


Harry - I hope you can read this.

Jim flew on my tail. We have had a very hard "morning."  It is now one. We are supposed to be FORT ONTARIO
OSWEGO, NEW YORK off from 11:30 to 1, except for mail call & chow. We got back at 11:50 and I rushed through chow because I was so exhausted. They buried the hell out of us all a.m. over stepping ice & deep snow. Here they are utterly oblivious of the fact that some of us are in acute pain at some of the things we are given to do.

Well, I got your letter, "dashed" off to chow, got back & had hopes of rethinking & writing you. Theoretically, I had 35 minutes. I might add I got up a half hour early to make the beds of 2 men on "K.P." who were awakened late. I made 3 beds this morning. Well, I got back from chow just in time to get orders to tear the bed apart, folding everything in half, lengthwise, twice, then in thirds! They are giving us clean sheets a day or 2 ahead of time! We had had orders to fall out at 12:55 for "shots" at the hospital. We fell out & were told to go back to the barracks and wait until 1:15. I honestly don't know whether

am coming or going. am the boys are complaining
of fatigue, so you can imagine how I
feel. Its time to go to get this up
later, I hope in time to get it in the night
mail. - Later - a little after 7. They marched
us down to the hospital for "shots." Almost
woke my neck on the way down. We stayed there
for about an hour & they marched us back. No shots.
We just stood outside. Then they took us out on the
dual field & kept us there for the rest of the day.
Dinner, Sir dead. I've been in bed since before I
I've been in some if I had been working out
then. I can give about stand up - just about. Sir
really dead. Tomorrow Sir getting a "break." Sir
on H.P., and after today Sir feeling you H.P. is
back. The other boy on H.P. says they've talked
to be on H.P. The funny thing is Sir not
supposed to be because I have a detail of emptying
me from it. In addition all the others have names
beginning with "L." It looks like somebody is
fixing me up, but good. Well, honey, Sir going
to have to cut this short & go to sleep. I don't feel
so well, & that of my fatigue lead me to think
a good rest won't hurt me. But Sir answer
your letter. About your Mom: glad to hear
she's a bit better. You are handling the finances,
I think in the only possible way. We pay the bill
& whatever share Ed & I want to pay, May that

3) way the bills will be paid & you ma will
have rather way nor enthusiasm.
Hazel is faking her wound, ood....



I have written Ce & Buck within the
past few days. Tell Lydia & Bob Ann
my things under the water but
I'd gladly sleep with them....
Your "am." letter was postmarked
7.30 p.m.! What's about me coming
down to see her? Should I? What
does she think? I can, it's not
some dough, I'll take a little
time to make the trip... I'm sorry
I didn't get Polly's letter, too. Remember
me to him. I sent Mary Jane a card.

Remember me to Mary, Johnny
and everybody else. This is as
far as I can go now.

Love Harold.

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