

9 May 1946
D Day minus 55

Dear Ones,

A fairly uneventful Thursday - good weather and a minimum of folderol. Sweeney is gone on a pass covering the weekend so Raaka and I should not be too pressed over the weekend. In fact I am seriously thinking of heading out of here sometime Friday PM, but I imagine I will compromise on Saturday morning. I got a letter from Ruth so Brooklyn knows that I am coming... a thought has been in the back of my mind, let me know what you think of it: assuming that I get out and go right back to college, my accrued terminal leave of 20 days is going to foul me all up since one cannot be on terminal leave and getting benefits under the GI Bill of Rights at the same time. My notion was to use up my leave time now - I would sacrifice the 20 days at Captain's pay for 20 days escape from this routine (at 1st Lt pay, of course.) Well, it is just a passing thought....

Tonight I will go to services, last night I played bridge for a while after mailing the appropriate cards to Danny T and Uncle Harold, Grandma Epstein and Anna S. I have not been able to dig into my psychology course the way I would have liked to.. I don't know what the answer is, but this text really baffles me - it not only is not holding my interest, but it is almost destroying my interest in the subject matter. I'll keep trying to plow into it, maybe it will get better as I go along. Some night when I have duty - and I have it both Monday and Wednesday next week, I will be able to sit in a well lit and quiet room and see if I can master it.

With Raaka back the days are not too bad - there is not enough work to keep the two of us busy in actuality and we spend a good deal of the time in good natured joking around. But he is capable of doing a good job and carried at least his share of whatever load we have. He and I are usually together and usually ~~laughing~~ laughing about something - we have got a reputation for being cheerful, if not especially serious... still we manage not to neglect our work. Our battalion is sort of a slap-happy bunch anyway - we do not have a predominant group of eager beavers who take all this stuff in deadly seriousness; if I were in such earnest as a number of the characters around here are, I'd go batty in a week. I did do one thing - I volunteered for Court-Martial duty: I figured that the days are bound to hang heavy on my hands and a court martial detail would give me a chance to work with something that interests me and to get away from the Battalion area. Hq lost no time in getting me appointed and I understand that orders will be out shortly.

Today was eventful in a way - two letters from home - you're right, Daddy; during my last hot under the collar period I should have sold my excess steam before I entered my current cooling off period. Seriously, this strike situation is critical enough but I am disturbed by the fact that very few commentators are willing to place the true blame where it truly belongs - we are living in a strangely paradoxical era: we have peace, the promise of lasting peace; we have potential richness and human wellbeing; and yet we are dominated by fear, suspicion, mistrust, inactivity, stagnation, and doubting. We are surrounded by prophets of doom, all too ready to point out mistakes and to foretell a horrible future, while ignoring our superb potential which awaits only recognition of it - we live in an age of the negative: the positive voice is in the minority today, and with each passing day, it loses a little more. Yet I firmly believe that the alternative to peace and just order is so terrible that even the complete predominance of the pessimists can never deny the eventual success of the goals for which we fought - I just wonder how many crises will be necessary before we shake ourselves from the stupor of responsibility into positive and progressive action. As long as we interpret positive action as being against something, we are still wallowing around; and until there is a general renaissance there cannot be any lasting solution of the immediate problems like strikes, production stoppages, or what ~~you~~ have you.

Boy, this is the first two pager in many a moon. Your letter of the 7th is fine, Toots. I am glad that Charlie and you are going to paint the town for your formal - you need have no qualms about his doing it involuntarily - even if he did take a little prodding, he will be very happy he did and just knowing you, I know that his evening will be pleasant. Your bridge game fascinates me HB, when did you learn??

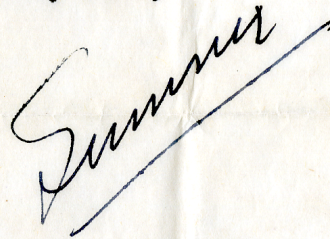
About my contribution to the Federation, the logical thing seems to be to double it - after all, I spent \$20 in Richmond last weekend (which wasn't too bad, everything considered - by the way, HB, lest you be troubled by thoughts of my social inexperience, I sent Barbara a corsage, so that landmark of my social development has been reached!) where was I - anyway, so a \$20 campaign contribution would seem in order. If you have any suggestions on that matter please do not hesitate to make them - perhaps I should up it to \$25 - what do you say??

Hey, what about those Red Sox?? it looks like I'll be able to deduct my two dollar bet with Louie that they wouldn't end up 2nd or 1st from my income tax as a bad investment... the team is certainly hot! I wouldn't be surprised if the team hitting average for the first 23 games is as high as the record books show for any major league outfit. Of course the pitching is not strong - scores like 14-10 - and if the hitting flags a little, the real Red Sox nose dive might come about; then again there is also the angle that the pitchers are relaxing and that under pressure they will improve.

OK that about does it for now -

All my love,

Regards to Doris

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Sammie", written over a horizontal line.