

29 April 1946

Dear Ones,

April 29th - three years ago today I first came to Aberdeen and today is a fitting anniversary - it is a rainy, cold, blue Monday!

I spent yesterday in complete relaxation - slept till 11, then called you, read at the club a while, slept a good part of the afternoon, read some more, kibitzed a chess match and went to sleep at 11. I was up at six to come down and inspect the breakfast meal at the mess hall - that explains why this letter is being written at 7:15 in the morning. I did manage to start probing around in my psychology course and I finished Philip Wylie's "Night Unto Night" - a good book which would have been easier for me to read and appreciate in a college atmosphere than in this Army vacuum.

It was good to have spoken with you - there did not seem to be much to say - I hope that everything is clear for your trip to Portland early this week, Mother. I dropped a line to the Osgoods in accordance with your suggestion and I feel certain that they are fully aware of the limitations placed on your activities. I am all up to date on my correspondence now. I certainly wish that we could get a spell of good weather - yesterday was pleasant, but today has reverted to last week's misery.

It is now 8 in the evening and I am at the bridge table - dummy at 2 spades; not much special. Got a card from the John Marshall Hotel in Richmond: that they cannot give me a reservation for next weekend - poor - well have to see. I think I'll just let things ride until I get down there. May drop stills a line - humm, that's an idea.

It is now 11:30 - I dropped \$1.50 in the bridge game. These evenings are what make Aberdeen endurable during the week. No special news. I got a note from Uncle Harold - I think the "issue" has died down. OK for now. my best to Uncle Tom & Aunt Helma -

all my love,

Regards to Ovis

Shummy