

July 9, 1944

Dear Ones,

No mail has come to the island for the past couple of days - everyone is looking for a deluge when it finally arrives. This morning I wrote a letter to Dave Owen, containing a none-too-subdued criticism of Dean Hanford's policy in that outbreak of anti-Semitism in Cambridge.

I went to sleep at 7 last night, got up about two hours later to undress and then went back to sleep. So I got about 12 hours of good rest. Today I have frittered away; the movie tonight is supposed to be good - The Hour Before Dawn - so I'll probably go. No doubt about it - Sunday when you are not doing anything in particular makes me daydream more than usual. Some how I feel, though, that the minute I get back it will be as though I had never been away.

I think I told you that Charlie Steere and I have finally got a bridge game for Monday night; he is a censor. Our attempt on Thursday proved abortive - there was one foursome, a major, a navy man, and a couple of Red Cross girls, and no one else there. We kibitzed and played a couple of hands and then left. There was no remarkable bridge being played - I may be rusty myself at first.

I take it you are not going to camp, Helen Babsy. Lately I have been thinking about camp - the fun(?) we used to have finding Hitinowa and that lovely drive from the road to camp; how all camps seem to be on a dusty road just off a dustier road; how the sign posts never give you the right direction or mileage; the hostile attitude of the natives who are about to have their property invaded; the smiling faces and crushing handshakes of camp counsellors who can't imagine how you ever got lost; the lonesome feeling that makes you think the camp should have been a leper colony, isolated as it is way up in the woods.

Nothing special to report.

July 10, 1944

Saw "an Hour Before Dawn" - not too bad. another week starts.

Ray Kins

Summer