

July 30th

Dear Ones,

Well, a year ago tomorrow was the big day on which I finished OCS; it has been one of the best years of my life - from Tennessee to the New Hebrides.

Ned Hanscomb came over for a few minutes yesterday afternoon; he is very small and looks as if he were no more than 15 - actually he is 21. I think we exhausted all the reminiscences we have in common, plus a few more. Last night they had a dance at the Club and I went over at 9 for a couple of hours. There were about 3 men to every one with a date but most of the stags were there because the bar stays open until 11 on dance nights. I went over to be sociable and to look around. I don't think I am missing anything; some of the girls are attractive, (the majority by my standards are not) and the competition for them all just because they are girls is keen. I feel sorry for them when they go back to the States and the big rush they are getting now ends with disillusioning swiftness. The decorum of the evening was Ok but I don't think - I may be wrong - anyone can really have a good time with the supercharged social atmosphere around here which is complicated by problems of rank. I always get a kick out of watching how differently these men act when the fairer sex is around - the air of bravado disappears in the old sugary smile and everybody is everybody's pal, ha, ha, especially if one of them has a girl, ha, ha. I may be unkind - but things like that have always given me a big kick; I suppose I have acted the same way on occasion. Unfortunately everyone around Service Command in the course of discussions on voting found out that I am 20; that would sort of put the bee on any social ventures I might attempt since most of the women here (Nurses and Red Cross) are of necessity older and due to the balance of men here can afford to assume as much sophistication as they like; and there is also the point that the enlisted men are denied the privileges of liquor and women and I think it is an unfair set-up. There was one girl there - tall, well built, brunette, a plain but sophisticated face who looked familiar to me; the way she cocked her head, the attention she paid to each of the men around her, the enthoudiasm she could show, the broad "A" in the snatches of conversation I could hear. Of course I had never seen her before but the impression I had was confirmed when I was told she was a Wellesley grad; out here in the Pacific was the epitome of the Wellesley type. I had a couple of drinks and went to sleep.

The morning news tells that Dewey has disavowed the support of Ham Fish - the proven fascist. I am still waiting for him to "avow" something, to stand for something. Before I gave Ned my Press Herald I cut out a letter to the editor which I am enclosing on the "Octopus of Bureaucracy" presumably sent in from South Windham. On the whole I think the Portland editorials are good on foreign affairs but I haven't received the ones covering the election. As for this letter: it is a typically and tragically Republican analysis of the New Deal. Every state starts with a like minded party of civilians, the US did. But the party is held together by its principles as well as its bureaucracy.

From then on - well, I would like your criticism of the letter; I would prefer to comment on that.

Not much special to report. The sun is out and we should have a good softball game this noon. I am coming along well in "The Web and the Rock" - Wolfe's word pictures are full and brilliant; it is magnificent reading. This ^{LETTER} can't go out until tomorrow morning so I will wait until then to seal it up.

No mail today. The ball game went off fine. I played four innings in center field, caught a ball, no errors, got a hit in 2 times at bat. We won 7-6; a lot of fun. I think I will go to the movie tonight; brand new week starts tomorrow. We have a General Motors technical advisor on the island and I hope to rope him into our Wednesday night discussion: he is an old GMC man and should be able to give us the real stuff on the potential and the attitude of big business for post war adaptation and adjustment.

A little bit of Bernstein madness: you know it is winter down here in July and it is summer at home. I think we ought to get the months coordinated instead of the seasons. What I mean is that we automatically associate July with summer and January with winter. Therefore they ought to push the calendar months ahead 6 down here so winter would come in the right months. So all over the world spring would come in April etc. (even though it wouldn't April at the same time everywhere; I'll grant it might confuse international correspondence between northern and southern hemispheres.) A neat idea, huh? No?!!!!

OK for now -

Love and kisses

Summy

July 7

Nothing special. Saw Henry Fonda in the "Immortal Sergeant". It was very good. I like the Fonda approach - bashful boy makes good. I hate it for now.

Love

Summy