



ORDNANCE SCHOOL
ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND
MARYLAND

June 28, 1943

Dear ones,

Well, after I spoke to you, Mother, I slept and took it easy for the rest of the day. I did write to Uncle David; I also got nailed to make the fire for the hot water in the shower - you can imagine what a fireman I am! What a mess! anyway, here I am - still with a non-existent fire on my hands - started ^{ing} the last few weeks before graduation. I'll write you my first impressions of artillery as soon as they are formed.

We have no more close-order drill. This week we have a free hour in the morning; next week and the weeks following we have extended-order drill and the manual of arms.

After I get by this week, I also start all the details of becoming an officer - namely turning in old clothes, buying officer's equipment - all

the administrative details involved in shifting from an enlisted status to that of an officer. There take up five hundred and there, but they will be pleasantly spent.

as for the question of Washburn, I don't know when the list of names will be called.

5:30

It is now 5:30; I received a mass of encouraging mail from you just at the time that the above-mentioned list was read off. I was not on it; this is encouraging but not definite. Since, in this second affair, a misfortune can go directly to the Washburn without going before the company board. So I'll let you know the definite confirmation towards the end of the week. The signs of the times are good.

artillery is rugged - by; fast and furious - we had stuff thrown at us. The path ahead is not bed of roses - believe me.

Incidentally - as a last word - my last of discussion - in the last few days was purely for your benefit.

2nd, Sumner.