

Transcribed by Kara Kralik 06/14/2020

June 15

Dear Ones,

I have started this a million and a half times, maybe I will finish it eventually. The weather is so sultry that I do try to spend my breaks outside, relaxing.

My weekend with Uncle Harold was fine; I will admit that I found it hard to relax to a slight degree. But I did have a superb steak and a very pleasant few hours. Uncle Harold may be happy in his work but life in Washington is certainly a hardship on him. The problem of adjustment [*sic*] be a great one for him. Our conversation was very pleasant; it was the first time in 3 months I had seen a member of the family - probably the longest stretch I have ever gone.

All is well in general with me; I am rather tired and I am debating whether or not to go into Baltimore this weekend. The job of getting there and back is full of hurly-burly and confusion and I do not go in for the type of party some of the boys want to line up. I think I shall just go into the countryside around Aberdeen and relax. There is no sense in getting tired out on Sunday.

As for things in general we reach the halfway point in the course tomorrow. We are already thinking in terms of washout etc. again.

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Needless to say, as we have seen before, this is inevitable since it is school policy. And once again - preferring to be a pessimist on this instance anyway - I see numerous pitfalls ahead. My studies must be above average, my speech mark was probably sufficient and I will probably not get too bad a popularity rating. But for some psychic reason I feel a great deal

of pressure on this idea of military bearing and drill for one thing. My posture is improving, I am trying hard; but my long legs and somewhat ungraceful body occasionally show up to my disadvantage. Not that this will necessarily be a crucial factor - other factors will outweigh it - but it does have its points of concern. In drill, I feel I stand fairly well but will tell better after tomorrow when my turn comes up. If I hit the job right on the nose my morale will really zoom - but around here, you never know. I have another feeling: that is, that my age, my lack of army experience, and my lack of technical background will continue to count against me. The work I do and the impression I make will have to outbalance these unavoidable shortcomings. In other words, I feel this way: until I get those gold bars I have one long uphill

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fight ahead of me. I can only say again that under the conditions I will do the best that I can. It should be more than good enough. But I myself am as ready as you are in attitude should anything distort my course.

I love these chats with you, I hope you don't mind my fretting and fussing etc but writing to you is the best and most satisfying outlet for me. I think it will always be that, in the long run, my center of emotion and intellect will be my home, in the light of our relationship to ourselves, the rest of the world - especially any role in the war - has meaning only in the terms of our happiness, much more important than whether I become a Second Lieutenant or not is what I do after the war to help rebuild the world and in that to contribute to and participate in our happiness and the happiness of the world with which it is so entangled as the war itself proves. Maybe I

should have saved these sentiments until the 25th - but this year, especially where we are knit together physically only by mail and an occasional phone call, on your anniversary I do want you to know how much our family life means to me. I'd rather be early with them than late.

Love,
Sumner

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PS I got a swell
bag of
mail today
Thanks,
Love