

April 26, 1943

Dear One,

I got off duty at 7 this morning. No more punning chasing for a while at any rate. I took a shower, and worked in the supply room checking machine guns with a Lieut-Colonel - that is, I held them up for him to inspect them. After that, I watered the lawn. After dinner, I washed clothes leisurely and got a tetanus shot. We played some basketball and I shaved again. After supper, we went to an orientation lecture on OCS and here I am again leisurely being a soldier and reveling in the fact that basic is over.

There is no special news except that I am "alerted." Fred Whitehurst, Charlie Carl, and I out of our unit have been put "on alert" and confined to company area. We can leave only with permission. We were told a clerk says we are leaving Thursday. Charlie

can went to MIT and he has been
asked to go to the engineers. what
happens to Fred + me is a mystery.
are we being shipped out of QM?
God only knows. Be prepared for a
wire or call from me.

That's literally all there is now
I'll write more in the morning.

Tuesday
I am now in the dispensary - I have
a splotch of poison ivy on my wrist
and a pimple on my instep of the left
foot. I thought I might just as well
get them taken care of while I am hanging
around. I'm also going to try to get
my teeth fixed up. Every exam I take
shows a few more canters.

It is very early in the morning
as you can imagine - there is ^{no} more
news - I'll continue later.

It is now 10:00 AM and I'm
loaded with news. I am tentatively
scheduled to leave Camp 28 the 29th,
Sunday. I get an inspection of my
personal papers - and that's a pretty good
indication we are leaving. Fred Whitehouse
leaves today earlier; Charlie Carr - the
MIT man - leaves the same day as I.
I repeat - Dad only knows where
or in what capacity I will be sent.
If I get into any OCS I'll be happy.

I'll continue to write this letter in
splotches. Mail isn't taken out
until 2 AM.

Well it's 9:00 PM. no more
news - Whitehouse is now going out
the same day as ~~me~~ I. all my ill
are cared for. I feel fine.

I can't help laughing at all
your advice about not worrying
about OCS acceptance. I may be
wrong but my worry is what OCS
I'm going to. Of course, this
may all be premature. But
little summer will take all your
advice and I think all will be
well.

I appreciate your new
letters
Love,
Summer