



The Burman News

Official publication of Merrill's Marauders Association, Inc.

February 1990

Sharing the Story . . .

The Company Ambushed at Myitkyina

I was in the 475th Infantry (Ed: Also 5307th GO #3), Co. G in 1944 in Burma. I would like to give my version of the Co. G Ambush. I was one of the 35 out of the company that survived. At least 1/2 of the 35 left were wounded. I do not remember any of the survivors names but **Albert Sieber** of Homosassa Springs, FL, who wrote a letter in the February 1989 issue must have been one of them because he told of the incident.

Co. G's mission was to make contact with the Chinese to the right at Myitkyina. On our way we came to a big, deep rice paddy. We started across and were very heavily fired upon and we withdrew to the edge of the paddy. Stayed there all night. Just before daybreak we crossed the paddy again. Just on the other side, I heard a chap say the word, "Myrone." Then he disappeared. I would like to know what that word meant. As we got across what looked like a small air strip, a Japanese (that we thought was a Chinese) came out to meet us saying "Ding How." As we knew it was a Chinese expression, our Captain and a Scout we called "Whitie" went

on to make further contact.

The Japs asked them to surrender which they refused. The Captain was killed with a bayonet. The Scout, "Whitie" was shot several times in the chest. After an extended battle, so many of us killed and wounded, the order to withdraw was given (by whom I don't remember). Fighting our way out (we were lost), we found a telephone cable to an outpost and we followed it back to our men.

I would like to hear from anyone connected with this battle. One boy was from Kentucky, along the Ohio River. I don't remember his name. He was shot in the mouth while retreating.

After reading **Nellis Johnson's** letter, I disagree with some of the things he said. First of all, I resent being called "S.O.B.s" by **Sgt. Petrie** (whom I don't recall being with us) "that simply ran."

The only two men that ran were the two scouts that ran back to us after the captain was killed. Scout "Whitie" was killed running back to us. The second scout survived and told me what

happened.

Of the 35 men that came back in, we all could) had weapons. More than two, I know fact. I went on back to the front lines, since only two hard scratches. Then I was told lieutenant and six men came in a day or later. This is exactly what happened to **C. J. T. Tidwell**, Rt. 7, Box 132, Mayfield 42066; 502-435-4426; 5307/2/G; 475/2/G Co.

(Continued on page 2)

READERS RETREAT

We have published as a new book in three parts, the Father Stuart Notes, GO #3, and the Staff Sgt. Anderson Story. The book is called "The Merrill's Marauders War in Burma, Volume I." Cost is \$12.00. Send check to Merrill's Marauders Association, % Ray Lyons, Executive Secretary.



WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

MYITKYINA . . .

(Continued from page 1)

I'm sending a copy of a poem written about the Battle of Myitkyina, by Wade D. Hall (GO #3, New Galahad).

At Myitkyina today they lie at rest.
They were soldiers all and gave their best.
They fought and died in days of rain,
And prayed for a sun that never came.

Through mud they crawled to find their foe.
They cursed and swore but on they'd go.
As days went by and night fell,
They all slept on walls of hell.

Artillery shells with their melody of death,
Whistled by with each and every breath.
As dawn came to light the earth,
Amid sniper fire and through dirt,
In falling rain, they fought on.
Hope to live, by then had gone.

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FORGOTTEN NAMES

To Jim Gilbertson, 5307/3/KCT/P&D

About your letter asking about the 1st Sergeant killed on the trail to Nhpum Ga. Before I get too far into details, I want you to know that I am **Edward A. Wade**, a former member of Hq. Co, 3rd Bn, Khaki Combat Team, with the Heavy Weapons Platoon. I went into Burma leading a horse that carried a light machine gun for the crew led by a **Corporal Reed** and **Machine Gunners Johnny Allen** and **Melvin W. Clinton**.

I had volunteered in New Guinea, coming out of the 98th Field Artillery Bn (Pack), hence a muleskinner. **Dean K. Voltz**, had been a 1st sergeant in Hq. Battery, 98th and through a misunderstanding with the battalion commander, had given up all his stripes back to a buck private. Then he volunteered for the same hazardous mission. On the movement orders back to Brisbane, Australia, due to our names being close alphabetically, there was only one name between ours, so we got acquainted for the first time. At Brisbane we met up with volunteers out of the 32nd Division, which had lots of Wisconsin National Guard. It was here we came in contact with the 1st sergeant you mentioned that was killed at the Battle of Nhpum Ga hill.

His last name was **Sanders**, but I don't remember his given name. In India during training, **Dean Voltz** went to "K" Co., Orange CT, as acting 1st sergeant. Sgt. Sanders went to "I" Co., Khaki CT, and I to Hq. Co., Khaki CT. After the battle for Nhpum Ga had begun, you may remember we had two 75 mm Howitzers dropped. I went on one of the gun crews and at the sickness of our gunner, I took over those duties. All the gun crews had formerly been in the 98th. Some were out of "I" Co., Sanders' Co. One guy out of "I" Co., **Charles W. Bias**, wasn't one of the gun crew, but during a break from the front he came back to our gun to visit and try to get on the crew. We had been in the same Gun Crew in the 98th. During that time, 1st Sgt. Sanders came along going up to the front, and through some good-natured bantering, someone said, "Watch out Sanders, they might get you." Sanders retorted, "I've been up against them at Buna and Gona, but they don't have a bullet with my name on it." That afternoon or the next morning, Charley Bias went back up to the



Who Are These Guys?

On left, **Joe Cordeiro 5307/1/RCT/ITR, 475/1/Infantry**. He remembers them as buddies in Burma that came from Panama.

afternoon or the second day that word got to us that Bias had been killed by a sniper.

I stopped right here on memory and went to reviewing back copies of the "BURMAN NEWS." In my oldest one, which followed the 1983 Reunion, it tells me that **Charles Bias** died 7 April 1944. In the May 1986 issue is an article by **Sgt. William Anderson** as told to **Charles Leavelle**. After a sudden skirmish and a sudden quiet, Anderson says, "I heard Lt. **Ted Hughes** calling my name, saying, 'Come over here, Bill.' He said 'Sandy wants to see you.' Something in his voice made me look sharply. He added, 'It's probably too late.'" Anderson goes on to say **Chaplain Thomas J. Barrett** was there almost immediately. I followed knowing that my friend, **Sgt. Bob Sanders**, of Wisconsin, probably had it bad. "It was right through the heart." He goes on to tell how they carried him back a way and dug a grave. He says this was on 6th April 1944.

Now back to my memory. Soon after Khaki and Orange secured the hill and had dug in to occupy it until further plans came to be, four of us out of the Artillery went up the trail to the village of Nhpum Ga to check the telephone lines. Along the side of the trail where Sanders and Bias were buried, there were also four others buried.

Upon reaching the top of the hill, I went to my friend, 1st Sgt. **Dean Voltz's** dugout that he was sharing with his friend and supply sergeant, **Anton J. Tagel** from Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Tagel had been a friend of Sanders and was busy cutting and filing a piece of airplane aluminum into a shape of the State of Wisconsin to put on a marker of Sanders' grave.

Dean K. Voltz told me this story that day. He said that Sanders was sitting on a log and Dean was standing with one foot on the log and his rifle sitting beside his foot and he was holding his rifle with the barrel pointing straight up. He didn't mention the bullet going thru Sanders' hand, but he did hear it hit Sanders' rifle, and then Sanders falling forward off the log without

rection it had to come from, it must have been a stray bullet as they were some distance back from the front.

Now I'll tell you another story of our friends. As the 118 muleskinners from the 98th FA Bn met the volunteers out of the 32nd Division at Camp Cable, Australia, **Dean Voltz** and I were in close contact with two staff sergeants that were good buddies. I didn't know how one's name was spelled, but in going over the movement orders back to the States after the Campaign, I found a name in the BURMAN NEWS. I think it is the one I'm thinking about. **T/Sgt. Floyd A. Woeshnik** is in the line up close to others out of Khaki CT. We pronounced his name, "WOESNIK." So, I'm guessing he came home on the first shipment. Woeshnik's friend was a **S/Sgt. Parker**.

Parker had a very unusual first name, but I can't be sure what it was but the name is significant later in the story. Parker was pulled out on a physical disorder, but was assigned as a kicker riding the C-47s that air dropped to us.

I went on to Myitkyina with the Artillery. I came out on 7 June 1944 and went directly to the 11th Station Hospital near Chabua. An evening or two later, Woeshnik and others came to the hospital to see friends and bring them some refreshments. Woeshnik had just learned his friend Parker was missing on a flight and he was mad at the whole world. They gave some of the patients some refreshments and raised hell in general.

Nothing was heard of that flight until recently as you can see in the reproduced article. You can see by the name **Vidas D. Parker**, still on the missing list, what I said about an unusual name and the State of Wisconsin fits. **Edward A. Wade**, 112 Reece Ave., Nyssa, OR 97913-3849.

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C-47 CRASH SITE
FOUND BY KACHINS

The wreckage of a C-47 and the remains of two of its crew were found somewhere northwest of Myitkyina, Burma, by troops of the Kachin Independence Organization (KIO) in September of 1987.

The news of this discovery was on the wires of the press associations and transmitted from coast to coast but it was given special treatment by **Ron Martz**, a staff writer of the **Atlanta JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION**. Martz who has a particular interest in the Far East and, according to **Jim Fletcher**, has made trips to Thailand, contacted **CBIs** in the Atlanta area and constructed a half-page article about the plane and its crew in that paper's October 24 issue.

Writing with a WASHINGTON dateline, Martz opened his account with "Stuffed with nearly two tons of supplies desperately needed by American and Chinese troops fighting the Japanese in northern Burma in May 1944, the C-47 rattled and groaned as it lifted off the gravel airstrip in Dinjan, India, and turned southeast.

"Aboard the plane that May 22 was a crew of seven. All had made the trip over the treacherous 15,000 peaks of the Satsung Range known as 'The Hump' many times and were well acquainted with the hazards of 200-mph winds and torrential downpours that frequently accompanied the monsoon season.

"Somewhere northwest of Myitkyina, Burma,

MYITKYINA . . .

(Continued from page 2)

radio contact with the plane was lost. According to weather reports at the time, visibility in the area was zero. Another pilot flying in the area several weeks later reported seeing the downed plane, but ground searches for it were fruitless. For more than 40 years the wreckage of the plane and the remains of its crew were hidden in the dense jungles and rugged mountains of northern Burma.

"Last month (September 1987) the wreckage of that C-47 and the remains of at least two of its crew members were discovered by troops of the Kachin Independence Organization (KIO) a rebel faction that controls much of northern Burma.

... Ye Kjaw Thu, a KIO spokesman in Washington, said dog tags and other personal items found in the plane indicate that the skeletal remains are those of 2nd Lt. Earnest R. Wilson of Monticello, Miss., the plane's pilot, and Sgt. Allen W. Beeler of Roselawn, Indiana, the radio operator.

"Records at the Military Field Branch of the National Archives show that all crew members were assigned to the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron, 443rd Troop Carrier Group, 10th Air Force, based at Dinjan, Indian. The other members of the C-47 crew included:

- PFC Benjamin J. Jones,
Travelers Rest, South Carolina
- Flight Officer Andrew Malligo,
Beaumont, Texas
- Pfc. Howard K. Moss,
Maryville, Tennessee
- Pfc. Walter B. Owensby,
Ashville, North Carolina
- Staff Sgt. Vilas D. Parker,
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin."

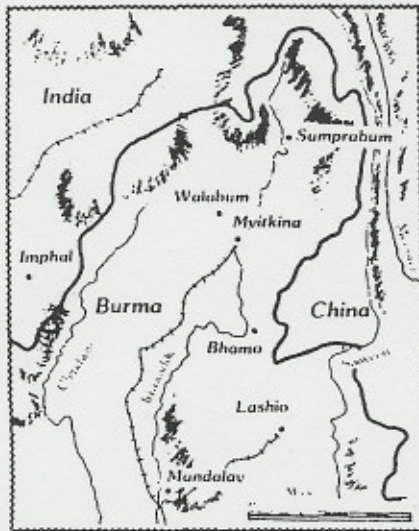
CBI Veterans Become Involved

To learn more about the conditions of both the crash and the potential retrieval of the remains, JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION writer Martz then turned to CBI veterans for information. When he inquired about who might have knowledge about the terrain he was advised that Jim Fletcher of Austell, Georgia, had spent two and a half years with the Kachins fighting the Japanese in north Burma. JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION files even had a picture of Jim from 1944 which they used with the story.

Jim is quoted in the story as doubting that conversations with the government of Burma would be useful in recovering the remains of the two fliers. He said that only the Kachins would have enough knowledge of the trails and terrain to get back to the crash site. Jim and "the Kachin troops he had under his command was credited with rescuing more than 140 down fliers and locating numerous crash sites during the war," according to the article.

To learn more about the operational aspects of this particular flight, Ron Martz called Jan Thiess in the Poplar Bluffs, Missouri, headquarters of the Hump Pilots Association, and she put him into contact with HPA Past-President Harry Howton who lives in Fort Walton Beach, Florida. Harry stayed in India after the war and helped locate downed planes.

Harry explained to Martz and was quoted in the article regarding the lack of knowledge about the number of aircraft lost and the men who died in air crashes. He said there were more than 100 aircraft officially listed as Missing in



According to the Atlanta JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION, the crash of the C-47, piloted by Lt. Earnest Wilson, was northwest of Myitkina. The above map is courtesy of a brochure offering a statuette of "American Kachin Ranger" by Detachment 101 and spelling of Myitkina was the choice of the brochure's printer.

Flight in northern Burma, let alone those also missing in India and China. Numbers are unknown because there was no central agency responsible for record keeping. In a separate conversation with SOUND-OFF, Howton also indicated that records were lost as the Army Air Corps became the U.S. Forces after the war.

Relatives Located

Upon reading the story of the downed aircraft and the names of the crew in the Atlanta JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION, Dr. Homer C. Cooper of Athen, Georgia, in a humanitarian effort, tried to contact relatives of the crewmen. On the faculty of the University of Georgia, Homer had access to the University library.

He first looked up the population of the cities

where the men last lived. He then wrote to the postmasters of the communities with populations of less than 5,000, soliciting their assistance. The postmaster of Monticello, Mississippi hand delivered Homer's letter to the family of 2nd Lt. Earnest R. Wilson and this proved to be the first word they had received that Wilson's remains had been found.

Lt. Wilson was one of six brothers, five of whom served their country in WW II. Four are still living and Roy G. Wilson lives in Monticello. Also in Monticello is a niece, Mrs. Marth Thibodeaux, who was most interested in pursuing efforts to have the remains returned to Lt. Wilson's home.

Mrs. Thibodeaux contacted Cooper in Athen and he again went to the University library and located in the Washington, D.C. Directory the Government offices that would be involved. A Homer put it, "She then lit a fire under the Army and the agencies that could help and if nothing can be done it won't be her fault."

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C-47 heroes of Burma**U.S. TRYING TO BRING BACK WWII BODIES**

By Ron Martz, Atlanta Journal Staff Writer

WASHINGTON — Stuffed with nearly two tons of supplies desperately needed by American and Chinese troops fighting the Japanese in northern Burma in May 1944, the C-47 rattled and groaned as it lifted off the gravel airstrip at Dinjan, India, and turned southeast.

Aboard the plane that May 22 was a crew of seven. All had made the trip over the treacherous 15,000-foot peaks of the Satsung Range known as "The Hump" many times and were well-acquainted with the hazards of 200-mph winds and torrential downpours that frequently accompanied the monsoon season.

Somewhere northwest of Myitkina, Burma, radio contact with the plane was lost. According to weather reports at the time, visibility in the area was zero. Another pilot flying in the area several weeks later reported seeing the downed plane, but ground searches for it were fruitless. For more than 40 years the wreckage of the

FALL IN

Here are the latest additions to our assembly. Remember them?

- RALPH J. ATHERTON, 6929 So. Talman Ave., Chicago, IL 60629, 776-3702, 5307/1/WCT/HW 475/1/WP
- ROBERT P. BINDER JR., 2502 East Cinnabar, Phoenix, AZ 85028, Ranger, 75/1 Bn.
- EARL D. BUFORD, 116 30th St., Tuscaloosa, AL 35401, 5307
- THOMAS W. BUFORD, Rt. 2, Box 34A, Gordo, AL 35466, 5307
- DAVID F. CARTER, 400 W. Baseline #62, Tempe, AZ 85283, 602-897-2474, 5307/2
- MARSHALL C. DICKINSON, 4780 Topaz Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80918, 598-3597, 5307/HQ/FA 612/C Battery
- EDWARD E. EISKANT, P.O. Box 145, Reedville, VA 22539, 5307/2/GCT/I&R
- LAVERNE F. GREENACRE, 711 Old Canyon Rd., Fremont, CA 94536, 5307/1/RCT
- CARROLL D. HARPER, 9613 Elprado, Valley Station, KY 40272, 5307; 475/1/A Co.
- FRANK F. JESTRAB, 4550 No. Park Ave., Chevy Chase, MD 20815, 475/1/A/C.O.
- JAMES LARRABEE, 8422 Adoree St., Downey, CA 90242, 475/3/I Co.
- J. A. MARSHALL, 5401 No. Richland Creek, Buford, GA 30518, 5307/3/I Co.; 475/3/I.
- JOHN C. RICE, P.O. Box 10561, Raleigh, NC 27605-0561, L/O, FA, Chinese 1st Army
- ROBERT R. RONEMUS, 355 No. 11th St., Leighton, PA 18235, 124/1/B/Medic
- PAUL E. SAUNDERS, 17240 Grande Blvd., Fountain Hills, AZ 85268, 5307; 475
- NORBERT F. SCHLOSSER, 2133 Anderson Rd., Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44221, 928-1712, 475/HQ/PERS SEC
- J. T. TIDWELL, Rt. 7, Box 132, Mayfield, KY 42066, 502-435-4426, 5307/2/G Co.; 475/2/G
- WARREN E. WHITE, 15 Elm St., Peterborough, NH 03458, 603-924-6755, 5307/3/KCT/I&R
- RAYMOND WILLIAMS, Rt. 5, Box 374, Mayfield, KY 42066, 5307; 475

plane and the remains of its crew were hidden in the dense jungles and rugged mountains of northern Burma.

Last month (September 1987) the wreckage of that C-47 and the remains of at least two of its crew members were discovered by troops of the Kachin Independence Organization (KIO), a rebel faction that controls much of northern Burma.

It is believed to be the first World War II crash site found in Burma since soon after the war. More than 1,000 servicemen died and about 3,000 aircraft were lost flying "The Hump," according to unofficial figures compiled by pilots who flew the route.

Ye Kjaw Thu, a KIO spokesman in Washington, said dog tags and other personal items found in the plane indicate that the skeletal remains are those of 2nd Lt. Earnest R. Wilson of Monticello, Miss., the plane's pilot, and Sgt. Allen W. Beeler of Roselawn, Ind., the radio operator.

The Army Military Personnel Center in Alexandria, Va., confirmed that the bodies of Beeler, Wilson and five other crew members never have been recovered.

Thu said there was no indication other remains were in the aircraft.

Records at the Military Field Branch of the National Archives show that all crew members were assigned to the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron, 443rd Troop Carrier Group, 10th Air Force, based at Dinjan, India. The other members of the C47 crew included:

- Pfc. Benjamin J. Jones, Travelers Rest, South Carolina.
- Flight Officer Andrew Malligo, Beaumont, Texas.
- Pfc. Howard K. Moss, Maryville, Tennessee.
- Pfc. Walter B. Owensby, Asheville, North Carolina.
- Staff Sgt. Vilas D. Parker, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Thu said many details of the crash site discovery are sketchy but that he hopes to get a more detailed accounting from the KIO's chairman, Brang Seng, in the next few weeks.

"I understand that the KIO has kept the remains and evidence in proper care and would like to receive a delegation from the United States to recover them," Thu said.

But excavation of the 43-year-old crash site could prove to be a political headache for the



Father Glavin [left], 1st/Sgt. Jenkins at K Co. near Tonkwa. Father Glavin was in the K Co. area to bury a KIA named Rossi.

U.S. and Burmese governments.

The plane is in remote northern Burma, an area controlled by the KIO's military arm, the Kachin Independence Army (KIA).

The KIA is one of about a dozen rebel groups, some of which have been fighting since Burma gained its independence from Great Britain in 1948, that oppose the socialist government of Gen Ne Win.

The Burmese army has had little success in stemming the insurgencies despite more than \$20 million a year in foreign military aid, including U.S. helicopters.

Thu said that this year 10 of the rebel groups formed a coalition, the Committee for the Restoration of Democracy in Burma, and the coalition would provide necessary security for any team sent to excavate the site.

In recent years, the Army Central Identifi-

cation Laboratory (CIL) in Hawaii has excavated dozens of World War II crash sites, including about 20 in remote sections of New Guinea in the last four years.

There have been no known excavations in Burma since soon after the war, according to a CIL spokesman.

"We will make a request (to Burma) to see if there is any possibility of going into the area and making a recovery," said the spokesman, who said his office was notified of the crash site discovery about a month ago and has been gathering information to make the formal request.

James Fletcher of Austell, who spent 2½ years fighting behind enemy lines with the Kachins in Burma during World War II, said it will take more than Burma's cooperation to send a recovery team into northern Burma.

"To get back in there you would definitely have to have the help of the Kachins," said Fletcher, who, along with the Kachin troops under his command, was credited with rescuing more than 140 downed fliers and locating numerous crash sites during the war.

The areas where these pilots flew contained thick jungles, steep mountains and many ethnic hill tribes, at least one of which practiced head-hunting at the time.

"The jungle there is so thick you have to cut your way through, and they (the Kachins) are the only ones who know where they're going in those mountains," Fletcher said.

Thu said Brang Seng has indicated a willingness to bring the remains of the downed airmen to the United States but has been unable to get permission from Burma or the United States.

"It is very difficult for them to bring the remains here," Thu said, "because of all the fighting going on in Burma."

OFFICER' ROW

President — Phil Piazza

The Rangers at Ft. Benning are planning a Museum for Rangers and a Hall of Fame for Rangers. We attended the Korean War Ranger Monument dedication in November at Ft. Benning. We are running into one stumbling block on the Merrill's Marauders monument. They originally told me the cost would be in the \$6,000 range. They are now saying \$14,000. I have had a call from Ed Rothschild who is planning on offering a Chicago Reunion for 1991. And, I have had a call from some men who are thinking of presenting a Texas choice.

Executive Secretary — Ray Lyons

For the first time to my knowledge, we have received a donation in memory of a deceased Marauder. Mrs. Sandy Cohen, widow of Morris, 5307th Hq. sent a generous donation, "In memory of Morris Cohen, who cherished his memories of the Marauders." In the Louisville Reunion Memorial program the Ranger motto, "Sua Sponte" appeared. It means "Of their own accord." Like volunteering, right?

Treasurer — Herb Clofine

We have on hand some Blazer pocket crests like the one we took orders for at the Reunion. They have the design of our regular MM patch and are done in 92% Gold Bullion. Orders should be sent to me. Check to Merrill's Marauders Association for \$25.00. Herb Clofine, 1632

PASS IN REVIEW

Deaths Reported Recently

Name & Hometown [where known], Organization, Where, When Deceased

STANLEY BENSON, 13929 W. Lake, Kathleen Dr. SE, Renton, WA 98056, 5307; 475, 1989 % P.O. Nov. issue B/N	November 8, 1988
HARRY F. BLAIR, Rt. 7, Box 384, Oxford, AL 36203, 5307/2/GCT/P&D	July 8, 1986
ALVIN BUTLER, N2085 Cemetery Rd., Sheldon, WI 54766, 5307/2/E Co.	June 13, 1989
DR. PALMER CONGDON, 253 Norwood Ave., Cranston, RI 02905, 5307/SURGEON	November 6, 1989
WILLIAM MC CAULEY, 1304 West Ocotillo Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85013, 602-246-6056, 5307/3/HW; 475/HW	Date Unknown
EDWARD RYBA, 4936 So. Karlov, Chicago, IL 60632, 582-2328, 5307; 475	September 11, 1989
FRANK M. SCHRAMKO, 1711 Goucher St., Johnstown, PA 15905, OSS-101	April 4, 1944
WILLIAM M. SCOTT, Chicago, IL, Nhpum Ga, Burma, 5307th	October 11, 1988
LOM P. SENFF, 3300 Virginia Ave., Suite 8, Shreveport, LA 71103, 5307/1/RCT C.O.	1977
HARRY SPEELMAN, 4022 Ocean Pkwy, Berlin, MD 21811, 5307th	May 25, 1989
DAVID A. TROGUS, 505 Ross Rd., Whitehall, OH 43213, 5307/HQ/MP; 502 MP	December 17, 1989
GENERAL ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER, Friends Advice, Boyds, MD 20720, CBI COMMANDER	



Mess Hall Crew, Mars Task Force Headquarters

self, came back to see what would have been his fate.

6. For two weeks, I went through hell. Every night I went thru the feeling of being thrown around by the bomb explosion, this, with one hell of a headache which was continuous. I was given aspirin for the pain during this period. One morning, about the fifteenth day, I felt a "pop" in my left temple and I felt no pain, no headache, no nothing. I felt great. Went to see the doctor who was following my so-called condition. Guess what? He had papers made out for me to be shipped out to India for treatment. I told him about how the headache left after the temple popped. He was taken by surprise, never took into consideration a concussion. After telling him what to do with my evacuation papers, I went back to my platoon a whole individual and very content even under our lousy conditions going for Myitkyina.

7. Second campaign: 2nd Bn I & R made the first combat mission of the campaign, in conjunction with a company of Chinese over the mountains from Myitkyina East to the border of China. An article on this mission was published in the Ex-CBI Roundup, dated April 1983. (This was before knowing of your publication.) This article was correct except for two parts. We never went thru Ft. Hertz, the Fort was down south of Hertz. And, on the last 3,000 feet to the border, because of the steep climb, we left everything but ammo and weapons.

8. Second Bn., I & R (27 men) left to go to the area where the 50th Chinese Division was at Tonkwa. On the way, we ran into Doctor (Col. Seagraves) at his Namkham Hospital. We had a bite to eat in his company. Then proceeded on Ran into the Chinese position. Was given a so-called safe area in their position as nightfall was approaching. Had the men dig in perimeter, of course.

Was awakened by all hell breaking loose. Because we were just inside the Chinese perimeter (rear) we received the brunt of the Jap attack. In the early morning mist you could see about three yards at that time. The men were in one hell of a toe to toe fight, shooting anything above ground. This was bad enough, but then a hail of fire came from inside the Chinese perimeter from a road just a few yards from our position. Turned out to be a Chinese machine gunner firing at about three or four Japs coming down said road. Because this hail of fire was coming from within, and we being involved in hazy figures all over our area, plus having only a basic load of ammo, I got my men across the road to be able to see what we were up against. But, not until we lost the first man killed in the second campaign, another wounded by a Jap bayonet, and firing a generous burst in the direction of the Chinese machine gun fire. (Did not know at that time.) It all ended at the same time. The Japs were pulling out, we were across the road, just a matter of yards. We did get around 50 Japs, give or take. Col. Easterbrook and staff looked the area over personally and saw the results. We also lost our mule, Herbert, K.I.A.

9. Having relieved the Chinese, the I & R in conjunction with a platoon from a rifle company set out to throw a road block two miles to the front. Ran into signs of Japs, dug in, a patrol of about 12 Japs came directly at our position, not knowing we were there. No way to avoid their discovering our presence, so we opened up on the Japs when they were almost in our

(Continued on page 6)

Letters

EDITOR:

The fellow shot at Myitkyina by Lt. Newman as named Goodman. We tried to get a jeep from the hospital but they wouldn't send anyone out at night. Really couldn't blame them on that one. We couldn't light a match to start an intravenous, so he passed on during the night. I had his head and shoulder in my arms and after a while he was still. With light and a little luck we might have saved him. I hope he and the others we lost are happy.

Charles Dennehy,
6880 Cascade Spring Pl.,
Tucson, AZ 85718
5307/3/1/3/Medic.

EDITOR:

I was in a volunteer group, code named Galahad. I was sent into China over the Burma Road from Myitkyina after the Japs were defeated in Burma. We were 14 days going over the Burma and Stilwell Road, whichever it was called.

Arrived in Kunming and then on to Leuchow and Kweilin in SW China. Came out of it in pretty good shape. Had malaria, and a few scratches at Nhpum Ga. We had to train a Company of Chinese in the use of .50 cal. MG. After they dropped the bomb on Japan, served with the 274th M.P. Co. I flew back over the Hump to a camp 31 miles from Calcutta. Later returned on the SS Marine Robin, 31 days to Seattle, Washington, six days to Camp Devens, Massachusetts, and home to Maine.

Lawrence A. Call,
Tollis Pl., Apt. 202,
Airport, ME 04631.

EDITOR:

A few notes on my experiences in Burma.

1. Volunteered for said "Hazardous Duty" but was selected to leave with the second batch of

volunteers of Panama origin. I was the I & R Leader of the 3rd Bn., 14th Infantry, out of Panama. Knew Col. Hunter, then Major, pretty well while stationed there.

2. Came over on the good ship, Buckner, with troops who would become known as "New Galahad." We were 5307 C U P on the orders.

3. Left Ramgarh soon after arrival, landed in Myitkyina on so-called airstrip in pouring rain and pouring shells. I organized an I & R Platoon from the group aboard our C-47. This group became amazingly combat oriented and very quickly picked up on I & R mission and tactics. I would say, "The Best," and that goes by their combat record which will be elaborated on as we go. (2nd Bn.)

Yes, I am prejudiced. I am sure all other I & R's would say the same for their own. Why Not! It is one hell of a touch and go platoon!

4. I was aware of the ambush of a company in early July as noted in the May issue of our Burman News. Because of different versions of which company it was and how it happened, I won't go into detail. I do know who led them and I know what really happened. (No, I wasn't with them but I did talk to some who were involved.)

5. I was on line with the 2nd Bn I & R when our B-25s bombed our positions. At least six (6) of the platoon was killed in this action including a lieutenant. The bomb crater was about one foot from my foxhole (edge of crater) (500 lb. bomb.) I never heard it go off. I just kept bouncing around (not on my own) and throwing debris off as it rained down on me. I managed to dig myself out and saw only part of the bombing result. My part of the line no longer existed. I ran to the top of the crater and managed to stop what could have been a panic. Had a member dig for buried comrades, managed to get one out but was too late to get the lieutenant and another soldier.

Note: The right side of the line was not aware of what had happened! One for the book: Another bomb crater just to the left of the one mentioned — a direct hit on a foxhole. A member we could not find was relieving him-

LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 5)

perimeter. Then, approximately 300 yards away, at a tree line beyond open ground, all hell broke loose. The Japs were dug in that area in force to include mortars, battalion field guns, and one regimental gun.

It was touch and go. We were attacked twice but our fire power was more than adequate. (My platoon had 12 BAR guns alone.) Contacted Battalion for possible assistance. No can do. Asked for artillery fire. Got them on target, right on the nose. They did one hell of a good job. We left the area in the hours of darkness, following an azimuth to the artillery position, still under Jap fire. We made it back, no losses, just one mule KIA.

10. Finished the trek to the scene of final showdown on the Burma Road. Couldn't get up one morning, enlarged liver from dysentery. Evacuated mule. Then a "bird dog" to the 20th GH in India.

You know that my platoon was away so often, that I did not know who the Sgt. Major was in my Battalion. I didn't even know my company commander. I got all my orders from Col. Osborne and Col. Thrailkill.

I ran into Gen. Easterbrook in Japan and Ft. Holabird, Maryland. I stayed on to see two tours in Korea, finished off with a tour in Vietnam, retired after 28 years, with disability. No regrets. That's it for now.

John Garlewsky, 5307/2/I&R; 475/2/I&R.
780 West Old 422, No. 35,
Butler, PA 16001; 412-865-2935.

EDITOR:

Re: photos that I sent to Turner Book Publishers, Paducah, Kentucky. They did not return them for some reason. I think they may have sent them to someone else by chance. They are on pages 41 and 82 of "Legacy of Merrill's Marauders." I would appreciate it if they could be returned to me.

John Egan, 5307/3/OCT
15725 Ainsworth St.,
Gardena, CA 90247.

EDITOR:

We are trying to locate a Lt. Alfred M. Lison Jr. He said he thought he'd become a priest after

the war. We can't seem to locate him. Am still active on the China Hands Amateur Radio Network. We get on the air every Monday and Thursday at 10:30 a.m. (EDT & EST), 1420 Z time on 14.257 mhz. Have about 80 EX CBIers in the net.

William A. Rhoades, K3PJY,
4799 Barone Dr.,
Pittsburg, PA 15227; NCAC.

EDITOR:

The Fall In list that you sent me included my name and also Denver E. Newsom. He was not only in the same company, but also in the same platoon. I have a Jap flag that Denver and the rest of my buddies signed in Myitkyina. I sailed on the US Butner out of Newport News, Virginia, on the 23rd of April and landed in Bombay on the 25th of May 1944. We flew into Myitkyina on June 1, 1944, and was accidentally shot by a mule skinner, who didn't know an M-1 from a side arm. I was sent to Dr. Seagraves' Hospital, patched up and sent right back to the front lines. This tells a little about how desperate we were for men at the time.

Earl E. Nelson,
3925 Woodbine Dr.,
Marion, IN 46952
662-3613; 5307/2/E; 475/2/E.

EDITOR:

The effort to obtain another edition of the book, "Marsmen in Burma," is about to happen. We finally secured the necessary 250 advance sales, and a 500 book printing is now UNDER WAY. Persons who signed up for an advance copy should have received invoices in the month of December at \$20 per book.

Books will be mailed upon receipt of payment.

The first printing of this book was a sell-out, in the late 1940s. The second printing was a sell-out in the 1960s. This third printing is very apt to be the LAST CHANCE, certainly for those of us who served in the CBI in WW II.

If you were a member of the Mars Task Force, you may want to think about an extra copy for your children or grandchildren, or your local school or public library. W. B. Woodruff Jr., P.O. Box 515, Decatur, TX 76234, 613th FA Bn.

EDITOR:

Dateline Rangoon, Burma, June 19, AP. Burma officially changed its name in English today to the Union of Myanmar, and it renamed its capital Yangon. In the law changing Burma's name, its nationality was also changed to Myanmar. Place names, are to be written in English according to the Burmese pronunciations. The change in the country's name, officials said would better reflect Burma's ethnic diversity. The term Burma connotes Burman, the dominant ethnic group, to the exclusion of minorities. Provided by John Scheifele, 10 Colonial Club Dr., Boynton Beach, FL 33435.

EDITOR:

Dear Hank (Kennedy) — Remember how we advanced in a field to the right of a high road. I was in the line that made contact with the Japanese. We kept advancing and firing. We really pressed on but suddenly we were all out of ammunition and we were so far ahead that it was impossible to replenish our supply of bullets from the rear. We were in an impossible situa-

tion, so we could no longer advance. Suddenly, we received an order to fall back to the ditch just below the high road. We had just arrived there when the Japs started to counterattack. The order came down to fix bayonets and we waited there like sitting ducks.

It was at this point that Sergeant Rector, our top kick, came forward. He knelt on the edge of the ditch and took a look at the advancing Japanese thru his field glasses. He quickly called up all the 60 mm mortars. I believe there were four or six. I am not sure which. Then, kneeling again on the ditch, he looked again at the enemy with his field glasses and started to call the ranges to the mortar crews as the Japanese advanced in a line.

At this time, I was only about ten yards from Rector, in position with fixed bayonet, at the side of the ditch and I could see all the action. As Rector called the changes in the Range, I saw the burst of the mortar shells, and with them I saw the Japanese bodies flying in the air. Our top kick, Rector, did an incredible job and I understand he was awarded the Silver Star for his amazing, courageous job in that attack.

Now that was a ticklish situation for all of us. As soon as the mortar shells were gone, we were ordered to retreat — get the hell out of there. Well, I was still very, very ill. And what do you think happened to me at that very critical time when nobody had any more ammo and the Japs were advancing? I was so exhausted, I swung around to my left, sat down with my rifle up right in my left hand, and closed my eyes in sheer fatigue. Imagine, falling asleep at such a critical time.

The next thing I knew, somebody grabbed my left arm and yelled, "Come on!" My eyes opened and absolutely nobody was there. The last man to retreat had saved my life. Otherwise the Japs would have come up and made swiss cheese out of me. The last man was already ten yards ahead of me when I got to my feet and stumbled like a drunkard after him. I never learned his name but I sure would like to thank him some day for pausing to rouse me as he tried to escape the Japanese himself.

The rest of the story about what happened to me is pretty vague. But I do remember being put in a field hospital tent and being awakened when a British soldier was put in a cot alongside me. He had his left hand shot up or off. I do remember the fuss they made over him and I heard someone say that he was Gen. Wavell's son. That is Gen. Wavell of the British 14th Army, leader of the famous British Raiders. I was in that field hospital four or five days and then returned to duty with I Company. John Scheifele, 10 Colonial Club Dr., Boynton Beach FL 33435, 5307/3/1/3; 475/3/1/3.

EDITOR:

Dear John (Scheifele) — Speaking about Sgt. Rector, Gen. Stilwell did pin the Silver Star around his neck at the front line. Sgt. Rector had a disagreement with Capt. Aycock and he told Aycock to get up front with his men and fight. And, Rector threw a hand grenade in the fox hole with Aycock (Captain). John, then Sgt. Rector came down the line and asked for six volunteers to go forward on a patrol to see where the Japs were. Rector came by my hole and here came six brave men from all along the line.

HEADQUARTERS

5307TH COMPOSITE UNIT (PROV)

A.P.O. 487
4 August 1944

GENERAL ORDERS)

NUMBER 17)

I. Award of Combat Infantryman Badge

UP WD Circular 186, dtd 11 May 1944, a Combat Infantryman Badge is awarded for exemplary conduct in action against the enemy on New Georgia Island, Northern Solomon Islands, to the following:

1st Lt. VERNON L. BEARD 01794758, Inf.

By order of Colonel HUNTER?

TOM P. SENFF,
Capt., Inf.
Adjutant

LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 6)

tor told them, "I will bring all of you back. We are going to kill Japs." And, he did bring all of them back. That was the same place that our own planes dropped bombs down around my hole in that ditch. I then got out fast. I crawled thru blood that day. I'll never forget that. We lost a lot of men there. I remember the Lister bag where we would squeeze the bottom to get water. **Henry Kennedy**, 2922 Swann St. Rd., Sanford, NC 27330; 5307/3/1/3.

EDITOR

Since getting in touch with you, I find myself remembering more and more about CBI. Especially the "B" and one memory or more triggers another. I liked **Pilcher's** article. I can't for the life of me, put the name with a face unless **Pilcher** was the tall, rather solemn, Captain who was a Signal Officer. I remember a **Lt. Travis**, and another lieutenant who had an Italian sounding name, who was, as I recall a radio expert — a good guy.

I remember **Travis** and the Captain used to sleep in jungle hammocks. One night a mule got loose and ran over one of them. Can't recall where that was, but I think **Travis** was one of the people the mule upset. Personally, I preferred a d-e-e-p hole to any sort of bed in that situation (with a stretcher in it, if possible).

I was thinking about **Captain Quinn**. Remember him? He and a Captain, named **Federline**, did the supply for our people. Remember the air drops at the forks of the road at our Headquarters? He, **Quinn**, was killed when a chute didn't open and a box of mortar rounds hit him. Poor guy. You know just a few days before he, **Federline**, **Hunter** and a couple of the I & R lads, shared a Christmas fruit cake from **Mary** (wife). This must have been later in May or early June. **Quinn** was an engineer officer, 236th, I think. (We had coffee and cake).

Another event, I can't recall the date, I took two squads to the air strip, to escort **General Stilwell** out to our Headquarters. I had known him before, while at **Ramghar** and with the Chinese. One of the things he asked me about, was our support is so far as PX supplies were concerned. As you know, they were practically non-existent. I remarked that we hadn't had a whiskey ration and what with malaria, etc., it would be welcome. The whiskey we got in early July was, I think, the direct result of that conversation. (Ed: I recall vividly **Col. Hunter** turning the case of Scotch over to me to distribute equitably. I distributed bottles to the runners to take back to their platoons and then the bottle that I opened, I poured **Col. Hunter** a share into his canteen cup and the rest to the members of the Comm. Section and others nearby. Not forgetting myself. It was the only GI issue of whiskey I ever got in the Army and at the time, thought how unselfish **Col. Hunter** had been.)

In New Delhi, in January '45, I heard a story that our "Jungle Ration" had been hijacked by a Colonel and crew on the Bengal-Assam Railroad. That they looted two carloads of whiskey and then burned the cars. I understood then that several went to prison over it. Pure hearsay, though. I'd like to think it was true. We did get a plane load of liquor for 4 July. Remember that? Personally, I liked old **Vinegar Joe**. I knew him earlier and he was a real "downy bird." He had a



Left to right: **Joe Cordeiro**, **Joe Bissonnette** and **Johnson** in India, 1943.

sense of humor.

Once I was his escort (along with a squad) from our Headquarters to the Battalion Headquarters that was on the River at **Mankrin**. (Still or **Osborne** were the C O). On the way back we passed a well that had two stone columns with a pole between them over which a rope let the pail up and down. As we passed the well, a sniper bounced one off the stone about six feet from my head. I looked up from my hastily assumed prone position and there stood **Lt. Gen. Stilwell** grinning and with his carbine raised looking for the sniper. I felt like a nut. He grinned and said, "Let's go." Of the five or six men, I was the only one that went prone but then I was the only one that felt the wind from the Jap bullet. (Anyhow, I felt proud of my quick reaction.)

Another thing that happened on that trip — I along with two squads of I & R went to the Air Strip to escort **Gen. Stilwell** along with a Brigadier named **Ted Wessels** back to our Headquarters. I placed **Gen. Stilwell** #4 or 5 in the 1st Squadron and **Gen. Wessels** with the 2nd Squadron. I told the lads if we were "hit," the two or three nearest the trouble would handle it and the rest go on. Wouldn't you know about a mile out, there was a disturbance in the bushes and I guess memories of **Charpate**, etc., came to mind. Anyhow, I, along with **Worsnop**, and I believe **Kappas** went toward the noise. And I being a believer in the value of "first shot," opened fire with a Thompson. The others joined in and really slaughtered a fine yearling water buffalo. As I passed **Gen. Stilwell** going to head the column, he asked what we had shot. Fortunately, one of the lads, **Worsnop** I think, answered for me. "Damned Jap." I promptly forgot it until 1949. My nephew, **Bill Moore**, was reading "The Stilwell Papers" and an entry read, "June 18. With **Captain Johnson** and two squads of intelligence and reconnaissance platoon to south **Charpati**, **Sitapur** and **Mankrin**. About six miles of hard going, in mud and rain, in two hours and ten minutes. No Japs. Saw **Hunter** and talked it over, not as bad as painted, the men looked good." I'd really like to know what he thought we shot. Hard to fool the old boy!

Once he raised hell on **Gen. Boatner** over me. **Col. Hunter** sent me to **Gen. Boatner** with a message and **Boatner** really raised hell with me

the "Delivery Boy." I've often thought how utterly frustrated a man must be to blame the messenger for the message. You know **Gen. Stilwell** promised me a promotion when I had been in grade 12 months. Twelve months later he was gone and I was still a captain.

On **General Arms'** first visit to Headquarters, he walked around the perimeter — "inspecting" and came up on some men preparing chow on the northeast corner of the perimeter. Not unusual, except they were frying steak! They had a piece of armor plate from the back of a P-40 seat (I think) for a grill. **General Arms** asked what they were cooking and I believe it was **Grimes** who answered, "Damn Jap" without looking up. As you will recall, these lads were not too impressed by rank. Some of the boys had shot a young cow or buffalo and were eating it. I chiseled in on some of their "beef patrol" meat a time or two. It was good.

Anyhow, **General "A"** was put out. He got back to Headquarters and **Col. Hunter** sent me to straighten it out. When I couldn't find the fire, etc., **Gen. Arms** went along to show me. Naturally the fire had been built on a piece of sheet iron and they had simply picked it up and heaved it into the rice paddy. **Gen. "A"** knew he had been had. He went back to Headquarters without a word. You may remember the incident. The boys laughed about it for several days.

(Continued on page 8)

OLD NEWS CLIPPING FROM DETROIT TIMES SENT IN BY **HAROLD CHAPPEL**

New York — Wars seem to begin with old generals signaling the assault. The role of seniority makes a sure ladder on which these climb a sometimes arthritic way into the saddle through the peace years. Through the days of fighting some of the old generals endure, the good ones; but the young fellows come up fast.

Here is **Frank Merrill**, tall, dark, sharp-nosed, just touching 40 and holding the rank, temporary, of Brigadier General but doing the work of a Major General, at least, in North Burma's sharp fighting. There he commands the American ground forces now cutting up the Japanese in the Hukawng Valley and taking the first steps of that return journey of revenge which **Merrill's** superior, **Lt. Gen. Joe Stilwell** promised when he was chased out two years ago.

Merrill is an Army officer mainly because he was too dogged to take "No" for an answer. Bad eyesight, (he wears glasses because of astigmatism) got him a handful of turn-downs before he managed an appointment to West Point. But, after he had served three years in the ranks and had climbed from Private to Staff Sergeant, he finally was taken and when he was 26 he was finally graduated.

Merrill is perhaps the Army's foremost authority on the Japanese military system and mind. Formerly an intelligence officer under **MacArthur**, also interested in the Japs, he reads, writes and speaks his enemy's language and on occasion served as an American observer at their maneuvers. He speaks Chinese, also, which helps with Chinese soldiers fighting and dying alongside his men.

(Photo attached showing **Lt. Gen. Sun LiGen**, Chinese 1st Army in Burma, **Col. Robert J. McNally**, liaison officer, and **Gen. Merrill**. We could

LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 7)

He, Gen. Arms, had a son named Tom Jr. I ran into him in '57 or '58, I think in Ft. Benning or maybe DC. Funny how one remembers the humorous and forgets the awful — and the things that trigger a memory.

Back in the years from '68 to '74, I worked for a tree company. At one of the steak dinners that we ran as part of a safety drive, a big tough looking fellow came up to me and said he heard I have been in Burma. Did I know a Col. Greenlee? That started it out and I said one of my first experiences with the 236th Engineers was when they moved down the road toward Myitkyina. Along the paddy on their left flank we had been getting some sniper fire (Remember Jack Spillane and the sniper?) Anyhow, Col. Hunter told me to go up there and look the area over with the idea of possibly attacking across the paddy. I had a couple of our people and an engineer officer named, I think, Mastin (?). We were alongside the paddy behind a mound of earth and some trees, talking to a platoon sergeant when about 20 yards in front of us, somebody began loud crying and praying. I thought it was someone who had just been shot and told the sergeant to get that "wounded" man to the Medics. He sort of grinned at me and said, "That 't a wounded man, that's my lieutenant." It s. The poor kid was literally scared to death. He didn't want to go but I told two men off to take him and I'd fix it with Col. Greenlee. They did and I really hadn't thought about the incident until this chap from Tennessee triggered the memory.

Now, the other part of the story. You know the old joke about the Confederate Colonel who was telling a war story and somebody spoke up and said that he had been there and it didn't happen that way. Said the old colonel, "See there, another good story ruined by a d-----d eye witness." Well, this was the other way around. This chap, (named Lindsey Mears), said loud enough for the room to hear, "I don't believe it." Naturally, I was a bit embarrassed so I said, a little louder, "Yes, this really happened." He answered, "Hell, yes, it happened. I was one of

the people you told to take the lieutenant back." He called the other man's name, Rogers, I think it was. A case of a "war story" being confirmed by an eye witness. This lad, Mears, had married an Anglo-Burman around Namhkam and had a son by her. He showed me pictures and said he had tried to get in touch but couldn't. You know there were lots of really beautiful women there — especially the mixed bloods. But the Burmans, Shans, Kachins, Karens, etc., were also beautiful people. You know Jack Gresham's mother was a Shan and his father a Burman.

By the way, there was an older man in the I & R Platoon (Weston's) named Williams. The boys called him "Pop." He must have been 40 at the time. I've often wondered about him. He had been in some Central American "bush" revolutions. He taught me a lot. Do you have any idea who I mean? I truly admired him. Last time I saw him was at Dinjan in September or October '44. Another name comes to mind. Did you know a Major Evan Darlington? He was liaison or some such with one of the Battalions. He knew the languages as well as did the Rosners, Jack and D'silva. They were all friends. Evan was pure British blood of missionary parents. Sometime in the late '40s we had a letter from Ivan Hipper. (Son of the Hsenwi Sawbra.) He said Evan was with the Burman Bombay Trading Corporation.

But, my story is from '45 in Lashio. Evan was at Kutkai as British Administrative Officer. I "Liberated" a horse from the 10th Mtn. Co. (Vet). He was a hunter that the Chinese were trying to use for a pack horse. One of the vets "loaned" me a saddle and we removed the "brand" that the Chinese had painted on and replaced it with a white "J." Somewhere I promoted a shotgun and used to shoot wild jungle chickens (morgi) from horseback.

When I was ordered back to India in May '45, I wasn't about to give "Big Red" back to the Chinese. I borrowed a truck from the Ordnance Co., loaded him up and drove to Kutkai and gave him to Evan. I never heard about "my" horse again. Nellis (Johnnie) Johnson, 14750 Beach Blvd., #13, Jacksonville Beach, FL 32250; 5307/HQS-2.

EDITOR

I have enclosed the obituary and death notice of General Wedemeyer. He was a tremendous person and had an extraordinary army career. I was not able to attend this funeral service (although I was able to attend Gen. Easterbrook's) at Arlington, but understand that there was a large turnout in his honor. I noted from the picture in the BURMAN NEWS that Col. Schmidtman, Deputy Commander of the Military District of Washington, presented the flag to Mrs. Easterbrook. And, an "Arlington Lady" with dark shawl appeared behind him.

Gen. Wedemeyer formulated the Grand Strategy adopted by the allies to win World War II and later served as the American Commander in China. In the early 1930s, he had served in China. In October 1943, he became Deputy Chief of Staff to Lord Mountbatten, Commander SEAC. When Gen. Stilwell was relieved of command in October 1944, he was made commander of US Troops, China Theater, and Chief of Staff to Chiang's troops as well in 1944. He was promoted to lieutenant general in 1945 in China. M/G Milton A. Pilcher, 1532 Dahlia Ct., McLean, VA 22101, 5307/Sig. Off.; Mars Task Force Bde Hq Comm Officer.

EDITOR

(To Ray Sexton) I am answering this letter for my dad. He is not much of a hand to write letters. I have been reading some of his "Burman News" and have an interest. My dad, William Alfred Bishop or Rugged Rocky Regan as he was called by his buddies, was in the 5307th from beginning to end. He was in the 1st Bn, Red Combat Team and also Regimental I & R with Capt. William Alfred Laffin, Lt. Dunlap and PFC Crawford.

After Myitkyina, when Merrill's Marauders was absorbed by the 475th, he spent 10 days in Calcutta, then trained new troops at Camp Landis. Then, he served with the 475th A Co. I guess you are the Sexton he knew from that campaign and the 5307th. He said that Crawford and Hosman, also from Missouri and one of dad's

(Continued on page 9)



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS ASSOCIATION, INC.

RAYMOND V. LYONS

Editor

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LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 8)

st buddies, were also there at the hook-ups of the Ledo Road with the Burma Road. Dad said after the hook-up you guys were all lying around doing nothing so he jumped a truck and headed south toward Bhamo to see how the Chinese were doing. Mentioned a guy named Graham Music. Said you guys gave first aid to the Chinese. At court martial for going AWOL, C.O. said he was supposed to set a good example for the men. Dad said, "I did. I asked them if they wanted to go." He was busted from staff sergeant to private.

Ray, I would like to have copy of that roster from the 475th. I hope it is alright with you if I send this letter to the Burman News so I don't have to write this stuff down twice. Also, you may be interested or have some information about the following.

In the November 1987 issue of the "Burman News" Nellis I. Johnson, 14750 Beach Blvd., Jacksonville Beach, FL 32250, inquired if someone knew Sgt. Crawford. Dad remembers hunting snipers with Crawford when in the Red Combat Team.

Also, Dad wonders whatever happened to Sgt. John Bannister. He had come from the 5th Infantry Regiment in Panama. Dad remembers coming upon him on one difficult march in heavy rain. Bannister was down on one knee in the mud. Dad said, "You gonna be alright, Bannister?" He answered, "Yeah, I just gotta rest a little." Dad never saw him again.

If you are interested in any information which dad may have, write to me and I will see what I can do. Hosman has been trying for years to get Dad to a reunion without success. If you have one in Tahoe or Reno, I will bring him with me if I have to hog tie him! W. A. Bishop, Jr., 20 Mayfair Dr., Chico, CA 95926. W. A. Bishop, Sr., 1676 Grand Ave., Oroville, CA 95965, 5307/1/RCT, 475/1.

EDITOR

In the May 1989 issue, "Pass In Review," Creight (the ONLY) Smith should have been listed as 5307/2/GCT/F Co. ASN 6985943. Creight was a good soldier. George M. Rose, 6407 Portsmouth Blvd., Portsmouth, VA 23701-1033; 5307/2/GCT/HMG.

EDITOR

About Tom Senff. I have written to him to try to refresh his memory about an incident in Burma involving him and me. He was in Red CT and I in White CT, but at that particular time RCT was following WCT. There had been a meeting of officers ahead and Tom was heading back up the hill to tell Red to bivouac on top of the hill and White was to continue on to the village. Just after we passed, I saw his pack laying beside the trail with his .38 on top. Then we passed several (three, I think) Chinese also going up. We had gone down around a hairpin turn when we were told to take a break. We hadn't much more than started to rest our "logs" when I heard quite a commotion above

Chinese and American voices! I told Murphy (I was my Squad Leader) that we had better find out what the hell was going on. We hurried back up the trail and Tom was slapping hell out of one of the Chinese. They had stolen his pack! He didn't know it, but one of the others was lowering his rifle on him and he didn't have

Tom's best interest at heart. The Chink told him where he had hid his .38 after we got there.

Now, here is something that happened at the village where we had that air-drop. My squad was hanging around the shacks at one end of the village when the planes came in to make the drop. We took shelter under one of the shacks until the drop was over. It so happened that it belonged to the headman of the village. His daughter had been under the house with us. No hanky-panky! She had a piece of amber in the lobe of each ear. It was about four or five inches long and about 1/2" in diameter, tapered a little at one end. He invited us in after the drop. He could speak English and that was how he got to be headman. While we were visiting with him, a Chinaman stuck his head in the doorway. Boy, did he catch hell! The Headman told us that the Chinese were worse than the Japs. The Japs would take what they wanted and leave the rest alone. The Chinese would take what they wanted and destroy the rest.

Well, the HM had gotten some chute packs, tore them open and made himself a bed using the felt pads. In the middle of the room was a stone slab with the end of a log lying on it. He got some tinder and got a fire started from a hot coal at the end of the log. He then got some strips of yellowish looking stuff that looked like the inner bark of some bush or young tree. He got a ladle, put some water and strips in it and proceeded to cook it over the fire. After it had cooked for awhile, he poured the yellowish fluid into another ladle and set it aside, added some water and cooked the strips again. He then combined both batches and cooked that until he had an amber colored thick syrup. He then took some stringy tobacco and mixed it in the syrup. He then got his pipe, which was made from a piece of bamboo, cut off below the joint and leaving a stub of a chute on it. The stub was hollowed out so that it opened into a water chamber. He put some of the tobacco on the end of the stub, applied a hot coal and puffed on the top. He asked us if we wanted to try it but we declined. In a few minutes, he was passed out on the bed he had prepared.

I don't remember how long we were in the village after that, but when we moved out he was up and walking around. How about that? I had some real strange experiences over there. Ralph Pollock, Rt. 1, Box 1494, Mount Union, PA 17066; 5307/1/WCT/B CO/MG.

EDITOR

I came in with the first K-9 Dog Detachment at Myitkyina. I know the Japs were on the end of the strip because a .25 cal. vent hole appeared in the C-47 about two feet from my head just as we touched down. From there, we walked over to the Regimental Headquarters at the "Y." We stayed overnight, then the next morning we paired off in twos. Harry McMullen and myself went to the 2nd Bn, upriver on the Irrawaddy.

We did some guard duty but most of the time we did scout duty on patrols. I stayed on with the 475th all the way down the trail to Lashio Air Strip. From there we flew back to India. Did about a month's guard duty on Ammo Depot.

Then was transferred to O.S.S. and flown to Kunming, China, for jump training. Then went behind Jap lines, down to Canton, China, with 99 other O.S.S. men.

We had control of the air strip just outside Canton when the war ended. The next day they

picked us up with two C-47s and flew us to Karachi, India, where we got on a troop ship to go home. Joseph M. Self, 5307/2; 475/2, 4842 Cherokee Ave., Alexandria, VA 22312, 703-354-7056. (Ed: More to come. He has provided us with a copy of a diary by the sergeant in charge.)

EDITOR

Here are the dates for the War Dog Detachment Reunion. June 22, 23, 24, 1990, at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. I was one of those guys attached to the 475/3/HQ and brought the last of the dogs out. If any EX-WDD men are out there, they may contact me. Russ Miszner, 412 Iowa St., La Porte City, IA 50651; 319-342-2798.

EDITOR

The Way It Was

My First Steady Job — No layoffs, not a chance of being fired.

Free Room & Board — Occasional K Rations, sleeping at times just a wee bit damp.

Free Transportation — For this job, a new pair of shoes; a pair of jungle boots.

Free Education — A ten second grenade goes off in five seconds. Nambu are not friendly fire. Those are not bees going by your head. Myitkyina did not have a brewery, contrary to sergeants' promises.

Savings — Automatic. You only got paid after spending six months in jungle.

Good Pay — a 24 hour day, seven days a week. Average pay for me was .082 cents per hour.

Free Medical & Hospitalization — If the Medic wasn't winged before you. They would get you to a hospital.

Hey, Fellas, I wouldn't have missed it for the world!

JAMES CILBERTSON, 12206 Old 8 Dr., Tomahawk, WI 54487; 5307/3/KCT/P&D, I&R.

EDITOR

In August, 1942, I was assigned to the Seagraves Hospital unit at Rangarh. Later we went off into Burma as three sections assigned to Chinese units. The main section and Dr. Seagrave went to Tagap. Capt. Bill Webb and I to Hpatchet Hi on the so-called west axis. This was May and June 1943. We went to Tagap down to Sharaw, a village on the Tarung River, where we first met Jap resistance. Sharaw was finally cleared of Japs about 1 January, '44. We then went to Ningam Sakan, then down the Ledo Road to Yupband, then Taipha Ga where I first met some of you Marauders.

Went with Chinese units along the left flank of the Ledo Road, near Makaw, Wesu Ga and Walawbum. Then we went along a narrow mountain ridge in the bamboo-covered jungle.

(Continued on page 10)

LOST, STRAYED OR MOVED
WITHOUT LETTING US KNOW!

Bernie Cox, Rt. 3, Box 4, Hamlet, NC 28245
Hunt D. Crawford, 305 Ninth St. So., Apt. 421,
St. Petersburg, FL 33705-1744
Michael Kentera, 2874 Greenway Blvd., Falls
Church, VA 22042
Alfred Steck, 2795 Finney Cir., % Oak Valley,
Macon, GA 31201-4512.

LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 9)

men down a rocky, muddy stream bed near Shaduzup. Treated a few Marauder casualties alongside that stream bed under extremely primitive, filthy conditions. From Shaduzup, I was sent on a leave to Calcutta. Later returned to Mainkwan. Flew onto the airstrip at Myitkyina, 17 May '44. The Seagraves unit flew in three C-47s. We set up a "hospital," in a revetment on the edge of the airstrip and treated casualties — mostly Chinese, but some Americans of the Combat Engineers. Also, Burmese refugees and a few Japs — until the capture of Myitkyina. A few months later, I went home "on points." H. Myles Johnson, MD, Seagraves Unit, Burma, 5902 Copperfield Ave., Riverside, CA 92506; 714-682-1062.

EDITOR

My brother, Gottfred Eurich, was one of Merrill's Marauders. "Fritz" we call him. If you have a copy of the book, "Legacy of the Marauders," you can find his picture. I'd like to run into some of the men who knew him. He was in the 164th Infantry who went into Guadalcanal to help the Marines there. I have met a few fellows who knew him and I'm trying to find more. I'd like to piece together a little book with some of Fritz's war experiences and comrades in it for my children to have after I'm gone. I am one of Fritz's seven sisters. Fritz died of typhus fever, May 29, 1944, at Margarita, India. I was almost 14 years old when he left the service in April of 1944. He was home on furlough 1944 and that was the last time I ever saw him.

We live on a 520 acre cattle ranch in the Turtle Mountains, north of Dunseith, North Dakota 58329. I'd like to hear from you men, even if you didn't know Fritz personally. I admire and respect you all for what you did. Many years ago, a neighbor traveled west of here on business and in a bar, he ran into a friend of my brother's who had been with him on Guadalcanal. Alf Kveum was his name.

When Fritz was inducted, he went into the ND NG, Co. B, 164th Infantry, at Camp Claiborne, LA. Noble Doeling moved to Dunseith and he says that he volunteered with Fritz for "a hazardous and dangerous mission." He was with Fritz and helped evacuate him to the hospital.

Any man who knew Fritz, or served where he served, is welcome to our home. If writing takes too long, my phone number is 701-263-4538 Metigoshe exchange. Noble Doeling attended a MM Reunion and met a buddy there who also knew Fritz. He lives in Centreville, MS. He wrote me a long, precious 14 page letter. Bette Norpal, Rt. 1, Box, 18, Dunseith, ND 58329.

EDITOR

From the events described in these letters, it has become obvious to me that I was one of those who traveled to India aboard the USS Butner, although until this time I never knew the name of the ship. I was one of those who received leave when we docked at Capetown. However, I was fortunate in having relatives in Capetown so that I spent the time looking them up and becoming acquainted with them.

I was also one of those who was flown into the Myitkyina airstrip, hitting the ground, running for the protection of foxholes. I was assigned to Co. F, 5307th & 475th. I do not remember which platoon

A few of the memories which stand out: After a few days at the airstrip, we were sent to a forward area to relieve a unit that needed some R&R. Soon after, we were sent on patrol and ran into a Jap unit that had us pinned down under machine gun fire. At the time, I was assigned to a .30 caliber machine gun which I managed to get set up to return fire. Unfortunately, I raised my head too high to get an idea of the line of fire just as the Japanese opened fire again and I received a .25 caliber bullet through the front of my helmet. Fortunately, the helmet took the brunt of the force of the bullet and it was deflected along the top of the helmet liner where it remained lodged. My worst injury from the incident was a sprained neck received when the force of the bullet jerked the helmet from my head nearly choking me. Another incident which sticks in my memory is the time we were air-dropped 10 in 1 rations just prior to being sent out on patrol. We split up the various elements of the rations. But, when we were ready to dig in for the night, we found that because of casualties, we were left with a large can of bacon and a couple of other minor items for our days food. Another memory was the time one of the members of our platoon shot a green turtle in the Irrawaddy River. We cooked the meat in our mess kits. The first fresh meat we had in a long time. One more memory is the time we called for close up bombing support from the P-51s. We used smoke bombs to outline our position but in spite of this, the planes missed their target hitting our lines instead, burying the platoon next to ours. Isadore Lurie, 808 No. McKean St., Kittanning, PA 16201; 5307/2/F Co.; 475/2/F.

EDITOR

I have a hard book copy of The Marauders, by Charlton Ogburn, 1959 edition. I would like to sell it to someone who would want it for their collection. Jack Corbett, 516 East Oak St., Willows, CA 95988.

EDITOR

We deeply appreciate and want to thank all of you who signed the Get Well card at the Louisville Reunion. Special thanks to George Rose, who I understand was responsible for them. Your kindness and thoughts are greatly appreciated. Jean and I are feeling lots better now, and your card helped to buoy up our spirits. Tom and Jean Martini.

EDITOR

Departed USA December 3, 1943. Troop train from Karachi to Calcutta. From Calcutta to

Assam by steamboat on the Brahmaputra River. Early assignment in Burma was Field Artillery Liaison Group with the Chinese First Army. We were responsible for observation and fire control of 1st Army Field artillery units. Arrived at Myitkyina soon after the area was secured and participated in the Battle of Myitkyina for several weeks. Primary position was air observation in L-4 airplanes, piloted by very competent staff sergeants. After arriving at Myitkyina, participated with the 1st Army movement south on the Burma Road. Moved to Bhamo and Lashio and participated in celebration of opening the Burma Road in Mong-Yu. John Rice, L/O, FA, 1st Chinese Army, 4410 Woodbury Dr., Raleigh, NC 27612.

EDITOR

I was a member of HQ & HQ Det., 5307th and 475th Infantry from 3 July 1944 to 9 August 1944. Upon arrival of the Mars Task Force, I was transferred to C Battery, 612th FA Bn (PK). Marshall C. Dickinson, 4780 Topaz Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80918; 598-3597.

EDITOR

I came from Ft. Riley, Kansas, Troop "A", 129th Cav. Rec. Sqdn. Went to Fort Ord and Camp Anza. Sailed on Gen. Randall. There were 600 in our group. Arrived at Camp Landis October 1944. Was assigned to Co. "E", 475th as a rifleman. Before they started out, was transferred to Hq. Co on D/S with Brigade Headquarters. Worked for Capt. Kirby, keeping records on Brigade injuries, KIAs and wounded. Later transferred to HQ Co. 475th. Worked for CWO T. J. Dalton, typing letters to next-of-kin and monthly V-Mail letters. When campaign ended, was assigned to L Co. Norbert F. Schlosser, 2133 Anderson Rd., Cuyahoga Falls OH 44221.

EDITOR

One of the boys of Merrill's Marauder stopped by to visit when I was living in Oglala South Dakota. He paid me for some pictures had made and I have lost his address. If you can find that man, I'll send him the pen and ink drawing. I'm one of Lt. Logan Weston's I&F Platoon, OCT. Norman Janis, 1040 10th St., MG Spearfish, SD 57783.

EDITOR

We had a nice visit with Joey Bissonnette in Framingham. We have come up with another name of a man that was in the 20th GH at the same time Joey and I were there. Bob Seregedt. He was from Minnesota. (Ed: Help, you Minnesota men!) Gregory Resch, 637 Warsaw St. Minasha, WI 54952; 5307/1/RCT, 475/1.

EDITOR

Received your letter and copies of the BURMAN NEWS. I was glad to read some of the stories. I didn't even know there was an Association. If it hadn't been for my friend next door, who saw the notice in the USA NEWS, I guess you can say I got lucky! I came down with typhus. When I came out of it, I was in the 20th General Hospital. Don't recall much of what happened. But, somebody said it was Christmas. They served me MASHED POTATOES AND TOMATO JUICE. I went from 175 pounds to

(Continued on page 11)

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS
COMBAT FILM VIDEO TAPE

"March Over Mountains to
Myitkyina"
By 3rd Battalion
Taken by S/Sgt. Dave Quaid
* * *

Send check or money order of
\$30.00 to:
Herb Clofine
1632 Surrey Lane
Havertown, PA 19083
Specify VHS or BETA

LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 10)

Sorry to miss Lashio. I was one of the mule jockeys that volunteered from 604th Pack Artillery, out of Camp Carson, Colorado. Shipped to Camp Stoneman, California. Port of Embarkation, San Francisco, California. Shipped out on the SS Lurline. Sailing number was 1688-A. Landed in Bombay, India. Took the train to the Indian Army training camp at Deolali. Was in Camp Deogarh and Assam. Assigned to 1st Bn, Hq. Company, White Combat Team, I&R Platoon. Lt. Wilson, Platoon Ldr., Platoon Sgt. Ammons. Harold K. Chappel, 1530 Ackley St., Westland, MI 48185.

EDITOR

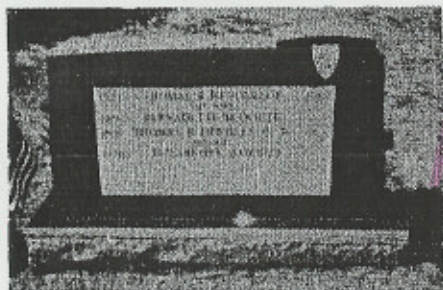
I'm writing for my father-in-law, Charlie Atkins, a Merrill's Marauder. He would like some information on a man named PFC Don Lochlin, ASN 38285718. He believes that the man came from Texas down around the coast. Mrs. Jerry Atkins, P.O. Box 203, Lattimore, NC 28089. (ED: So would we! They are both listed in GO #3.)

EDITOR

I was a Merrill's Marauder. I came from the 164th Inf., Co. G, in the SW Pacific. Same as Ray Nelson. In India, the units were split up and integrated with non-combat experience units. And, as near as I can remember, I ended up in 1st Battalion, Red Combat Team. Laverne Greenacre, 711 Old Canyon Rd., Sp. 78, Fremont, CA 94536.

EDITOR

In reply to your request for more information about us having the Merrill's Marauders insignia placed on my husband, Tom Henderson's gravestone, we went back to Massachusetts. We talked to Becky Gerry of the Gerry Granite Works, who did the work. She said any good monument place can engrave the stone with the MM's emblem, if they are given the decal. The cost will vary, depending on the stone cutter.



But, it should be ordered at the beginning, since having it added later, may or may not cost more since it means doing the work at the cemetery and outdoors. If done at the shop where all tools and polishing machines are, it would be best. The Gerry Granite Works address is 56R Glenwood St., Gardner, MA 01040. 1-508-632-0403. They will be pleased to answer questions about how they did it. If there are any other questions that I can answer, write me. Mrs. Thomas Henson, 8001 East Broadway, #1479, Mesa, AZ 85208.

EDITOR

I have one memory of Col. Easterbrook. It happened to be with him in an open field when

belly in a flash, tugging at his leg. "Come Colonel, get down." He stood like a statue and never moved. Dr. John J. McLaughlin, 5307/1/ Surg; 475/Hq/Surgeon.

EDITOR

I came over with Shipment GK 454 and was in the Chinese 50th Division, ALO Group. I have scanned the book (Vol. I) and intend to read it in detail after the first of the year. Two things did catch my eye as I thumbed through the pages. (1) Page 26. This is the first time I have seen a photo of LTC Combs and Major Hodges since leaving Burma. Major Hodges was also killed at Myitkyina on May 20, 1944. I think this picture was taken as we were preparing for the march with "H" Force in April 1944. (2) Page 25, the last paragraph on this page should have included the Chinese 50th Division. The 150th Regiment, of which I was the ALO for the 1st Battalion, was an organic unit of the Chinese 50th Division. After Myitkyina, the Division continued fighting the Japs until the war was over in Burma. Col. Thomas Kerley, 1600 Bay Breeze Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23454.

EDITOR

At the last reunion, Applegate recalled the time a Catholic priest suddenly appeared at the front from "nowhere" and stood at the head of our platoon's column of 40 men and gave us the last rites. Jim said it was "scary" and I couldn't agree with him more.

At that time, our regiment was heading south in the jungle toward, I believe, Lashio. While on the march this particular day, our platoon was leading the regiment. It seems that an L-5 Piper Cub reconnaissance plane had sent a message that it had spotted an entire Japanese Division of some 5,000 men going thru the jungle on our right flank in the opposite direction to which we were going. The idea was that the Japanese might be trying to drive a wedge between our battalion and the following troops. We were marching about a mile apart.

So, we of the lead platoon, were given a special mission to halt the advance of the Japanese long enough to allow our battalion to retreat to a safe position. We were given three days' rations each and were to go five miles west and deploy in a huge perimeter (each man 100 yards from another), astride three jungle trails through which the Japanese would come. We were to await the arrival of the Japs but remain hidden, absolutely undetectable, so that we would spot them first and assault them with surprise fire from a wide area, giving a false impression of our total strength. And, when we had expended our ammunition we were to flee west, on an every man for himself basis, to an airstrip where, hopefully, we could be rescued. We 40 men stayed in position astride those tree trails for three days and nights but the Japs never came. Nothing happened.

And, on the third day, we moved out as silently as we had come. John Scheifele, 10 Colonial Club Dr., Apt. 302, Boynton Beach, FL 33435; 475/3/I/3.

EDITOR

We are inquiring about Philip Farrell. I believe he was a M/Sgt. when he retired. The last address we have for him was Ames, Iowa, but it is possible he is in the Southern California area. We are very anxious to contact him and would

deeply appreciate any assistance. Roberta Habel, 2527 23rd Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116. (Editor: We would also like to add him to our rolls. Anybody in the Ames, Iowa, area or S/Cal knows his address, please let us know. He is in GO #3 as, Corporal Philip M. Farrell, ASN 17151361, First Campaign.)

EDITOR

I was an Original Marauder from the US Lurline to Myitkyina. My outfit was 5307th, 1st Bn., White Combat Team, HQ Co., Heavy Weapons Platoon. Lt. Morgan. Plat. Sgt. Henderson. Second Campaign, 475/1st Bn/HQ CO/Weapons Platoon until April of '45. Ralph Atherton, 6929 So. Talman Ave., Chicago, IL 60629.

EDITOR

About Jack Goff's interest in finding out what battalion he was in. If he was in the Walawbum Battle, he was in Third Battalion, Orange Combat Team. We were there, surrounded by the Japs on the river bank. George C. Brown, 5307/3/OCT/I&R Platoon, #1 Peppertree, Anderson, SC 29621.

EDITOR

I'm happy to learn that a patrol of Co. E, 475th, hit our tankette nearby Mile Stone 76, Nampakka, Burma, in January 1945. We abandoned the tankette and rescued two crew of it at that time. Seasons Greetings, Col. Shinichi Murano, 61-6-301 Itabashi 2-chome, Itabashiku, Tokyo 173, Japan.

EDITOR

When I came back to the outfit after a bout with malaria, we flew in with Lt. Applegate, J., from Ledo. I was sent to 1st Bn, Hq. Co., which was guarding the airstrip. I was still in Hq. Co.

(Continued on page 12)

AMERICAN TROOPS
FORTY MILES FROM MONGMIT

For the first time since the capture of Myitkyina, tough, well equipped American ground forces are again in action against the Japanese.

The Americans, under the command of General Willey, met their first Japanese resistance at Mo Hlaing. This is 40 air miles north of Mongmit. After defeating the enemy there, they joined their Chinese allies in a victorious battle at Tonkwa. Here the Americans and Chinese killed 126 Japanese. Forward Allied patrols are now operating in the Shweli River area.

The New American force contains soldiers who were once part of the famous "Merrill's Marauders." This was the American task force that spearheaded the swift Allied drive down the Hukawng and Mogaung valleys last spring.

Meanwhile, another Chinese force has captured Bhamo. A large part of the Japanese garrison, surrounded and already by-passed by other Allied units, was annihilated.

Along the railway, the British 36th Division, with Chinese and American support, has occupied Naba Junction and Indaw. The important Irrawaddy port of Katha was taken without a fight.

The Japanese have now been cleared from

LETTERS . . .

(Continued from page 11)

en they made us 475th Infantry. But, no anger with the I&R Platoon. Mostly our jobs were transporting Headquarters surplus radios, hospital needs or whatever. Seeing there wasn't too many horses and mules left. They tried to teach us something. Like the use of the Tommy gun. They gave me one. Pop Williams fixed it up so it would shoot three rounds at a time. Then you had to let the trigger go, and pull it again. That way it didn't ride up, it worked real good. At least you could hit something. Remember Pop Williams at Nhpum Ga, every night at 9 p.m.? The boom of a hand grenade. Pop was a wizard with any gun. You can list me as 5307/1 Bn/Hq Co/I&R Platoon. It was during this training that I came down with scrub typhus. I am sending you some old clippings from the Detroit Times. These clippings are 40 years old or better. Harold K. Chappel, 1530 Ackley St., Westland, MI 48185.

EDITOR

It's so cold up here in Northern Wisconsin that a neighbor had to jump start his electric blanket! Gregory Resch, 637 Warsaw St., Menasha, WI 54952.

EDITOR

There is going to be a "GREAT RANGER ROUNDUP" Friday, 23 March to Sunday 25 March, 1990, at the Best Western Inn, 1245 Harrisburg Pike, Carlisle, PA 17013; phone 717-766-8361. Our purpose is to bring together in fellowship, Rangers of the 20th Century. On Friday afternoon, a visit to the military history institute is planned. View Ranger displays and Ranger photographic collections and conduct Ranger historical seminars. On Friday evening, meet with old friends and make new ones.

Saturday morning, Historical presentation by Ranger Bob Black on the 29th Ranger Battalion of World War II. Saturday, there will be a meeting time for those units that desire it.

Saturday evening cocktails and buffet dinner, at the Carlisle Barracks Officers Club. There will be a piper, Pipe Major Don Crawford (a WW II paratrooper). An active duty senior Ranger officer will be guest speaker. We also plan to try and have a Ranger or Rangers from Panama to brief our group on the action there. The best Trio in Central PA will provide music for dancing.

Motel costs are \$50, double; \$40, single plus 6% PA sales tax. Make your motel arrangements directly to the motel. 1-800-528-1234. Cut-off date for reservations is March 9.

Dinner at the Officers Club will be a Grand

REUNION SAVANNAH, GEORGIA DE SOTO HILTON HOTEL

Package rate \$310, double; \$210 single. Will include two nights lodging, dinner Friday night, breakfast Sunday morning, Saturday night cocktail party and banquet and dancing. Sunday morning brunch. Package rate includes all taxes and gratuities.

Extra nights lodging, which includes GA 2% tax, \$60 per night. Free parking in indoor garage. Reservation cards will be sent out with May issue of BURMAN NEWS. Toll free reservation #1-800-426-8483. Phil Piazza.

Buffet with chicken or beef. A host of other items and peach melba dessert. The cost of the buffet, including a registration fee to cover band and piper, is \$25.50 per person. Send dinner money (\$29.50 per person) to: Ranger Robert Williams, 231 Second St., Youngsville, PA 16371; phone 814-563-7660, 9-5:30 Monday thru Saturday or Home 814-563-7634.

All bars are pay as you go.

We also would like to make available to interested readers, a book, "Rangers in Korea" by Robert W. Black. Send \$4.95 check, plus \$1.00 postage and handling to Middle Atlantic Region, R.I.C.A., % Ranger Robert Williams, President, Box 227, Youngsville, PA 16371.

EDITOR

Caifson Johnson, Petito, Weston, Emerick, etc., were officers for one to try to emulate. Sorry he is gone, but at least he left a grand heritage to his children. A truly great man. We knew a lot of great men!

Somehow, I can't get the feeling about the Japs out of my system. Did I ever tell you about my first trip to Japan? I was a Major, C.O. of troops on the ship, a General Class — Taylor, I think it was, in Yokohama. I was going down a passageway on the ship and met three Nips stevedores — abreast in the hallway. Now, I'm quite peaceful and give way to most except where Nips, three of them, fill the whole passageway. Perfectly willing for them to have 1/2 the room but not in the middle where they wanted to be. I decked the fat one in the middle and walked on. About ten minutes later, I got a "ay up on the Captain's Quarters" on the speaker. He was quite sensible about the whole thing but informed me that I was out of line. On the ship was "Tiny" Bouchard. Remember him? I saw him several times that year in Kona, '57 or '58 it was. So, it's easy to see that I don't like the President going to the Emperor's funeral. Nellis Johnson, 19750 Beach Blvd, #13, Jacksonville Beach, FL 32250; 5307/Hq/S-2.

A teenager from the city was paying his first visit to a farm. Awakened at 5 a.m. by the normal bustle of farm life, he grumbled into his pillow, "It sure doesn't take long to spend the night here."

THAT CHINA, BURMA, INDIA THEATRE

If you see a dinky train
Pulling coaches that are small,
If you see a lot of rain
Falling hard upon a wall,
That's CBI.

If a child that's asking gifts
Is on the naked side,
Or a native that's asking lifts
When there is no place to ride.
That's CBI.

If the news you get is old
Because your home is far away,
Or the PX stuff is sold
And they say "Another day."
That's CBI.

If the food you eat is canned
And the water has a smell,
If a weekend pass is barred
And their words don't ring a bell.
That's CBI.

If the roads are not as level
As the ones you used to feel,
If the trucks go like the devil
With a native at the wheel.
That's CBI.

If the fruit you eat is green
And you know it shouldn't be,
If a native says he's clean
And you know he couldn't be.
That's CBI.

If your work for day is done
And you have some time to spare,
If you go in search of fun
And you really get nowhere.
That's CBI.

If for light you use a lamp
And at night you use a net,
If the ground is always damp
And each morn your socks are wet.
That's CBI.

If your money is no good
And they toss it back on sight,
If the snakes that have a hood
Are the ones that always bite.
That's CBI.

If their cows are always sacred
And you drive around each one,
And you find a little hatred
For the ones that do not run.
That's CBI.

If the monsoon gets you wet
And sticky, hot and blue,
And each week you make a bet
As to when the thing is through.
That's CBI.

If you spend an evening long
On a letter such as this,
And the censor says "That's wrong,
You can't say that or this."
That's not CBI. That's GI!

J. Paul Clarke, Private
Special Service
Advance Headquarters
Myitkyina, Burma

BATTLE OF VERSE

By Sgt. Dave Richardson
YANK Staff Correspondent

Speaking of poetry, there's a saying that when a GI starts composing verses he's been in the jungle too long. Both the Marauders and the Japs they fought had a candidate for this dubious distinction of "Jungle-Mad Poet Laureate."

Representing the Marauders was T/5 Stanley L. Benson, a gun repair man. Here's his first endeavor in the field of verse:

Four thousand dead Japs behind us —
A hell of a stinking mess.
The live ones now around us
Soon will join the rest.

When Tojo gave his orders
To kill us one by one,
He didn't know Merrill's Marauders
Would sink the Rising Sun.

(Benson took a slight poetic license in his first line. Actually the Marauders are credited with killing only 2,000 Japs in six weeks.)