

Sunday the thirtieth

My dear Mrs. Carter:

I trust you are back in harness quite renewed and refreshed.

I have been silent to you because that last Next-of-Kin Red Cross Bulletin that rated Oflag 64 as "the worst camp in Europe" coupled with your dear boy's plaintive note on the boys weakness, left me speechless. Last Tuesday night a Mrs. Herman Kiaer, daughter of Walter Damrosch and working out of Red Cross headquarters in Washington spoke here in Stephen Foster Memorial. The first thing she did was to call attention to a very special announcement she had been told to make. It was of the relief of Oflag 64. Our own Government (she emphasized) had put food and also clothes into that camp. I also talked with a Mrs. J. Lee Cramer of 900 Fourth St., Braddock, Pa. whose son, 2nd. Lt. John L. Cramer, P.O.W. 1489 is with our boys. I shall contact her periodically. She was fine. She said the boys had Saturday night Quizzes - (QUIZZ!) one mess pitted against the other - three men for each mess. She said her boy had been on one team with one Harvard man and one man who "knew all about English!" The prize, she said, was a Wheeling Stogie furnished by a boy with a name not too common - she always had to think - it was Bruce - Bruce Martin of Pittsburgh!. Made me dizzy!

Well, they have had their starvation relieved I believe. Mrs. Kiaer said the bombings made 64 practically inaccessible - and warned that other camps would probably be hungry later. She had printed reports from practically all camps and she answered queries. I liked her manner and whole set-up. Just thank God we are not under the Rising Sun. Though Lidice and the Polish Jews were not in the orient. Which reminds me there was the father of Lt. Leonard Feldway, P.O.W. 3042. He seemed German and

was friendly and he smiled but didn't talk to us.

I had to carry my arm in a sling for some weeks - one reason you did not hear from me. Also I have had no word from Bruce. Something may be wrong with his writing or some other thing. While on my back with an electric pad to my shoulder and arm ("nervous exhaustion") I plugged for exams and a thesis, and I now have that over the dam. I take American Literature from one demon driver, and English Biography from another who tells us he is one of 8 who teach that subject in the U.S.A. Well, it has helped save what sanity I may have, though it's real work. Now I am trying to make me register for second term! No doubt on account of my age, etc, they are very civil to me. Our class has a D.D., a Ph.D, three young priests, 3 young nuns, a woman society playwright! What am I doing there! One sure thing, I am learning. It's Graduate College - and really I keep wondering how I ever lived so long or graduated an A.B., knowing so little!!

The Red Cross lady said to write only one page (2 sides) put a 30¢ green air mail stamp, print "air mail" and hope it gets there. Hazards grow daily.

If I hear more, I'll write it to you. I'm sending a box tomorrow. Bruce said he got no cigarettes, but some Stogies. They're awful -- strong, etc. and we used to send them for a joke. He used them here when he had Law Exams, and his father the Judge if he had a terrible trial before him. The lady said it takes 4 months for the boxes to arrive, if and when. I'm talked out, arm a bit shaky - the arm is not 100%. Please write.

Hope you're as bright as today is,

Cordially,

(Signed) Jean Martin