

August 22nd

Dear Ones,

Yesterday I wrote to Paul and to Herb; being on guard rather upset my letter writing schedule. I did manage to get more sleep than I usually do while on guard - so I don't feel as groggy as I sometimes do in the morning. Things are pretty quiet - tomorrow night we will probably play the New Zealanders, last week's game fell through because they got a two day V-J day holiday. Still no mail.

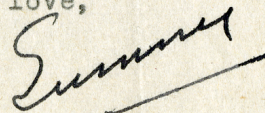
I think I told you that our old CO has left - Colonel Howie was a regular Army man of about 55, I guess. He had a lot of ideas that did not exactly coincide with those of the younger group of officers; for one thing he never was enthusiastic over the promotion of younger officers since he spent something like 22 years in company grade. He was not very amenable to suggestions and it was my impression that he could not delegate his authority to the most effective measure. But just his being old Army summarized the reaction of the officers and men to him - the famous theatre incident and the order prohibiting whistling at the theatre; his failure to know the junior officers by name, to associate with the Officers in the club; his inability to grasp the morale-efficiency problem of the new Army and the difficulties that faced the enlisted men. True, his years in the Army gave him a degree of "know-how" but they also seemed to have sapped the fire out of him - he did not get the most out of any group of his command. I think that when we called him "the Old Man" we meant it in every sense of the word. The new CO is a colonel named Pownall, whom I have always liked and who has the obvious chance to do a bag up job in these last days of Santo by grasping the little things that escaped Howie - most CO's are a disadvantage from the beginning, but he has the advantage of a none-too-popular predecessor. And Pownall is not regular Army.

Anyhoo, Monday night Howie bought the bar for us - and we toasted each other goodby. Apparently the old Army custom is to say "How" as the glasses are raised and a few commonplace sentiments are expressed. Then one of the officers, whose promotion to Captain has been rejected because of his numerous squabbles with Howie (so I am told) but who has a rich Irish tenor voice, was more or less coerced into leading the group in "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" - we had our fingers crossed as we mumbled the words! All this made us 15 minutes late for supper. So life goes on on Santo.

They say that dreams quite often reflect unexpressed or unconscious desires - last night I dreamt that we were sitting at home in the den and that you and I were discussing FDR, Cordell Hull, and the Reciprocal Trade agreements, Daddy; it was exceedingly real. I can't imagine what got my mind (unconsciously or otherwise) on to that track. I guess that things have come to a pretty pass when I start having serious discussions in my dreams! Had the topic been Bretton Woods I might have seen the inspiration for the dream since yesterday afternoon I heard a rebroadcast of a discussion on BW between Taft and Tobey and two others. Fortunately, I had the Seymour Harris article right there and it was easy to catch Taft not only in his facts but in his interpretation of the economic factors involved. The discussion must have taken place before Congressional acceptance of the BW agreements. I would be willing to bet that next to nobody heard that program and those who did have their radios on did not listen closely. And you can't expect anybody to sit down and listen to such a discussion and have an intelligent, interested attitude out of a clear blue sky. The program was good and stimulating but it should be presented in the context of a general information-education program to give it significance.

That about covers things for today - I hope that some mail comes in this afternoon. OK for now -

All my love,



Regards to Doris