

BUCKLEY FIELD  
COLORADO

July 28, 1943

My dear Miss McGlynn,

Yes, I'm still out here at Buckley Field and still wearing a gold bar on my collar. Promotions are pretty slow in the Training Command.

From what you tell me of your brother he must be working towards a commission in Maryland. I'm an Air Force administrative officer myself out here in Colorado. The weather out here is nice. The days are hot but the evenings are beautiful and cool. We got a beautiful view of the Rockies. Now if they could only throw in a salt water ocean I'd spend the rest of my life out here.

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I went home on a ten day leave about a month ago — quite a trip; about a 5500 mile round trip. But it was worth it to spend 6 days at home. I'll be due for another leave in about 5 months. I'll drop down and visit you at the college.

Incidentally, what are you doing this summer? Not teaching school I hope? That's a heck of a way to spend a vacation. I'm corresponding with the college. Trying to get some college credits by taking extension courses. Maybe it'll work out.

Where's your sister? I've lost track of her. I don't blame your brother for disliking the Kansas weather. It's pretty rough.

You know, 6 months ago we graduated OCS [Officer Candidate School] down in Miami — breathing fire. But a half year at administrative work sort of

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took the edge off. So we're pretty tame right now with occasional outbursts (if you know what I mean).

I imagine you heard about Harold Shumrak. It hit me right between the eyes. Never thought the guy would do it. I still don't understand it. [Harold Shumrak died by suicide in April 1943]

Thanks for dropping me a line. It was a pleasure hearing from you.

Sincerely,  
Maurice