

March 24, 1943

Dear Sumner:

Your letter of the 21st which was just received and read to me by Mother was obviously written before you had any mail from us. That makes your lonesomeness understandable. By this time, however, the situation should have been considerably eased. It goes without saying that you are experiencing an emotion which is common to all youngsters who have left the comforts of home, and in a certain sense it tickles our vanity that you should have been lonesome, because it proves that home and parents have been attractive to you. You will snap out of this mood soon enough, if you have not already, and you will keep yourself mentally alert by other things which if they are not available at once you will make available.

You might want some bridge cards or some quick, easy games or some light or heavy reading or a tennis racket or anything else. Do not hesitate to speak up. The stuff you have just asked for is being prepared by Mother and will be on its way within a few hours.

Uncle Don was in the State for two days and spent Sunday night and last night with us. He told Mother that Camp Lee has the reputation of being one of the best camps in the country, that the food there was as good as, if not better than, the food in most of the other camps, that it had a baker's school there which helped make some food more palatable, that it had an officers' school there, and that all in all it was a well organized camp. Soon you, too, will be well organized, your feet will have been cured of the blisters, you will begin to absorb the physical training and you will come home on furlough looking straight as a ramrod and smiling your best. Then when you get through officers' candidate school and come home on leave, that gold bar will outshine all the hidden gold at Ft. Knox and your old man will give you the snappiest salute that you will ever receive.

Yours in cheerfulness.

Affectionately,

IB:E