

9, Strathmore Park,  
Belfast.  
N. Ireland.

12<sup>th</sup> June, 1943.

Dear Mr. Carter,

I wrote to you about seven weeks ago just after I heard that Gary had been reported missing and am hoping my letter arrived safely. Not that I think I should have had a reply by now - it's much too soon for that - but in my letter I explained who I was and that I'd met Gary over here and we'd become great friends, and if you received it, it won't complicate things so much. Anyway, just after I wrote you I read in the paper that Gary was officially reported a prisoner of war, and I don't think I've ever felt so relieved and glad in my whole life. I just

2) felt as if life was worth living again. I'm sure you and your family were just as thankful that he's safe. I don't know whether you've had any word from him yet, but I had word from him indirectly two days ago and I thought you might like to know just in case he hadn't been able to get in touch with you yet. This is the only time that I've regretted that Gary is an American, because his parents live so far away from me and by the time you receive this you'll probably have heard from him, and this letter will sound rather silly. However, it was a post card I had from an unknown person (he signs himself M. H. Lynch) in Stalag VIII B camp, Germany. He says that he recently met a friend of mine, a Lieut. Carter, in a prisoner-of-war camp who asked him to write

31) And let me know that he was all right and in good health. He goes on to say that he would greatly appreciate it if I would reply to his card, and also if I could persuade my friends to write. Evidently he has no next-of-kin or friends as he sounds very lonely, and I expect has no-one to write to, and Gary must have met him somewhere or other and asked him to do this for him. It seems to me that at the time of writing (26<sup>th</sup> April), Gary can't have been allowed to write or else he was only permitted a few letters which naturally would go to you at any rate, whatever the reason, I think it was very sweet of Gary to go to so much trouble to let me know he was safe and sound though its only what one would expect of such a

4) fine fellow as he is. I needn't tell you that I nearly went wild with joy when I read the good news. It's been such a strain these last weeks not knowing where he was or whether he was even all right. I kept wildly hoping and praying that when we took over in Tunisia he would be freed, but it seems as if he was moved to Germany right away. At least, the suspense is finished now and I hope I'll be able to hear from him soon. But more than that, although I'm just longing for one of his letters, I do so want to be able to write to him. I'm sure life in a prison camp must be pretty trying at the best of times, and probably letters are the one bright spot in their lives. And I know

5) how much Gary enjoyed getting my letters. That was the worst part of his being in N. Africa. I wrote to him terribly often, and yet on account of our mail being so slow arriving there, he received very few of them, and it seems to me there must be a whole pile of my letters waiting for him somewhere.

I've been in touch with Mr. Kunde, the Field Director at our American Red Cross Club here where I am a voluntary helper, to try and get Gary's address, but he told me that you, being his next-of-kin, would be the only one who could give it to me. So I'm writing to you to see if you have received it yet from the War Department. The only thing that's worrying me is that, as in the case of some of our British

6) prisoners - of war . he may only be allowed to receive a certain number of letters per month which naturally you would wish to come from his family. It's going to be just too awful for words if that's the case, but if so, perhaps you would be kind enough to include a message from me tell him that I'm so glad he's safe and in good health, that I miss him an awful lot and send him all my love and think of him always.

However, perhaps you'll be able to send me his address so I can write to him myself, and I shall be eagerly awaiting your reply.

I must close now as it's almost time I was getting ready for my period of canteen duties at the American Red Cross Club.

Good. bye for now.

Yours faithfully,

Marjorie Love.