

June 16, 1943

Dear Daddy.

At this be a Fathers Day letter -  
what with Fathers Day and your  
anniversary so close together, however,  
I may be hard pressed to find the  
proper variety of sentiments. I might  
also add that the vein of sentimentality,  
caused by the spirit prevalent here, also  
leads to a tapping of my source of  
rigid ideas.

anyway, I now must decide whether  
this letter should be in a  
humorous or in a serious mood.  
This is no problem since my  
humor is in a very serious -



the boy in the barracks would  
say "critical" - condition. If  
my humor gets as bad in the  
next 6 1/2 weeks as it  
did in the first 6 1/2, I won't  
even have the faintest claim to  
being a story teller. Don't get me  
wrong - I still appreciate a good  
story and my smile and sense of  
humor are ever-effervescent, I  
couldn't survive without them - but I've  
lost the old story-telling knack. Shed  
a tear, Daddy, a Harvard man who  
can't get over a punch line in a  
yale joke! Even my "classics" -  
the "shaggy dog" stories and the rest -  
all fall flat. as for my puns -  
oh - 'nuff said! Maybe you'd better  
send me a copy of Joe Miller!!



In self defense, amidst all this self-  
accusation and confession of failure as  
a raconteur, I must say that everyone  
else is in the same boat - nobody  
here laughs at a gag - all you hear  
is heavy sighing and plenty of  
groaning. Maybe once we leave  
the stifling atmosphere of O.C.S  
for the sunnier world that begins  
in August, the air will clear  
and the old pranks will  
return. Let's hope so!!

Well, here I am on the second copy  
sheet of this letter and not word yet  
about Father's Day - of course my  
very existence and the writing of this  
letter prove that I really am aware  
of the day and my responsibility because  
of it. But I have shown already



that any human I might attempt  
could be as flat as a pancake in that  
syrup and I was hoping to save  
all the non-oc's seriousness in  
me for an effort to celebrate your  
anniversary. That leaves me  
only the alternative of poetry, which  
I quickly pass over for obvious  
reasons - I can't even spell, let  
alone rhyme.

So all I can do is wish you  
a very happy Father Day. Today,  
and hope that next year we shall  
be together at this season.

Love,

Sumner.