

Chu Lai  
February 28

Dear Family--

Again the old refrain, "nothing much to say." However, having said it, maybe I can get down to the business of saying something.

Finally started, and finished, the Man of Property. I didn't realize (and this indicates something of my powers of analysis at this point) that Galsworthy had added an "interlude" to the end of each novel, and thought that they were shorter novels in the series. Hence, my remarks of last letter, inexplicably ignorant as they may have appeared. Before I start the second, In Chancery, I'm reading the Allingham as a break (how could she have a brilliant young American historian as a character? She didn't even know me.) However, the opening seemed rather odd to me, Albert Campion sitting in a Lotus Elan - a thoroughly new mid-engined sports car. Somehow, he should be in a black Daimler with polished copper manifold (all right, I know it belonged to Peter Wimsey, but even so, it's the principle).

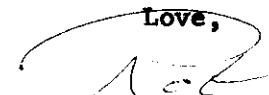
Back to the Galsworthy, though. Have you read them? The Man of Property is a surprisingly lovely novel, which I haven't thought about enough to comment upon at all. It reads very rapidly, but at the same time is horribly (much as I hate to use the word, it doesn't mean that much) cerebral. One continuously has to collate conversations to make sense of why anyone says what they do. And occasional passages in which every word is extremely carefully chosen - not, though, throughout the book; that would be unbearable.

Momma's letter came, so I am reassured - but I would still suggest that you number the letters. Also received Dad's and Lois's - another from Jack and, surprisingly, one from Alan, who's getting married the end of March. Keep writing, lots.

Stars and Stripes had an article which mentioned the WCTU's campaign against the beer-in-the-barracks rules, and quoted from their pamphlet, "Beer, Saboteur of Victory." I suppose it's reassuring in a way to know that they're still around. (Didn't Susy once interview a chapter?)

Weather - inevitable subject: It's turning quite warm here, although thank heavens for the sea breezes which manage to keep it from becoming unpleasant. The sky is incredibly blue, with very few clouds until dusk, when they all settle around the mountains to the west of us. Nights are extremely pleasant, and it's fortunate that I sleep then, when the sun isn't beating down on the tin roof.

I'll write more later.

Love,  


Letter #1 (I hope I remember, which came last as I go on)