

12 September 1945

Dear Ones,

There is not much to write about today; last night I saw "Son of Lassie" - good technicolor but the story was too weak to carry the show. It is full of the "man and his dog" idealism - its emphasis is on the loyalty of the collie for his master, and it must have been aimed at a children's audience. I don't know if you have seen the picture or not - I don't want to spoil it for you if you haven't - but it is rather illogical in many spots; and I couldn't help but feel that it is a good thing for the Norweigan underground that it was only a story - the dog was a dead give-away in all of the underground intrigue: it got so that the audience developed a positive dislike for the dog's manifestations of his loyalty. Tonight we have "Tonight and Every Night" - I hope that I am not called out on any shipments; I can stand a little of that type of morale raising. This command is just seething with discontent - everybody and his brother Mike says that he has written to his Congress man, and there are chortles of glee when the newscasts tell of Congressional pressure on the Washington brass. In fact this morning I sat down and typed out a summary of the situation here - for clarification of my own thoughts more than anything else - I am not at the letter-to-Washington stage yet. I finished the short stories of Benet this noontime - he really wrote with a punch. The Pearl Harbor report is awfully tough reading; it is interesting to note the difference in the severity of the Army and Navy reports - the fleet was hit while under Army protection.

We are hoping for mail - this is the first pleasant day we have had in almost a week; I just wish that my cheerfulness would brighten up proportionally. We played poker after the show last night and I managed to stay even through most of the evening - three duces on the last hand of draw helped quite a bit. A couple of the boys are pretty close to busted - Art took a good deal of the game home with him! - so I doubt whether we will play much more this month or not; I'll have to start concentrating on bridge again. (By the way, I am 21½ years old today - humpf; oh to be 20 again!!)

Yup, the mail just came in in style - letters from Betty Freedman describing Mike's wedding, Louie and the Thurman Grandparents, Dot Fried, Harvard asking for my Army record on a prescribed form that scared me when I unravelled it, and a fistful from home. In the letter accompanying the form, Harvard's Veteran counsellor said that my copies of my commissioning orders were not sufficient since I had certified to their correctness myself - humpf - an officer's word and all that; I think I'll apply to Yale!!!! I just got word that in all probability we will not be bothered with outgoing shipments tonight, so I feel better than I did when I started this letter. Incidentally the postmark on some of your letters is the 6th - wonderful service.

I'm off to supper - I should sort out all the clippings, but I think I will just answer them as I come to them. More later. It is now Thursday morning; the picture last night was good - this morning the old foul-up that occurs every time we try to load out has begun. Nobody seems to know anything. The general concensus seems to be that the nation as a whole must accept the blame for Pearl Harbor. I am inclined to doubt that Short and Kimmel will ever be court-martialed; using the voluminous, as a basis, it seems impossible to say exactly what errors of omission or commission were specifically responsibly responsible. This does not mean that the entire affair should not be investigated and thoroughly publicized - every phase from the command decisions, to the political and public factors, to the basic attitudes of American diplomacy and the American public, to the role played by pro-Japanese elements here and Hawaii must be clearly understood, so that we will not run the risk of repeating our errors.

Has there been any word on Bill Parker - I imagine that the news of the surrender and MacArthur's handling of the prisoner problem raised their hopes of the Parkers to a new high. That is about all for right now - it has started to rain again - yesterday's sunshine was only a teaser.

All my love,

Sumner

Regards to Doris.