

12 June 1945

Dear Ones,

Guard duty was not too bad - the only rub was that I had to sleep in the hut with the telephone and the result was that I did not sleep. Each sentry is required to call in to the corporal of the guard every hour and I would no sooner start drifting off than the telephone would ring, sounding like a fire alarm. I spent all day yesterday in a glassy eyed daze and the bed certainly felt good last night; today I am partially refreshed. During my tour of duty on guard, in the early evening, I did manage to read Max Shulman's "The Feather Merchants" which I thought was about the same calibre as his "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" - he just lacks a finished, sophisticated touch that he is apparently trying to achieve.

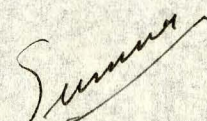
The only mail in the past couple of days has been some Press Herald's - I just received the news of President's death - and the Center Bulletin of the same day (April 13) in which half of the front page is devoted to your appeal for the women's participation in the campaign, Mother. Two months is a pretty big gap in mail delivery!

I really don't know what there is to write about; the days are pretty busy and the weather ranges from comfortable to hot. Time seems to pass quickly enough during the day. I have pretty well got away from the movie-every-night habit; I get a kick out of the way some fellows go to a movie every night, rain or shine, even though they may have to ride a couple of miles to find one which they have not seen. I have not been reading very much lately; this daily letter to you is the number one item on my leisure schedule. It is hard for me to describe the way I feel these days - it is a strange combination of relaxation and tenseness, of pleasure and displeasure. For the most part I am more able now than I was previously to treat my work with a real detachment; parts of it may bother me, but I am not overwhelmed by them. The rub is that there still is no substitute - I seem to have been built to live an integrated daily existence and the fact that I can't work out a wholly satisfactory approach and adjustment leaves an emptiness and a blank area to be filled. The only answer seems to be to keep rolling along at an even keel and trying maintain some semblance of a logical and satisfactory balance. I am sure that everybody here faces the problem in some degree or another - -

I got an letter from Bob Harwood yesterday - he was Tom Farmer's roommate in college; I don't know whether or not you ever met him - he is on an APD out here in the Pacific and I imagine that he is up there in the thick of it in the Ryukyus by this time. He got a very good deal - he stayed in college long enough to get his degree, I think, and then when he got out the Navy lowered some of its physical requirements and he went into the service as an Ensign in the Supply Corps; he had a spell at Harvard Business School before he shipped out - that shouldn't have been too hard to take. It is difficult to picture Bob in action, as it is with so many others; I can remember them only as they were in college or in high school and the picture of them in uniform and fighting is entirely inconsistent with my recollections. As for Tom Farmer - you recall that I bumped into him in Chicago when I was going to the Coast and he was headed for Missouri. I still have never heard from him directly - apparently my letter writing proclivities are not shared by all of my classmates. (Look at the long words I am using - proof that I am trying to fill up space! - I am not even sure that I am using the word correctly.)

That sort of covers things for today -

All my love,



Regards to Doris.