

6 April 1945

Dear Mom:

Well, zero hour began yesterday for us and the big push in this sector seems to be on the way. As usual our boys are in front leading the way - and doing a good job of it. We started out from our assembly area about nine at night with all lights out as we usually move when going up and arrived at the new assembly area early in the morning. I bunked in a peasant's house but was awoken about four in the morning by the biggest artillery barrage I've heard for a long while - it seems that every gun in the world was in this section blasting away at the enemy. It shook my bed and the house we were in - the push was on. For the rest of the day I just visited the boys as we were not committed - then watched the enemy shells land in the valley. They do throw in a few too -

We moved that night again and now I am in this place. This morning a few German prisoners came in to give up so I had them clean out my room for me. My German came in handy - all of them were under twenty - still too young to shave. Just kids - their love for Hitler and the Fatherland has gone kaput it seems. I told them that Vienna was about to fall and they were dazed. They authenticated my thought that ~~our~~ artillery was much greater than theirs for they said that they got a hundred shells thrown at them from every one they shot. One of them - the corporal kind of looked dazed and weak when we were talking about artillery. Anyway, to be pounded by artillery barrage for even five minutes would make anyone go hay wire.

We are all hoping that this war will be over soon - I hate to think of young fellows like Raymond going into the fight. So far as we don't need them - they are resting but as casualties come in they may have to come in.

Am getting so I don't fear as much as I used to - guess I am just battle dazed so it doesn't make no difference ~~about the~~ every time I think of Peter and Jane at home, I get weak at the knees. I'll take care of myself though and not take any more chances than I have to - it's too near the end as many say.

This is one of the toughest sectors we have hit so far - not so much from the enemy as from the terrain, the hills and the mountains - there goes a big whack up on top of the hill which slopes up from the house I am in, about twenty yards away. They are certainly throwing them in there - I don't know why. It gives one gooseflesh - whack, then a second or two - then another whack. If it sounded like I say it - it would be fine - but it's a tremendous "brack," enough to lift you of your seat.

The planes are flying too - and the sound of their engines and the machine guns and the bombs all add to the din of battle so to speak and here I sit typing a letter to you. Feel rather safe here as we are in a deep valley and it would take an extra lucky hit to come around here although one should really not back on that.



I wonder where Louise is at this moment - haven't heard from her for a long while. If she is home, give her my very best regards. Be good to her - as you were to the Iguchi's.

Tak is not with us as he left us in the area before leaving France and wherever he is, I know that he will be ok inasmuch as he was reclassified into a rear area job.

It's April here but still rather cold or cool - wish it would warm up a little bit more. We don't need a fire but still wear a sweater plus my regular clothes - and at night, an overcoat over all.

Just took time off to wash up - haven't had a shave for a long while and feel and look like a new man.

With the war going so well in Japan and with the navy establishing bases further west, I wonder if they still plan to expand around our home. I hope the navy will allow you to stay there for a while until I come home - I thought when we made the last move that we were coming home and thus my letter. But guess it was really just wishful thinking.

Received a letter from Sam - and answered it. As for my letter writing, guess it is the Higuchi blood that's cropping out that I should answer all letters. As it is I answer almost every letter that comes in and that's amount to a lot - as parents letters come in every day.

That is all for the present - will write to you bientot. Please do not worry about me, I will take extra good care of myself.

A big hug and a kiss to the kids.

alove

Dad