

10 June 1945

Dear Ones,

I caught up on my letters last night - writing to Al Laue, Dot Mintz, and to Willie - and I had planned to write to you ~~this~~ morning but the Major kept little odds and ends coming up so I did not have the chance. Friday night Hal did not show up so I did not go to services - I wrote letters that evening too; all in all it has been a busy week. Tonight I have guard - but now it is a different story from before; we have the guard for all the Army installations on the island and it is quite a job to make the tour of the posts - the fellow who was on last night said it took him some two and a half hours - something else to gripe about.

The morning news blast carried the news that the Republicans in NYC had selected Jonah Goldstein as their candidate for mayor - the fact that he is officially a Democrat seems to be just the first confusing element of the picture. The report goes on to say that the Republican leaders specified that Goldstein "must not accept the nomination or support of the communist controlled American Labor Party which is headed by Sidney Hillman, chairman of the CIO political action committee." (I don't know whether or not the labeling of the ALP as Communist came through that way or whether it is the result of local editing.) In any event, assuming that O'Dwyer runs on the Democratic Ticket, it would seem that the Republicans are throwing the four hundred thousand or so ALP votes right into his lap. New York City politics have always been unique but this coming election promises to take the cake.

The Lerner article on Duclos' criticism of Browder was very good, not so much as it concerns the strength of the Left in America but in Europe. We may very well find that the active forces in post-war European nations will be too advanced for our model constitutional capitalism in contrast to the 1920's when they were not ready for it or ready with a substitute. The Left is the people and it is only natural that it will be proportionally as strong as is the devastation and the destruction of property and values in the ravaged countries.

I wrote to Dot Mintz asking her what she thought of the discussion over that W&M editorial that caused such a flurry. (She had written that she could never capture on paper her feeling when discussing the question of discrimination - and of course I am always questioning here on the true liberalism of the Liberal South.) The PM reporter certainly received a variety of shadings of opinion when he interviewed the persons concerned, and he pretty well hit the dilemma of the South; the people who desire progress are held back not only by the noisy atmosphere that is anti-Negro on the basis of sheer prejudice alone but also by a lack of sureness as to where to begin. They try to satisfy themselves with talk of education and gradual progress, yet still the progress in the South as a whole is not remarkable for this day and age.

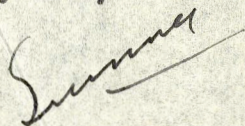
I will return Uncle Sam's note in this letter and I shall be looking for its follow up to learn the results of the visit of which he speaks. I can't help but think of that story - from Pearson, I guess - of the Washington official who was in an argument and said to his colleague who was arguing a point, "You'll have to show me, I'm from Missouri" to which the colleague cracked back, "Who isn't these days?" I had wondered what had happened to Louis DB Gilbert - I was a little surprised that you are not in touch with Susan; maybe she left your last letter in a new dress that she hasn't got around to wearing again yet because it isn't old enough - seriously, she always impressed me as being a fine woman, although I can't say that I was equally enthusiastic about her son. If you do hear what has become of Louis, let me know. I am glad that Preston Moses has married well - by this time he must have settled down; boy could that kid drive - he was a living personification of the teen ager who roared around in a battered old car full of school kids.

I am still having a little trouble shaking off my down spells. I have got to the point now where I just am immune to the ups and downs which Thorpe puts himself through and expects everyone else to follow; the result is that I don't respond as he would like me to - if I did I would have to be a jumping jack with three or four empty brain cells reserved for all the little details he keeps popping around. Last night we met walking out of the mess hall and I stopped to look at the movie schedule. "I see we have "The Three Caballeros" tomorrow night," was my comment to him - instead of taking me at my word he walked back, looked at the schedule in order to confirm it himself; when he did not spot it at first glance, I had to step back and show him the spot - only then was he satisfied as to what the movie was and when we were going to have it here. That is a very minor yet indicative manner of the way his mind works and the way he thinks. I just react to it the wrong way - the fact that he laughs and slaps me on the back doesn't change things.

That sort of covers things for this noontime - today is like any other day; I am getting to the point where I could use a couple of good nights' sleep.

All my love,

Regards to Doris.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Summer", written in a cursive, flowing style.