Wednesday, Jan. 9th
1944

Dear Mrs. Carter:

Enclosed are two letters I received from Col. Barron yesterday. I was quite pleased over the Dec. 10th one coming in such a short time. am sending one also that I received Jan 2nd.

I received your letter written Sept. 18th.

I do not understand about the parcels etc. but after yesterday's
over and over each day.

Very sincerely,

Eldora Barron
3200 Ethel Ave.

Waer.

I went out gathered up everything he asked for and got it off at once.

I do hope you have had good news from Amon yet and that he is well and fine.

I would like to have these letters back as soon as possible, for I read them.
Darling Dodie Girl—Jan.9, 1943.
Still no letter, but always hoping for tomorrow. I can just see you, busy around the house— or playing at the piano and singing, or driving the car with Pat sticking his nose out. Oh—how I long for a magic carpet to suddenly transport myself these thousands of miles—but some day, Sweetheart, it will happen. Honey, I wish you would have Ann send me cigarettes, cocoa, coffee, and sugar from Canada. That can be done in addition to the ones you can send—lots of the men here get them that way. We run awful short on those items. And— I almost forgot—salt, pepper, some spices, rice, flour— as much as they will allow you to send. Other than needing those things, I am getting along fine—not even a bad cold yet. Hope you are as well—but these four months since I heard from you—Have been "HELL"— and don't be surprised when you see my gray hair. Tell everyone "Hello" and to write. If you can get in touch
Mrs. Gaines J. Barron
3200 Ethel Ave

Empfangsort: Waco
Straße: Texas
Kreis: United States
Land: America

Abends

Fed and PZ. Good buy Darling - Zella
Mail is unlimited - and remember me to love and urge them to write. My receiving
with the "Kidde" give them my address and
My Dearest One—

January 1943—

Another long week gone by—and a very sad one for us. We were so shocked and grieved at the sudden death of Dick Torrence. It happened last Monday morning. As we stood "Roll Call," he slumped to the ground and never regained consciousness—he lived less than 30 minutes. I was standing about ten feet from him when it happened. I talked to him as we dressed on getting up and apparently he was all right. Just before his collapse, he said: "I sure feel funny." That was all. We finally secured permission to bury him with full military honors—flag, firing squad, bugler, and all. I have secured permission to write a letter to his Dad—in the meantime give them all my deepest sympathy—but be sure the Official Notice has been received before you mention it. An autopsy showed it to be heart trouble. Now don't let this worry you about me—I'm well and getting along fine. If only your letters would start coming and relieve me of some of my worry about you. But I keep telling myself—
the time is getting shorter. And remember that a heart full of love for you is behind this wire. Wishes from us. Yours truly, [Signature]