



ORDNANCE SCHOOL  
ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND  
MARYLAND

June 24, 1943

Dear One,

I must preface this anniversary letter with a picture of my condition as I write it (which is in itself the reason for its not arriving on time.) Last night we had an air alert for an hour and a half - that was just an hour and a half lost from sleep and study. and I have felt those two losses all day. I have been very tired and in my final in military administration I really did myself an injustice. I probably passed but with not much of a margin; I just didn't hit it. Tomorrow we have crucial tests in depot and supply; I hope I do better. For some reason, I have trouble concentrating and doing my best on these objective tests, after 3 years of college and subjective tests. I guess I got by. and we just finished our floor rating where you have to "stab your buddies." This weekend, if nice, I spend on guard duty - another pleasant prospect. all the week I have been squad room leader and today I am platoon leader to boot. You can understand that the pressure of war makes me a sweaty mess.



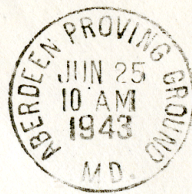
as a result, I wasn't so faint clear: I have not  
passed the biggest hurdle - I will not have cleared  
it until Thursday. You have no basis for finding  
"impudence" in my letters. I am really uncertain.  
Please do not become overconfident - I don't want to  
build you up for a letdown - I'd rather break you  
down for an uplift of success. You know what I  
mean; if a mishap occurred, by chance, your  
disappointment would bother me more than my own.

All this is a prelude to my anniversary sentiments -  
under the intense pressure, I am afraid they will be a  
little more teary than usual. For at no time, have I  
longed to be with you at home more than I do now. At no  
time have I appreciated the blessings of my home more  
than I do now; I can really stand all the love and  
affection you have for me. I have said before and I can  
repeat that my home is still the center of my  
life, my hopes, and my plans. It is with the deepest  
thankfulness that I reflect on what your anniversary  
means to us all; to recall all the joy is to look  
forward to years of continuing blessings. May God  
continue to be good to us.

your loving son and brother,  
Sumner



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Full

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