

BLYTHEVILLE, ARKANSAS

(THIS IS A GENERAL TRANSLATION NOT A LITERAL ONE )

(By M/Sgt. Sirianni of Personal Affairs Office, Blytheville Army Air Field)

10 August 1945

Dear Madam: (The word Signora is used here, an Italian word of respect to a woman of high or noble blood)

Even though I do not know you personally, please forgive me for taking the liberty of writing these few lines to you, for I know how you must feel from the pain of losing your son, because I too loved him like a second mother and I feel that I'd like to recount how we became acquainted and also send you my condolences. On September 3, 1944, the liberating Allied troops arrived in our town, very tired. It was there that I met your Dear son, who stopped his machine, along with others, in front of my place and stayed for 8 days that I'll never ever forget. They stayed in my house and we all enjoyed ourselves a lot. When it was time to sleep I saw, to my great surprise, that our liberators had to sleep outside without proper place to sleep. It was then that I invited a few of them, about 6 persons, to sleep in my house. It was from that, that I got to know your son and from then our friendship became a lasting one. After 8 days of paradise with the fellows, your dear son left to go to another city. Now, since he was far away, we contented ourselves to wait until he could come to see us. The last time that he came to see us was the 14th of December, when they gave him 5 days pass and he came to stay with my family.

He always said that it was like being in his own home, He spoke Italian very well. At night, when we were all in the house, my children, two very young girls, would teach him Italian and he would teach them American. They would sing together, singing little Italian songs that it was a pleasure to hear. He liked them so much that he called them his sisters. When he left, he promised again to come back even though he would be sent to Germany. He also promised that when it was all over (The War) ~~he would return~~ and that he had returned to America that he would come back with his wife. From December, we never saw him again. After a long silence, the news came to me, through his friend, of his sad ending.

But, of this, I cannot give you any information because his friend spoke very little Italian and could not explain it well. Signora, have courage and comfort in your great pain. Pray, for only from the Potent Divine One can you receive comfort, for your loved one prays for you, because from high in the heavens he sees you and waits for your reunion in eternity. I wish Signora that I could speak to you in person and explain by voice, but you understand that the great distance between us makes it impossible to see you.

And now I must close, and my husband and children also send you their best wishes. This is my address:

Biogine Anchise  
Pontasserchio S. Martino,  
P. Pisa, Italia.