Lept. 17, 1944 Dearest Surry. My annicy awaited letter fime Hawaid has arrived, filled hoth with Lypices and correw. I am the lappist gil in the world and yet my deart is full of carrow for mer. Calwart and mrs. Takler. Harriand and " We were steached by fighters Kahiler, my radionand, and Edward, hall turit quinn mere killed. The vert of ma sumped and were him. I did me see anyone after leaving de ship. He ship was

to put ant." (tridently he figured that it me kidden , mat Turning det Dik Hallert end mund were taken grammera.) I shind the letter had such a lipeful moto for de sest. Heward and the he findly resigned kning to the fact dat he would have to stay due until our armine likened tim. He luted in Belgum and we hidden many place. The or fun times energeants mere made for him t seture but comething