

July 11

Dear Ones,

A new typewriter ribbon to celebrate a deluge of mail today. Most of it from home - the latest letter: July 2. Very good service. The point is that mail delivery to the island is not daily - as a result it bunches up. I can't possibly read all the material your letters contained - mostly about Republicans et al; all in good time. Also heard from California and Ohio. I've been here a month today. Schreiber's captaincy came thru so everybody is happy.

You certainly had trouble with the Boston typewriter, Mater. I expect official notification of the Hank-Judy business any day. Good for Lt. Col. Maxfield. OK? Glad the Bernstein children have successfully survived their piano recitals - the ordeals of childhood!!! Since the letters did not come chronologically, I am a little confused; but I take it that there was a major Thurman reunion and that a good time was had by all. Thanks for your reminiscences of my first Harvard game, Daddy; I think it was the Dartmouth game which Barry Wood won with a pass to Hagemann. The next year we saw the famous fingertip muff in the Hedges to Powers pass play to save the game for us. Somebody with an Italian name ran the second half kick off back for our touchdown; we had a field goal in the first half. What was that guy's name? * I'll try to comment on the scads of articles you have sent soon - I have a bridge game tonight, Allah be praised! I have already written you my first thoughts on HB's education - you have two years to go: don't set your mind on any of the many alternatives. It is wise to think of them however. Thanks for your complete reports on the news of Portland; even down to the scandal, hmmm.

You brought to my mind the fact that this was my year at school, - class of '44 etc. I remember my high school disappointment when I did not receive the DAR award for excellence in American History - I still think it was because of my being Jewish. I remember how important Phi Beta and honors were to me at school; and these values were valid at the time when I considered them. Now even the degree seems somewhat empty - I'll go back and take two courses and maybe write a thesis, but I won't learn anything in the old sense. I need the degree for my later work; after my lazy Army days, the intermediate period of study will be an excellent tonic to revive old interests. My education for the first time takes on significance in that I am applying it - and I know it has been good from the very first principles you started me off with. Being in the Army has been for me what the first years on the outside world are for the peacetime college grad. I have an advantage: I will enter the practical phase of my education - law, education, what have you - with preconceived values of proven worth. I am not disillusioned, - am raring to go. I may not know specifically what I want to do but that does not seem important; my education has received the balance that only such an experience could have given it - and I was lucky to get it smoothly, without a rude shock. That is why my inactivity here galls me; fortunately I can compensate for it in other ways.

* I thought of his name last night "Johnny P. ...vilado"

The anti-Semitic publicity against Dewey is certainly surprising: it shows the viciousness of it all - now both major candidates are subject to its mad rantings and ravings. I have already commented on Avery and the so-called defense of "property" which he howls about. I will read that clipping from Times on "marxian variations as soon as possible. Glad to see that you were on your toes on the NAM's attempt to block labor in its post war planning; pleased to see that Mrs. Payson was alert. All these things tie together in my mind - perhaps because I am so far away and still take a detached and encompassing view of things. Have Aunt Anne send you 'IN FACT' - she sends me her copy now, but Herb also gets it and I can read his. You must take Seldes with a grain of salt but he does give a balancing argument to to the more normal reports and attitudes of the American Press. I am still a gradualist - I don't expect any sudden infusion of the idyllic Christian spirit in everyone - but I do believe in keeping in mind some concept as at least a weather vane to our critical faculties. I hope my standards of judgment never become static, I hope I can always be influenced to new thought and reconsiderations: in other words I'll be satisfied in never being satisfied, in never settling into the ironbound conservatism of a closed mind.

All of which is very confused and as a result will per force remain confused. I owe a letter to Willie - apparently her brother is still on the critical list. Also to Dot Fried - she writes a singularly uninspiring letter and seldom arouses my imagination when I try to respond. I like small talk if it has a little verve and sparkle. Apparently, Dot can sense my none-too-subtle reaction as it is manifested in the temper and frequency of my answers. The story is - here I am being super-duper analytical, à la the best social psychologists - that she still has high school ideas which at first I enjoyed but are now rather deadening. Despite the intelligence of her parents, the atmosphere of her home is not - the word is not exactly right - cosmopolitan. It is the same feeling I had at the Lightman's, the Osgood's, and again at the Steins - of easy entertainment which results in a somewhat maturer social sophistication in the children; this the Frieds did not have as we did not. I faced that problem when I went to Great Neck for the first time. Fortunately I had an easy solution and all is OK: Dot undoubtedly will too, but frankly, it is the result not the evolution, which interests me when I try to write to her. The contrast with Willie is slight but marked: her letters are light and easy going. All of which once again is probably very confused stuff and probably reveals more about me than about either of the college freshmen I am analysing.

Until morning -

Nothing special - good bridge game -

Lwe -

Sumner