

June 7th 1945

Dear Ones,

A good mail delivery today - two letters from home, a long letter from Aunt Anne in which she covered the Middlesex story, a note from Uncle Lou, and letters from Willie and, of all people, Myron Earl Freedman. Here is a noteworthy part of Mike's letter: "It is possible that Renie and I will get married in the not too distant future. We both wish that you were going to be here to serve as best man, but that does not seem possible." Uncle Lou was bubbling with optimism about the war's being over by January 1st, 1945.- I hope with all my heart that he is right but I cannot believe it. Nothing special in Willie's letter; apparently her brother is up and around but his activity is still severely limited - it is now a year since the accident.

I see that Henry Wallace makes the news these days for the simple reason that he is not making news; if opinions of him are not sharply and openly revised I will be very much surprised - his current position and quietness will annoy his more vocal adherents and please to some extent his sharper critics. I would not be surprised if Truman gives Wallace strong support, and vice versa. Wallace is shaping into the "left-of-center" leadership which was always one of FDR's talking points. I am glad to see on your part, Daddy, a redognition that the current obstructionist role of the Republicans as seen in the vote on the Reciprocal Trade Agreements is unsupportable and effectively nullifies Party action for curbing more advanced legislation, that may in fact be too extreme.

I worked last night until midnight at the depot; I am rather tired today as a result although some nights when we play poker I get to bed just as late as I did last night. When we had lulls I spent the time typing up a little outline of incidents which I am experimenting with, seeing what sort of way they shape up; I am writing without plan or outline. The movie schedule is pretty sad this month, the only picture that looks at all good in the near future is Disney's Three Caballeros.

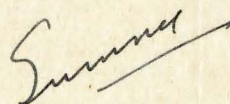
I wonder what luck Uncle Lou will have on his discharge; the way I figure it on the point system he does not have many more than I do - of course it all depends on what the Army decides and that is impossible to predict. I hope for his sake that the decision is favorable. He is certainly strong on Bobby Morris; I am glad that the kid has impressed Uncle Lou as meriting his support. Juj tells me he got a printed announcement of the engagement of Irv and Gertrude -

I still follow Terry and the Pirates breathlessly and the bridge columns continue to be my remaining link with the game. I am glad that my mail arrives in fairly good time - it seems to bunch up in threes. The final score on the campaign looks all right; somebody will come through with the final push. What are the official expenses of that venture - things like auditors' fees and the like? You ask me to return a letter which Uncle Sam sent to Daddy - as yet I haven't received it, as far as I can recall. Usually I tear up everything - were I to save even the choice letters and items I would have a fantastic number of them; were you ever there in Cambridge at the end of the year when I threw out my letters? I usually had a drawer full at least.

The discussions about Youth Centers and coordinated social activities are indeed good signs; every once in a while Portland shows an important spark of life. There is not much special here to reflect a spark, however! Things are quiet and will be growing quieter all the time. George is on his way back to the states on leave after some 27 months overseas; had he gone a month sooner he would have come under the special V-E day order and have remained in the states for reassignment rather than returning to his company.

OK for now

All my love,



Regards to Doris