

April 11, 1945

Dear Folks,

Too bad about the grippy cold, Ma. By the way while I'm on the nasty subject don't feel obliged to write letters during or after such bouts until you really and truly feel up to it, and even then it should never be a matter of obligation, rather one of inclination. Since you usually do try and do too much too soon, I really think this sage advice. How about it, Pa?

So Hans has been home on leave. I'll bet he enjoyed it in spite of the - gitis. Jack's vacation reminds me not only of "Moat" days, but of even earlier ones when I used to go and spend several days with Jan in Brookline. We used to concentrate pretty heavily on the movies, I remember.

The band concert must have been a grand affair indeed. I'm impressed with the length and especially the selections of the program. Ward Matthews was likewise impressed having played the trumpet for many years in the same sort of bands. Bob Bollinger is also musically talented - vocally, though he inclines a little too much to the ultra modern, Sivantran style to suit
T. Richards

These days we are busy at it and on and so manage very well to be in shape. The japs are almost as badly beaten as the Germans, seem to me, though it will take long to make them realize this.

my taste even if the voice is there. His² sister, by the way, is a budding opera star, having recently reached the finale of the "Love - the - Earth" sponsored Metropolitan Auditions of the Air radio programme and perhaps by now won the \$1000.00 prize and a yesie contract with the Met. Opera Co. We haven't heard yet, but even this for her career reads like a fairy story she having been put on the last regular program at the last minute, really being in N.Y. just to do a little studying of voice and hearing of opera. Bob has helped her finances all along by the way.

We have a good chaplain aboard, so I've been going to services pretty regularly since first hearing him preach. A section of the ship's band helps out with the music so hymn singing is really enjoyable even if I've pretty well forgotten the bass of most of the familiar hymns.

After finishing "Tom Jones" and chuckling with pleasure over the outcome I read "Strange Fruit", which strikes me as having admirable points even if the heroine seems as weakly portrayed as the hero is actually. Though better portrayed, read. Now its "Ivanhoe", which I never got around to reading before, but ~~now~~ find a fine tale.

T. Richards