

Dear ones,

May 24, 1943

I just wrote to Aunt Anne - the rain cancelled our athletic tonight. This Friday night we have Floor Raising - in which every man eats everyone else on the floor for officer potential. It is also called the "stab your Buddy" vote since everyone eats the throat of his friend by necessity. It's another of the big unknown factors here at OCS.

This is the 4th week and we got a new drill instructor this morning. We all were disappointed at St. Cannada but we are more worried about the fact that in this crucial week when the blue chips are down, we have a new man who doesn't know us and will have to rate us on one or two performances at



the most. I was up there for two  
minutes today and did all right but  
the class ended before I really  
showed my stuff. As I expect to get  
up again soon. I think I really  
know my Drill now and confidence  
is an awfully big factor. My  
academics are coming along. I'm  
working on my speech here and there.  
Incidentally, we will also get a  
new speech instructor Saturday -  
but that gods count in the  
second 4 weeks. Say, that is  
no thing I am going to let it slip  
now; I should, after all.

That's all the news for now.  
I'm going to chat - Hope you're  
getting my mail. I'll write a  
few lines on this tomorrow.

Well, I have shaved and I feel



have a few seconds as here are a  
few more lines. Incidentally, I cut  
myself temporarily excepting I used a  
new blade for the first time. Things are  
improved now but yesterday I had as  
many red blood splatters on my face  
that I thought I had the ~~measles~~ measles.

anyway, I was about to comment on  
the Aberdeen weather - it is as  
changeable as any in the world - situated  
as Aberdeen is near Chesapeake Bay.  
In the morning are cold, the days are  
warm, but rain squalls are an  
everyday occurrence. (I do not know  
how to spell occurrence - my  
spelling is shot to hell). As a  
result we carry our raincoat all  
the time for dark clouds are ever present.

This week the interest is focused on  
the first washout - that is why you  
will find me mentioning it in the letter.



I am not tanning up but I'm going  
to keep on the ball all the time -  
with more effort in each thing I do.  
Well, I do the best I can anyway -  
so I can't try much more and I  
refuse to spend things with nervousness.  
Besides this, academics, speech,  
and the Floor Rating; the various  
interviews and your secret Service's  
report and your background - all  
count in the final decision. The  
actual departure does not come  
until the 6th week.

That's about it. The whistle  
will blow soon. I'm happy and  
healthy. I hope you are too.

Bob

Summary



P.S. Tonight as I sat in study hall legs  
stiff and cramped by my capsule canteen  
in military law, I reflected on my OCS  
class. There we were - my platoon of  
some 50 - odd men ranging from 45 to  
18 years old - there's a B.V. ERL man  
who's even younger than I am. Anyway,  
we all are equals whether we were  
lucky privates, master sergeants, or warrant  
officers - all are looking for the old  
shoulder jewelry. I didn't help but  
wish that I had the time to learn to  
know each man well enough to  
understand him and why he is here,  
what he wants in the army and in life.  
Right here in the OCS, even tho we are  
theoretically from a higher bracket, we  
would get a marvelous cross-section of  
ambition and emotion, hopes and disappointment.  
Well, lights go out in a second as I  
can't even think about this human comedy



tonight. Perhaps when I do become  
an officer in charge of men I will  
have a chance to really make such  
an analysis.

Love,