

Germany
June 6, 1945

Dear Mother & Dad:

Well I suppose by now you are very angry with me for not having written to you. Well the truth is there is not a thing to write about. We are living in this hole as garrison soldiers following a training schedule everyday. Life is very dull compared to what I have been used to.

I wish that you would try and get that Sat. Evening Post article about us. One of the other boys had it sent to him from home but it was lost before I got to read it. The title of it is "Pat Face to the Rhine." From listening to the boys who have read it, I understand that it covers very well the activities of the Fourth Armored Div. It also gives a very good picture of how an Armored Div. worked in combat. It tells how at one time in Germany we had a spearhead 66 miles long and only 25 yards wide. There was also a very good article about the 4th Panzer in the Apr. 23 edition of Life. I would like to quote to you a few words from this article.

"While looking over a field map showing concentrated German positions all around them in the forward areas,

the officer shook his head in feigned
dismay, 'They've got us surrounded
again,' he said, 'the poor bastards!'

'The surroundings of Abrams' (Col. Abrams of the
37 Tank Bn from Reading Wells, Mass., near Springfield)
and other units of the 4th Armored by the
Germans has almost invariably resulted
in the 4th Armored soon surrounding the
Germans. The 4th's special skill in this
technique recently won it a Presidential
citation which followed a peculiar accolade
from the Germans that was almost
as flattering in its own way. According
to captured documents the Wehrmacht
rank and file, among whom the 4th
is regarded with both respect & terror,
were told that each individual soldier
in the division was chosen because
he was a professional murderer in
civilian life. Moreover, the document
charged, an American was entitled to
membership in the division only after
he had first proved 1) he had killed
his mother, 2) he had been born out of
wedlock. These documents are cherished
at divisional headquarters.

you can see I am quite proud of
our division. I have a right to be.
I received a terrible shock the
other day. The last time I was home
on furlough I told you about my
buddy, Pendon. He was the boy I
roomed with a Cp Foot. Well, the

other day I received a letter from some
fellow in his outfit telling me that
he had been seriously wounded and
was in a hospital near Phoenix. He asked
this boy to write to me and ask me to
go there to him, if I possibly could. He
is in a bad way having received four
pieces of shrapnel from a rifle grenade
right in the face. I have asked for
a pass and I am now waiting to hear
from it. If I don't get some action
soon, I taking off with or without a
pass. I think a lot of that boy.

I didn't send home any money this
month because I ~~4~~ may need it
to get to Phoenix. If I don't use
it, I will send it home next
month.

Well I guess that's all for now.
Except please send a package, please
we are actually starving to death
here. We don't get enough food to
keep a furd alive. We have all taken
to hunting deer and if it wasn't for
the meat we get from them, I believe
that some of us would be in the
hospital. One of the fellows got a
package the other day with a
lot of canned goods in it, Campbell's soup,
spam etc. However anything edible will
be appreciated. Well, so long for now.
Your loving son
E. J. [Signature]

