

Sept. 28, 1942

Dear Mr. Anderson,

A very few lines to let you know that it appears the chill winds of winter will strike me here in Norfolk - for I am still here and would seem to be for some time. And all I have to cheer me is Shelley's "Ah, wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?": As you recall, I must have six months' active duty before formally submitting an application for a commission. They will be up soon and then I shall worry Wash. to death with fervent pleas!

I am becoming accustomed beyond thoughts of civilian life to the Navy, and the nostalgia of the past seems like a dream. I do, however, recall all the things I enjoyed and can hardly wait to get back to them: law, religion, philosophy etc. I think I have finally resolved the question in my mind about what to do. It seems to be law and nothing else for me. It is difficult to express in words what it means to me. It has an appeal all its own - unique - and awfully strong. I do not think I should love it so did God not intend that it should be my means to doing some little good in the world. The paths to truth are many and diverse, and if law can serve that purpose for me, it shall do so. I would not enter the ministry as I see it now because I do not think I am good enough. Wasn't it Paul who said that deacon should be blameless? I am not. I once had the theory that regardless of the individual's faults, he would do well to preach if he could lead others to honesty and ethical living - like Mirabeau did in propelling the French Revolution. A

profligate himself, he was nevertheless such a genius that he inspired liberty and the desire for equal justice in the hearts of men and so gave democracy a great help on the way. But my study of the Bible since being here has convinced me that the same view doesn't apply in Christianity; and that, whatever else may be the considerations, a man should be good before telling others how to go. Life is the best example and this logically presupposes a good life.

There, as usual, seems to be no news here. I haven't any idea when I'll see Fla. again, but if I should get a leave I shall do my best to see you. And I'll write when I can.

Sincerely yours,

