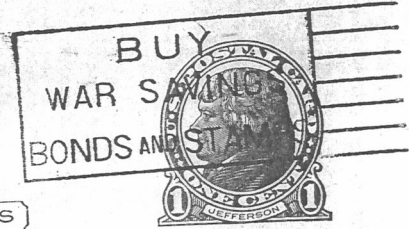
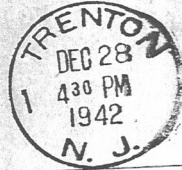


Honey, I'm writing this on
my knees as I sit on the
floor - the only place to sit
here until we get shipped
out which I hope is soon.
Everything is going fine. I've
been getting along fine - better
than I thought I had no
more trouble than I can
bear. Had I not had to fight
in bed after 10 last night
I'd have written you a long
letter. There was much I
wanted to say. I missed
you terribly. Later today I'm
going to try to phone you, if
I can get some change.
Life here has been pretty
rigorous, but everybody has
been much sicker than I
could expect. It has been long &
cold, & I hope I get my coat
today (it had to be altered).
I probably won't write again
until I get a place to write, but
I'll write as soon as I can. Love,
Dad

Pvt. Harold Weisberg
Co A, 129 RC
Ft. Dix, N.J.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs. Lillian Weisberg
#2, 313 Hst, nw
Wash., D.C.

98710



MR JAMES W. HEPLIN
210 EYE ST, NW
WASHINGTON, DC

Post Office
4324 1/2
62 Pro. A. P. ad.
APR 16 7 40 PM '42
Friday 17/1/42

Dear Bill & Lydia: This is a wonderful
place. I have already learned the
geography books writers have conspired
to make it. For instance, it is the
largest continent. The just don't count
most of it when measuring. At least 3/4
is in the air. And it's not the darkest
continent, except right before dawn. My
dearest man in my eyes awakened
me at 2 a.m. Seriously, though, I am
well & at least as happy as can be expect-
ed. I have unfortunately lost my appetite, & I
think I'm losing weight (I hope). If when
I get back I think I'll be able to keep Bill
teaching for a while, though I have had
a worthwhile experience. My best
regards to you
Kathy [initials]