

Camp Lucky Strike
May 26, 1945

Dear Folks,

In the last two days I've seen two movies and three USO shows. That's all there is to do here, and even that is boring when your thinking about getting home. It won't be long though, and after all, a month or so now won't seem too long. Our food is marvelous and our time is our own. They are doing all that is possible to make our stay here pleasant.

I am a little more settled now than I was during the other times I wrote. Before we were always moving or expecting to move and everything was sort of hit and miss. Now, however, I can enlighten you a bit on what has happened. What I write will only be a brief

surface sketch. The details are much more interesting but they will have to wait until I come home.

November 26th 1944 I was taken prisoner by the Germans. That event in itself is a long story and I will sum it up now by telling you that I am very lucky not only to be alive but to be unharmed. From that day until April 23rd 1945 I spent some of the most miserable days of my life. The 23rd we were liberated by those picturesque allies of ours, the Russians. From then on I had some of the most unusual experiences a person could dream of - everything from taking food from the German civilians to drinking Cognac with Russian officers. The Russians took us to Russia where we

expected American trucks
 to pick us up. But for
 two weeks the Russians
 kept us there and trucks
 didn't come. Red cross stuff
 was brought to us and our
 officers were parlaying with
 the Russian officials but
 we weren't moved. Many
 of the fellows took off on their
 own to reach American
 lines, but we were repeatedly
 advised not to do this by
 our own officers. Finally
 after two weeks, Norm and
 I left the crowd and went
 to Oschatz. There we
 stayed three days, living
 royally with a civilian
 family. We waited there
 in hopes that a rumor
 about a train running
 to the Mulde was true.
 It was and we took the
 train, crossed the Mulde,
 shook hands with real

American soldiers and
 were taken to Halle all
 in that same day. In
 Halle I talked with fellows
 from the 104th division.
 They are going back to the
 states now for more training
 and then to the Pacific.
 We waited two days for good
 weather and were flown
 to Rheims, France. There
 we put on clean S. O. clothes
 and left the next day for
 what we thought was
 to France, but ^{what} turned out to
 be this RAMP camp with
 over 40,000 waiting for
 shipment to the states.
 Here we were given more
 clothes. We are eating the
 best of food, as I have said.
 Each meal to me is a real
 banquet. That's how much
 I've come to appreciate good
 food.

That brings my sketch
 up to date in a flimsy

manner. I'll be seeing
you all soon.

Love to everyone,
Hershey.

P.S. Come to think of it
I should have a new niece
(or nephew) when I get
back!

I can't write to everyone
individually as I haven't
their addresses, so these
letters are meant for the
whole family.