

# Farmersville Times

August 9, 1945

## 1ST. LT. AUDIE MURPHY TELLS OF HIS WOUNDS

Farmersville, Texas, August 9<sup>th</sup> – Three days later we had advanced only two and a half miles beyond Cleurie, France, in those Vosges mountains. We came upon our first experience with a change of tactics instituted by the Germans. A machine gun installation was dug into a ditch on the downward slope of a hill, instead of on the upward slope as they usually had been.

The machine gunners didn't see us and we were pretty close to them when a sniper spotted us. He hit the man behind me in the chest. He screamed and dropped the ammunition he was carrying. That alerted the machine gunners and they hit six or seven of my twenty-seven men before we could drop to the ground.

It was rainy and dark, and the Krauts were camouflaged and hard to locate. So I grabbed a 536 radio and began crawling to find a spot where I could direct artillery fire at the position.

I kept so low I must have dug a ditch down the side of the hill. I was cold and wet and scared and my teeth chattered so loud I was afraid I'd give myself away. I must have crawled fifty yards before I decided I could direct the artillery O.K. I call for 4.2 mortar fire, and it came.

For an hour I lay there wishing I was a mole. Rifle and machine gun bullets hit as close as a foot from me, but the Nazis couldn't quite get me.

Finally the opposition stopped. I didn't count the damage personally, but official records say the artillery fire had killed 15 Germans and inflicted 35 other casualties.

"Courage, Audacity and Accuracy," the officer said before giving me an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Silver Star I had won only three days before. As far as I was concerned, it was just that I wanted to get back to Texas as soon as possible.

A few days later I was called back to my regiment. There I was discharged from the army—a civilian for three whole hours—then

commissioned a second lieutenant (but still civilian at heart). I had no time to worry about uniforms even if they had been available, for I was rushed back to my platoon.

October 26 we were advancing toward St. Die. My radio operator had been killed and I was directing my platoon by hand as we went up a hill. A sniper spotted me and shot. The bullet hit me in the right hip. I fell and rolled into a ditch. The wound didn't hurt. It just made me mad. My helmet had fallen off before I rolled into the ditch and the sniper kept firing bullets into it. I was glad I wasn't wearing it.

I ordered my platoon to go on under the command of a sergeant, and lay there waiting for aid. Finally Capt. Paul G. Harris commander of the company who later was killed found me and took me back to an aid station.

The bullet had torn away a lot of hip muscle. As the shock wore off, the pain became intense and I blacked out. When I came to in an evacuation hospital I was told infection had developed and it had been necessary to cut away a lot of my hip. Then I removed to a general hospital, and given penicillin eighteen days. The penicillin apparently fixed up my hip, but I sure hated those injections.

I still walk with a slight limp from that wound, but army physicians have told me it will clear up eventually. The injury added an Oak Leaf Cluster to my Purple Heart.

If you wonder how much good the Army nurses corps is doing, your worries are over. They worked harder than anyone else over there—on the job all hours of the day and night and always eager to keep the patients' comfortable and happy. I still write to two nurses in Europe who were so good to me while I was wounded.

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