

I have a hunch, Claire, which hasn't much foundation, that Bill will return to San Francisco in June or July. If that happens, he should apply for training in some school, and I'll bet he would get it. Sea duty is all right, but let some of the other boys get in on it.

There isn't much else that I can tell you. I've tried to report this in detail, but there is much emotion and feeling which are difficult to express and which, I am sure, you will detect between the lines. If one were to think too much about the tragedy of this war and the separations it entails, one could become very unhappy indeed. I think that we had all better remember that this will be over some day, and we will be able to rest easily with our consciences for having tried to do a job, whether or not it is about anything. And most of us out here think it is about something. Some elements at home think we're suckers, and maybe we are. It would be easy to be sent home with a diagnosis of psychoneurosis, and plenty of men are doing it every day. But I prefer as a person, one who is able to make the best of a bad situation and can preserve equanimity and humor while everything within him cries to return to the things he loves but has always before taken more or less for granted. People who have never been overseas cannot possibly imagine the values which attach to everything and anything back home. Your Willie is one of those who can take it and keep all of the little sensitive qualities we all love so well.

My meeting with Bill will be one of those things we will always remember. You may be disappointed in the brevity of my stay with him. But you can't visualize--because I cannot describe--the difficulty of obtaining even that 20 minutes. There is no sentiment about way. Vital shiping isn't used for personal visits. Bill and I know that and are appreciative.

I know you will let the folks read this. I simply haven't the time to write more letters. If ever you have a chance to let Berta read it and return it, she would appreciate it I know.

Don't worry, my Dear, everything will come out all right. When you don't hear from Bill, remember there are dog-tiring watches to keep, heavy seas to bounce you around, rigid black-outs to maintain, little space of one's own--and a million other things. Bill will be back with you one of these days, and before the war is over, I am sure. Just keep your eye on that date and don't let extraneous factors intrude upon your serenity and happiness.

Much love to all of you,

Hubert

Handwritten notes and signatures in the left margin, including names like "Bill", "Claire", and "Hubert", and various scribbles and initials.