

Friday-
April 16
1943

Dear ones,

I just mailed you a card and here I am waiting in line in the regimental headquarters. There is a swarm of fellows before me and I guess I will have plenty of time to scribble out this note. I hope you received that 6 page affair I scribbled the other night.

There are plenty of interruptions ~~however~~ as each soldier comes out we quiz him and as each goes in we whisper a word of encouragement. We are sitting in a big room that looks like every other army office. At one end sit a group of officers and immediately beyond is the closed door which hides from us ~~the~~ the three men who determine whether or not we go on to the next interview - the last hurdle before OCS.

at the moment I am not nervous. I would very much like to be an officer; but in typing, I am not going to sink myself

2 into a state of nervous tension. I can best convince my interviewers of my ability by being my natural self. and when I see and learn to know the officers I am surrounded by I am sure I have the stuff. and I have faith that the army will not pass me up in the long. Not making the grade this time would only make me work harder for the next break. (I hope you can read this - I am writing this on my knee.) Well, you know my attitude - but I wouldn't be human if rejection didn't bring a slight let-down.)

I have all the letters of recommendation except Davenport's. I sure hope it comes soon. All are fine but Dave Bennet's. He was too flowery etc. and he said I had attended Bowdoin and Harvard sure!! and he's a first Lieut!! oh, well.

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each interview takes about 10 to 15 minutes. Everyone comes out acting as though he had been in there a lifetime. as I have often said in these letters, I may be able to tell you what happened before I finish the note.

Since our last note we have kicked ourselves around on the rifle anti-aircraft range, at inspections, and drills. While I am in here, the rest of the gang is on a 15 mile hike - the pan. dog! Boy, isn't they be tried tonight.

Saturday officially is the last day of the fourth week of basic training. Next week is the last but all we have is a hike or two and we have just little odds and ends to clean up. I guess we start getting transferred to technical training companies around Wednesday.

The reason we are in such a
 rush now is that we are not doing well on
 our regimental training tests. The
 examiners ask the same question of 3
 men and grades the whole platoon on their
 answers. We naturally pick on the men
 who look least wide awake. As a result,
 some dopes are always tying up the
 whole show. (In 2 1/2 hours I was not
 asked a single question.) The result will
 be a pretty tough weekend of details &
 no free time. But it makes no
 difference to me since I have guard
 duty from 5 PM Saturday to 5 PM
 Sunday - so you know what happens to
 my letter writing plans. These days
 are plenty hectic.
 I am running out of paper. I'll have to
 stop now. I'll finish back at the barracks.

3.

The sergeant has supplied me with the means to continue, as I will.

The only major topic left for discussion is that of Passports. I got a card from Mrs. Bowman and she told me to call someone in Petersburg but I just haven't had the time. (Don't forget what a phone looks like!) Also our passes have not come through yet. So I only think about this when I write to you. The army comes first. I will ~~write~~ call if I can - but there is nothing I can do about anything as you can well imagine.

That about covers it. I just haven't time even to write thank you notes where required. My time is not my time.

Love,
Lumley

It's all over a Lieut-Col, a Captain,
and a Lieut. and boy, I just couldn't
help it, but my heart was
pounding like a sledge hammer
and my breath came fast. I
botched the first question, was
sometimes hesitant on long answers,
but I snapped out a lot of answers
+ I think I shaved that 15 min on the
ball.

But no predictions. I'll know
the result soon.

Love
Sumner