



104th INFANTRY DIVISION
A. P. O. " 104
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y

Still Southampton
July 7, 1945

Dear Everyone

The fellows are singing,
"I'll Be Home For Christmas"
at the rate we are moving, I
doubt it very much. Of course
I have no complaint about the
food or the work (there isn't any).
We aren't bothered with anything.
The whole day is ours to do as
we please. Since no one has
so much as car fare to ride
into town (where we aren't
supposed to go anyway) it remains
for us to stay in camp, read,
sleep, eat, sleep, read, at a movie,
sleep, eat. Well, I won't bore
you with such a varied
routine. If we knew when we
would leave, at least we could

NOTHING IN HELL CAN STOP THE TIMBERWOLVES



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have some date to look forward to. As it is this waiting and hoping is enough to get anyone disgusted And I am disgusted Everytime I think of home + the family + of seeing everybody again; I get a hollow feeling in my stomach + my pulse quickens — no kidding, I'm all excited about getting back — more excited than I've been about anything else. . . It's something I've been dreaming about + longing for during all these long months I've been away Now that I'm on the water's edge, so to speak, I'm more impatient than ever!

There isn't anything else to write about now so I'll close with sincere wishes that I see you all soon.

Love, Hershey

Give my ~~best~~ love to Aunt + Uncle + Niece Jack + all the Hoffmans

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McC. A. Swynn

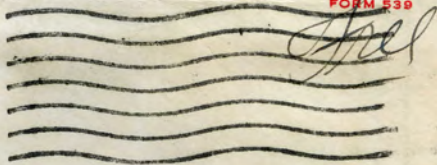
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