



"Somewhere in Germany"  
Friday, April 13, 1945

Dear Mom and Dad,

Again it has been several days since I have written but the way we have been moving I haven't had much time for writing, I haven't even been unpacking my writing paper. I don't know just how many times we have moved since I last wrote but I think it is four. We are now living in a German apartment and the setup is not too bad. I am on radio guard tonight, Reynolds has gone to the River on pass and the other operator was transferred so that only left Harry and Mack and I am helping out until Reynolds gets back, I am on until four tonight, it is twelve now and I am really sleepy, I make it ok though. I got your letter of March 11 a couple of days ago, I had already gotten later ones than that but I was glad to get it just the same. There isn't a heck of a lot to write about myself. I am still getting along ok, the war sure does look good, I pray it is soon all over.

I saw something to-day that I don't even know how to explain, I saw something that I will never forget, I read about such things, and I heard about such things, until to-day I had my doubts but now I have seen it with my own eyes and it is still hard to believe. I was in a real honest to god consteration camp. I saw hundreds of bodies of people that had been starved and beaten to death, people that had been murdered. I was the most awful sight that I have ever and probably ever will see, they were nothing but skin and bones. They were Russians and Poles and Czechs mostly. I don't see how any human being can treat another the way these people were treated, some of them had been laying on the ground in rows it looked to me like for weeks, the smell was awful, most of them had little or no clothes on. They were given a seven square inch loaf of bread for seven people once a day, and a pint of hot water with cabbage leaves in it, called soup, every other day, slowly starved to death. There are men, woman, children, and babies there. All treated alike, like dogs, and even worse. There were little holes in the ground about nine feet deep, and three feet square with steel covers that they were put in as punishment for not doing what they had been told and usually that was because they were too weak. They were shot and beat for little or nothing. There were five thousand in this camp and there must be two thousand already dead and estimated thousand more will die. To think that such things go on among man and yet man is supposed to be smart, I wonder. Anything that I hear about the Germans from now on will be easy for me to believe, their twisted, cruel minds are capable of doing anything that is wrong. I hadn't been long back from the camp when I was sent with another fellow here to clear some damn Krouts civilians out of a coal yard, they were stealing coal, I took a tommy gun up there and it didn't take me long to clear them out of there, I think that they knew that I meant what I said and they left but quick, one wrong move and it would have given me great pleasure to have mowed the whole damn bunch down. I hate them, they have no place among the rest of the world ever again.

I am getting sleepy as the mistakes show and will stop for this time but will write again when I get a chance.

Love to you both,