

June 8

Dear Ones,

Saw a movie called "Trocadero" - maybe I'm getting really critical on the Hollywood is really turning out trash - at any rate - it really stunk. But even more was a major Warner Brothers picture - "Hush on, Nancie Mom" - nauseating. But you know me, I got a laugh out of everything, I comment and joke not loud, and generally annoy everybody around me in my desire to have a good time despite the movie.

Spent the rest of the evening discussing the post war world and I still feel amazed by the number of officers I meet who do not recognize the failure of the last war, 1918-1939, and the lesson to be learned from it. Boy, how the Army needs a really progressive and positive revitalizing course in Post War thinking.

I got up for breakfast and have been kept around all morning. Mac Mucky got me a new look for my footloches. I hope to get another set of x-ray glasses at the PX today. They said they'd have them in.

I went swimming yesterday - I had bought myself a new Santner suit - red. Funny thing about these South Pacific beaches is that they are very shallow - you wade out not over 50 feet and it's still not over your head. The cleared beaches are swell, the water is clear and really delightful - none of that ice cold stuff.

That's it for now - remember 7769 is still the address.

Love,
Ernest