

May 22, 1946

Dear Sumner:

Mother was disappointed, and rightly so, that I had not written you earlier this week. The truth of the matter is that this is a period of watchful waiting and I am more anxious that you should relax mentally and enjoy as much as possible the few remaining weeks in service (I hope that the July 3rd date is definite), than that I should discuss with you the events of the day, such as the strikes and the report of the Anglo-American inquiry. And since there has been little else about which to write, for I have deliberately curtailed my activities to spend all the time after office hours with Mother and to read to her and to make her feel comfortable, I have been lax in writing to you. Mother insists that I should write to you every single day, even if it be only a line or two.

I think that Mother's eye condition is improving but we are not building up any false hopes and are waiting to hear what Dr. Sachs has to say when Mother goes down at the end of this month to see him and at the same time visit with Grandma and Grandpa who will have just then returned.

I hope you are enjoying the week-ends to the utmost and when you get to Allentown please telephone Maurice Pines at Pottsville and say hello.

Mother and I have discussed the question of your staying in the reserve and I feel now that you ought to keep your mind open until she has had a chance to give you the benefit of her thoughts. It would be nice if you could be in Boston the week-end of June 1st and 2nd where you will see Mother and Grandma and Grandpa. That particular Sunday I am going to Eddie Quinn's annual affair at his place in Gray, Maine. I always have a good time, meet friends whom I do not see from year to year. If you do get to Boston, make no demands on your grandparents for your just claim for the equivalent of tuition for the past four years. Leave that to your lawyer. Often I say to Mother that her father should not profit by the war at your expense. Perhaps we should write him a demand letter under the firm name of Bernstein and Bernstein, meaning you and me.

Oh well.

Affectionately,