

NAME: Miron

RANK: Sergeant

ORGANIZATION: VII Corps

OVERSEAS WARTIME SERVICE: European Theater of Operations

- The following excerpt is directly from an original wartime letter written by Miron. This is the only letter from Miron in the site curator's possession.
- The following excerpt is presented under fair use provisions for educational purposes.
- No controversial material has been omitted from the following excerpt aside from edited profanity and edited derogatory terms for Germans for the protection of younger readers. No grammatical or spelling errors have been corrected.

Miron writes a friend in the United States:

“Marseille, France

1 July 1945

Have been meaning to answer your letter before. Received it several days ago and am always happy to hear from you. I often wondered if the perfume ever got to you – always had such terrible luck trying to send gifts. You never did get the package I sent from Panama and Mother didn't get her perfume from England. When I inquired about that I got a refund from the P.X...

...Please, Bonnie, lets not write anymore about what might have been or who's to blame. Do you mind? Let this be a brand new friendship! Okay.

I haven't said anything about the war because there are so many that had it worse than I. But since you ask, I can spare a few particulars. From July '44 until the end except for two weeks in the rear for a rest and the 3-day pass to Brussels, Belgium we were continuously at the front giving close support to the Infantry. Assisting them in River crossings and afterwards building bridges. About the closest call was in April of this year in an assault crossing of the Danube. We were taking Infantry men accrossed in assault boats and the H _ _ nies were giving us plenty of h _ _ l – Mortars, 88's and machine guns. a burst from a machinegun zeroed in getting one of my paddlers and three doughs and a split second later a 'near miss' by a mortar blew our boat practically out of the water. The next thing I knew I was in the water and fortunately still holding on to my paddle. Without the paddle for what little support it gave I doubt if would have made it back to shore.

Still don't know how the others in the boat ever made out.

At another time in September last year we were thrown in as Infantrymen to defend a highly contested bridgehead over the Moselle River. J _ rr _ was throwing in all the artillery he had and then counter attacked with tanks and Infantry. When they appeared over the top of a hill a few hundred yards away I thought, 'This is it.' Our prayers were answered, for a flight of P-47's & P38's broke up the attack and saved our necks.

In St. Avold last November we were sleeping in buildings because of the cold rainy weather. Buildings all around us had been blowing up with great explosions. Long range artillery was coming in but couldn't do that to a building. We searched our building and found a time-bomb clock hooked up to about 700 hundred pounds of TNT.

It must be experiences like that are the cause for all these gray hairs I have now.

The hottest spot of the war was at the Remagen Bridge where the Germans bombed and shelled continuously for several days trying to knock out the bridge which had been captured. Amidst all that we were working on repairs to the span. Fortunately I wasn't on it when it went down.

Have mentioned a few incidents and river crossings (our primary mission) of many encountered in eleven months of combat to sate your curiosity only and not in any way to get sympathy from you. The less that is said about the bad part of war makes it easier to forget. I don't want any praise or admiration for the small part I have played. I only want to get home and see how it feels to be a civilian again after four years and more. I have a total of 101 points now for discharge and that represents a lot of sweating and the best years of my life gone. Do you think that is a fair exchange when I still have six months or a year to reach the goal of becoming a free man again. If your children and my children and millions of others are spared the hell of warfare, it was worth it!

...Am enclosing about the best snapshot I have, which isn't saying much.

I guess you know that Marseille is a seaport on the Mediterranean. It is a busy city with everyone skeming to get the soldiers money. Prices are terrific. From \$1.00 to \$2.00 for a drink. You cannot walk half a block with out being accosted by a women out to make some easy money. It is disgusting...

...And if I don't stop writing this will be too heavy to send airmail. Write! And Luck!

Sincerely

Miron.”

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- Miron made it through the Second World War and passed away in his 70s.
 - **For visual context, this link connects to an original wartime film in the public domain that covers Remagen/Ludendorff Bridge operations and Miron's organization (viewer discretion advised):** <https://archive.org/details/CB-48>
 - **For additional detail, this link connects to the Wikipedia article that covers Miron's wartime organization, the VII Corps (reader discretion advised):** [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/VII_Corps_\(United_States\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/VII_Corps_(United_States))