

August 2nd 1945

Dear Ones,

Yesterday was a good mail day - Joe Thompson, Herb Schreiber, Dottie Mintz, and home. Last night we had a three hour session down here loading out and it looks like a repeat performance tonight - lots of fun. At least it is a break in the routine - I don't really mind working after hours; it is not as if there were anything else I feel is more important to do. It is just that there are always the petty aggravations and problems involved in getting the many details straightened out and getting the work rolling. Last night once we started, I was able to come into the office - we have a generator hooked up now - and write a letter to Joe. But of course I have to be here and be available. Like everything else in the Army too, the element of "hurry up and wait" is a little annoying. I guess I will have to miss our return engagement match at volleyball with the New Zealanders tonight. (Work is not consistent with Santo's spirit)

I was wondering last night whether my short daily letters are entirely satisfactory; my idea was that perhaps you would want longer letters written two or three times a week in stead. After all, most of my letters are little more than a rehash and comment on your news details and clippings. (This is just a passing thought - I'll admit that I am in the habit now of answering everything and anything you send and it would be a little difficult to change and let it accumulate for periods of a few days while I sought some grand inspiration.) My correspondence is more or less breaking down into one or two serious correspondences - people like Herb and Miss Pease; a few more semi-serious ones - the Osgoods, and most of my college friends, and Neil would fall into that group; and the great bulk of my casual letters - the just-to-let-you-know-I-am-alive group. My letters to you fall into the first two categories of course. After 15 months overseas, the pace of almost of all of the casual group has dropped markedly, and with rare exceptions like occasional long letters from Bill Snower or Dave Owen, these people fall into the routine category; I sort of write them an automatic letter - a paragraph about my current set-up, a word or two on what they wrote me, and a general paragraph on some issue of the day, and that's it. Anyhoo, let me know what you think.

Love in Lewiston is quite a story; you are right that truth can be stranger than any fiction - it sounds like perfect material for a modern psychological-study novel. I met Bernard only once and of course I have no real impression of Louise other than her coolness. The victim in the case certainly took it hard and I can imagine that he is justified. I wonder if parental pressure comes into play somewhere along the line in the whole course of events? Thanks for the story of the Davidsons, Harrises, etc; the case of Mrs Hyman's not being Jewish still is unusual for New England. But since I have been in the Army and my contacts have been with people in the South and the West I have learned that in districts where Orthodoxy was diluted a long time ago the attitudes toward intermarriage are very different. For myself, I am still firm in my belief that it would be an unwise decision; for others, I still maintain that there can be no blanket disapproval and that each case requires individual consideration. Certainly the fact that attitudes are changing is a reflection of the general status of religion in our temporal world. One aspect of the problem which I have noted is that religious intolerance appeared to me to be stronger where the influence of religion was stronger. In other words, my impression is that where people are "religious" it is more often a loyalty to their sect per se, than to its principles in terms of tolerance or good will. That may be a little unfair, but surely the Churches of America and the world have a great deal to learn to make effective the doctrine which they preach.

I have my fingers crossed on the current Hildreth position; it is something to think about but not to plan on. I know that you are taking the right approach to it. Of course every home is not like hours and not every family has a Menikoe available, but I cannot see packing an eight year old off to summer camp; didn't Uncle Arch have a few problems a couple of summers ago? Janie certainly isn't any more emotionally stable than Susan as I recall. I was glad to see in a PM column that the leaders of the Jewish Agency

Both major groups must either accept or present a workable solution to replace the current proposals. There seems little likelihood of Britain or the world's approval of the Pakistan plan to split India on the religious line.

That sort of clears the deck for this noontime - I'll have to get some sleep tonight -

All my love,

Regards to Doris.

Sumner

Did I tell you that Art got off on that deal of his; the angle was the definition of "gross" negligence. Very high legal interpretation!!