

At Sea

My darling Mama:

It is nighttime as your son rolls across the boundless deep. This is my first letter in three days; I should be reprimanded for not writing daily.

As I write, details of the late president's death which we feared about yesterday, are coming over the radio. It was a shock to me, and I feel sad over his death, and a little shaken, one overseas (and I'm not trying to be dramatic) associated Roosevelt with America & with home, and one just naturally developed a deep pride in him. As I've said before, I think Roosevelt will be remembered highly in the annals of our great. I said a prayer for his soul last night.

A quirk of fate has thrown Truman into the most responsible position in the world. Poor devil, I feel sorry for him, and can imagine his qualms of misgivings as he took the oath of office despite his mediocrity. I had rather it be he than Wallace. Dewey shall be the next President of the U.S.

I am glad the Crimea Conference was accomplished before Roosevelt's death. Doubt & hesitation will now be felt in the Russian official mind.

Mother I wish you would send me a few clipping concerning Roosevelt's death & also [illegible] account if you can get it. My time has been inconsistent in arriving of late.

Well I am enjoying the voyage. We read all day & lie on our bunks, look at the sea from the rail. I've just finished "Look away Look away" by Leslie T. White. Tis the story of unconstructed rebels who migrated to Brazil on a Mississippi Steamboat after the Civil War. I've played bridge twice & learned a good bit more about it. I have spent a good deal of time talking to member of the ships crew, particularly the first mate. He has sailed the seas for 19 years. They roll off [illegible] account of parks, nearly all the major ones of the world, which they have visited. I'll not sail the sever seas however because a home is better than all the parts in the world.

Pin Up has become accustomed to life aboard ship, and is being fed by all and sundry.

Well mother dear I shall close for the noche. When you receive this letter (I'll write others before I have a chance to mail this one) you will be receiving my mail regularly again. Keep in mind that there is nothing for you to worry about Mama. I worship you.

Your loving son,

John

P.S. Said an Officer to me this morning where we all awakened, "I'll bet I can tell you what your mother's name is," "Kate, Mama Kate," I had yelled out in my sleep. (There is no chance for my jumping over the rail at night I am well guarded).