

Columbus, Ohio —
April 19, 1943.

Dear Sir:

Perhaps this may seem like a strange letter and maybe it is — at least it has taken quite a bit of courage to get down to it.

I read in one of our daily papers that your son has been taken prisoner by the Germans. I feel very badly about it as I became acquainted with him while he was at Ft. Knox where I served a year as a member of the Army Nurse Corps.

We have corresponded and my last letter came sometime the early part of February. At that writing he said they were on the move and that perhaps he wouldn't have a chance to write for sometime — but that you would know his whereabouts.

I do hope he is treated well and is exchanged soon with other prisoners of war. Knowing him, I'll bet he misses his cigars and magazine most.

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He said that he was able to spend
a seven day leave with you in
London, which he enjoyed so much.

I know all this has probably
been quite an ordeal for you,
but God takes care of all his boys.

If it possible and permissible
I would like to write to him, if
you have any address.

I remain

Irene V. Offenberg.

P.S. You might mention to him
what I did write to you
if you will, please.

Thank you
I.V.O.

