

March 13, 1943

Captain John A. Hilcken  
C/o Det 11th Sig Ser Co  
APO 828, c/o Postmaster  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Captain Hilcken:

Receipt of your letter of March 6, is acknowledged.

I understand quite fully the personal situation in which your better half finds herself and think that she has made the proper choice.

I was much interested in the notes you have written concerning your activities and I do not know whether any of the material which you bound up for transmission has been received.

Things are stirring around here since we have a new Commanding Officer, who perhaps you know is Colonel Corderman.

Thank you very much for your reference to the Dorothy Sayers' book. With best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

William F. Friedman  
Director of Communications  
Research

C/o Detachment 11th Signal Service Company  
APO 828, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.  
March 6, 1943.

Dear Mr. Friedman:-

I've been meaning to write you a note to tell you that I'd told Mary Lou of your offer for a position at the office, but since I've been back things have sort of been up in the air for me, and things at Mary Lou's home more or less the same way.

The situation there, as I told you, has finally resolved itself with her mother wishing to stay at Eastville. That being the case, Mary Lou feels that she should be there too, so she has accepted a position with Fort Custis, in the office of the Post Engineer, I believe. Fort Custis is only a few miles from Eastville.

To tell the truth, we'd hoped that I might get back to the States in the near future and for that reason, she hadn't gotten a job. However, it now seems that I'm here for the duration.

Shortly after I got back, in fact the next morning, I ran into Mr. Levy who'd changed his job and was in another part of the building. I gave him your best and he was most interested in knowing how you were and what you were doing.

Just nine months after I arrived, I handed in the final report for our section. We burned most of the stuff we had accumulated and everything that was duplicated elsewhere down here. Some of the stuff I bound up for transmission back to you, but I don't know when it will be sent, if ever. In spite of the fact that we were never officially started, we've not been stopped either.

After we busted up the place, I stayed in my quarters a couple of days and then romped off to be Post Signal Officer at APO 829 while the man was in the hospital. However, he got himself out of the hospital four days after I arrived, so that all I got was a nice trip and a vague idea as to the physical layout of the post.

When I returned, I was appointed Investigating Officer to catch some petty thieves and I'm still on their trails. I've not the slightest idea what I'm to do when this job is over. It's all very informal, since I've no office. I stay in my quarters and see people over my dining room table. It's a great life!

Mary Lou has asked me to thank you for your kind offer and she's quite sorry that things worked out as they did.

Please give my best to Mrs. Friedman, and have you seen the Playfair solution in Dorothy Sayers' "Have His Carcase"? It's a book I found on the boat, and is Pocket Book #163. I sure wish I'd had his insight when I hit the problem.

Sincerely,

*John A. Hilchen*

Hilchen