

28 December 1945

Dear ones,

you have me going through the torture of hell. This morning your cablegram arrived in the mail from Numea. It is not enough authority for my being issued orders - this has to be official confirmation through Red Cross - Adjutant General channels. The only thing I could do was to have a radiogram sent to Numea to have the Red Cross there initiate a check. It may be that the Portland Red Cross has already initiated the proper action - I certainly hope so and that proper orders are this way. For here I sit, I can do nothing, this command can do nothing, and I am completely in the dark, knowing only enough to have me indescribably upset.

I can only hope and pray that Mother's condition has improved and that she is well again. I just feel helpless, not knowing anything and not being <sup>able</sup> to do anything. and I don't know what to say in this letter. I know that whatever is wrong,

everything that can be done is being done. I  
know that both you and Helen Sauter, Daddy, as  
well as the rest of both the Thurman and Bernstein  
families, will do everything that is humanly possible.  
I know that you will be loving and have, I only  
wish that I could whisk myself away this minute and  
be with you all. I know that your hearts are as full of  
love and hope as mine -

I can only hope that I will be home before this  
letter arrives - my deepest love and God  
bless you and keep you - be well, Mother -

Ernest