



The Burman News



Official publication of Merrill's Marauders Association, Inc.

February, 1995

A Different Kind of Volunteer

By Dave Richardson

PAPER WARRIOR: THE STORY OF A SOLDIER CORRESPONDENT IN WORLD WAR II.

It is something special to be asked to talk to the Marauders because no organization I have been with in 45 years as a journalist has meant more to me. But right off the bat I have a true confession to make. Unlike the rest of you, I was a physical misfit, hence probably never should have been with the Marauders or any where in the Armed Forces - much less anywhere near the fighting.

I got called up in the draft in early 1941, and reported to an armory in New Jersey for induction. In the physical exam, the doctor tapped me on the knee with a rubber mallet and I kned him in the face. Over-active reflexes. He weighed me; I was skinny as a rail, 20 pounds underweight. That was not all.

"Mr Richardson," he said, "I must list you as physically unqualified to serve. Go stand in the far corner with those men." I did so, and a big fellow next to me said: "What was your rap?" "What rap?" I asked. "What were you in jail for?" "I was never in jail." Then it dawned on me. Almost everybody there except me was a large, brawny type - with a criminal record.

Then a voice boomed out on the loudspeaker: "Will Mr Richardson report to table number 12." I do so, and the man there said: "Mr Richardson, on the record, you are a 4-F. But I also see from your record that you are a college graduate. The Army needs college men. If you say so, we can change it to 1-A."

I thought fast, I had given up my job and my apartment and left my few possessions in family hands. I didn't relish creeping back to the gang at my newspaper office after their big farewell. And I sure as



hell didn't want to go back among those thugs.

In the war years that followed, I realized that I wasn't the only unfit American masquerading as a fit and healthy fighting man.

I found that out, among other ways, when as a combat correspondent, I parachuted behind Japanese lines in Burma with four members of the OSS. Our mission was to train and lead a guerrilla force of native tribesmen. I made that first jump, incidentally, with just one minute of instruction in the plane. The words of the jumpmaster are still engraced in my memory.

"We're dropping you low -- about 700 feet from the ground -- so any Japs in the vicinity won't have much time to spot and shoot at you. Now hook up your chute to the static line, stand in the open door and put each hand on the outside sill."

"When the bell rings, kick out with your right leg. If you see a tree coming up, pull on the chute cord about your opposite side to avoid it. Before landing, pull in your arms and pull up your knees. Good Luck!"

Then the jumpmaster, an untrusting sort, kicked me in the butt to be sure I got out. I landed right in a tree. You may well ask

why, as a soldier correspondent, I was off in some Japanese rear area training tribal guerrillas. Well, no other correspondent had done a story on them, and I could only go behind the lines with them by proving I could be of some use. So I got someone to brush me up on the bazooka and I in turn showed the tribesmen how to load, mount, air and fire it.

During the entire war, I was a soldier-correspondent, Technical Sergeant, for YANK, the Army weekly. First in the Southwest Pacific and then in China-Burma-India. YANK was a publication unique in the history of warfare -- a weekly magazine produced entirely by enlisted men without editorial officer supervision.

In early 1942, I led two other soldier-journalists into General MacArthur's Southwest Pacific area to start a "Down Under" edition of Yank. We had orders from General Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, and presented these to MacArthur himself. That was unsettling.

As MacArthur read the orders at his huge, bare desk, we three sergeants nervously stood before him awaiting his reaction. We knew the orders were incredible for enlisted men -- giving us freedom to travel anywhere in the war theater at our own request, to live on expense accounts like civilian war correspondents between combat assignments, to recruit enlisted newsmen from any unit and to get whatever facilities and materials necessary to start the magazine.

MacArthur finished reading these orders and turned toward us with a faint smile. "Well, men," he said, "all I can say is that you will have more freedom than anybody

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else in this command except me. But go to it."

I know that MacArthur was regarded as a supreme autocrat, egotist and prickly pear. Yet, surprising as it may seem, in my time in the Southwest Pacific, he never once demanded, directly or through channels, that we print his statements, run his picture or shape the magazine to his personal wishes.

And we did not do any of those things, ever, as we stuck to telling the GI story of the war. When I left for the United States and reassignment in late 1943, MacArthur made me one of the first enlisted men ever to win the Legion of Merit, a medal generally reserved for high-ranking officers. The citation credited me with making "a substantial contribution to the morale of the troops in the Southwest Pacific area."

How did I become a gun-bearing journalist? I reached that decision after the very bloody battle of Buna in New Guinea, a huge island lying directly north of Australia and crawling then with Japanese troops. Buna was my first exposure to combat. There I witnessed some of the toughest fighting of the war -- and it was a nightmare experience.

Troops of the USA 32nd and 41st Infantry Divisions and the Australians had to battle their way through dense jungle and swampland against well-fortified enemy positions as Japanese mortar shells and machine guns pounded away. Enemy snipers in palm trees even picked off medics bearing the wounded. Casualties were heavy and progress agonizingly slow. I was stunned at the noises of war and my first sight of so many dead and wounded.

One night, in a two-man foxhole, I took turns holding a grenade while my buddy slept; hearing in whispers about his past life in a small Wisconsin town and the girlfriend he left behind. Next morning, he was killed on patrol. I was one scared soldier.

And, after a few weeks of war, one sick soldier. Following the battle, I wound up in a tent hospital in Port Moresby with malaria, yellow jaundice and bacillary dysentery. At first I was so weak that I could only be fed by intravenous injection.

Luckily, I was back to regular

staged a 100 plane bomber raid on Port Moresby. But in my haste to find a bomb shelter outside, I stepped into a latrine. They wouldn't let me back in the tent until I washed that leg.

I took away from that bitter first battle at Buna a valuable lesson: The best way to overcome fear at the front, was to keep busy -- as busy as you can. When I had nothing to do as a reporter but watch the fighting, I had found myself shaking and trembling so much I couldn't even take notes. So I decided to seek out regular combat duties, whenever possible, in every battle action I covered -- meaning taking up arms just like those I was covering.

I must confess that this turned out to require some outright lying about my knowledge of weapons. My basic training had been with the old Springfield - a rifle already extinct. So when I went into battle from then on -- as I was to do on land, sea and in the air -- I had to subject myself to a cram course in the use of guns I knew nothing about.

My first chance to take up arms came in New Guinea after I had pleaded with the Fifth Air Corps to let me go on a different and more exciting kind of bomber mission than the mass-formation air raids my fellow correspondents were accompanying as observers. Little did I know what I was letting myself in for.

When the big day came, I arrived at the Seven Mile Air Base before dawn to find only a small knot of airmen in the vast briefing room. That was the crew of a single B-24 Bomber. Our mission was to fly armed reconnaissance to look for Japanese ships far north in what was known as "The Slot" -- the channel between Japanese held islands through which the enemy brought reinforcements, arms and supplies to Guadalcanal and other enemy bases in the Solomons.

In my eagerness to get on that mission, I told a fib. I had insisted

so much on wanting to be more than an observer that the officer in charge finally asked: "Sergeant can you fire a 50 caliber machine gun?" I replied: "Yes, sir." Actually I had never fired a machine gun in my life. Nor in fact, ever set feet in a bomber. But I thereupon became a waist gunner.

Not until our B-24 was well over the Bismarck Sea, did I confide my 50 caliber ignorance to the other waist gunner. He just shrugged and said he would tell me what to do. I had assumed I was flying with a veteran crew with several combat missions under its belts. "Hell, no," said the other gunner, "This is a pickup crew. The only guy with any combat is the copilot."

He further unnerved me by saying that the last B-24 that had flown this mission, a week ago, had radioed back that it had spotted a Japanese ship -- and was never heard from again.

About mid-afternoon our bomber crew spotted a Japanese ship -- a big, plump freighter heading south. We went in for a bomb run, dropping two of our four 500-pound bombs. As we did so anti-aircraft tracers and shell bursts began to fill the sky, rocking us with concussions. The briefing officer had said to drop the bombs ahead and to the right, as enemy ships tended to veer right. Well, this ship veered left.

As we wheeled around in the sunny sky for another pass, the other waist gunner yelled and pointed out the open window. There, in formation, were several Japanese planes, in greenish khaki with red circles on their wings and sides. Three were two-engine bombers and they headed away.

But the other four were Zero fighters, more maneuverable than any other plane going -- especially our big, lumbering B-24. They split up and darted into positions well

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FALL IN

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

JOE A. CHARFAURDS, 5351 Pierce Av, Ft Lewis, WA 98433, 206-964-1802, RANGER; 75/2 BN

CECIL D. COGHILL, 14 N Ridgeland, Oak Park, IL 60302, 5332 BDE HQ CO.

BENNY QUINTERO, PO Box 311, Leipsic, OH 45856, 124th; 475th

outside both our wing tips. I prepared to meet my maker.

Over the intercom, our pilot shouted, he was going to run for cover among the big fluffy clouds, but to keep firing short bursts of tracer bullets ahead of the Zeros. We twisted and turned through one cloud after another, but they stayed right with us, like flies around a garbage wagon. Then they began banking in, one at a time, to try head-on passes with guns blazing. Each broke off his turn above or below our tracers.

Suddenly, after many terrifying minutes of these attacks, my gun jammed. Only one Zero was left, on my side. The other waist gunner scurried around to find a screwdriver to pry loose the shell. And the Zero edged closer and closer. Now I could see the pilot's white scarf and brown face. He was obviously aware of our plight and preparing for the kill. Agonizing minutes dragged by.

Finally, the waist gunner found a screwdriver. After some fumbling, he managed to pull out the stuck shell. I tried the gun, and those lovely tracers arched out toward the Zero. The Japanese pilot promptly banked to the right and flew away -- I believe only because he was low on fuel. The battle was over.

As we streaked for home and safer skies, the other waist gunner pointed just above my head. There was a hole in the windowsill made by a 20-millimeter shell. I shuddered, but took comfort from knowing I had learned to put tracer bullets ahead of a moving target.

Not long after that, I became a gunner again in going on a PT boat mission with a squadron led by the famous Commander Bulkeley, who had taken MacArthur out of the Philippines. His principal mission then was to interdict small vessels trying to sneak across the Bismarck Sea from New Britain by night with more troops and supplies for enemy forces on New Guinea. The Commander asked whether I could fire a Browning Automatic Rifle; he said everybody aboard must shoot at the enemy boats. I not only had never fired a BAR, but had found it too heavy even to hold comfortably. But I replied, "Of course, sir."

It was a moonless night, and we ran into a whole flotilla of the enemy boats. As we raced in full-

speed on pass after pass, I emptied two clips at their dark shapes. We set afire and sank several of them.

When it came time for MacArthur's first major landing operation of the war, to capture the stronghold of Lae in New Guinea, I moved in on the Army's amphibious engineers, whose boats would lead the way. That way, I could reach the beach faster than the civilian war correspondents and see more of the action. There was plenty to report.

While we didn't meet much ground resistance at the beach head, because we landed up the coast from Lae, our landing forces took a heavy pounding from Japanese planes. They came in waves, with high-level bombing attacks and low-level strafing and dive-bombing attacks. Two of our LCI landing craft foundered afire on the beach as the third wave rolled in.

Watching all this from jungle cover just off the landing beach, I caught a tiny bit of shrapnel in my

face near an eye and went to a beachhead clinic for treatment. The medic told me that if I stayed overnight, I could get a Purple Heart.

But I was eager to get back to a fast advancing front, so said, "No thanks," and rushed to catch up with the war. I soon joined up with the Australian 9th Infantry Division that was spearheading one side of a two-pronged attack on Lae. The Aussies noted my eyepatch and promptly dubbed me "the one-eyed Yank."

In the final 18 months of the war, I wound up in Burma where bitter fighting was in process to open what would be history's first road and oil pipeline between India and China. There I set out to use the same sort of what's now called participatory journalism. And luck was with me from my very first day in New Delhi, where I had to check in with Allied Headquarters.

Scarcely had I arrived at the Hotel Imperial than I got a

(Continued on page 4)

PASS IN REVIEW

Name & Hometown (Where Known), Organization, Where, When Deceased.

- EDWARD BLOCK**, 3517 W 80th St., Chicago, IL 60652, 312-476-6904; 5307/2/Co. F., 1970.
- PAUL E. COLVIN**, 5809 N Park Rd., Hixson, TX 37343, 615-875-6274; 5307/2/BCT., November 17, 1994.
- JOHN F. DORAN**, Rt. 1, Box 160, Dwight, IL 60420, 815-584-3088; 5307/3, 475, April 10, 1959.
- WILLIAM FARLEY**, 3069 Grace St., W Melbourne, FL 32904; 20 GH, September 18, 1994.
- SIMPLICIO GONZALEZ**, 475th, 1970s.
- WILLIAM H. GROCHOWSKY**, 324 E 8th, Newton, KS 67114-2708; 5307/33 QM PK TR, September 30, 1944.
- C. B. HAMILTON**, Rt. 2, Box 51, West, MS 39192; 289-2295; 5307/1/RCT/1&R; 475/1/HQ., September 17, 1994.
- JAMES HASWELL**, 60841 Webb Hgts Rd., Shadyside, OH 43947; 475/2, 33 QM PK TR., February 18, 1994.
- RUBEN HEWITT**, 2213 Village Dr., Caro, MI 48723-9222; 5307/2, 475/1, PO Report, November 1993.
- JOSEPH P. HUTCHISON**, 860 Austin Ave., Akron, OH 44306; 5307/2/GCT, October 25, 1994.
- CHRISTIAN KNEIPP**, 3112 Brown Pl., N. Versailles, PA 15137; 5307/1/WCT/HQ/HW/S/SGT., September 29, 1994.
- RUSSELL MISZNER**, 412 Iowa, La Porte City, IA 50651, 319-342-2798; 475/3/HQ/K-9, September 22, 1994.
- EDWARD MYERS**, 703 Newton Ave., Barrington, NJ 08007; 5307/HQ/MP, 502/C Co., October 1994.
- WILLIAM SHOEMAKER**, 1480 Warren Rd., Cleveland, OH 44107; 5307/2, PO, November 94 issue.
- THOMAS J. SPIKER**, 2431 Damman #D202, Midland, MI 48640, 835-6868; 5307/3/1/CO; 475/3/1., December 1993
- LEOPOLD TURENNE**, PO Box 481, 28 Ridge Rd., Slatersville, RI 02876; 5307/1/HQ/HW MG; 475/1/HQ/HW/MG, November 15, 1994.

telephone call from Colonel James Warner Bellah, an American Public Relations officer for Admiral Mountbatten, Commander of Allied Forces in Southeast Asia.

"Richardson," said Bellah, "I have one of the great stories of the war for you." I hurried over, still unpacked. He told me of a new elite American regiment, made up entirely of volunteers raised by order of President Roosevelt himself, to undertake "a hazardous mission in Asia." That mission, Bellah said, was to penetrate deep behind Japanese lines in Northern Burma to put in road blocks and otherwise harass the enemy so as to speed up the lagging offensive of General Stilwell's Chinese forces.

That American outfit soon was to be known as Merrill's Marauders. Many of its volunteers, I soon discovered, already had fought the Japanese in New Guinea and the Solomons. They made up a remarkable mix of farm boys, street-smart city boys, Sioux Indians, Nisei interpreters, West Pointers, Harvard eggheads, Army renegades and mules. The force would be expendable. There would be no replacements.

As an eager young journalist, I jumped at the chance to join the Marauders -- my biggest challenge ever. Within weeks, my 124 pound frame somehow bore a 30-pound pack, carbine, grenades, camera, film and notebooks, on a series of forced marches and pitched battles. Until then, I had not walked much, but at least, I had been a cross-country runner.

In the months that followed, we walked several hundred miles through jungle and elephant grass behind enemy lines while engaging in five battles. We depended entirely on air drops for supplies and ammunition -- there were no helicopters then. We sometimes subsisted for days on end on nothing but K-rations, which were designed only for short-term emergency use.

Many of us lost teeth to bad nutrition and rudimentary dental work. Disease claimed more casualties among us by far than Japanese fire -- malaria, dysentery, typhus, and many others.

The Marauder mission climaxed with a tortuous climb over the saw-toothed ridges of a 6,000 foot high Kumon mountain range. This

enabled us to take the enemy completely by surprise by swooping down and capturing their main airstrip at Myitkyina.

If I played any significant role in the Marauder Mission, it certainly was not through any prowess with a weapon. I felt at time like a mascot. But I voluntarily spent more time with the Marauders than I did with any other outfit in my three years of covering the war. And my editors were delighted that I did so.

My next exercise in armed journalism was in the first American tank action on the Asian continent -- a particularly good story because this tank outfit came not from the armored training at Fort Knox but from mess halls and orderly rooms of Army units in India and Burma, where it was recruited and trained by a colorful old tanker named Colonel Rothwell Brown.

When I first turned up in the Colonel's hut, he was still so short-handed for volunteers that he welcomed my request to serve as a bow gunner. Who was I to admit that my only experience with a 50-caliber machine gun was for a matter of minutes on one bomber mission.

From the Colonel's office, I quickly sneaked into my first Sherman tank getting another bow gunner, a former Army cook, to show me where everything was how to use it. I had hoped for a spot in a rear tank to hide my inexperience. So you can imagine my trepidations when told the very morning of the battle that the gunner in the command tank had diarrhea, and that I would take his place -- first into action.

Soon we were bouncing toward Japanese position across a broad field, followed by Chinese Infantry on foot. It seemed wonderfully safe, compared with the foxholes, to look through a slit at the outside world -- until shells and bullets began twanging against the tank and the commander reported antitank guns ahead with shells that could go right through our

metal.

The Commander had ordered me to keep pumping short bursts into the low bush to keep the enemy's heads down. Then he quickly shouted fresh orders to look for orange flashes because they would be the antitank guns. When I spotted one, I was to shout an alert, then concentrate my tracers on the position to pinpoint it so the cannoner could blast it with our big gun.

Trouble was, I was so inexperienced in my first tank action that I could not keep my eyes from blinking as hot shellcases spewed forth from my gun. But there was an orange flash, and I hollered, swung the gun and fired a long burst, hoping blindly to be somewhere close. From then on everything seemed a blur.

Next day, in a jungle clearing, Colonel Brown held a debriefing on the battle. he had watched it all from an L-5 flying overhead. "Who was the bow gunner in the lead tank?" he asked. I weakly raised my hand, worried over what goof I had pulled -- like maybe shooting some of our own Chinese Infantry.

"Nice work, sergeant," he said, "you helped us locate and wipe out an antitank gun." I thanked him, declining to reveal that my eyes were probably closed at the time.

DIET TIPS

1. If no one sees you eat it - it has no calories.
2. If you drink a diet cola with a candy bar - they cancel each other out.
3. When eating with someone else - calories don't count if you both eat the same thing.
4. Food used for medicinal purposes NEVER count, such as: Hot Chocolate, Brandy, Toast and Sara Lee Cheesecake.
5. Movie related foods don't count, such as: Milk Duds, Popcorn with Butter and Junior Mints. They are part of the entertainment not personal fuel.
6. If you fatten up everyone else around you, you will look thinner.

LOST, STRAYED OR WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THESE GUYS?

(Mail returned by PO as unknown)

JOHN J. FARINA, PO Box 5493, Lighthouse Pt., FL 33074.

JAMES F. RUSSELL, 3425 NE TH PL, Renton, WA 98055.

LOUIS KENDER, 2524 East 86th St., Cleveland, OH 44104.

HEADQUARTERS 475TH INFANTRY

APO 218
16 October 1944GENERAL ORDERS)
:
NUMBER 9)

AWARD OF COMBAT INFANTRYMAN BADGE

1. Under the provisions of WD Circular No. 186, dated 11 May 1944, Combat Infantryman's Badge is awarded the following officers and enlisted men of this organization effective as of 20 February 1944, for exemplary conduct in action against the enemy during the North Burma Campaign. All officers and enlisted men indicated by an asterisk (*) hereon are authorized this award effective as of 1 June 1944.

APOSTALOKAS, James, 31290362, Pvt. *
 ASKEW, Olin D., 34200705, T/Sgt.
 BAILEY, Thurman Jr., 35630437, Pvt. *
 BALDWIN, Henry E., 7005853, Pfc.
 BARRINEAU, Mose C., 34543583, Pvt.
 BLOMBERG, Clarence P., 17005019, Pfc. *
 BORDERS, Lewis Jr., 31193342, T/5.
 BOSTICK, Bruce B., 34666879, Pvt. *
 BRACCIO, Arthur, 32736179, Pfc.
 BREault, Abraham, 36339031, Pfc.
 CAUBLE, Earl D., 34187375, Sgt.
 CHAN, Robert J., 0-1321994, 1st Lt. *
 CHESBRO, Frederick B., 12002752, S/Sgt.
 CLARK, Harold C., 19020789, S/Sgt.
 COLOMBO, Anthony C., 32708385, Pvt.
 CONNER, Bryant L., 0-1321399, 1st Lt. *
 DAUBERSPECK, Allen R., 6377355 T/4 *
 DEROUIN, William G., 31324119 T/5 *
 DIDLER, Joseph T., 34152331, Pvt. *
 ELLIS, Leroy C., 37028069, Pfc.
 ELSON, Overille K., 20506738, Pvt.
 FAIRCHILD, Sam E., 0-347615, Capt.
 FAULKNER, Duane E., 31325108, Pfc.
 FEDERLINE, John R., 0-362611, Capt.
 FEILER, Donald C., 20649015, Pvt.
 FISHER, George Jr., 20506472, Pfc.
 GABBETT, Michael F., 6981255, M/Sgt.
 GETTER, Robert E., 0-347457, Lt. Col.
 GETZ, Seymore, 35008175, Pfc. *
 GIBSON, Joe Jr., 38274568, T/5.
 GIGUERE, Roland H., 31005529, Cpl.
 GOFF, Estell Jr., 35725590, Sgt.
 GRAY, Harold, 20145452, Pvt.
 GRIFFIN, John D. Jr., 0-1170760, 2nd Lt. *
 HAIN, Ralph E., 33586340, Pfc. *
 HALL, James, 13017562, Pvt.
 HARNEY, Patrick J., 32174023, Pfc. *
 HARROLD, Arthur K., 0-334828, Maj. *
 HAZLETT, William H., 20304887, Pvt. *
 HEATH, Roscoe, 20606425, Pfc.
 HOLCOMB, Fred, 6986649, Pvt.
 HOLDEN, Reuben A., 0-453059, Capt. *
 HOLMES, Lawrence, 35697808, Pfc. *
 HUTCHINGS, Wade W., 35392680, Pvt.
 JAMES, Charles E., 35697202, Pvt.
 JARJOURA, Mitchell, 0-1312935, 2nd Lt. *
 JOHNSON, Caifson, 0-337085, Lt. Col.
 JONES, John M., 0-338547, Maj.
 KEELER, Charles H., 35016169, Pfc.
 KELLY, Garwin C., 14020438, Cpl.
 KOSEK, Walter T., 31298553, Pfc.
 KRASA, Frank J., 33270561, T/5.
 KRETCHMAR, Harold H., 37623874, Pvt. *

* New

Letters

TO THE EDITOR

Mini Meals to Go

I am starting to feel the effects of sleeping on the damp ground. Too bad we did not have air mattresses. During WW II, the government confiscated sugar cubes (shortage) made for major hotels throughout the country. Before we opened our K Rations, we would wonder where we would be eating that day. On the sugar cubes wrapper would be the name of a hotel. I remember eating at a hotel in Chicago and also New York. That is a real combat story to go along with chewing the same piece of gum all day long. Charles E. Beck 4642 Monroe St., Riverside, CA 92504, 909-689-7238; 5307/3, OCT/L Co.

EDITOR

I recently read where Elsie Sours, a Nurse at 20th GF celebrated her 90th Birthday. I just finished writing to her and sent along my congratulations. It has been a long time since Myitkyina. I always remind Elsie that she would not let me into her ward until I took a shower. I went across the street as ordered and took the damn shower even though I thought my head would fall off. When that Jap shot me, it knocked my helmet off and the bullet took a piece of my head - close call. C William Johnson, N1 Klamath Dr. La Conner WA 98257, 5307/2/H Co 475/1/D.

EDITOR

In May of 1944, I was part of the 5307th. I saw combat for the Battle of Myitkyina from July 1st to the time of the Capture of the City around August 5th. I was later with the 475th, Company G, 2nd Battalion in the Battle of Central Burma around Lashio. In January of '45 I was with the 475th in Northern Burma where we fought for a month under the Command of Captain Gordy and later in 1945 with the HQ Co, Chinese Combat Command. Thaddeus J Wrotecki, 49 Andres Pl, Cheektowaga NY 14225.

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At one time everybody thought the world was flat. Then they decided it was round. Today we all know it is crooked.

LANAHAN, Robert J., 32893745, Pfc *
LATHAM, Frank O., 6270661, Sgt.
LOWDER, Reece H., 34851892, Pvt. *
MCCRACKEN, Joseph W., 38348050, Pfc.
McLAUGHLIN, George M., 0-1283812
MAFFIA, Dominick D., 7070664, Sgt.
MAHMOOD, Albert, 17107651, Pfc.
MATHIS, Henry, 35507166, T/3.
MATNEY, Thomas H., 13018166, Pvt.
MEYER, Vernon J., 35866773, Pfc. *
MILLHOLLAN, Lloyd F. Jr., 0-329852, Maj. *
MOLL, James M., 36155140, Pfc. *
MORENO, Melquiades, M., 38214639, T/5.
NEALON, Frederick J., 20149772, Pvt.
NICHOLSON, William E., 35697001 *
ORTH, Franklin L., 0-307198, Lt. Col.
PAIN, Joseph A., 33288044, Pvt.
PERRY, John G., 38128686, Pfc.
PHILIPP, Ben L., 38244476, T/5
PHLEEGER, Robert A., 16150361, Pfc.
PIRRE, Salvatore, J., 31324473, Pfc. *
RASMUSSEN, Roland W., 12179998, Pvt.
RIEGER, Horace N., 37513560, Pvt.
REHDER, Raymond M., 37465617, Pfc.
ROSALES, Pedro V., 38214737, T/5
RUSH, Ivan, 20504456, Pfc.
SCHAFER, Thomas B., 36444464, Pvt. *
SHELL, William R., 0-1321336, 1st Lt. *
SCHMIDT, Richard P., 7025941, T/Sgt.
SHERMAN, Joseph R., 15084501, T/5
SIEBER, Albert, 42015363, Pvt. *
SILVERMAN, Morton A., 33777428, Pvt.
SIMPSON, Richard E., 32026718, T/Sgt.
SONNIER, Claudie, 14042577, S/Sgt. *
STIETZLER, Edward L., 12014174, Pfc.
SULLIVAN, Timothy, 31296410, Pfc *
SUSJNER, Milton, 13131539 Pfc.
SYSKO, Chester L., 32810564, Pfc. *
THIBEDEAUX, Theodore P., 38380449, Pfc.
TRAVIS, Walter V., 36453877, Pvt. *
TRIMNER, Frank J., 37273752, T/5
WALTERS, Martin J., Jr., 0-454133, 1st Lt. *
WEENINK, Virgil A., 0-1321722, 1st Lt. *
WILDON, Harold J., 31019484, Pvt.
WELSH, Philip E., 0-1321456, 1st Lt. *
WHITE, William C., 15041417, Pvt.
WILLINGS, Oliver E., 36456437, T/5

AWARD OF EXPERT INFANTRYMAN BADGE

2. Under the provisions of WD Circular No. 186, dated 11 May 1944, Expert Infantryman's Badge is awarded the following officers and enlisted men of this organization effective as of 20 February 1944, for satisfactory conduct in action against the enemy during the North Burma Campaign. All officers and enlisted men indicated by asterisk (*) hereon are authorized this award effective as of 1 June 1944.

CLARK, Earl H., 0-1322521, 1st Lt *
JELKINS, William H., 38516582, Pvt *
NELSON, Willard C., 0-1289783, Capt.

3. So much of Paragraph 1, General Orders Number 3, this headquarters, dated 25 August 1944, as pertains to **WOJG Harold W. YOUNG**, W-2109358 is rescinded.

4. So much of Paragraph 4, General Orders Number 5, this headquarters, dated 15 September 1944 as pertains to **Pvt. Max M. BOOKNER**, 6908112 is rescinded and the following substituted therefore:

Officers Row

PRESIDENT - Phil Piazza

Went to Washington, DC, to attend General Taylor's Retirement Ceremony at the Pentagon. Visited Ft. Bragg for four days for the Dedication of the new Special Forces HQ and the rededication of the Units Memorial Stones, including the Marauder one, which were moved from the JFK Plaza to the new plaza in front of HQ. Logan Weston is doing a fine job on the upcoming reunion. We have been to Asheville twice. It is a beautiful facility and they are completely remodeling it.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Ray Lyons

Correction: In Peter Faggion's story on page 11, November issue, B/N, he cited his squad leader, S/Sgt. Charley Yinger. I misspelled Yinger. Sorry, Charley!

Note the letter from John Easterbrook about the Stilwell Museum, in Chongqing, China. There was a news article about this museum in the NY Times International Section on December 20, 1994. It appears that we are indebted to Mrs. Nancy Stilwell Easterbrook for her insistence that our service in the CBI should be noted in a section of this museum. They are looking for donations of service mementos to place in this museum. As we go to press, we have heard that a Chinese Government official presently at Boston University will accompany a museum official to meet with Dave Quaid the first week in January to discuss what items we have available that they might be interested in presenting.

TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS -

We have been in touch with a Historian interested in WW II Veterans and particularly members of the Merrill's Marauders Association, living in Tennessee. He wants to get together with you men so that he can obtain your oral history on video. He has also promised to make a copy available to Dave Quaid, our unit historian, so that it can be added to our official history. He suggests having a coffee get-together in Central Tennessee so that he can accomplish this, perhaps in mid-February. His name and address is: Robert E. Daniel, PO Box 422,

AWARD OF COMBAT INFANTRYMAN BADGE

Under the provisions of WD Circular No. 186, dated 11 May 1944, Combat Infantrymen's Badge is awarded the following named enlisted man of this organization effective 20 February 1944, for exemplary conduct in action against the enemy during the North Burma Campaign.

BOOKNER, Max M., 6908112, Sgt.

By Order of Colonel EASTERBROOK

EDWIN A. ROTHSCHILD,
1st Lt., Infantry
Adjutant

OFFICIAL:
T. J. DALTON
WOJG, USA,
Ass't Adjutant

HEADQUARTERS 475TH INFANTRY

A.P.O. 218,
4 November 1944

GENERAL ORDERS)
:
NUMBER 10)

Awards of the Purple Heart Medal	Section I
Amendments to General Orders - Awards	II

I. AWARDS OF THE PURPLE HEART MEDAL:

Under the provisions of par 16, AR 600-45, dated 22 September 1943 and par 2c, Cir #55, Hq, USAF, CBI, APO 885, dated 29 May 1944, the O's and EM indicated below are awarded the Purple Heart Medal for wounds and injuries, sustained on date indicated, in combat against the enemy in the North Burma Campaign:

- JAMES D. HOLLAND**, 0437478, Captain, Inf. - 11 June 1944; Hq & Hq Co 3 Bn
- JORDAN J. ADKINS**, 01312264, 1st Lt., Inf. - 15 June 1944; Hq & Hq Co 3 Bn
- PAUL T. INGLE**, 0516480, 1st Lt., Inf. - 29 July 1944; Co G
- LEE M. NELSON**, 01312971, 1st Lt., Inf. - 29 July 1944; Hq & Hq Co 3 Bn
- WORTH E. RECTOR**, 6929880, 1st Sgt. - 7 June 1944; Co E
- WILLIAM F. DONALDSON**, 6965352, T/Sgt. - 2 July 1944; Hq & Hq Co 3 Bn
- HENRY J. OOKMAN**, 34150403, S/Sgt. - 8 June 1944; Co I
- HARRY G. SARDELLA**, 32766321, S/Sgt. - 5 August 1944; Co K
- LEWIS E. DAY, JR.**, 6152446, T/4 - 14 June 1944; Co I
- DWIGHT D. EMERSON**, 36436065, T/5 - 14 March 1944; 1 Bn Medic
- ANTONIO CAVAZOS**, 38555603, Pfc. - 22 June 1944; Co L
- LEE F. COUNCIL**, 33501264, Pfc. - 28 June 1944; Co G
- HUBERT E. HATFIELD**, 6573533, Pfc. - 11 June 1944; Co L
- VINCENT A. MANISCALCO**, 31314416, Pfc. - 12 June 1944; Co K
- ANTHONY J. YASHINSKI**, 31314783, Pfc. - 13 June 1944; Co L
- LAWRENCE E. WEHRLY**, 37335137, Pvt. - 1 August 1944; Co L

II. AMENDMENTS OF GENERAL ORDERS - AWARDS

1. So much of Sec. I, GO #8, this Hq cs, dated 15 October 1944, as pertains to award of Purple Heart Medal to **HOWARD J. HOCKETT**, 16131122, S/Sgt., Hq & Hq Co 3 Bn, is hereby revoked.
2. So much of Sec. I, GO #8, this Hq cs, dated 15 October 1944, as pertains to award of Purple Heart Medal to **PAUL H. McGRATH**, 35790430, Pfc., Hq & Hq Co 2 Bn, is hereby revoked.

By order of Colonel EASTERBROOK:

EDWIN A. ROTHSCHILD,
1st Lt., Infantry,
Adjutant

OFFICIAL:
T. J. DALTON
WOJG, USA

Shelbyville, TN 37160, 615-684-7728. We would like to have your recollections in our history and this appears to be a good way to get it.

Ben Suriano, 4 Apple St., Edison, NJ 08817, 5307; 475 advises that he has obtained 20 Ranger/Merrill's Marauders watches. Anyone interested send him \$34 to cover his costs.

We have obtained a supply of the Combat Infantryman Badge Belt Buckle that you may have noted that I wear. They can be purchased from my MM supplies for \$15.00.

"The Marsmen in Burma," by John Randolph, which covers the activities of all units of the 5332nd Brigade, 475th, 124th, 612th and 613th, has been republished. We have ordered copies for resale to our membership. At this time, we will sell them for \$25.00. This is the Fourth Edition to be printed and it is not likely that there will be any future editions. So, think about the person (or local library) you would like to have a copy and put your order in now. We intend to sell them at the Chicago reunion also.

We are completely out of copies of "The Merrill's Marauders War in Burma, Volume I." Dave Quaid and I will in due course come up with an amended copy, second edition. Anyone who has found an error in General Order #3 or #5, please let us know promptly so we can correct before sending to printer.

A note from Shelby Tucker, England, to the effect that the movie, "Merrill's Marauders" was shown on BBC on Sunday night, December 11, 1994.

HISTORIAN - Dave Quaid
Will be going on the Burma Trip and promise to take pictures.

REUNION CHAIRMAN
Logan Weston
At the Sept. 1-3, 1995, Merrill's Marauders Association Reunion scheduled at Asheville, NC, and hosted by "The Great Smokies Holiday Inn Sun Spree Resort," we are providing the following amenities:

Each room is equipped with individually controlled heat-air conditioning, phone, color TV, coffee maker, hair dryer, small refrigerator, comfortable beds,
(Continued on page 8)

shower and free parking for family vehicles. Most rooms provide majestic views of mountain scenery, or the beautiful 18 hole golf course. A large percentage of the rooms are at ground level. The resort also provides tennis courts, volley ball courts, swimming pools, a children's indoor play room and newly renovated lounge areas and snack bars.

Off grounds eating places exist in abundance, and handicap parking areas are available, but the requirement should be specified when the reservation is made.

The Asheville-Henderson Airport is about 15 miles distant and is served by American, U.S. Air, and Delta Airlines. Airport limo service is available for a fee of \$15.00. Plans are underway for the in-house capability, less expensive rate. Details will be announced in the next Burman News.

The following sightseeing tours are only minutes away from the Inn.

Biltmore Estates: This mansion, consisting of 250 rooms, is unparalleled anywhere. This largest private home, constructed from 1887 to 1895, is laden with over 50,000 artworks and artifacts from all over the world. The Estate consists of 8,000 acres, houses 10 acres of flower gardens, a 3,000 sq. ft. winery and wine shop. Admission price is \$25.00; can be obtained for \$20 providing a group of 20 or more people are reserved.

The Folk Art Center: Displays 30,000 sq. ft. of the finest traditional mountain and contemporary American crafts.

Chimney Rock Park: Provides 1,000 acres of mountain scenery, forest, water falls and lakes. A 26 story elevator is available to take visitors to the top of the rock cliff from where you can see for miles. A camera is essential.

Other inspiring attractions include:

The 36,000 Cherokee Indian Reservation: Providing hundreds of attractions, and its outdoor drama entitled, "Unto These Hills," telling the story in Indian fashion of Tribal Life dating from 1500.

The Farmers Market.

The Blue Ridge Parkway.

The Thomas Wolfe House and so many other interesting sights, and activities that you will just want to stay in Asheville.

Dave Quaid has agreed to be the

Reunion Speaker on Friday night. Mrs. Avery will chair a reception committee available to greet arriving conventionites.

Ranger Column

**Best Ranger Competition
Ft. Benning, GA**

April 28-29-30 - May 1, 1995

Anyone interested in attending the Competition, which is the Ranger Olympics, and really something to see, please contact Phil Plaza as I must make reservations for the various activities. There will be competitions by teams, including Rappelling, Prussik Climb, Canoeing, Weapons Firing, Parachuting, running the Confidence Course (previously known as the Obstacle Course). It will end on Monday with a Terrific Rangers In Action Demonstration and the impressive Awards Ceremony.

We will be staying at the La Quinta Motor Inn on Macon Rd., Exit 4 on IR 185, the Expressway into Ft. Benning. There is a Denny's Restaurant next door, a Shone's across the road, and another steak house next door. The restaurant supplies a sumptuous continental breakfast. Reservations for the hotel should be made by you direct. Toll free number 800-531-5900. Make sure you tell them you are with the Merrill's Marauders group. I have blocked out 15 rooms, but from the contacts I am getting, we will need more. So, make sure you let me know if you plan to attend. I will keep you informed on precise details. Please do not expect return long distance calls, as there are too many. But, I will write. The airport is right in the city, only a few minutes from the hotel and for those driving it's right alongside the Interstate.

The Ranger Rendezvous 1995

UPDATE

We recently listed the death of a Dan L. Thrapp, Tucson, AZ. He was a Lt. in the 475/3 Bn. And, also a noted writer on Southwestern history. His first book written in 1964 was - Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts. Others were "The Conquest of Apacheria," "Juh, An Incredible Apache." Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography. He wrote 12 books in all. We are indebted to Tiny Bouchard for the intelligence work.

will be conducted July 14-19 and will include deploying the entire regiment to Ft. Benning. The current schedule:

14 July - Regimental Airborne Operation.

15 July - Night Weapons Competition, Ranger Social at Harmony Church.

16 July - Day Weapons Competitions, Sports Competitions.

17 July - Regimental Mass PT, Ranger Wives Luncheon, Hall of Fame Induction; Informal Awards Banquet (Lawson Field).

18 July - Rangers in Action Demonstration (RTB Hurley Hill), Hall of Fame Plaque Unveiling (RTB - Ranger Training Brigade).

19 July - Regimental Change of Command.

All Ranger Veterans and Merrill's Marauders Association members are invited to participate.

GRANDPARENTS STORIES FROM GREG RESCH

"We're writing this slow, 'cause we know you can't read real fast. We don't live where we did when you left. We read in the paper where most accidents happen within 20 miles of home, so we moved. This place has washing machine. The first day, I put four shirts in it. I pulled the chain and haven't seen them since. It only rained twice this week - three days, the first time and four days the second time. The coat you wanted me to send you - your Aunt Sue said it would be too heavy to send in the mail with the big buttons. So we cut them off and put them in the pocket. We got a bill from the funeral home, saying, "If we didn't make the last payment on Great Grandma's funeral bill, up she comes." Your Uncle John fell in the whiskey vat. Some men tried to pull him out, but he fought them off playfully and drowned. We cremated him and he burned for three days. Three of your friends went off the bridge in a pickup truck, one was driving, the other two were in the back. The driver got out. He rolled down the window and swam to safety. The other two drowned because they couldn't get the tailgate down. There's not much more news this time. Nothing much has happened. We'll write more later. Love, Grandma, Grandpa, Your Grandparents. S.. We were going to send you some money but we already had this sealed

Sharing the Story

MORE ON THE BILL HENDERSON STORY

I was not one of the wounded taken by horse by that medic you mentioned. I was taken on a stretcher by two men from OCT. They came up the trail while fighting was still going on. The Japs were retreating on the other side of the perimeter. I was put on a stretcher, given a Tommy Gun and told I was the guard while they carried me down to the make shift airstrip in the rice paddies. My middle name is Paul not Pete. See you in Chicago. Bill Henderson, PO Box 221, Warsaw NY 14569, 5307/2/GCT/B.

33RD QM PACK TROOP PROBLEMS ENROUTE

I enlisted in the Army on August 13, 1942, young and foolish with ideals. In August of 1943, I was in the 252nd Remount at El Paso TX. That was when I heard that the 33rd QM PK TR was going overseas. So I got a transfer and had to take a reduction in grade from Corporal to PFC because there was not place in the Table of Organization for a Corporal.

Lt Albert Higgins was our Commanding Officer. We left Fort Bliss for New Orleans October 10, 1943. We boarded the JOSE NAVARRO, November 1, 1943. This is where I became acquainted with many of my buddies that I went through hell with twice. Most of us went through the Marauders campaign to Myitkyina. Then with Mars Task Force to Lashio.

We left for overseas on Nov 15, 1945. We were on that Liberty ship 57 days before we were torpedoed at 4:15 AM, Dec 27, 1943. When the torpedo hit I was in the top cot 5 high, sound asleep. I lit on my feet between the cots. I could smell burning oil. As I started up the ladder, I realized that I had no shirt on. I ran back to my cot and got it. As I was running down the deck to my station, which was down a well in the back of the ship, I ran through smoke and fire, and slippery oil. My job was to put shells on a hoist for the gun in the stern. Oh how I hated to go down in that hold as the ship was sinking. The torpedo knocked out the partition between #1 and #2 holds. There are only five holds in

a Liberty ship. You can not imagine the relief I felt when they blew "Abandon Ship!" I came up that ladder a lot faster than I went down. I can still almost smell the burning oil, as I hurried along the ship looking for a life boat. I slid down about six ropes of a pulley that was used to lower the life boat to the water. I cut all the ropes to release the life boat from the ship, as I was the last one in the life boat. After daylight came, I saw there was a pin I could have pulled to release all the ropes at once.

There were about 40 sailors, 40 merchant marines, and between 80 and 110 soldiers who were survivors. You can imagine what it was like with sixteen foot long oars with some in oar locks and others not. One time the oars would be ten feet in the water and the next time would miss altogether, because of the high waves. That same evening they put another torpedo in the ship and sunk it the rest of the way. We could hear it going under our life boats.

We split up then so they could not machine gun us! I don't know for sure how long we were separated, but we were back together the next morning. There were about eight life boats. I remember seeing sharks with a little pilot fish near it's head swim right under our boat. I also saw a sword fish.

One of our boats had a motor. So they headed for an island, but the motor caught fire and made it useless. That may have been a good thing because that was a leper island. I never got sea sick all the days on the ship, but it was all I could do to keep from heaving in the life boat. What it felt like to me was some one was shoving the boat up the roof of a house and then all of a sudden pushing it off the end. Then just as we were about to hit bottom something would slam against the bottom of the boat and start pushing us up again over and over!

A person has a lot of things go through your mind when you are in a situation like that. I think many of us thought this is the end! We were at a time when our country could not spend much time looking for us. The tide of war was not in our favor at this time.

This was in the Arabian Sea that we were sunk. The sharks must have had a good meal of over three

hundred mules.

Here are some of the things Bernie Beiker remembered about being sunk. This was after we were in the life boats. "The evening of 27th of December, 1943, we had ten life boats. We heard a funny noise under our life boat. It was a torpedo passing under our life boat and on to hit our ship again, The JOSE NAVARRO, about a mile away.

We had air protection for about one and a half hours after we were hit on the morning of the 27th. After that we didn't see any planes until Dec 28th about 10 AM. They had been looking for us since daylight.

We were packed like sardines on the ship that picked us up. We were a happy bunch. I know that at age 21, things were a lot different than now at 71. Then I carried a 300 radio, walked every step of the way to Myitkyina, Burma. then after having Malaria, was back in on the way to China in the next Campaign. We were really happy to see dry land at Kachin, India, but a lot happier to see the Statue of Liberty on November 3, 1945." Bernard C Bieker, Washington, MO, Hq Co, 3rd Bn, 5307th.

He also told me about when we were in the life boats about 400 miles from India, Thurwood Mayle was hanging over the side of the boat heaving. He said, "I wish someone would shoot me!" He was as sick as any we saw in the life boats.

When we were picked up, I got to keep the sextant and the fishing kit from the life boat. Some nice S.O.B. stole it when we were in combat.

We were picked up on December 29th by a British Corvette, the Rajputana. There was room only on deck for us. So when they started to shoot holes in our life boats with a twenty millimeter antiaircraft gun, it got away from the gunner and sprayed across the wooden deck..... Harold Bengtson,

Tribute to the INFANTRYMAN

The average age of the Infantryman is 19 years, a short-haired, tightly muscled kid who, under normal circumstances, is considered by society as half man, half boy, not yet dry behind the ears, but old enough to die for his country.

(Continued on page 10)

He never really cared much for work and would rather wash his own car than wash his father's, but he's never collected unemployment either.

He's a recent high school graduate and was probably an "average" student pursued some form of sports activities, driven a ten year old jalopy, and has a "steady" girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left or swears to be waiting for him when he returns from half a world away.

He listens to rock and roll music, or jazz, or swing - and 155 mm howitzers.

He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dark. He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less. He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must.

He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional. He can march until told to stop, or stop until he is told to march. He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but is not without spirit or individual dignity.

He is self-sufficient. He has two sets of fatigues, he washes one, wears the other. He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry. He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle. He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothing, and fix his own hurts.

If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you, if you are hungry, his food. He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low.

He has learned to use his hands as weapons and his weapons like they were his hands. He can save your life - or take it - because that is his job. He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay, and still find ironic humor in it all.

He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime. He has stood atop mountains of dead bodies....and helped to create them. He has wept in private and public for his friends who have fallen in combat and is unashamed. Just as did his

father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, he is paying the price for our freedom.

Beardless or not he is no boy. He is the American Fighting Man that has kept this country free for over 200 years. He asks for nothing in return except our friendship...and understanding.

Remember him....always....for he has earned our respect and admiration with his blood.

He is an Infantryman.

By James E Freeland & Chuck Taylor. Submitted by James De Salvo.

ANOTHER HANDCUFFED (?) VOLUNTEER!

I was drafted into the U S Army in March of 1943 and received my basic training at Camp Roberts, California. I was assigned to a casual detachment at Camp Stoneman, CA (Ed.Hey we remember that!) which served to supply replacements for under-strength units going overseas.

After being there for two months doing KP and "chasing prisoners", we were called out to be addressed by a Captain Blue. He said that he wanted us, as "red-blooded Americans", to volunteer for the unit that was going overseas. He said that it would be an extremely dangerous mission but it would be of short duration, after which we would return to the U.S. While I've never considered myself to be a coward, I did not want anything to do with an army unit involved in a dangerous mission. My buddies volunteered, one by one. Soon only **Earl Wolfe from Deerfield MO** was left with me uncommitted. He looked at me. I recall saying, "Wolfe, for cripes' sake, stay here with me!" He hesitated but then volunteered. I then decided it was better to go with my buddies than to remain at that port of embarkation without them. I guess you could say that at that point, I became a Merrill's Marauder.

We sailed to India on the converted luxury liner, SS Lurline. During our training in India, I was assigned to the I and R Platoon, Second Battalion, Blue Combat Team. However, on the very night we were leaving the training camp at Ledo to penetrate the jungles of Burma, it was discovered we did not have enough QM Pack Troopers for all the mules we needed. So, without ever receiving

any training, I became a Muleskinner that night. Frankly, I was glad to get out of the I & R Platoon, because I knew it would be the platoon that would head up the column and therefore be first to engage the enemy. Now I was assigned to Second Bn HQ and a mule that carried supplies for **Captain Henry Stelling, MD.**

On the first night, a pack sergeant helped me load my mule and everything went well. On the second night, I saddled "Jack" and loaded him but things did not go so well. Either I didn't tighten the girth enough or I had an uneven distribution of the weight of the load, or both. Anyway we were not long on the march when the saddle slipped to the mule's underside and away he ran, scattering his load as he galloped down the trail. And then, as if I wasn't having enough trouble already, the pack sergeant came along and chewed me out. After that I quickly learned, for that never happened again.

"A MULE WILL WORK FOR YOU FOR TEN YEARS FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF KICKING YOU ONCE", FAULKNER.

I recall another incident that
(Continued on page 11)

MEMORIAL DAY

He fought the battles years ago,
But some old memories are hard to go
Like sloshing through a jungle rain,
Or struggling up the steep terrain.
Of comrades sharing lonesome years,
With blood and sweat and hidden tears.

He listened to the cannon's roar,
A sound he'd never heard before.
And with bullets in the air,
He bowed his head and said a prayer.
"Dear God, please make this madness cease,
And grant us soon a lasting peace."

Now he's old and still he prays
For other sons, for better days,
So that young men nevermore
Will have to fight another war,
"Dear God, please make all hatred cease,
So we may live in blessed peace."

Ruth Theile, PO Box 349,
Hebron IN 46341-0349

may interest you. It happened when we were making a night time withdrawal from Walawbum and receiving artillery fire. Our trail was a dry stream bed with steep sides. When our route left the bed, we had to exit through a narrow cut, too narrow for the wide load of my mule. I had to fall out of the column and wait until the whole unit had passed through. Then I had to widen the cut with that miserably small spade we all carried on our packs. By the time I had accomplished that, I found myself all alone, knowing only the direction my outfit had gone. Needless to say (but I'll say it anyway), in that darkness I was scared. All I could do was head down the trail and hope to find my unit before the enemy found me. I don't recall how long it took but eventually I caught up with my unit that night.

I was flown out of Burma from Myitkyina with the medics in the last plane load of Marauders. Robert E Yost, 513 First Av, RR1 Box 74, Elwood NE 68937.

WITH THE 5307/2ND BN MEDICS

In the February 1994 issue, a tale in "Sharing the Story" hit a nerve, my nerve. It stated no one left their foxhole.

I was a Medic in the 2nd Bn. During every shelling, we always heard the yell, "Medics! Medics!". This meant four medics and a stretcher went to find the wounded man, bring him back to a foxhole, already prepared, only to wait for the next call.

Never left our foxhole? I even left Nhpum Ga for a day, coming back the next day. I was gone the day they dropped fried chicken.

After our run from Auche to Nhpum Ga, we had some badly wounded men. The day of the chicken drop, that morning, I was asked to take three men tied to the saddles of three riding horses. I thought they were unconscious as they never said a word.

One medic, one carbine, was to deliver these men to the air strip to be evacuated to Ledo. On the trip to the airstrip, I could see from time to time where the Japs had dug in; but luck was with me as I never saw one.

I arrived at the airstrip, in mid-afternoon. We waited for the planes to come but they didn't. In

the morning I found the man with both legs amputated had died.

Nothing was said about what to do after bringing them to the strip. I decided to go back to Nhpum Ga; my mistake. I almost reached Nhpum Ga, when with less than half a mile to go, all hell broke loose. I think it was the fiercest shelling of the fourteen days. Going in, there were at least a dozen tree bursts above our heads. Neither the horses nor I were hit. I tied up the horses and ran for my foxhole. I left there Easter Sunday.

I would like to know the names of the three men brought down on the horses. Is one or both still alive? Another man, my foxhole buddy, he came along with us from Trinidad. Then after Nhpum Ga, I never saw nor heard from him again. His name was Leo Duncan from Lufkin TX. He went by the name of "Bob". I've tried for years to locate him. No luck.

Now the last, there were six of us after we took the airstrip at Myitkyina. The six of us were told to take out a Jap machine gun nest. We staggered around for a while, then when we found a small clearing, we decided we could go no further. We tossed our weapons on a pile, walked a short way, then lay down, face down, in hopes the Japs would find us and kill us. No such luck.

Our own men found us and led us back to the air field.

In the next 30 hours, the Merrill's Marauders were declared unfit for combat duty. All Marauders were flown to Ledo. I was on the last plane to leave. Three enlisted men and five doctors got to Ledo just before dark. With headlights on, we were driven to a hospital in Ledo.

Sorry, just ran out of fight. Paul F Roth, 205 3rd St, Breda IA 51436

LIFE

LIFE IS LIKE A JOURNEY
TAKEN ON A TRAIN,
WITH A PAIR OF TRAVELERS
AT EACH WINDOW PANE.

I MAY SIT BESIDE YOU ALL
THE JOURNEY THROUGH,

OR I MAY SIT ELSEWHERE
NEVER KNOWING YOU;

BUT, IF FATE SHOULD MAKE
ME, TO SIT AT YOUR SIDE,

LET'S BE PLEASANT
TRAVELERS. IT'S SO SHORT A
RIDE.

COURTESY OF AL FEDDER

Letters

EDITOR

The November issue of the B/N states that I am missing. We have been living at the same address for 40 years and I have always received my publication, although it is addressed 1239 instead of 1237. I enjoy the Burman News and look forward to each issue. I am curious to know if there is a specific reason for the Medical Officers attached to the various battalions not being included in the Tables of Organization as written up in the Newsletter.

I am now 81 and have been retired from medicine for 11 years. As I compare myself to others my age, I am in pretty good shape. I have a computer and my Computer User Number is 75047 1465 should anyone care to communicate. Melvin Schudmak, MD 0357424, 1237 Longwood Dr., Baton Rouge, LA 70806, 504-344-1328, 5307/HQ/Surgeon.

EDITOR

In October, my mother, Nancy Stilwell Easterbrook, was in China and spent about a week in Chongqing primarily visiting a couple of the Stilwell schools that are a part of the Stilwell Institute. She was also present when the Secretary of Defense, Dr. Perry, visited the Stilwell Museum to lay a wreath, give a short talk, and tour the museum.

The Museum was dedicated in 1991, and although still in its infancy, has improved steadily over the years. Despite its name, it really is a museum dedicated to the US effort in the CBI during WW II, and not just a museum to the man himself. This year, my mother found that they have begun to divide the museum into sections, one for General Stilwell, one for the Hump, one for the Flying Tigers, etc. However, she also discovered that there is not a section devoted to Merrill's Marauders.

The newly appointed curator of the museum is currently on a tour of small museums in the US and will be visiting my mother. My mother intends to tell her that a section of the museum must be devoted to Merrill's Marauders.

Would the Merrill's Marauders Association be willing to help

(Continued on page 10)

'stock' a portion of the museum and I think generally what they would be looking for would be photographs and small items of memorabilia.

Our commemorative stamp effort continues! We have two members of the Great American Stamp Subcommittee pulling for us. We got 41 signatures on the letter from members of the House of Representatives to the Postmaster General. I am continuing to pursue support from Leon Panetta and Dr. Perry, the SECDEF. We'll keep on pushing it. John Easterbrook, 12454 Dover Ct., Saratoga, CA 95070.

EDITOR

I attended the 14th Inf reunion at Ft Bragg NC and spent time visiting with Greg Resch who gave you my address. I was in the Regular Army ASN16013724. In 1943 we went to Camp Carson CO. It was there we volunteered for a mission that we didn't know about, or where we would be going. We arrived at Bombay and went to a British Army Camp where we formed the 5307th, 1st Bn, I & R Platoon. We were part of every campaign from the time we left Ledo till we took the Airstrip in Myitkyina. I carried a sniper's rifle and a BAR and a 300 SCRADIO. I was a T/5. The Battles and campaigns that I was in were Northern Burma, Central Burma, India-Burma.

We were part of the outfit that helped break through to the 2nd

Bn that was trapped for 14 days, that was known as "Maggot" hill. I am very much interested in contacting some of the guys I served with. **Albert Henry Burchard**, 8731 West Mexico Av, Denver Co 80232-6639, 303-986-1692.

EDITOR

I was a member of the British 36th Division, operating under General Stilwell, down the Railway Corridor and like yourselves we were kept in action for too long in our case, ten months without a break. But the reason I am writing to you is to see if you can help us with any cuttings of the actions around Myitkyina or Mogaung, as we were operating at the same time as yourselves. We were not only in the Forgotten Army but I think we were the Forgotten Division.

About six of us still keep in contact with one another and as I send a copy of our Legion Magazine to a friend in Swansea MA, he sends a copy of yours to me and I wrote to the Editor of your magazine, if he could help us out with any information and he passed your address on to me. If you have any information as to the Burma Campaign, I would be more than thankful. **Eric Midgley**, 1 Store St, Shaw Oldham, Lanis, England, OL 27 TW.

EDITOR

My grandfather, Delbert Lowe, was a member of 5307/2/G Co. I would like to correspond with men

who knew him. I am also a collector of WW II uniforms. I don't think they should be trashed or given to Thrift stores for resale. Any member who would like to sell his uniform or at least have me pay the shipping costs can be sure that we would respect his uniform. Tony Lowe, 9300 Orchard Blvd #222, Midwest City OK 73130

EDITOR

I am researching and writing a Family History. One of the family members was a **Lt James Mc Conville**. I understand he was a member of the 5307th who came in at Myitkyina. He was killed in action on the 28th of July 1944. His remains were not returned to the United States until several years after the war ended. I was only a child at the time but I believe there was a ceremony for him in Cleveland OHIO around 1950. I would like to get in contact with anyone who knew him and the circumstances which led to his death. **Patrick O'Donnell**, Rt 3 Box 3971, Belton TX 76513

EDITOR

I well remember the 504th Light Pontoon Co at Mawlu, where they built the strip, as I was with the 29th Brigade of the 36th Division. Quite a few of your books have been on the shelves of our Public Library and the video of Merrill's Marauders has been on television 2 or 3 times. Yours in friendship, **Eric Midgley**, 1 Store St, Shaw Oldham, Lanis, England, OL 27 TW.



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS ASSOCIATION, INC.

RAYMOND V. LYONS

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