

JUDMS5\_BernsteinS\_05121943

Transcribed by Kara Kralik 06/18/2020

*[Pages 1-3 are numbered in the top right corners]*

May 12, 1943

OCS

Dear Ones,

I can't tell you how much the mail I get from you means. Your letters are newsy and spicy; they are a swell pickup. So far I still have my one solitary gig but other things aren't going so well. Academics are all right; but I am perpetually tired - for that reason I am not at a high peak of efficiency - and it is next to impossible to get any more than 7 hours of sleep. This would be enough if it weren't for the terrific strain we're under. Sunday looks even more inviting as a result, as you can imagine. But the real thing that I fall down is still drill. I was called out one morning when the whole platoon stunk and I stunk worse than everyone. It's enough to break the spirit of any man

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except the OCS man. He must take it. I keep my composure, but, at this instance I was asked to explain an unfamiliar movement. The instructor really rode me up and down; I didn't break down and I am able to laugh about it. But next time I will know this stuff cold. I'll have to. I have the voice, I have the speaking experience, I am not nervous. I am sure of myself - I just have to be sure of my material. And believe me it's important. Drill counts 75%; it is what most boys wash out on - you have to study it outside of regular

time, that is, on weekends and when you can. As you can see; all the time I spent Sunday last was not enough. I am not letting it get me down but it is something on my mind all the time. There is never a let down here. (It is fortunate that others are in the same boat I am.)

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We go into khaki Saturday. The weather has been hot and muggy with torrential rains. I'll be glad to get out of O.D's. As for the iron - I haven't room for anything besides the very smallest travelling iron. If you can't get a small one (with a cord & socket) don't bother. Others in the barracks have them and it is not essential.

The deluge of food is over; I got about 6 packages in the last 3 days! I have already told you about the swell mail I am getting.

There is no special news. I just want to prepare you for the worst - I think it is best; and I think it bears repetition. The washout rate around here is very high. Average classes of 250 seldom graduate over 160 or 165. We

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are somewhat larger than the usual class but the final figure will probably be the same. Also we are the last class to go through in 13 weeks. The next class will take 26. So they will be extra special tough on us. Results have shown 13 week officers need more polish & toughening. I wish you would tone down the enthusiasm of our friends and relatives. Be on the safe side and paint

a black picture of “failure and about to be flunked etc.” I’m sure you understand. I myself am not discouraged - don’t get that idea; I know I have the stuff. But it is no disgrace to leave here and there is no sense in making the picture a completely bright one when dark clouds are only over the horizon. I will just get on the ball. Love,  
Sumner.