

801 Ogletree Road
Auburn, AL 36830
6 September 2000

Mrs Boyd Fuhr
4001 Beckland Drive
Farmington, NM 87402

Dear Mrs. Fuhr,

This is a letter of transmittal of the story of Sgt Fuhr's wounding in WW II. I am sorry to be this late in fulfilling my promise to send you a copy

BAPTISM OF FIRE

"G" Company, 411th Regiment, 103rd Infantry Division was to begin its first day in combat at 0900, November 16, 1944. Our first objective was the city of St. Die in France. "G" Company was to skirt a small Alsatian village named La Bolle which lay to our left front and proceed toward St. Die. At 0845 friendly artillery laid down a tremendous fifteen minute barrage to our front. At 0900 "G" Company moved out on the attack. Suddenly the Germans let us have it with intense rifle, burp-gun, machine-gun, mortar and artillery fire. Even direct fire from anti-aircraft weapons. We were in combat against the Germans!

At 0910 I was struck by two large pieces of shrapnel in the left thigh and unable to walk. When things quieted a little a medic helped me get back to a small slit trench about 200 feet to the rear.

About an hour later that same medic literally dumped another soldier in on top of me. That soldier was Sgt. Fuhr.

Sgt. Fuhr had sustained a sucking chest wound and was in extreme respiratory distress. He was coughing violently. I could hear the air sucking in and blowing out of his chest. I managed to pull up his shirt and hold the palm of my hand over the hole in his chest. His coughing became more violent but presently settled down. His distress subsided. "I can breathe now"

We were to lie in that trench for 24 hours. During that stay he confided to me that he was sure he was going to die. He began to pull off his wedding band and asked me to promise that I would take it home to his wife and tell her that he loved her very much.

My response: "Hell no. I'm not going to take it to her. You leave that ring on your finger. Sure, your wife wants to get it back but she wants you to bring it back to her on your finger. And that's what you're going to do. You're doing better now than you were when they dumped you into this hole. Besides, a Sergeant, Infantry is too damn tough to die!" He kept the ring.

After 24 hours they were able to evacuate both of us to field hospitals in France. You know the rest of the story on Sgt. Fuhr.

I shall never forget Sgt. Fuhr. Even though he had sustained a possibly mortal wound he faced that reality with never a whimper, no self-pity. His only concern was for the welfare of his wife and family. That "old man" taught this 19 year old "kid" what honor is all about.

Sincerely

Alfred H. Kent