

May 18, 1944

Mr. Amon G. Carter
c/o Fort Worth Star Telegram
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Carter:

Knowing that your son, A. G. Carter, is a prisoner of war in Germany, I feel that you might be interested in the enclosed letter written to my step-aunt by Lt. Louis S. Means, who was recently repatriated from a military prison camp in Germany where her son is held.

I know A. G. only slightly, having met him a few years ago in Dallas at a football game between Oklahoma and Texas Universities, at the time he was still a student at the University of Texas. He seemed such a nice young man and made a lasting impression on everyone in our party. In 1942 while I was in South America with my husband, who was at that time attached to the American Embassy in Santiago, Chile, my mother wrote me that A. G. had been taken prisoner in Germany. I was terribly sorry to hear it and hope it will not be long before he will be returning home, along with the rest of our young men who are fighting this terrible war.

Very truly yours,

Lucille Fisz

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April 15, 1944

Dear Mrs. Highley,

"One of our crew has returned", might be the title of this letter, and how happy I am to be able to write to you first hand like this. Yes, I was one of the lucky lads to be returned on the Gripsholm a month ago after being repatriated from Germany. Yo7'll have to forgive me for not writing much sooner, but you can imagine how busy I've been these first few weeks at home with my little family. My little five months old boy is really terrific, and I've surely been having fun catching up on being the proud father. My folks were also down from Spokane for a full week, so you can see we've surely had a real homecoming. I was lucky enough to get a 30-day sick leave, and must report back to Bushnell Hospital, Brigham, Utah the 20th of this month for final treatment and the fitting of an artificial limb.

Now for some news of your son, and my best buddy, Oran. We finally got together last February, our first meeting since our ship was shot down May 15, 1943. You see, I was in the hospitals until the middle of January when I was finally dismissed and sent up to Stalag Luft 3. I was surely disappointed when I was assigned to Center Compound and found that both Oran and James Clark, our co-pilot, were in the South Compound a few blocks away. About the only chance you get to visit the other compounds is when they are giving a play, musical, or having some inter-compound sporting event, at which time about 50 men from each of the other compounds are allowed to attend. However, the first week I was in camp, I had written several notes back and forth to both Oran and Jim. The second week I was there our compound gave a play one evening, and sure enough in dropped Oran, and what a reunion we had. Naturally, we didn't go to the play, but had a good three-hour talk in my barracks. I had waited so long to see him, you can't imagine how happy I was. He had brought along a big box of stuff for me from my many friends in the South compound, including two cartons of cigarettes, vitamin pills, toilet articles, and so forth.

Your boy surely looked in the best of health, so you haven't the slightest worry along that score. He was just as fat as ever, and really hadn't changed a bit in any way. He said that he had received some 85 letters so far and several cigarette~~s~~ and personal parcels. He was keeping busy by teaching some music classes, as well as leading a little glee club. I'm enclosing a little report on Stalag Luft 3 that I had mimeographed in an attempt to answer some of the questions in the many letters I've received from families who have boys in that camp. Maybe it will help answer some of your questions, but don't hesitate to write about anything not included, and I'll be more than glad to answer anything within my power.

I had it all arranged and was all set to move down to the South compound when I got the news I was to be repatriated. I really didn't dream I would have such a chance for many months, so it came like a bolt from the blue and a few hours later I was on my way out. I know Oran or "Spanky" as we called him, was plenty happy when he heard the news as he was so optimistic about my being sent home when I talked with him. At that time, he wanted me to write you, if I did get home, to be sure to drop everything and take a trip out to California to see us. He said to "tell Mom just to charge the expenses up to my account and have a real vacation." I can't tell you how much we would love to have you do just that. We have a large place here, and could easily accomodate you for just as long as you would care to stay, so please keep it in mind and try to come out when I return from the hospital. I hope I won't have to stay there any longer than a month or six weeks. You can write me there (Bushnell Hospital, Brigham, Utah) any time during the next month.

I am also enclosing a little story of our last flight that I had typed up from my "War Log Book" for the families of the crew. Maybe I can add a few details to it that will complete the story from there. Oran, Jim Clark, and Bill Condon were also lucky enough to blow into shore near the town of Cuxhaven where I landed. They were brought into the very hospital I was in that afternoon for a check-up, but didn't get to see me as I had just been brought up from the operating room. The only injury suffered by any of the three was a slight cut on Oran's thumb. They were sent from there to Dulag Luft and later on up to Luft 3. The next day the bodies of Kind and Mulherin were brought in - they had been picked up in the North Sea. Two weeks later, the body of our pilot, Frank Clemons, washed ashore and was brought into my hospital. He didn't have a scratch on him, so simply must have died from exposure and the water - surely a terrible tragedy. The other three men on the crew were never found to our knowledge, so at camp we concluded they either went down with the ship or were lost at sea. God must have been with the four of us that were fortunate enough to blow into land.

I have written Mrs. Clemons a long letter (first from Luft 3, after talking to Oran, and yesterday from here), and plan to write Clark's folks later this afternoon. Am also writing to a photographer in England where Spanky and I had left at least a half dozen rolls of film to be developed just before we were shot down. If I can get those pictures, taken during our whole trip across, I'll surely send you a set of them to keep for Oran. Must close for now, if I'm ever to get through my pile of correspondence. Please write soon - will be so glad to hear from you. Hope that you are all well.

Sincerely,

Lt. Louis S. Means.