

May 19th

Dear Ones,

I have been very remiss about writing this week - no excuses. Last night we had a USO show and the old Rooney-Garland "Girl Crazy." I read a couple of books yesterday - one was "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" which I thought was very immature - the author, a Minnesota graduate, indulges in very crude and collegiate attempts at broad sophisticated humor and for my money he missed the boat entirely; I could only liken it to the effort of a freshman in English composition trying to combine the New Yorker, Earl Wilson, FPA, and the Marx Brothers. The second book was a thing called "Jethro Hammer" and a not half bad story - character portrayal told in narrative woven around a murder. Tonight I will go down to the 34th for supper and I'll spend the evening with George and Paul.

Things are rolling along fairly smoothly - nothing special, only a scattering of random letters, nothing to answer. I saw in the Harvard Bulletin that Al Danoff was a prisoner of the Germans; I hope he was found and released. Al was one of the fellows who went to Arthur Murray's with us - a pretty sharp cookie. That seems like a long time ago - you know that with the exception of New Years Eve when I was feeling as high as I ever have I have not danced since I left San Francisco (of course, there are some enlisted men who haven't danced for closer to three years than one.) Anyway when I get back I will have a more valid excuse for "sitting this one out." My grace on the dance floor was always conspicuous by its absence - I'll never forget the day at Murray's when Bill Elser grabbed a coat rack and came running up and cut in, saying, "Substitute for Bernstein!" Guess I just aint got rhythm.

I don't recall whether I wrote to you that Art is back for New Zealand - he had a wonderful time; by the time I become eligible for a rest leave we will probably get them in Shanghai instead of Auckland. Few people have failed to return from New Zealand without loud praise for the - uh - welcome which the populace accorded them. American conquests in this war are not limited to the Battle fields. Tomorrow is Sunday the 20th - the start of the reporting season - so I will probably find myself pretty well stuck in the office; the weather is showing a few signs of getting more comfortable. We are hoping to be able to take some pictures one of these days; Nate has some color film.

I have played quite a bit of cards during the week - two sessions of bridge and one of poker; the last time I wrote I think was just before one of the bridge games. One of the fellows was duty officer so we played at his office - it was for a tenth and I won three dollars - I was the only winner. My poker fortunes are up and down - I think that I am ahead for this month but I am not sure; our game is getting less and less conservative - the latest fad is Baseball which can get pretty rough and helps keep money in circulation - the five card games are definitely the exception rather than the rule. Getting back to bridge, I wish you could get a score sheet showing the latest no-trump scoring - there are three different schools of thought ranging from 40-30-30 to 30-40-30 to 30-30-40; of course no one ever gets a fulfilling partial at the one level anyway!

That sort of covers an empty docket for this noon - I had guard a couple of days ago, nothing happened, the movie was a prime stinker. I hope some mail comes in this apres-midi.

All my love,

Regards to Doris

