

May 26th 1945

Dear Ones,

Everyone is walking around with a long face, morale is reaching new lows, and one man walked into the post office and quietly committed suicide - I don't know what will happen if some mail doesn't come in; there is an accumulation of some 10 days mail out there between here and San Francisco someplace. Last night after services I came back and lay down; the next thing I knew it was ten and I dropped off again - it was four in the morning when I awoke again! I felt as if I had been drugged. Really great - the weather gets cool and invigorating and I become sluggish and sleepy! I think I will work on a bridge game for tonight - that should wake me up.

What to say? how to fill up a page? even my mind is blank - but that is not too unusual around here. I finished the Rex Stout mystery and was rather proud of myself for being able to spot the murderer; I am still toying with an idea for a mystery spy story in which everyone involved turns out to be a policeman or government agent and the final scene reveals that there was no crime committed in the first place - needless to say, it had endless possibilities. I also think every now and then that I should write little sketches, a la New Yorker, on the small things that go on around here or that are told to me; but somehow they always are drab and uninteresting when I try to write them down. I have found that as in the 730th the men find me a ready listener and on most of the men with whom I come in constant contact I have a good deal of background material. Maybe I should take up poetry - if I only had ye olde artistic urge. I hate to fall back on that old reliable space filler of self-analysis - it tends to be too depressing! I am working to reconvince myself that the Army is only an "interlude" and that when it is all over I will return to my original ways having benefitted from what good the Army held for me but in no way hurt by the rather uninspiring and deadening nature of my service so far.

I think what I will try to do is work out some project and develop it - I don't know what it will turn out to be: a series of reflection and commentaries, a group of episodes. The important thing is that I develop an interest in it and stick to it until I have some results; that is the sort of reassurance that I need from myself. Spanish was not creative and essentially not provocative and it did not fill the bill - I hope that something I take up on my own hook will be. It should be a balance to the alertness I try to maintain through my reading and my letters to you and to others.

The rumor just floated in that there may be mail today - I will believe it only when I see it and read it. One of the men heard from Abe Benioff in the last delivery of mail; apparently he was planning to get married on the 20th - so if the plan went through, Abe did not waste any time. Art heard from him a couple of times - one from Frisco and the second from the hospital (Fletcher General in Cambridge, Ohio.) There should be a note from Joe Thompson in the coming mail delivery - he must still be kicking around the States; Joe just wasn't built for the Army and the Army certainly wasn't built for him - I wouldn't be at all surprised if he were discharged. I didn't hear the broadcast but I was told that officer discharges will be at the rate of one for every nine enlisted men; I guess that is the approximate ration in the service at the present time; anytime they get ready to discharge my nine men, I'll be ready to go!

That sort of covers what there is to say this morning; things are pretty quiet.

All my love,

Regards to Doris,

