

Reader: This is a very graphic description of terribly close Edward came to losing his life because of friendly fire. It was written on Feb 10th, 1944 from the Philippines.

Pop. Feb. 10th
Well, that mite (last mite) is over with.
We didn't pull our planned night attack,
as those from the 1st Battalion, who were
to hit the enemy from the rear, failed
to reach their objective. It was to be a
2 way attack, so as one part was gone,
naturally we couldn't carry on. Tho' this
attack which would have been plenty bloody
failed, we still had a horrible mite. Our
own artillery dropped shells on us. I
can't describe such an ordeal, but if I
tell you that this morning, there were
big hunks of human flesh, bones, etc
in my fox hole, you can imagine what
it would have been like. Just about made
me sick when it got light enough to
see, and I found a couple of those "hunks"
beside me. Bloody, stinking, etc. The shell

that threw this one fellow all over me,
landed about 2 ft away. The concussion
dazed me for what seemed minutes.
When I gathered my senses, I pushed the
dirt etc from my body (it's shell then
I up) then felt my self to see if I
was wounded. I wasn't, but that
shell had blown this one fellow to
hell, and wounded 2 or 3 others close to
me (3 ft away) there was plenty of shriek
around my hole, but, again, a miss is as
good as a make. We attacked or pushed
on to where we were going at 1:30, at
about 7:30 this morning. Evidently the Japs
had had to many casualties from our
mortars + artillery, for there wasn't a
live one around. Lots of dead ones
tho, and plenty of equipment. We stayed
there till about 11:30 this morning

then came down here. They say we
hit someplace tomorrow. They can't do
that much more. Hit places I mean,
for the casualties are mounting. The
past week I've taken over what is
left of the squad. 4 men and myself!
I'd better get ready for tonight (we're
comparatively safe here) so I'll say so -
long again Pop.