

June 2nd 1945

Dear Ones,

It is Saturday noon - we went to Services last night; about half way through the lights went out. We scurried around for candles and some of the boys drove their vehicles up to the door so that the lights would shine in; of course as soon as everything was all set up the lights went on again as you might expect. We played some poker and I was asleep at 11:30. I have finished the Cerf book - it is really OK, a lot of very good laughs; the trouble is that everyone will read the book and a original stories will be at a greater premium than ever. Most of my stories are not fit for civilian consumption anyway.

Thorpe is sort of bogging me down again; I am now in charge of the Ordnance depot and that makes me responsible for all of the property out in the yard. There is not much to it - I just wish that I clicked better with Thorpe; if I had confidence in him and his standing behind me in a pinch, things would be much better. His sense of humor strikes me as completely unfunny, crudeness and loudness are its high points; making other people feel uncomfortable and watching their reactions is his idea of fun. He is not the type of person whom I like to work for or with.

I will try to remember to <sup>close</sup> a request for the pamphlets, although I don't see the point in allowing myself to accumulate a library that I will just have to pack and ship on the happy day when I leave this rock - but then again I guess that pamphlets don't take up very much room. The Navy can now say what island they are on in the New Hebrides; they can't which is just as you might expect. It is simply a total of little things like that <sup>ARMY</sup> are big factors in the attitudes of both officers and men who after all have little else to think about. I certainly do recall my operation and Uncle Archie's luring me down the stairs with the funny papers - nothing more than a Thurman edition of the booby trap! I have just opened another letter and found a slip with the various titles of the pamphlets on it - most of the books are available in various editions to me out here. So I don't see any point in your sending them to me. Thanks just the same.

De Valera's answer to Churchill really took the cake and it is only logical to assume that the Irish leader would have been ready to see Hitler supreme in the world in order to end British domination of Ireland! I couldn't help but think that DeValera looks at everything from the point of view of a persecution complex as relates to the British to the end that he is like the Pole in the story of the Englishman, Frenchman, German, and Pole who write essays on the elephant called, respectively, "The elephant and how to hunt him," "The Love life of the elephant" "The Scientific growth and breeding of the Elephant" and "The Elephant and the Polish question." (Probably in the Cerf book - that is why I recall it.) Anyway, he can interpret the British complaint of his neutrality and its pro-German aspects only in terms of an excuse for British reprisals against his country, not in terms of his relationship with the world wide and human struggle against Naziism.

I am glad that the Altrusa talk went off all right Mother - I was getting used to having you mention it in each letter, like a student talking about an impending exam. I am trying to think back and the only time I can recall ever hearing you speak at any length on a serious topic in public was at the old Community Center; as I recall I slunk down in my chair and for some reason or another was terribly embarrassed. I still have never been to Court to hear any serious argumentation by Daddy, either. I am glad that HB had the satisfaction of a different type of evening with the Dorfman chap. I'll bet it did make all the difference in the world to her. And I don't have to tell you that the completeness of your letters to me with all the detail and commentary means a lot to me. I almost plutzed when I read your comment that I have 38 points and that that is a "good beginning" toward discharge - that is like a Mother telling her 8 year old son who longs to be twenty one that he is better than a third of the way there and that that is a good beginning!

That about does it for this noontime - this is a pretty sad letter, I fear.

All my love,

Regards to Doris.

*Summer*