Tuesday Night

Dear Dad,

I mailed the dust tape off tonight. I suspect the little records we have at home is the problem. The friend whose machine was way be her so trouble matching it up with his deluxe one at home.

Your letter #18 came today—this one telling that you are optimistic about the Sunnyside possibilities for Anne. I'm glad all is they've to be quite competent, and, more important, interested. Have you started the new medicines? Can the Navy get it? Of not, and it's appearing to think of it yet, they can't get you someone in the hospital; they can get it for you. Anyhow, it's most exciting to think of it for you. Anyways, it's most exciting to think of it for you. Anyways, it's most exciting to think of it for you. Anyways, it's most exciting to think of it for you.

Hoping your scalp stuff works.

Enclosed is a copy of the letter. I sent the IR on hole. I sent the last letter.

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I ever hear, but I'm glad I got the chance to write it, as one can easily say the wrong thing and accuse oneself. For instance, education for purposes of advancement is not deductible, but that for professional improvement is. It might well be obvious to even an accountant that with any kind of a decent system at all, this two are, if not synonymous, at least pretty closely related. Ah, well. At least I have started the protest business. If this bastard calls you or writes, don't tell him a lie, and above all don't sign anything. Tell him to write me.

I'm beginning to get the message of Sagan. There's not enough for most of us to do, but no one is squealing. The first few frantic days which I had led me to believe that the plan—which I had led me to believe that the plan—at least a good bit of it—cooled with you. Now, at least a good bit of it. Almost no one is enough. I see it is not. About no one is enough to keep this occupier here. There will be enough to keep them occupied here. Those who simply shuffle paper and
fill out reports - there's always a good deal to do. However, those who are concerned with the war proper (as opposed to military police, weapons, surveys, etc.) really have very little to do. The great proliferation of high-ranking offices ensures everything of importance can be dealt with at a high level. You have to remember that those in these great fields of operations—each commanded by a Lt. General—who are chiefly responsible for field combat, operations—work with a big staff. In addition, there are 3 component commands (say, say and Air Force) keeping tabs on their people. They simply must enough to do to keep everyone busy. 

Of course, there are some who do work a lot, but they are in a very small minority. As General, Mr. X says that at least 3-4 hours of work time seems to be about it. I'm not used to that for much of the day. I'm not used to not doing anything except just sitting. I don't like to sit. I'm used to doing something. I'm not in a position where I can use my mind. I'm in a position where I can think about something, and it's not too easy. This army work is so mechanical and not formalized that it's not too easy to
Moreover, I see now that Ted Fielding had worked himself into the position he wanted and had gained up some support. Now the support is gone and no one really wants the function performed, and consequently that job is rapidly drying up. All well, be it god.

Love,

[Signature]