

Tues. Mar. 30. 1943

Dear Mr. Carter -

Haven't seemed to be able to write to you any sooner, concerning Amou Jr. for I've been so numbed that words seemed useless. However, I'm sure Miss Deskins told you that I called a few Sundays ago and I fully intended writing then, but such letters aren't easy to write.

Such a strange premonition occurred on Thursday night before I read the article in Friday's Times - It was so strange that I want to tell you. At midnight, Thursday, I got up and read some Gilbert - Sullivan operetta and went back to bed about 1:00 o'clock. Just couldn't sleep but kept thinking of Amou. At 1:30, I took a tablet to try to sleep and at 2:00 got up and wrote a six page letter to him and also answered your letter - I said a special

prayer, too, for there was a strange feeling about Amos and yet I thought it was only misfortune. - So, now, I feel that he was in trouble but each day I'm more convinced that he is a prisoner and will be safe and some of these days will be home again to you and his loved ones.

I have his scrap book with all the letters, cards etc. in it from the first one I received from him at Kuf until you. 29th (last dated one from N. Africa). In his letter, I told him about it and that there was plenty of room for more letters I hoped to receive. He has always been so prompt about writing whenever he is and so, I feel that he'll get a message through some way. I've had several friends of mine who have husbands over there in the same unit, to ask if they knew him and who knows but

what someone will?

Have you heard any other news concerning him?
Or has the Red Cross confirmed any messages?

Never in my life have I experienced such a lost, helpless feeling as the day I saw his sweet picture in the paper. I left my desk on Friday and didn't work Sat. morning as I didn't want to be around anyone.

Amou meant so much to me and, of course, I am a stranger to you, but someday perhaps I can tell you more. Until then, allow me to express my deepest sympathy and to say that I feel he's safe and well somewhere and I refuse to think otherwise. If, at any time you hear more of him, please let me know for it will mean so very much to me.

In the meantime, I continue to write to him hoping the letters reach him?
Sincerely - Margaret E. Harding