

June 21, 1944

Dear Sumner:

The big news is, of course, that Grandpa is home at Menikoe. That word home is important. Aunt Etta reported this morning that he had had the best night's sleep in months and that he walked into every room downstairs to become once more acquainted with his well remembered surroundings. He seems to have received a good mental lift by his return. We can all very well understand that psychological reaction. It is not easy to uproot yourself and go into new and strange surroundings, even though there you can find far greater physical comforts and conveniences. Man is a creature of habit and the older one grows the more deeply rooted is the habit. There is no question, but what Grandpa would love to stay here until the end of his time, but from a practical angle I fail to see how he can remain here after the summer months, for there will be no one to take care of him. The type of a home he needs is one that conforms strictly to fundamental orthodox laws of Judaism. To that must be added the availability at all hours of the day and night of medical aid if the emergency is to be met promptly. At Menikoe, during the summer months, it is fortuitous that Etta is available and that both Doctors Martin and Dorsey are next door neighbors. Beginning in the Fall, however, those conditions do not prevail and until the war is over, when medical assistance will be instantly available, Grandpa must be near Uncle Harris, who has done such a marvelous job for him this past Fall and Winter.

The entire situation is, of course, a delicate one, for mentally Grandpa would be much better off if he could remain in Portland amidst his old surroundings, visited occasionally by his old cronies who could discuss with him the heavy tomes of the Talmud, to the study of which Grandpa has dedicated his whole life. But the physical necessities would not be here. So what to do is the serious question. Neither Mother nor I can offer any suggestions for the obvious reason that we cannot offer Grandpa the type of home he would require, assuming that we were able to provide the medical attention. Grandpa demands the type of Kosher home which only Grandma, of sainted memory, and Aunt Ida could furnish him. Ah well, time may solve the problem. Much can happen in the next two months. The war may be over and different plans may be made.

From the angle of the global war, I cannot help but feel optimistic. Things are moving so fast and so successfully and with such momentum and force that it does not seem possible for the enemy to hold out many more months. Certainly not Germany, if the tempo increases and Russia resumes the offensive through the Balkan States. It is hard to distinguish these days between logical reasoning and wishful hopes.

Selfishly I am happy that you are where you are. From what you write the indications point to your present assignment being comparatively permanent. Is this again wishful thinking that I believe it will be many months before you are transferred to a field of active combat duty?

No special news, except that I am going to Standish tonight to participate in a bond rally. I will speak for about five minutes and I will stick my chin out by saying that if we go over the top this may be the last bond drive.

Affectionately,