

April 25, 1943

Dear Ones,

I don't really remember when I wrote last. While in prison chores I have dashed off cards or letters to all who have written me, I think. The only exception is Norman Lodgey - I tore up the messy note I wrote him and will rewrite it. I only try to write directly to Anne, Judy, and the Bernstein grandparents - as well as some of my great uncles and aunts - if I have half a second tonight & tomorrow. I really am not too busy any more, but the heat is beginning to bother me. If it's this hot in April, I'm really going to be rolling in sweat and ill get used to it & damn in the attempt. Anyway I am now unassigned and all I have to do as far as I can see is go to 1 1/2 hour classes occasionally and be a prison chaser about twice every first day. Let me tell you what a prison chaser does. We live in tents by the guard house. Whenever a prisoner

leaves the guardhouse to work, eat, or do anything a prison chaser must be with him. usually there is one p.c. to 2 prisoners. you must walk at least 6 and not more than 10 paces from the prisoner, allowing no obstruction, no person to pass between you and him. you carry a cocked and locked 12 gauge shotgun with 3 shells. Fortunately most of the prisoners are good boys who just wanted to go home and did without a pass. They are cheerful and do their work. Also Sunday is an easy day for them and us. The Prison chaser is



responsible not only for the prisoner but also for his 2.  
doing job well. marching the prisoners around is good  
practice for we are potential officers. That about covers  
what I have been doing for the last 22 hours and will  
be doing for the next 14 since I have to take the place of  
a man who is in past to be married.

Saturday I spent dodging non-coms and generally  
relaxing. Friday, the day after we moved. I returned to  
the company for the last day of basic. I think I  
wrote your letter Friday. anyway, Friday night we  
had maneuvers. The company split into 2  
groups of 2 platoons each - one group wearing  
gloves (us under Lieut Degner), the other not (the  
1st + 2nd platoons). We went to the training area at  
1 PM and each group went to its area, about 200 yds  
by 200 yds. In their areas, each group placed the  
guide on their flag - the objective of the other's  
attack. Each side was to attack, split up in  
groups of 4 and 1 squad leader. as an OC's moved  
was a squad leader. you captured a prisoner by  
tapping his back. It was dark and I mean dark  
in those woods + underbrush and you couldn't tell if a  
man had gloves or not until you were right up on him.  
anyway, my squad advanced and proceeded to get  
lost. we ran into 3 of the enemy + captured them  
every 1 man. a squad moved in a diamond  
with the leader in the center - x ⊗ - anyway, at  
this point the dispute began. the scout happened



to wander by and he couldn't solve it. In real war<sup>3</sup>  
you shot a man from ambush. In our game you had  
to tag him thus losing the whole point of the  
ambush. But the rules said "tag" is is matly  
if an enemy had a perfect bead on you, you were  
not eliminated unless tagged. You can see the  
confusion if everybody yelled "boom, you're dead"  
like a snowball fight. So either system is  
pretty poor, but tagging is less confusing if  
unreal.

As there we were lost and all of a  
sudden as I crawled towards a ridge I noticed  
that 2 men had left my squad; we had lost  
contact. The maneuver was to end at 9:30; it  
was 9 now. So Frank Marmore (the last man)  
and I advanced over the ridge and up to enemy's  
extreme left flank to the end of their line. We  
captured several prisoners. We advanced by inches,  
crawling, staying under the cover of trees and  
bushes. We still had arguments with guys who  
said they shot us. We, of course, had no idea  
where their flag was, so we advanced towards  
the center through the trees from the flank. We  
stopped short and stood stock still as two men  
started crawling towards me. They crawled  
right by! Not even seeing me! I tagged  
them and they went to the prisoner depot  
disgusted. I laughed my head off. We continued



4

moving. I should say that the rules also  
were - no guards within 50 yds of your own  
standard. All of a sudden, someone yelled  
at Frank and me, we ran under cover; as  
I ran I looked back to the right and in the  
pitch black I spotted their flag. We  
changed direction and ran the 25 feet to  
the flag and sat beside it as the rules  
prescribed. Of the 30 men on our side, we  
were the only two to gain the objective. Of  
course, the guy who yelled claimed the yell  
was the equivalent of capture and we had  
quite a squabble. The captain finally  
decided in a victory for our side due to my  
capture of the flag and our side's greater  
caution and taking of more prisoners, although  
3 of their men got to our flag. I felt pretty  
good - a fitting climax to my basic training.

Now to try to answer your letter. But first I  
promised all my correspondents that you  
would relay news for me. I know you are  
doing it. I don't think I need to send flowers  
it all for my batteries; I wrote very fine  
letters and, as a soldier, they don't expect it  
from me. Also it would be a bad precedent, as  
a sidelight. I haven't the time until Tuesday



5.

anyway. I'm sure agree that I am right in not doing it; I think I did all required and more.

I can't tell you too often, H.B., how much I appreciate your chummy letters; they are cheerful and easy and loving - just what a soldier loves.

I am very happy the seders went off as well and that Grandma's condition is so encouraging. You don't seem to be inactive, yourselves, every letter contains news of a speech or trip or campaign; I know you do marvelously on them all. I also know that you will have a good time in NY if you relax and forget obligations. The Bab mitzvah date is a coincidence; you will do the honors for me.

I will get "Time" once I get a permanent address. I do appreciate your "advance condolences" on OCS, but I hope it proves superfluous and unnecessary - all eyes point that way.

Daddy, I want you to know that I do appreciate the time and thought and the regularity of your letters. I also hope you put in a word for me after your tribulations getting to school last Monday morning. That letter was especially good. I do like to get the clippings and all the family and local news. Both Pat's card and those excerpts were very interesting. The latter was really funny.

Don't send me anything in line of food until I get to a permanent address. I just ran out of ink. I think that covers all your questions. I hope so.

over!



The last item is a catalogue of rumor <sup>G.</sup>  
about our status - tho 11 of us in OCS - everyone  
thinks he knows what is to happen. a class  
starts every 2 weeks - that is pretty sure. now  
supposedly the may 1 class is an  
experimental class of 16 weeks. The second  
rumor is that we will be sent to our  
second choice - ordnance. all this is  
suggested when we aren't even sure  
we're in O.C.S. oh well, we live on  
hope.

all is well, Love,

Lumma

I am too tired to reread this letter -  
so excuse errors.