

Werner Gebauer

Oct. 21st 1946.

Dear Sir!

I beg your pardon, if I burden you with this letter. You will yet remember me. During [the war] I was in the prisoner of war camp for German officers in Dermott. I worked on your farm and picked cotton for you last summer. In April I returned to Europe hoping to come finally home. But here I was transmitted to the British Army of occupation and now I am always still a prisoner of war.

Therefore I am very sad and it is very disagreeable for me to know, that my family has not enough to eat. As I am still a prisoner of war, it is not possible for me to care for my family in any kind. My old parents are refugees from Breslau, Silesia, and lost all their owns and possessions by the Poles.

For I have no relations in America may I ask you for a packet with foods and perhaps with something to smoke for me? If you will kindly favour my wife and me with such a food-packet, I should be very happy and thankful to you. I ask you to address the packet to:

Frau Ilse Gebauer
Schwarzwald str. 5.
(17 G) Loerrach (Baden)
Germany

Please excuse my bad English style. I have not a perfect knowledge of the English language.

Hoping that my request will be favourably considered I am, dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully

Werner Gebauer