

Dear Mother and Dad,

I am once again classified as a free man. The feeling within a man's heart is beyond any type of written description. Freedom is a small word, but means so much for happiness. My spelling here is bad and my penmanship worse. I am afraid to use more than a three letter word. As for the writing I do have a bit of an excuse, I jabbed myself with a knife the other day and at present the bandage makes it a little awkward to write.

The great day was April 14th. One of the Yank spear-heads freed us. The only thing I'll tell you is that the Jerries walked us approximately 850 kilometers. We started Feb. 22 and walked until April 14. I am now waiting for a plane ride which is a bit better than the transportation the Jerries gave us. The rumor has it that we are headed for home. I sure will be glad because then it will not be long before I see you again.

Dad, you better get those old clubs swinging because I will be out to show you that a long lay-off improves a man's game.

I have to stop for now and find out about leaving here. I will write again as soon as I get a chance.

Love,

Cliff.

From Pfc. Richard J. Buck
M.P. Det'ch. 333rd Inf. A.P.O. 84
c/o Postmaster New York.

April 16th, 1945.

I had the surprize of my life the other day when I met Cliff Young. He is Okay but had it pretty rough. He hasn't been able to write for quite some time so please call his Mother and let her know everything is okay. I'll give you more details later on when time permits.

April 18th, 1945.

I guess my meeting Cliff Young was the most spectacular of all. He looked in good shape for all he had gone through. I only wish I could have talked with him longer than I did. Let the Fitz's know I met him because I'm sure they're interested in knowing he's safe.