

29 March 1945
Germany

Dearest Mother;

I have neglected you terribly the past few days so will try to atone for my "silent sins" and give out with the information. I certainly am sorry to hear that your base is being deactivated, and I also hope that you don't get overseas orders at all.

The show seems to be going extremely well over here with the end in sight, but as I told Joan no sooner will we finish here than we will be sent home for a short while then off to the Pacific. It's only logical tho I guess. None of us know for sure.

So you want to know where I was wounded - well I'll give you the gory details. I was attacking a hill with the Infantry - leading them out across a plain in my F.D. I struck 3 mines and was blown out of my tank and the Infantry got ahead of me so I hopped into my next

tank and caught up with the infantry
firing over their heads with my
cannon as I advanced. By this
time they had reached the left half
of the top of the hill so I swung
to the right firing at the top ^{right half} of the hill.
Jerry was dug in there and just kept
his head down and let me skirt the
edge of the hill. I poked my head and
shoulders out to see if I could find
any more huns, and found about
15 of them pointing rifles and a machine
gun at my head from the top of the
hill. The machine gun fired first
and clipped me across the side of my
head, dented my helmet, and sprayed
bullets all over the inside of the tank. I
then turned the gun on them and
slaughtered as many as I could
while they retaliated with bazookas,
one of which struck the tracks and
nearly knocked us out. We kept on
firing and poking our heads out
to spot them and squirt our sub-
machine guns at them. It was
getting kind of messy. Finally
they opened up with mortars as

they retreated; one shell struck my turret ~~and~~ and mortar fragments ripped into my back and hands. After clearing that bunch out I went to the support of my right flank where an anti-tank gun, opened up on my third tank, knocked it out and killed or wounded all of that crew. We knocked out that gun and kept on until between the infantry and tanks there was no more opposition other than constant artillery fire.

I neglected to tell you also that after that action, I received another citation - was decorated with the Bronze Star Medal for Heroic achievement in action against the enemy etc. There was another time in Normandy when I was struck in the head by artillery shell fragments, but it didn't bother me much, so I just patched it up and forgot about it. None of these wounds were serious, with the good first aid I received I did not even have to go to the hospital. The only thing I ever noticed was a little loss of blood. Everything healed quickly and I have only one fragment left in my head. I could horrify you beyond measure by going into minute detail about the sound effects, dead, wounded and dying, but

I won't attempt it, for obvious discretion
says "no."

So there you have one of the eternally
of actions that I have experienced
since this show began over here.
sounds mixed up, but that's the way
it is; "mixed up".

Let's shift to more pleasant thoughts
like coming home. I think that
ought to be in the near future if
things continue this way!

Love to all and
especially ^{to} you,
Bill