

8 June 1945

Dear Ones,

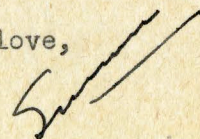
Things are pretty busy - we had a fairly large outgoing shipment that has kept us hopping for a couple of days; at one point last night we sent the men home for chow and Reinemeyer and I loaded trucks with tires by ourselves. Even though I am not keen on the work or the way the jobs are being handled, just being physically busy is a good thing and is probably the best thing right now. The mail brought a long letter from Dot Mintz - the Nashville gal; she is really a good kid and she writes as cheerfully as anyone I know. Her husband is back now and they are at Lakehurst Air Station in New Jersey. Al Laue also dropped me a line from the Canal, so I have a good bunch of some five letters or so to answer over the weekend in addition to letters from home which I haven't even opened yet. I dashed off a quick note to Uncle Lou last night during a lull. (In my letters to Uncle Lou and the rest of the family I'll bet I repeat myself time and time again. When I reread my letters I am sure that I have said the same thing innumerable times before. I'll bet that in standard ~~space~~ fillers like the weather, the course of the war, etc., I am sometimes contradictory, too! Oh well.)

I have some four envelopes dated May 27th. The first is from you, HB. I got a kick out of your description of the book you were reading. Just wait until you read your first Russian novel - first of all the names appear unpronounceable so that you have a little trouble recognizing them at first when they reappear in the story. And of course everyone has six or seven nicknames and everyone is named after his parent - it takes a little time and about two or three volumes before you begin to catch on to the various angles involved. I will say that my course in Russian Lit under Professor Cross was one of the most enjoyable I took at college; The Russians can write wonderful stuff. I can sympathize with your troubles in athletics, Toots. When we used to play street football up on Craigie Street there were five of us - Carl, Bob, Paul, Franklin, and I - of course I was the slowest and the result was that I was the chief kibitzer and I was always trying to get a sixth member into the Craigie street Gang so that I would not unbalance the sides. I recall that one day I did play - I caught a pass and started down the field (the street.) Franklin was after me and of course all the Allen children are speed demons so everyone knew he would tag me before I scored - but it was brains over brawn and I stopped short: Franky went sailing by me without touching me and in complete surprised and I was a momentary sensation!

It is clear to me that I am letting my down spells pervade my correspondence with you too much. You understand that I use my letters to you as an outlet and therefore they are not an entirely accurate reflection of my general feelings. Keeping my woes inside of me does me no good. What I am unable to do is to present to you fully the atmosphere of this place, the recreational opportunities, the play of personality, the many causes of discontent and displeasure, the nature of activity, the attitudes, and the reactions. It is a combination of so many things that go to make up the aspects of the Army life here on the base. And of course 50% of it is me and how I fit into it. It is an interesting experience, hardly exciting, but a good one, and another lesson in dealing with people.

Thanks for Bobby Morris's address but you know my policy; yes, I know about Ruth's graduation from college - she also told me of GE's offer of work in Schenectady and of her decision not to work there in favor of being closer to home. If her letters are a fair indication and I think they are, the fellow who marries Ruthie is going to do very well for himself; I think that is almost three years since I last saw her, though! That sort of clears things for today; I am a little tired and I doubt whether I will go to services tonight. Running back and forth from the Depot to the office up here at headquarters picks up the pace of the days activity quite a bit.

OK for now -- All my love,



Regards to Doris.