



missed. We had never trained with the new ammunition, so what I did was mor by instinct from years of training. By the time I had fired three shots, they were out of view. Then I realized I was in plain view of several tanks and they looked plenty menacing. All of a sudden like coming out of a dream I realized the danger I was in. I crawled back to my fox hole (sorry, slit trench). Sergeant Smith of the carrier platoon was already there.

A short time later, the tanks north of us started to move towards us and as they came within a few yards of my hole, I thought this is it for me. I just knew I was going to die. They came right over to our slit trench (a hole made for two, it had three in it now. One John decided that he didn't want to dig a hole even though he had been ordered to do so.) So he jumped into our hole. Fortunately, the tank straddled our hole perfectly but with forty tons of weight in that soft farm land, it squashed the hell out of us, but we weren't hurt. As the tank passed over us, I thought they were going to drop grenades, but they kept going. (If that tank had swivelled only slightly, we would have been goners.) They passed on through "B" Company about a hundred yards and then all of a sudden all six tanks wer disabled or on fire. I couldn't believe what I saw. I later learned that our Shermans tanks had a turkey shoot.

"B" Company was certainly lucky. They (the Panthers, Kurt Meyer's boys) couldn't have known we were there. I don't know why, because the Germans firing mortar shells into us certainly knew where we were. Why they hadn't commu-

nicated that information to the tank commanders, was our good luck.

Early the next morning, "B" Company got orders to withdraw from our position in the trees to Bretteville (where the Regimental HQ was situated). We left in such a hurry that I didn't take my gun (as it was in my opinion totally useless) and with my driver and myself along with as many others that would fit in the carrier, we ran the gauntlet to Bretteville.

The next day Colonel Matheson ordered my to go back and get the gun. He sent my driver and myself and 15 other men. He thought it was a risk worth taking. I didn't agree, but you do as ordered. We had to drag it back. The tires were blown and all bent up, and it was a mess. I suppose they later used it for parts.

In Bretteville was the first time we experienced the German rocket, we called Moaning Minnies, because they had a loud mournful sound that was scary as hell. (The sound as well as the damage it could do.)

I survived Norrey and Bretteville and lasted another 94 days before I was wounded in the village of Wissant, a few kilometres south of Calais. That was the end of the war for me. However, the most exciting and scary time was the first three or four days from the beach to Bretteville and Norrey. After that we were veterans and became used to the horrors of war.

But all these years I have had this "if only" feeling. If only I had taken dead aim at those two tanks.

Sincerely,

Elof Granberg

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