

Thursday 2/25/43

Dear Lil - I'm going to use up

some of the paper you sent me. I got your letter after supper, and some of the boys just brought me a wire from "man reading" "Will be in New York Saturday. Have also <sup>asked</sup> Lil to come." all of which tells me nothing. I'm going to try to call you later, if I can get someone to relieve me for a short while (in working) and if the phones are working. They weren't before. Of course, the things that bother me are obvious: Do you accept? If so, when shall we meet? And if few letter things to, if I don't get you tonight I'll try whenever I can tomorrow. I may not slip, & if I get the pass, as I probably will, I want to know what to do. I hope I can get off & that I can get a phone and test you are available, which I doubt. I also hope I have some stamps in the barracks, as I should, so I can send this special delivery. If I do you'll probably get this tomorrow. I'll mail it tonight & it'll go out in the morning - O life.

It takes something like this to make you realize the almost complete isolation of a soldier

3. in a - a at least this reception center. I can't even telegraph you to phone me - because you can't phone me.

Maybe we'll get a break & can get this straightened out.

I am sorry to hear of Man's difficulties on his heels. I hope they clear up soon. I can't visualize the situation you report, and I hope whatever it is, it clears up, too.

How do you feel? I'm also curious about what the doctor told you. Let me know.

By the way, is the one thing what Mrs. Man upset?

If Lydia & Bill were home, they are very ill-mannered!

Gotta get out & see how the boys are behaving. I hope I can't ship until Monday, so we ~~won't~~ get together, whenever we do.

Love

Harold

Honey - you still aren't up, but I've done my  
days work - until 5 p.m., when I go to the Service

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Club. So I'm writing, standing  
aside the bed, using the  
mattress for a desk. I got  
your letter of 2/15/43 sent  
me at 0 ntains. It came



FORT ONTARIO  
OSWEGO, NEW YORK

yesterday. I also got Bob's card  
and your letter of Tuesday. Enc.  
are some clips, etc. One is  
not wrong; it works up. Well

you please search & see if for me. Thanks. I have a bag - not the kind I'd  
like but a useable one. Similant to but a bit smaller than my satchel.

As I'm fixed until such a time as we can conveniently get the letter

kind... M. must be really tired - a must have been - to  
sleep like that & through that noise. Good - he got some rest,  
which I suspect was the real reason for getting home early. I

wrote him & Anna & Ed, & Joan Edna yesterday p.m. ... Joan  
sent me quite a package Friday. I got it last night. Besides  
underwear, which I needed badly, there was a half dozen

boxes of crackers, cakes, cheese, peanut butter & candy. We

had quite a little party. She also sent 2 small cans of  
pineapple juice. One of the fellows, accustomed to lots of fruit &  
fruit juices, has been breaking out - he said he thought from a

deficiency of juices & vitamins. We split a can for breakfast. You  
should have seen him! A new man. He swore <sup>that</sup> was the  
best breakfast he'd had since coming in the Army. There is

enough left for another party tonight - though I won't be here  
for it. And I still have a pair of knickerbockers taken  
left. The way the stuff was jumbled up last night showed  
what the top thought of supper. At least almost all the other

meals, was bad. I can't understand how the meals can be so  
bad so consistently with out something happening... The  
weather here has been fine, except for some rain yesterday. A cold

spell was predicted but did not materialize... Well, it looks  
like I might not ship this week. At this point, with only

Fri & Sat left for shipping, I begin to look forward to the weekend  
with out being shipped. Monday again becomes the focus of my

hopes... I am returning the 0-mail forms because they  
are plentiful here. Belle can use them. I sent her a supply

The other day. I'd send some more to be tonight if I get a chance.  
She probably won't find them too plentiful in Hyattstown, huh?  
... I have come to like not walking all day & all night as I  
had been doing. I took a stroll yesterday, before it got nasty, and  
last night I spent several hours tidying up in case I slip - I can  
now slip by just dumping the clothes hanging up in one of the  
bunnies bags that Mrs. room visit and oiling & polishing shoes. The  
Vis is good stuff. Speaking of shoes, one of mine is wearing  
out - one. O.K.'s realigns much extra weight & shifts from  
my right knee as I wobble around (ape....) I doubt if  
Frankie L. will take me up, because I doubt if it will  
be possible for him to find me, unless Mr. gave him my coat  
for a number, which I doubt, because I doubt if he knows it.  
So, when I write Mr., I asked how to get in touch with F....  
I wrote Anna & told her about the fees.... And now the sun is up,  
and I think it will be very nice, so I'll probably take a  
stroll this morning again & keep my muscles loose. I  
really enjoy walking in the fresh air, as I always used to, when  
I have nothing else to do. Yet I don't like to walk when I'm  
preoccupied. And it doesn't hurt me, or not very much, if I  
don't have to take the same length stride every time or the same  
number of steps per minute. I have run out of reading matter,  
except for the State Dept. White Book, to which I will return  
today, I suppose. I mailed the book on anti-Semitism, packed  
up, to you yesterday afternoon. I'd appreciate it if you do with  
it, if & when you can, as you did with Jobstags. This has not index  
but I have underlined what should be included.. Well, honey, I  
guess that's all for now. This is probably the last letter that will reach  
you before Sat. p.m., so I hope I'll see you then. Give my regards  
to everybody. Take care of yourself, even if you don't work it  
early.

Love  
Harold