

Mrs Burton Carter
737 Park Avenue
New York,
New York

27 January 1945
Ward 1
Oliver Gen.Hosp.
Augusta, Georgia

Dear Mrs Carter;

Thank you so much for your kind letter of this morning. I am sorry that you got my letter in such an indirect manner. I mailed it to over 300 families and your address in Fort Worth was included. I only put the precautionary measures at the end of that letter because it went into so many different types of homes, I was afraid that too much might go back to the camp over there and perhaps cause trouble. But Amon and the boys insisted that I write that letter and I felt my duty to them and to their families came first.

I too knew Larry Allen, and my letter is not meant to refute his article in the Cosmopolitan but rather to supplement that same article. I felt that even in the deep purple drabness of the camp there was some sunshine in the games and dramatics etc...I tried to alleviate it somewhat. Larry's article showed the dark side only and although it is the truth, it seemed to me that it would be useless to hurt where one could not help. If I am wrong I am sorry. But if you could see some of the letters I got in response you would better understand.

From each of these more than 300 letters I have received answers and more questions and I have not failed to answer a one of them to the best of my ability... and

although it has interfered my article writing...in fact stopped my work...I feel that I might have helped in a better way than if I had turned out several articles. I have only sold one story to the New York Sun on Dec. 23. It was a story of Christmas behind barbed wire. You might care to look it up if you can find the time.

I have already written to Mr Carter and I shall also accept your second request that only I know what you wrote...and I hope ...write? I'd like to hear from you as soon as you know something. My homecoming has given me small joy...and it is not because I've been in the hospital all the while...but rather because I can't eat these foods...feel this warmth etc without making the contrast between over there and here. I feel almost guilty being here when they so much more deserve it than I. My one consolation is that I feel sure that they will be home before I am out of here. I DO believe that.

I do not feel competent to put my beliefs before those of Colonel Drake's or Larry Allen's but I feel that the camp could have been moved to Austria. There the men could be held safely until it is all over. And I believe this region will probably be the last of Europe to become entangled. I repeat...this is my own opinion and hopes and it is based entirely on my own thoughts.

I appreciate the frenzy of worry you are under now. And I realize also how futile words are in the effort to cheer someone up who has reason for grief. I can only ask you to reflect on those women, Mothers, daughters, wives and sweethearts, who do not wait any longer...because

they know now that they wait for someone who will never appear.

Your cross is hard to bear. But you must boost your strength and courage with the faith that God is being generous in spite of it all. Your boy is still alive and I know he is cheerful and being brave wherever he is. You have a beautiful daughter to help you wait until that Great day comes. Please feel that altho' your lot is hard..it might be so much worse and from this...try to gain some strength.

I sound like a preacher I know. But far from it I reckon I am about the fartherest from this one can get. I want to do Newspaper work...not preach...but it is NOT going to ever slip my mind that when I wanted and needed someone the most...I found GOD there. I didn't know much about Him...and I didn't care...but I learned something over there. I wish I could make you see it too...or perhaps you do. But I know now that HE is with Amon and the rest of the boys today just as surely as He is in the Little Church Around the Corner.

You asked where I was taken etc. In Africa at Faid Pass near where they got Amon. I was taken on Feb. 14, 1943 and I was with Amon from Feb. 17 44 until July 26. The interm was in hospitals in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Silesia and Germany. I have a rather bad leg due mainly to neglect by Italian Doctors..but I am all right and grateful that all is as well as it is.

Forgive the length of this letter. But you letter was so nice it calls for a decent answer...and to me...that means saying all I can think of that you might be interested in.

I appreciate your offer to send me some sweets or something. But I really don't need a thing. I cannot eat candies right now...according to the Doctor... I thought I could...but really I don't need a thing in the world. I am home, and almost well, I have my wife coming in every day to see me...and I really don't think a man could ask for more. Except one thing.

And that is that his friends might be as happy as he is. I'm sorry about your separation. I can only hope that it is temporary. You have so much surely this one other thing...happiness is not going to elude you? I have seen your pictures and I think you are a very lovely person to look at and now that I have a letter from you I'm sure you are as lovely as you look. I do hope that before the magnitude of common anxiety and sorrow, your troubles will fade into a better understanding. I'll keep believing this at any rate.

Your friend,

Leo Fisher
Leo Fisher

*I really think
this youngster
had "all it takes".
N.B.C.*