

Dear Sir.

Some where in Belgium.

Jan. 13-45.

I was just given the letter that you had written Lt. Breed. Dec. 24. Asking if possible to fill in the picture more of your Son Lt. Currier. Its going to be hard to write this letter. First I would like to tell you how much we thought of your son. He was our Platoon Leader of the 3rd Platoon at that time I was then Platoon Sgt. Being closer to the men than a officer. They would tell me what they think of there officer and they sure thought the world of your Son. I've heard a lot of boys say they would follow him any place that he wanted to go. I just can't tell you in writing how much the boys thought of him. He was very proud of his boys and could not do enough for them. Nothing was to much trouble always trying to do more & more for the boys all the time. ~~He~~ Now I'll try to give you the details the best I can. After we made our jump in Holland Lt. Currier lead his men down a ditch getting close to the german's. And the german's firing at us Lt Currier was hit by one bullet ~~on~~ on the knee. But the bullet bounced off not even leaving a scratch after taking care of the german's we moved out. The next day we ~~we~~ were given the job to take the two Big Bridges. It was there that your Son done such a wonderful job. After that job was done we moved to another position. After getting all his men placed Lt Currier and I were sitting under a apple tree talking a stray Bullet hit Lt. Currier in the chest he never said a word or made a sound his head fell forward in his sitting position and he died in less than one minute. That is just how the

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death of your son happened Sir. He was a great
man Sir. I mean that we boys will never forget.

Very Truly Yours
1st Sgt. W. J. Schlachter
Co. A. 504. PARATROOPS.
APO. 469. 96 - P/M. W.J.

If there is anything more we can do just write Sir.
P.S. I live in Philadelphia at 1301-3. Germantown Ave
when I get home Sir I can look you up.