the burden of talking or listening or making drinks is on me. I guess I always was happier when you were around to do the talking while I could just sit by and look nice and see that we got home at a decent hour so that we could go to bed. I still like parties where one can dance and say owlsh things to the men in sight, which doesn't take any effort, but as for sitting and having discussions with anybody more vocal and profound than Priscilla and Bill or the women I meet at the playground or beach, well, it's not for me.

Kathy is getting to be such a hypchodriac. She's had a little scab on her leg from a mosquito bite, I think and every night after she's been in bed a while she calls me in and points to ~~xxx~~ it and says, "It hurts." Then I take her up, put a band-aid on it and she is a satisfied, even delighted, client. Of course by the next day the bandage has worn off and the performance is repeated. Joey is the same way about aspirin. He is always yelling that he has a headache, so that he can have some. And ~~xxx~~ of course he has no more headache than fallen arakes.

I'm just reading about the raid on Nazis in the American zone of occupation. It sounds like a very spectacular affair. I wonder if you had any part in it and how much you can tell about the whole thing.

Well, my psycho-neurotic fatigue is over-taking me again. And I see a beetle on the curtain that needs taking care of. I hope it's a beetle, that is. Darling, please come home soon. I need yo so damn much and love you even more.

All my love—
Bill

P.S. I got the beetle.


him

Color - black
Size - drawn to scale

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, ink ball, or penball. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. _____



CENSOR'S STAMP

To
Capt. Alfred DeGrazia
PWB, 7th Army
APO 758
c/o PM, New York

From
Jill DeGrazia
(Sender's name)
870 Chestnut St.
(Sender's address)
San Francisco, Cal.
May 3, 1945
(Date)

Darling - As usual, I seem to have more mail from you these days than I have time to answer it. For example, Paul and Ann are out at their weekly skating session, which I always look forward to because it gives me much free time in which to write you and here it is nearly nine PM and I hardly have started to write you. I had to sit at the kids to bed and Kathy picked this of all nights to stay awake endlessly, muttering 07-707 joy in her ear (and didn't tell me she gets that from my side of the family because everybody knows how exorcucially assimilated we are) and to wet and soil thrice, necessitating as many changes of diaper. You can look forward to toilet training her yourself. She sure resists me! And I don't think it will be so long that you'll be wrestling with Little Toidy. From where is it, our successes are staggering. I was always the gloomy one you know about quick victory. Why, last night's paper said that the 7th Army actually didn't have any more fighting to do in its present location.

You can gather that I must be in excellent shape, to be able to put the kids away myself. And indeed I am. I don't know what new kind of therapy it is, not putting a broken bone in a cast but it surely is superior. I have quite a lot of movement in my right arm except that I naturally can't raise it from the shoulder. The bandage is tight but I am used to it. If you are interested in the deal and at your distance how can you protest, I will describe it to you. It seems that the collar bone was broken off completely about an inch from the end, next to the shoulder. The doctor figured that it would either just swing around free until a new growth of bone intervened, leaving an unsightly bump, or else the loose piece would slide back into place by itself. So he left it unbandaged for a couple of days in the hospital, during which I couldn't move, and by gosh it did go back into place and that was the end of it. The bandage apparently just exerts tension, to keep the whole works straight. My but it's fun discussing one's operation.

My three letters from you were March 29, April 13 and 20. In the last one you ask again about our finances. I've told you a million times if I've told you once that our bonds are in the vaults of the Fed Reserve bank. Why must you harkle me, and be so sick about income tax, well I'm just letting it go. Do you want me to age prematurely? You're a soldier and don't have to worry and I'm sure nobody cares about my lousy 800 a year. The interest on the bank accounts stand as yours because they're in your name. And one half percent or whatever the rate is of 9000 can't be very much. One and one half I mean. Now please leave me alone. I want to sleep.

Oh, I finally got onto the record machine and played that record his sent of you and Jane Mayer that you once sent to Bill. It sure was a sad rendition of I'm Confessing. It was funny to hear your voice, completely unrecognizable. You sounded a lot like Steinorecher, very Chicago with hard clipped tones. I am so used to my family's relative drawls and your little brother's sounded quite different and unexpected.

V - MAIL

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To
 Capt. Alfred Johnson
 2008, 7th Army
 APO 758
 10 PM, New York

From
 J. D. [unclear]
 5336 Ridgewood
 Chicago 15, Ill.
 Jan 7, 1945

but anything is better than nothing. You'll just have to take my word for it that she is a most competent walker. You, she really walks. She prefers it to all other modes of locomotion now, in fact, practically never crawls any more. And all this has taken place just in the week since her birthday, or maybe it is two weeks. She can walk forward, backward, turn with me, or maybe it is two weeks. She can walk forward, backward, turn with me, i.e., holding my hand like a little lady, or without me. She also dances. When there is a swingy tune on the radio she starts jogging with her knees and swaying from side to side and stamping her feet. She was doing it this morning to our time-honored Pepsi-cola commercial. And guess what, she ate a whole lamb chop for lunch. I tore it up in little bits and although she only has five teeth, she chomped away, probably on her bare gums, until it was all gone, loving it all the while. Her teeth are really funny, by the way. The bottom two are set so close together, like mine, that they form a little V with one another, but the two top front teeth have a space between them, like Bess's almost big enough to get another tooth in between. Then there is one other little tooth on the upper range, next to the slight front teeth. It's funny the way she combines the dental characteristics of both families. Also, her two upper front teeth are very large and white, while the lower ones are little, like mine. No matter how it sounds, the effect is entrancing. The dentist, who was looking at her teeth only casually, since I am the paying patient there, said that the space between her front teeth would probably disappear as she got older. I don't care one way or another, since she still is the best-looking kid around here and by far the most animated.

I just got a huge package from Paul and Ann, full of goodies of all sorts. They sent five home-preserved jars of the most exotic nature, brandied cherries and fruits like that, and a book for me, Ben Mecht's Guide to the Bedevilled which should be interesting, and a fluffy toy for Kathy and a darling picture of little Paul, who looks more like Ann than like anybody else in the family. Paul, the big one, was a prettier little boy but I think little Paul will have more chisled features. Oh well, you really can't tell. I think Kathy will never have exactly chiseled features. Her nose is a vast little button now, and her mouth is nice and big, like yours. So are her eyes, and in this cold weather, her cheeks get absolutely scarlet, so that altogether she looks like something on a baby food can. It is always a never-ending source of joy and wonder to me that this wish of mine came true — that the baby looks like you.

I can't find anything to disagree with in your remarks on govt. in unwarmed liberated Europe. That's another thing, after living with you a scant two years I find myself hopelessly under your intellectual spell, I mean, even before you start convincing me of anything, I find myself convinced by the things you might say. Oh, I'm not very clear. I feel just awful, having the curse, by awful meaning incompetent, bumbling, dull, lazy, irritable and so forth.

I'm going to take a bath now and see if that won't clear the atmosphere for an afternoon of useful activity. All my love and kisses to you, darling, and Kathy sends hers too.

000 KVN Jid

A Good Luck

provided. The Department will not be held liable for damage to mail unless it is shown that the sender was negligent.

No. _____



(SENDER'S STAMP)

Mr. Alfred J. DeGrazia
RWA, Headquarters 5th Army
APO 464
46 Postmaster, New York

Till DeGrazia
5436 Ridge
Chicago, Ill.
Dec. 27, 1945

3 mother, then an influential member of the local PTA, that I had an IQ of 145, and my mother telling my father, and my father eavesdropping.

I'm going to run all the way to the mail box with this and back, and if I don't have good labor pains by then, you can have the goddam baby yourself. It's funny, but I'm hostile to the child for not giving me anguish. To the untutored eye ear nose or throat it would seem like masochism, but if you saw your pretty flat stomach as mangled and mixed for as long a time as I have seen mine, you'd understand. Excuse me, I'm going to get an apple. I am determined to leave nothing in the icebox when I go to bed.

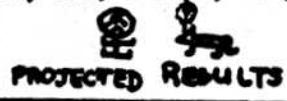
You asked me about pictures. I already wrote Bill, took some of us on Christmas day, and after the baby comes, I'm going to get a fancy guy to take some of us. I am letting my hair grow because it's getting too straight to wear short and curly. Mom likes it long. I'm neutral. It saves me the trouble of having it cut, but on the other hand, it's sort of hard to see through it and especially when I am at the movies, I sort of object to this life-as-seen-through-seven-veils-and-a-blanket effect.

Gosh, I wish I could decide whether this was the baby or just a backache. It would be sort of exciting to have this be my last letter to you before I went to the hospital. Joan, incidentally, has a very nice-looking baby for one so young. They have named him Michael Kiernan Kelley. She is fine and is going home Friday! Nobody in the family likes the name Peter Joseph for ours, but I am damned if I will abide by the tastes of your ruffian younger brothers or your father, who apparently had quite a hostility to his brother, yclept Pietro. Vic, I am sorry to say, is as one-sided as all that, to quote you. I wish you were here to beat something into him or out of him. Now he doesn't want to take the competitive scholarships exams for the four-year college in February, which Ed will take. He would rather spend four years in high school. I try to talk to him about it, but it does no good. Anyway, about the name, I want to keep part of yours for the baby, and nothing else goes so good with Joseph as Peter or Paul, and we had to count the latter out. Incidentally, Mir sent me a cute cotton dress for Christmas.

I'll start sending you clippings and things tomorrow. Meanwhile I'll continue to write V-mail unless you find Air Mail reaches you just as fast. I'm tired of your not getting my letters, not to mention how you must feel.

Your ever-loving wife, and, I hope, baby --

Handwritten signature



V-MAIL



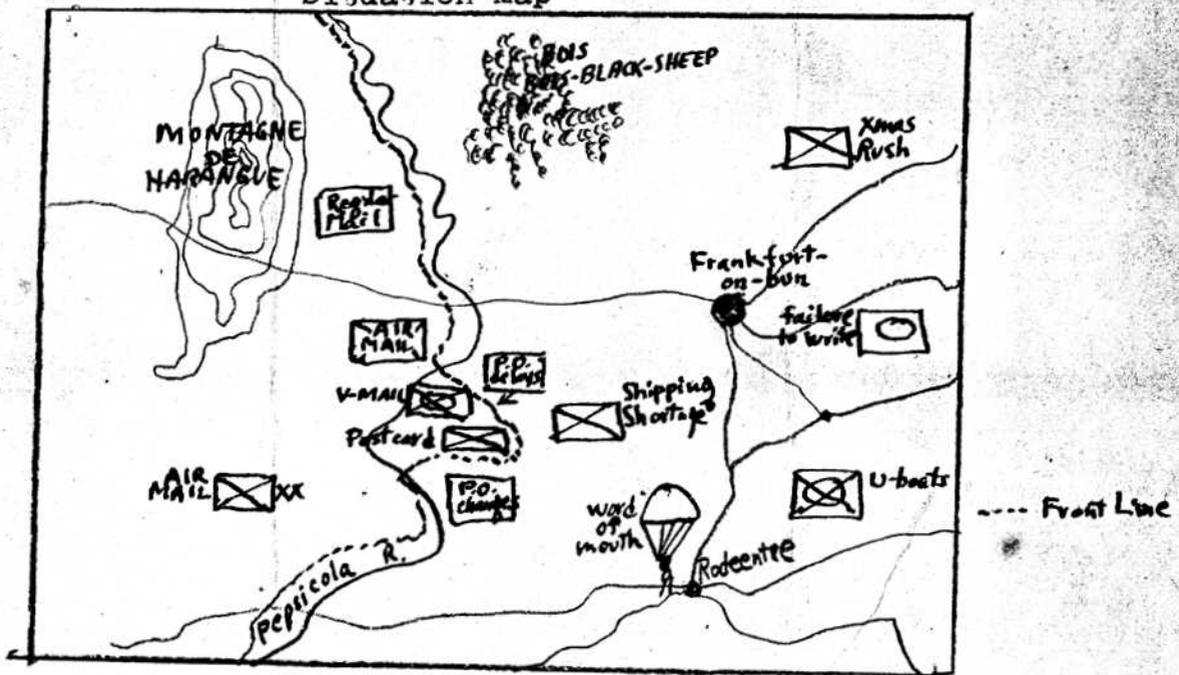
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 1

Jan 18 '45

VERSE V.

G-2 Periodical Report

Situation Map



I. Units in contact.-see attached map.

1. New Identifications:

- a. "Xmas Rush" - organized in brigade strength to meet out threat.
- b. SS "Failure to Write" - panzer division reported assembling, only imperfectly identified. Has done heavy fighting on other fronts. No signs as to whether it will be committed on this front.

2. Strength.

- a. "U-boat" - PWs claim this division practically destroyed.

II/ Enemy Operations.

- 1. Attempted by counterattacks N and S of friendly bulge beaten off. Elsewhere generally quiet.
- 2. Heavy arty. fire from ey. suggests possible withdrawal of enemy tank formations around Rodcentre to N. of bulge where potential line of defense exists, Frankfurt-on-bun - Pepsicola.

III. Enemy capabilities

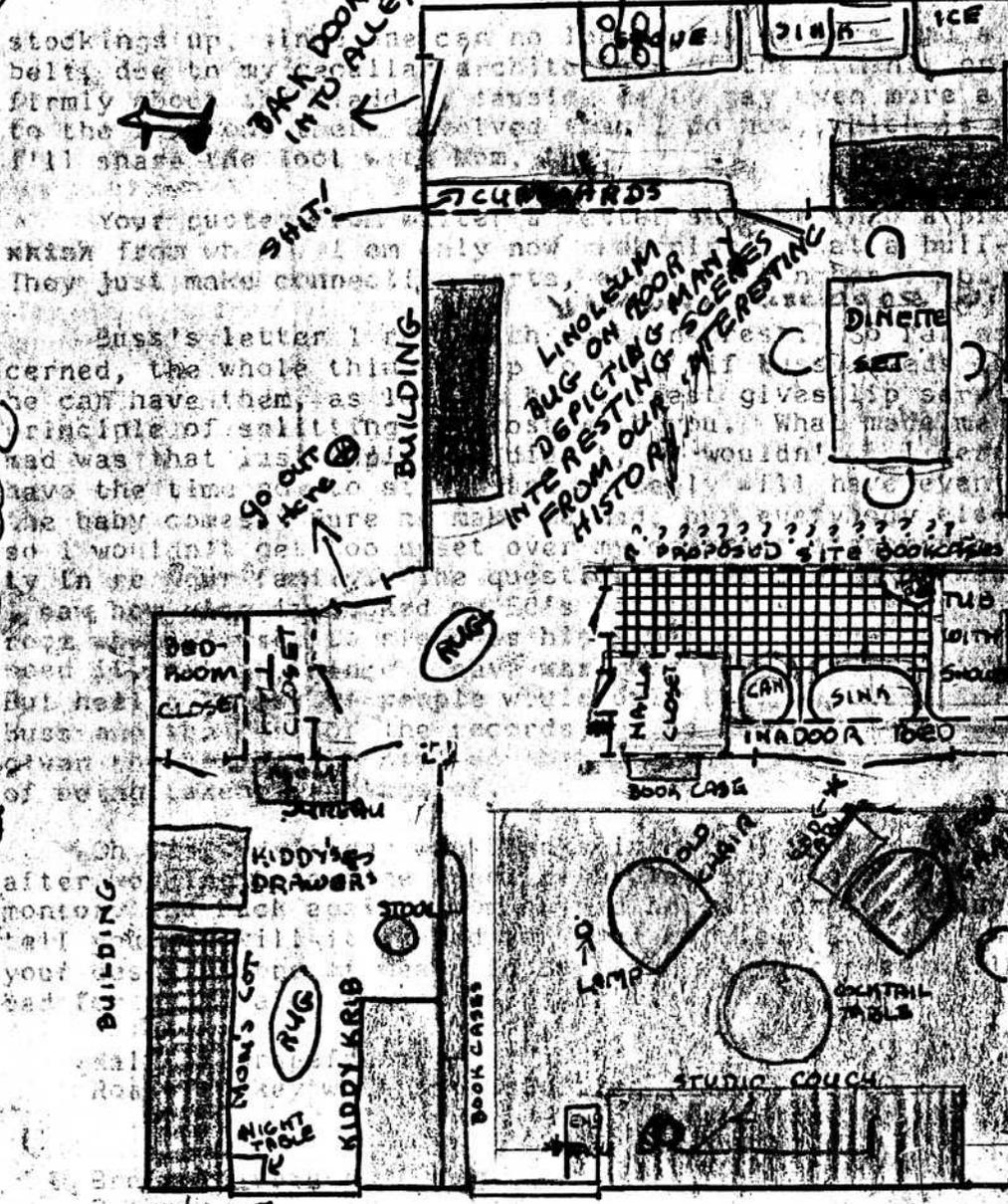
- 1. To close off "postcard" and V-mail" salient and assume passive defense positions, defeating our attempts to breakthrough and reach a decision.

P.S. To: Base Censor
 Subject: Above matter
 1. Section "8" already applied for.

DOTTED LINES = WALLS BETWEEN ROOMS

THE ROOM FURNITURE IS MUCH PRETTIER BLUE. THE LIVING FURNITURE IS PRETTY.

BUILDING



is in very good scale (signed) The teacher

CURTAINS LIKE BEDSPREAD

COME IN IF YOU WANT, TOO.
* not yet painted

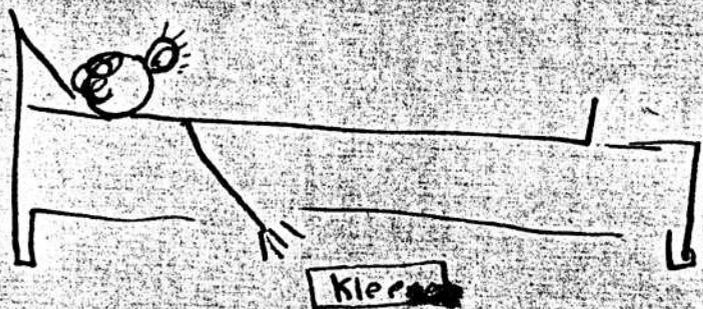
RUG ACTUALLY WINE BUT DON'T HAVE THAT COLOR CRAYON

I tried hard to get this neat but failed. (signed) The artist

blown off in our basement
at 88th St in N.Y. & there
weren't even any Germans about
except for a surly cook. It was
the boiler

Salvemini has a good article ^{on the}
in this week's ~~the~~ R. - P.C.
Try to send it to you. I think
it states clearly the position
of liberals here, only with facts.
Didn't I start to sign off
before? I love you, I do.

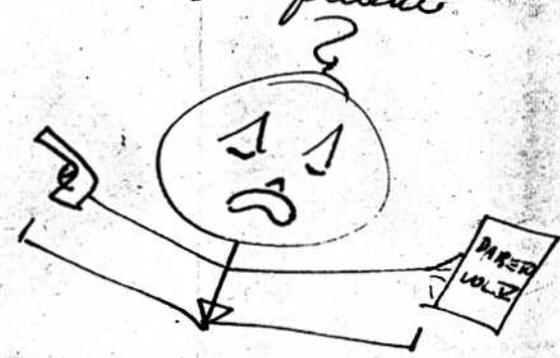
Bill



There is my interpretation
of the picture. It is the
same as the picture of the
man in the picture. The
man in the picture is the
man in the picture.



Virginia, my friend & neighbor, did this drawing of Betty. The baby does not have three legs. It is the Picasso influence.
Here is my interpretation:





My handwriting is stinking now, I know. I've been doing a lot of small work, printing figures on maps, & also drinking a lot of coffee, & it makes me lose muscular control, I guess.

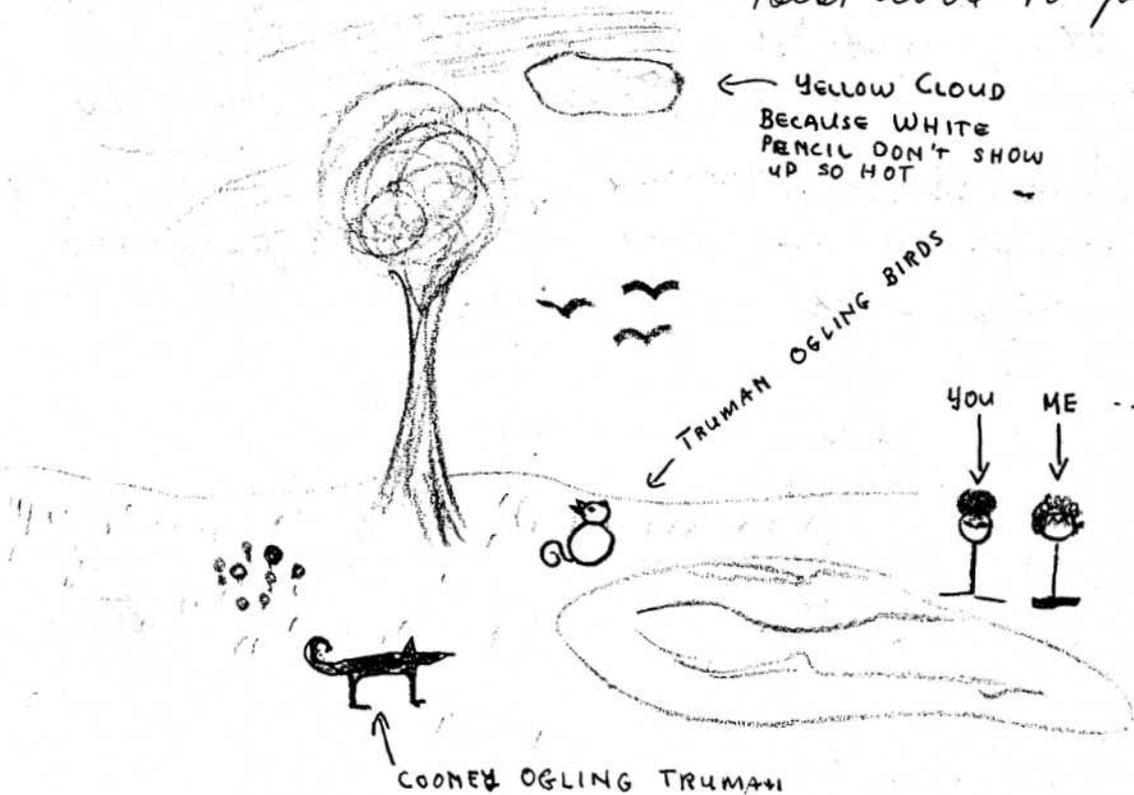
It got pretty cool today, a very welcome change. I even wore my blue wool suit, it was so cool this morning.

The laundryman never did show up last night. When I called him for the 237 log 54 this morning he said he had forgotten my address. Very feeble, I thought -

Well, pups, I must needs return to my work, such as it is.

Best love to you, as always

Bill



← YELLOW CLOUD
BECAUSE WHITE
PENCIL DON'T SHOW
UP SO HOT

← TRUMAN OG-LING BIRDS

COONEY OG-LING TRUMAN

.. enjoying nature,
only you're not
enjoying it so
much.

Bill

THE IDYLL



PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

re: 'Curly' Brooks - Republican candidate for Senate of U.S.