

7 November 1945

Dear Ones -

Thorpe left in real Thorpe fashion - he told me he was leaving this afternoon so I put off saying good bye when I saw him this morning - I came in at noon from the depot and he was gone. And indirectly because of his handling of the situation Sprague's leave request was rejected. When Sprague submitted the request Thorpe called Trosper who is the Executive Officer now and discussed it with him; Sprague and I were standing there and it sounded to us as though Trosper was reluctant to approve Sprague's furlough - but Thorpe, after he had hung up the receiver, said that Trosper has agreed and that orders would be issued. So Sprague went ahead and made all his plans, including transportation which is very tight. I warned him that I did not think Thorpe was telling him the whole story and sure enough after everything was set except the orders and the approval, we had a long talk with Bob Howes (the AG) and then Sprague saw Trosper himself and the answer was "No." I have just seen Trosper and it is impossible to budge the man - and once I had made my statement I had nothing to gain for Sprague or myself by arguing in the face of his determination and denial. I admit that having Sprague here will make things easier for me, but his leaving me would not cripple the Ordnance by a long shot and I was ready to see him go - but.... My point is that if Thorpe had told us the truth about that first conversation all three of us could have tramped over to Trosper's office and convinced him of the rightness of letting Sprague go before he made up his mind - once that mind is made up there is no swaying it, it seems.

There is nothing to write about or so it seems - the days are hot and uncomfortable, the intermittent showers are little or no relief. I haven't even listened to the news lately - I was asleep by 9 last night. The movie tonight is Barbary Coast with E. Robinson - an oldie but one of the better ones so I will go. The Navy initiated the excellent policy of having the studios reprint copies of the older and better pictures and so when we get Navy reprints we see old but good shows - other examples were Robin Hood, Dodge City, Jesse James, Mutiny on the Bounty - excellent stuff in that category. My reading is slackening off again - I am counting on Special Service to come up with some new Council for Books in Wartime editions so that I won't have to go back to twiddling my thumbs in the evening. I owe letters to the Osgoods and to Peeps Rickel but I am just stuck for things to say.

Today is the start of my 19th month overseas - that's a long time, especially with 17 of the months on this one island. This afternoon I knocked off for a few minutes and had a beer with Jim McCance - we came overseas about the same time, but on different ships and we came up from Noumea together. He is a peach of a chap, tall, big, well built, good looking; he is intelligent and a good conversationalist - but he is quiet and in truth I have never had a serious provocative discussion with him. He has 65 points and is in his fifth year in the Army. And in his quiet way he is pretty sick and tired and ready for a trip to his home in Pittsburg - I really don't have a comparatively justifiable bitch until men of his group get home, though granted I think all of us should be on our way by first of the year.

OK for right now - I am just about ready for a shower. It is now 7 in the morning of the 8th. I was wrong about the movie last night - it was both old and terrible. I was glad I went though, because I heard the news for the first time in weeks - O'Dwyer in a sweep in New York, Frankenstein with a healthy margin in Detroit and the indefatigable James Curley leading all the way in the metropolis of Boston. I will have to wait for more complete details but from the reports of last night the O'Dwyer victory was convincing enough to be interpreted as a rebuff to Dewey and the NY Republican machine; and certainly the rise of a labor leader and union official to the post of Mayor of America's industrial-automotive center, even though the race was non-partisan (at least I understood that it was), is indicative of the new trends in American politics. As for Curley - well, Boston just seems to be Boston.

That does it for now - all my love -

Summer

Regards to Doris