

May 3rd 1945

Dear Ones,

Thorpe returned today, so things go back to the more normal. It was pretty warm today - the volleyball game was a little sluggish. It is now becoming noticeable that that the days are getting shorter - it is pretty dark by the time we have finished our third game. I am enclosing Aunt Ida's letter which I have just answered; I am a little puzzled - not sure whether or not she is being facetious! I also dropped a note to Neil. Still no mail today - I am all caught up and waiting for the next batch; should be some in tomorrow. I really don't know what I am going to write about tonight - the war news continues good; there seem to be innumerable pockets of bottled up Nazis and no more. In the pool here at the club I hit the 31st, but I doubt if the war will last another twenty eight days - the sooner the better. (By the way, remember I said that I was going to try to do that PM crossword - well, I got it, every last block! Feel proud about it - that guy has a weird idea of what a definition is!)

In my own little way I am plugging for the improvement of the Port of Portland - I have talked about it to Rudy Lewsen and John Doyle and that is what I wrote about to Neil. The war has tended to affect people from States like Maine as much as anyone in. Breaking down provincialism and the State must be ready to offer the returning serviceman a progressive state with economic possibilities. You know how I have I have been enthusiastic about the various place I have been in back home during my Stateside tour of duty - a lot of soldiers have probably seriously thought of the advantages of settling in some such visited spot rather than return to home grounds; I still haven't come around completely to the idea of settling our quiet little city by the sea. What plans have been made by Newell to push the once-defeated Bill through? Can you send me any blurbs or full yet condensed publicity on the various proposed projects? A healthy reaction from servicemen for passage of the Bill might pull a lot of weight.

My mind is just completely blank for something to say - I think I will hold off until tomorrow noon on the chance that there will be a morning mail delivery. It is now quarter of eight in the morning - it was really cool this morning and only the fact that I had too little ambition kept me from getting out of bed around six to get a balnket - right now it looks as though today will be pretty comfortable if the slight chill can hang on with the sun out. Mornings like this are almost like those mornings in September at home when you first know that summer is over. Today is Friday (although all week I have been a day ahead and I thought it was Saturday) and tonight Hal Stein will come over - I imagine that this week we will go to services. The movie here tonight is "Meet Me in St Louis" but the pictures that play here one night play at the theatre in Hal's area the next and I may go over to see him tomorrow to catch the show. I don't quite know what to make of Hal - he is friendly enough but he has a streak of formality in him that sometimes makes him seem almost rude. Physically he is not tall and he is rather hefty; if pictures are any indication, he is engaged to a very attractive girl - after all he's a Dartmouth man!!

Well, that sort of clears things for this morning -

All my love,

Regards to Doris.

