

June 28th 1945

Dear Ones,

It is noontime and I am down in the depot. Things are fairly quiet. I wrote a long letter to the Osgoods - Beth had written that you were offering to convert her to ardent Zionism Mother. In rereading that TIME & FORTUNE editors blurb on San Francisco and Dumbarton Oaks I came upon one point where the editors stress the importance of an understood foreign policy - understood and agreed upon that is by the Congress, the Executive (State Dept) and the people; I think that that is the best criticism of our current State Dept problem. Although the outwardly professed aim of aiding political democracy and economic freedom is agreed to, but there are severe misgivings as to whether James Dunn of the State Dept and Tom Connally of the Senate and Walter Lippmann all agree as to what that means. I believe that at the present time there are elements in our State Department and in its subsidiary services which deal with foreign relations which are well behind the current levels of American thought and who are steeped in conservative inaction to the point where they no longer represent the popular will as well as it might be represented. *just heard of Stet's resignation - will comment in next letter.*

I am glad for you that the week of mourning passed with a minimum of upset and disorder; it is good to know that everything went smoothly. I hope that despite its sadness Daddy and Uncle Lou were able to use the opportunity to rest to good advantage. As for Lou Raybin: the family certainly delights in spreading the stories - I was all but expecting a report that he started to grow a Bolshevik beard. I still think that what Sonny needs is someone he can trust wholeheartedly, someone in whom he has real faith that he is understood. As it is he must feel the suspicion of which you write and that just drives him further away from the rest - it is a vicious circle. At this stage of the game he has obviously ceased to be an adolescent problem.

I guess all the family came - Ruthie wrote to me that Bobby Morris had been engaged; is that right? no word of it from you. I think that the best thing for me to do in the interests of family relations is to reserve judgment on the Morris children until I meet them again and get to know them! I am glad that you are saving that Scotch for me - you know I'll bet I haven't had a drink for three months now; my desires for liquor will never be overwhelming anyway. I think that you did very well to write as regularly as you did while things were so out of kilter, Mother.

I am glad that my suggestions on Menikoe were well received; I am all for making it a family project although I still favor one big house to a group of small ones. Of course that would mean no more Dorseys etc and that factor should be taken into account. I got a kick out of the Kentucky Derby Stub and the word that Uncle Louis managed to come out ahead. I cannot get enthusiastic about gambling on something over which I have no control - that is why I do not shoot dice. As a matter of fact, though, I have never been to a race track - I can recall when Irv Barkan used to go: he had a system. As I recall it was to bet on the favorite in every race and to double the bet until a favorite won and then start again. On the theory that favorites win a definite percentage of races over a period of time it is not a bad system but it does not have a big yield. As I recall Irv claimed that the system worked fine but that he just couldn't stick to it! You know that he is commissioned now; I noticed in one of the Alumni bulletins.

Slowly the elements of the current British election are being outlined with the speeches of Churchill and Atlee; I still sense though that no one is making any predictions. By the time you receive this the elections will be right around the corner. I don't think that Churchill accomplished much with his "Gestapo" speech and I don't think that the British public will be steamrollered by wartime political tactics.

OK for this noontime - I am going up to the nearby hospital to eat; there is no point in riding all the way back to the command.

All my love, *Sunmey*