

Dear Ones,

June 22, 1943

First of all, I just want to say that I am receiving your letters with great regularity; they are really swell and brighten me up for the rest of the day. I love the bits of news and the details of life at home.

Secondly, I must make a general introduction to the letters of the next week or so. (I should first say that the reason I am not using stationery is that I am writing from the class room.) I will be honest with <sup>you</sup> as I always am. I have as much faith in myself as ever; I know I have the intelligence, the personality, the leadership to do the job of an officer well. As I look around me in the class room, in the barracks, on the drill field and in the mess hall, I know that I am as matured as basically capable as almost anyone else here. and yet, perhaps it is a pessimism after all although it is not a pessimism based in lack of self-confidence, I have a strong feeling here at school that I am continually on the border line, about to tumble over the precipice. There are all specific things - mainly drill and military bearing - where I apparently do not impress favorably although I am trying hard; but it is more a general vague impression that I feel. A great deal of it is the loneliness due to the lack of friendliness and warmth - factors which I am used to experiencing in my associations with teachers, instructors and leaders. all



thus all to and pyramidal the "feeling" which the poem here  
has started. It is sort of hard to explain, if I think it out  
and evaluate myself and my work I see no reason to  
worry. But when I see St. McCoy looking at me  
out of the corner of his eye with a sharp, investigating  
look, all rationalization just disappears before the  
vast element of the unknown that surrounds me. I  
think that this is as good a statement as I can make  
of the way I feel; it is all so indefinite.

I can only close as I did yesterday - existence  
is a very real possibility; it doesn't take too much  
imagination or pessimism to say possibility.

John  
Lumley