

# KampfGruppe

"Dieter"

August 1944

Eastern Front

Dearest Greta,

This letter finds me once more falling back from the monster we have unleashed. My men perform brilliantly at every village, town and field we pause to fight in. However, I fear that even these veteran men will soon face annihilation. If not at the hand of the Stalinistic forces, then from sheer exhaustion.

Besides the Christmas of '41, after the great victories and gains, I have not been home to see my fair town, my beautiful kinder or you, my beloved. I fear that Der Fuhrer may not see the wisdom of retreat and hold us here for the winter. That will mean, of course, that it will be another long season, if not more, before I have a chance to be home. Oh how I long for it Greta! To walk the stone walkways to the Bierhaus. To sit by my friend Rolph in the coffee shop. To lay beside you while we warm each other during a cold Bavarian winter.

This war drags on, not for the betterment of the Fatherland, but rather for its detriment. I will do my duty, I cannot be who I am and not! However, I fear that in doing that duty...it will be my undoing. It will lead to my and my men's eventual deaths. I fear not the death, but rather the absence from you and the children. I almost welcome its restful embrace at times and hope you will understand if I fall. If I fall, you must go on. For the children...for our family...for Deutschland.

Hug little Anna, and Bethel. Tell Hans that I will teach him the violin when I return. He will understand, he is strong. Say hello to my parents and yours, and tell Rolph that next time we meet, the coffee is on me! And lastly Greta, for you my Dear, wrap me in your arms while you fall asleep and know that I will always be by your side, no matter what comes....

Yours always,

Wilhelm Dieter

Hauptman, Co.

B. Co, 3rd Bat, 2 PzDiv