

9 November 1944

Dear Jack and Jane:

Your pleasant letter arrived today, though I was troubled to read that Jack has not been well. I trust that this will find him much improved. To tell the truth it is not only for his sake that I wish this. I have found that the GI dream of returning to an unchanged world becomes almost an obsession as one remains in the service and finally the very thought of any change however trivial in one's family or friends becomes almost unthinkable because it means that we must admit that "going back" will not turn the clock back as we secretly hope it will. This is less apparent now in the youngsters (and that is the psychological reason why they are good --or better--soldiers) but I wonder what they will be like after the war when going back means returning to the best times they have known, i.e. the Army. Poor kids.

The election went as I thought it would. I am surprised at how close the popular vote was for I was sure that Roosevelt would carry everything before him. On the other hand as much as I disapprove of a fourth term and I certainly did, I hated to cast my vote for Dewey (which I did) as I thought he was almost but not quite as sad as Landon. Perhaps the elephant is a good symbol for the GOP for while that beast never forgets, I don't think he ever learns either and God knows the moguls of the party haven't learned anything it appears. I can't quite see how the Democratic press could claim that Dewey starting the nasty infighting when the Teamsters speech was the first I saw of it--and that sickened me so I didn't listen to another word of oratory for the rest of the campaign.

It will probably be no surprise to you by the time you read this letter to know that Ruby is in San Diego. She left here several weeks ago to take care of my mother who has been very ill and if she hasn't already called you it is because she is head over heels in work at home. You can phone her there if you like. She will be able to tell you amusing stories (in dialect) of her stay here in the South where she was (unfortunately) exposed to la vie civile about fifty times as much as I have been.

I must say for the South that living is cheaper than what you describe it to be in San Diego. Of course when you consider what it is like to live here it is hardly worth it, but then I know that I am prejudiced.

I have done no reading since I last wrote for I haven't even been out of camp since Ruby left. We are having a terrific rush of work here and I seldom get through before ten or eleven o'clock which means that my week-ends must be devoted to catching up on sleep. I have finally learned the trick of getting up at 5 and to bed at 11 for five days and then picking up what sleep I need on Saturday afternoon and Sunday but it leaves almost no time for "the cultural things in life" or even keeping one's self properly washed. My letters usually get started at the end of a long day and most of them read as badly as this one does, but I don't consider them as letters, only acknowledgments of the letters I receive--to be paid off at some later date with real letters.

I see this is the end of my paper and my time as it is now so late that even the orderly room lights are being turned off. Do write when you can--

As ever

*Harry*