

27 September 1945

Dear Ones,

Well, last night I was lured (?) into a bridge game and we played for a few hours. We are going to try to get a steady and daily game organized & there are six of us and three of us are the stanbies. This morning I got the detail underway at 7 and have been in the office for the first time in a long time; as I look over the heaps of paperwork that has been piled up because of the changes brought about by the end of the war, I am convinced - dreadful as the idea is - that the war ended a month too soon for Santo; with the war on our stuff might have had a shipping priority to the Philippines, now it is a white elephant being kicked around by all the commands. It is at the point now where we can laugh at what we are being asked to do - the requests are simply preposterous; our section has two officers and eight men of whom three will be gone in 18 days - that is barely enough to keep the office running, and up to date, let alone handle projects which call for closely supervised and expert details.

I am pretty drowsy this morning - the weather has ceased to be comfortable and I managed to pick up a slight sunburn yesterday even though I did coat myself liberally with olive oil. But to get on to your letters - I shouldn't let them pile up, but the bridge game is the best relaxation I have found in months. (I feel that my game is as good if not better as that of the rest of our group - Nate is pretty poor and plays hands by the seat of his pants usually. You know how it is, when the game is casual and there is a lot of conversation and horseplay, it loosens up and becomes less careful, but Nate, although he won't admit it and granted that my criticisms and post-mortems are not couched in sugar, doesn't even alert himself to the simplest techniques of play. One example last night was flagrant; I was behind him as he played a no-trump hand; the dummy has four diamonds to the jack and nine. I held the Ace, Queen, ten of diamonds. He led from the board and his king went to my ace. I of course changed the suit in my return and before diamonds were played again he had the lead opportunity in both his hand and the dummy. Finally instead of leading up to the Jack of diamonds on the board he led away from it and of course I made both my queen and ten and set the hand. Even when I tried to lay it out for him afterward he would n't agree that he should have led up to the jack, he would not agree that by leading away from the jack-nine he assured his losing the ten and queen while by leading up to it he had the opportunity to finesse the ten, or drop the queen without sacrifice of the jack. There are times when Nate shows that he really can be tired and old - we have started to call him Old Lady but it bounces off him. But this is not answering your letters --

I enjoyed your story of the Greenberg case, Daddy; I hope that all the details of the trial work out as well as did this recent decision. That is the kind of stuff that the men at Shul must thrive on - their likes and dislikes apparently are strong. Is Herzog still the janitor at Pearl Street? I never did see how he got around - my childhood impression of him was of a very old man with a sharp tongue. I have been meaning to ask you, Daddy, what your experience at the Bank has been with granting loans and benefits under the GI Bill of Rights for everything we have heard leads us to believe that the loans are next to impossible to secure. Even those agencies who support the Bill as the proper soldier-reward method can't seem to find more than a handful of cases where loans have been granted under the Bill's provisions. As for a return home: I cannot put any faith on the "midwinter" promise. My first declaration still goes - I can hold out until mid-spring, the first of May.

Another passing thought - time around here is like an accordion; it depends on the tune as to whether it stretches out or is compact. We depend on our moods and our jobs - sometimes the days fly by, at others each hour is a struggle. In looking back, sometimes it seems as though I have been here but a moment, at others it feels like a decade.

I see that HB's choice of a college is back on the roster; it is an extremely important choice and it is important that she give herself the widest range of schools to choose from. Each has its advantages and in any event she will make her choice wisely and well. I spoke to Wolfe this morning and asked him what was on the docket for Saturday's orientation; he answered that he was considering a half hour on the conversion of GI insurance to civilian policies and the second thirty minutes on the wearing of the uniform! I hope he was

joking but I am afraid that he wasn't. I am sure that the insurance conversion problem cannot be handled in a half-hour, that it is highly technical with a great many figures and rate charts, that it will be forgotten by the audience, and that it will have to be reexplained anyway at separation centers. (In nine cases out of ten insurance agencies will handle the whole affair, as they always do, anyway - nothing puzzles me more than insurance, unless its stocks and bonds, as you know: what were those forms you sent to me and I returned a while back, anyway?) And you can imagine what the reception to "wearing of the uniform" would be to an audience like ~~ours~~ - nope, Nate has to be joking! .

As I read the Dorothy Thompson columns I can't help but feel that she is missing a certain something in her criticisms - she takes everything into the realm of her idealism and often finds ~~the~~ objects of her investigation bad in the light of her standards. If Mrs. Craig were not primarily a reporter, she couldn't miss being one of the top critical columnists of this decade. Her description of her reaction to Congressional haggling in the face of men who were wounded and crippled was powerful. ( It seems as though I have gone overboard for the Bennett columnist.) We heard on the radio the other night that France had swung sharply to the left in her national elections; I guess I'll have to wait for your clippings to get the full story and the full significance. The elections in Detroit seem to be rivaling the NYC contest in intensity and national interest; Detroit is certainly the center of attention now since the strike outbreak and the crux of reconversion is there. As the PM articles point out, it will be pretty tough to draw sure conclusions from the election results no matter who wins - the vote for Frankenstein may not even be a true index of CIO-PAC strength in the city. The strange thing is that neither candidate seems to have much to stand on that is directly related to the problems of Detroit as a separate community. What I like most is the stress that is being put on local politics - the pace of political activity is a good index as to the alertness of our national state of mind.

The mail this afternoon was OK - two letters from home and from Louis Epstein which included a note from Boston, and letters from Hal Stein ( at Ulithi on his way to Okinawa ~~and perhaps Japan~~ and perhaps Japan,) Joe Thompson ( on Temporary Duty in NYC - tough,) Dot Fried ( about to go back to Connecticut College,) Neil Clark ( still hopeful as to getting home early next year.) Of course the big news is that Uncle Lou is getting out - the lucky stiff - I hope he knows how lucky he is!!! My faith in the point system is shot to hell, though. I want fair and equal treatment above everything else - it is the only true guarantee. Well, more about all this when I write tomorrow - I just sent my little 1950 story to the Osgoods and to Joe Thompson -

All my love,

Regards to Doris

