

July 2

Dear Ones,

Your V Mail letter written to test the quicker service arrived the afternoon of the morning your airmail letter came BUT (I am still chuckling) you forgot to address it inside, Mother, and as a result it came via regular airmail!!! So there was no test. Guess you'll have to try again - I prefer airmail myself. Your mail is coming through marvelously to me; do not worry on that score. Glad my mail is coming through OK and that the cable came so propitiously. I take it my bond also came OK: is that right - it was for \$50.00 - can I tear up my receipt? Your letters certainly reflect a very happy anniversary atmosphere at home. Thanks for the Mann and Readers Digest clippings. A group of us are planning to start a discussion group - Herb was the instigator - in the near ~~xxxx~~ future - it should be stimulating and productive; we have a great deal of reading matter here to digest and discuss - more about it as it pans out. The tent is all but finished thanks to Herb and that is off our minds. Really is OK. Tonight I think I am going to play bridge; one of the neighboring Officers Clubs is running some sort of a tourney. I'll report tomorrow. Last night's orientation had no discussion group because of the length of the movie - it was on Russia. I got a letter (V mail) from Uncle Harold and wrote one to Aunt Anne. Got a note from Margaret Laue - Al's wife - and answered her. I owe Ruthie R an answer, also Willie.

Herb is getting "Guide to the Bedevilled" - I'll comment on it then. What interested me about the clipping was that on the back was a picture of Lt Eckfeldt (son of Maj Gen Eckfeldt) in his Thunderbolt fighter in England. He was in my class at school; I sat beside him at the Bowl my Freshman year when we murdered Yale 28-0. He was drunk as a lord by the end of the game. As you recall, the Bowl has steel goal posts but we went at them anyway. Eckfeldt - this must be the same guy; he later left school - got on top of the steel posts and we ripped up the tuff of the Bowl and pelted him. Only turning on the ~~underground~~ sprinkler system drove us off in the dusk of that happy day. Why the inebriated Eckfeldt did not fall from his lofty perch and break his neck I will never know. That was the day I got my famous souvenir hunk of cement from the Bowl.

Mail from you still keeps coming through from 7769; I imagine I got about the last of it today. Mrs. Clark did very well to recognize New Cal from my description. Your analysis of the affect of the war on the election trends is very sound. I can't see Dewey for Beans as long as he remains the enigma. That is it for now, I'll add a line in the AM. Oh, yes: I just finished Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon." Avery good story of the Russian trials.

The bridge game fizzled and so I caught up on my mail - did play one hand.

Nothing special this morning.

*Love -
Summary*