

May 11, 1944

Dear Summer:

Despite Mother's parting word to me this morning to be sure to write to you and my cheerful acceptance of her unnecessary suggestion, I can find nothing at the moment about which to talk to you. And there is plenty material, such as the Montgomery-Ward case, the fourth term and its implications, the speculation on the length of the Atlantic phase of the war; but these subjects require time and calm, neither of which is readily available here in the office.

Hence no special missive for the moment. Perhaps later in the day I will be able to find a moment or two for an added word.

Affectionately,