

April 18th 1945

Dear Ones,

Not much special today - we heard the Truman speech to the Armed Forces to day; he didn't say much - he couldn't in just five or six minutes. His voice is pleasant enough but it certainly doesn't have the ringing personality of that of his predecessor. We had a good Spanish class last night - I got involved in two arguments over English construction: I claim that "loan" is a verb as well as a noun and that to say a thing is "composed of" something is good usage. It was a little off the track from Spanish, I admit.

Today finally brought a letter from Bob Stuart; he is still at Columbia Dental. He didn't have anything special but you can imagine my reaction when I read, "you must have seen a lot of action of some kind since I last wrote." Ignorance is bliss ---- I also got two notes from Uncle Lou.

I am glad that Mrs Doyle got the word of my getting together with John; you ask about the construction work around here - that is a sensitive point and we joke with the engineers about their being, instead, a destruction battalion! I haven't seen the Major socially for a couple of weeks or so now. Is the girl to whom Hirsch Sulkowitch has become engaged the former wife of the Norman Bernstein who is Helen I's brother? I hope that Hirsch is happy; I can only remember him as a small man with rather coarse features - I do remember your commenting that despite everything else he is an able research man. I am glad that you enjoyed my letter on the Seder. Mail seems to be arriving at home the way it does out here - in batches; right now I am up to date with letters through the evening of the 9th. I guess the next batch will bring your reactions to the news which will make April 12th a day to remember. There is no doubt about the fact that our correspondence is not usual - the number of fellows who write more than two or threetimes a week is not large, and even with my numerous correspondents I would say that your letters form better than 50% of my mail.

I see that things haven't changed at home, Mother - what with your "inspections" on the dusting and its efficiency. It seems a little like OCS where the CO would scout around in all the nooks and corners intent on finding dust and reason for gigs. Now that we don't have an orderly anymore - I have had one only the couple of weeks here in this new tent and the other day we lost the colored personnel who served as our orderlies - I am back at sweeping and dusting and making my bed (theoretically.) If nothing else the housekeeping factor of Army life has proved to me the importance of a woman's place in the home!

Everytime I have heard the Star Spangled Banner lately - and we have heard it a great deal - I can't help but think of Harvard Stadium. I can look back on those crisp fall Saturdays when we would stand up to watch the Band march in and form down around the goal post to play the anthem as the flag was raised on the other side of the stadium. It will be a happy time when we spend our Saturday's in Cambridge again, when I can run up to Quincy street and try to get enough seats on the fifty yard line for us all, when we troop into the Georgian for that noontime meal which invariably was chicken pot pie. I have the feeling that even with the war the Harvard scene will not change very much.

That sort of covers things for tonight - the news is good; I just wish that the Russian forces would step out for the coup d'etat. I have a hunch that the main Russian concentrations have been moved to the south, rather than being massed wholly opposite Berlin. We shall see. I guess that that is the story for tonight - all my love

Regards to Doris

