

20 May 1946
D Day minus 44

Dear Ones,

Back at Aberdeen after another pleasant weekend... I left here Friday afternoon in order to catch the 430 Pennsy Railroad special to New York. The train just sat there on the siding - at 5 it started to rain, at 6 it was an unholy downpour, and I was getting more disgusted by the minute. At the first let up in the rain, around 6:30, I got off the train and took a cab back to camp. A hot shower and I went to bed, this time falling asleep while reading Apartment in Athens. I got up at 7:30 and caught the 757 local to Philly - when I say local, I mean local - we got to counting toward the end of the trip ^{AND} between the 13 mile and 5 mile markers just out of Philly the train stopped 13 times! but we got a good train into NYC and I think I was just as well off for having got a good nights sleep and traveling during the morning - had I gone to NY, it would have been midnight (Daylight time) before I arrived in Brooklyn and that would have been too late. Incidentally, when I packed I packed for an extended visit just in case the strike stranded me, as I hoped it would! I also signed out which is something no one ever does just in case I had to be covered for a strike-created extra long weekadd - no such luck. I am beginning to think that I am a Johah of some sort - it has rained every weekend for 5 straight weekends no matter where I have gone: Aberdeen looked like a lake after the downpour of Friday evening....

When I got to Penn Station, I called Great Neck. Mrs F. answered and she just sounded poorly - her voice lacked pep and cheerfulness. When I spoke to Mike yesterday (Sunday) he would tell me nothing of how she felt - so I can only assume that she is still not well and that her condition is still generally run down. Mike had no other special news - if I can get an extended trip in on Memorial Day (and that following weekend) I'll plan to see him. You might be interested to know that Sheilah Pollock, the Great Neck girl who goes to Westhampton in Richmond, has become engaged; I think to the fellow she was with that May Day weekadd I went down there - no hint of it then.

No one answered when I called Brooklyn but I went out anyway and persuaded the doorman and superintendant to let me in. Ruthie was working and she went to a movie that night so although I spoke to her twice I didn't see her until I got up Sunday morning. I made the arrangements for my date, cleaned up, talked with Aunt Ida for a while, ate, and then went up town. Aunt Ida told me of Aunt Etta's visit to Portland and of Selma's visit to New York; she also informed me that New Haven is in a period of change - I hope that everything worked out for the better for Aunt Pearl and her family. It is going to take me a good number of good old fashioned talks with you, Mother, to bring me up to date on all the family latest when I get home - I can gather from the snatched of information which I have that there is, as usual, no lack of material for such extensive conversations.... You will have to pardon the lack of style and perhaps complete coherency in this letter - I am a little tired this morning.

I went up to Mickey Bee's - the weather was wet and cold and I was more than glad that I had my woolens - and I met her parents: they are interesting people - you almost have to be tri-lingual to keep up with the conversations which shift from English to French to Yiddish and back. I gather that the diamond trade, like many others in NYC, is a closely knit group. The family is Orthodox and very active in the JNF and other zionist activities - needless to add, the European background of the home adds a somewhat cosmopolitan atmosphere to it. But in my first impressions I sensed no ostentation or the rather oppressive sophistication that sometimes goes with it. As is the case nine times out of ten I had no idea how we would spend the

evening but things took care of themselves. Mickey's sister Jerry, with whom we had spent last Sunday, came down with a strep throat and so we went up to see what her husband (Al Meyers) and her oldest sister (Mrs Rose Pickel, whose husband is now on a trip to Palestine) were doing. We ended up my playing bridge and gin rummy and generally spending an entirely relaxing evening - we "nashed" continually; just between you, me, and the nearest lamppost - I enjoyed myself infinitely more than I would have had we gone out to some smoke filled, stuffy night spot. And I got to sleep earlier too - it was only 330(your time) when I returned to Brooklyn.

I slept like a log until 1230 - in fact I had been up but a few seconds when I called you. I am sorry that I missed you, Daddy. I was a little bit surprised by your bringing up New Rochelle as you did, Mother. First of all, it came out of the blue and secondly a long distance call hardly seemed the right time to discuss the matter in view of the current social picture. I am quite frankly mystified by the twists which your approach to my program takes in this regard - why the damned fetish about my making this New Rochelle contact? (I might say, also, that since by this time you know the way my mind works pretty well, you know my reaction to the repeated suggestions of this kind - I feel that in making them as you did in this specific case on the phone, Mother, you are abusing your parental prerogative - and especially in view of my sensitiveness to your suggestions.) I get the feeling that you are stressing quantity of contacts and nothing else - for the moment I see a girl for the second time, I note a sign of concern in your attitudes. If I do you a great injustice, I know you will let me know - but this is certainly something we can be completely honest about. I feel that my social life is achieving a rather healthy balance and that it will keep getting healthier - but while I am in the Army and under Army restrictions, so to speak, I have minimum conditions which I want to be assured are met, before I risk my precious weekends..... When I get to college, there will be a natural change - but even then, I do not think it unfair to ask you to weigh your comments and suggestions carefully before you put them to me..... As for New Rochelle in particular - Iowa is a hell of a long way away...

Back to this past weekend. At about 3 I left Brooklyn, checked my bag at Penn Station and met Mickey at Times Square. Ruthie would not come along despite our repeated requests - I got just a little tired of trying to force her to come. Anyhow, we walked up to Radio City, saw the excellent picture "Spellbound", and then went out to eat. It was late in the evening by then and so I dropped her off at home and just did catch the 1130 train; Mickey had loaned me "The Fountainhead" and I read it all the way down, so I did not mind the ride too much. The rub was that the book is fascinating and as if getting in at 2 (my time) weren't bad enough I proceeded to stay up reading until 3!!

When I got back to the room I found a message that Judy had called from Baltimore - but she was well on her way to Texas by the time I got the note. I also found that the barracks was full of coal gas - the room had to be completely aired - it was like Pittsburg on a misty day when I walked in. I was up at 7 this morning - all right except for a slightly bloodshot eye -

OK for now -

All my love,

Regards to Doris

