

Iedo WALAWBUM inkangawtaung nhpum-ga shaduzup MYITKYINA



The Burman News



Official publication of Merrill's Marauders Association, Inc.

August, 1999

NASHVILLE REUNION NEWS

When calling the Reunion Hotel for reservations please use this phone number - **1-800-770-0555**

NASHVILLE MARRIOTT AIRPORT

Beautiful resort-like property located on a campus-like 17-acre setting. 399 guest rooms with a Concierge Level, full-service restaurant, room service, plus 14 meeting rooms with over 14,000 sq.ft. of flexible ~~meeting space.~~ Close proximity to airport. Shuttle provided complimentary. Ten minutes from "Downtown" & "Opryland".

Hotel Information

18 floors, 399 rooms, 6 suites
The Room that Works: 85 guest rooms specifically designed for the business traveler.

Executive floor

14 meeting rooms; 14000 sq. ft. total meeting space

Mobile Travel Guide Stars: 3 AAA Diamonds; 4

Check-in: 4:00 PM; Check-out: 12:00 PM

Express Check-out

Pet policy: guide dogs only

Complimentary parking

Facilities & Services

Restaurant (open for breakfast, lunch, dinner)

Room service

Cocktail lounge

Laundry valet

Self service laundry facilities

Concierge services

Gift shop/newstand

Full business center

Nashville Airport Marriott

600 Marriott Drive
Nashville, TN 37214
USA

Phone: 615-889-9300

Fax: 615-889-9315



Area Airports

- Nashville - BNA (5 mi E) Exit 40 West, at Briley Pkwy N. Exit Elm Hill Pike. Turn right at 1st light (Marriott Drive). Hotel is half mile on right.

Secretarial services available
Safe deposit box at front desk
Rental car desk:

Hertz phone in lobby

Guest Room Amenities

Work desk with lamp

Voice mail

Data ports on phone

TV with remote control

Cable/satellite TV

All-news channel

In room movies

Newspaper delivered (Mon-Fri)

Complimentary in-room coffee -

Iron and ironing board

Hairdryer

Cribs available

Restaurants & Lounges

Allie's American Grille

(American) open for breakfast, lunch, dinner

101st Airborne (American, nearby) open for lunch, dinner

New Orleans Manor (Seafood nearby) open for dinner

Ruby Tuesday (American, nearby) open for lunch, dinner

Attractions & Landmarks

Belle Meade Plantation (15 mi)

Country Music Hall of Fame/Music Row (6 mi)

Greer Stadium - Nashville Sounds (8 mi)

Historic 2nd Avenue/Shopping & Entertainment (6 mi)

Opryland Hotel, Grand Ole Opry, General Jackson Show Boat (5 mi)

Kyman/Convention Arena (6 mi)

The Hermitage Plantation (3 mi)

TN Titans - NFL Football (6 mi)

TN Performing Arts Center (6 mi)

Van Vechten Gallery (5 mi)

Sports & Recreation

Indoor and Outdoor pool

Full spa (nearby)

Health club

Whirlpool - Sauna

Jogging (0.5 mi)

Tennis

Sailing (7 mi)

Water-skiing (7 mi)

Jet skiing (7 mi)

Golfing:

Hermitage (18 holes; 3 miles away)

Springhouse (36 holes, 5 miles away)

Legends (36 holes, 20 miles away)

SHARING THE STORY

FROM THE SKY, CAME DEATH
AND DEVASTATION

And we were there!

By Ray Mitchell, Sgt Major,
5307/2 Bn

Let me give you what comes to mind at this time. As I recall, we had several days to get ready for the first bomb run. We placed strips of white parachute material to mark our lines for the planes (didn't help).

Just before the first raid some of the troops began to get nervous, so all troops moved back about 50 yards and you know what happened. The first plane must have started dropping bombs about 100 yards back and walked through our lines. They dropped them perpendicular to our lines. They did not miss any of the center of the Battalion.

Yes, we were sick. Ever try to dig out bodies that have suffocated? Mouths open - full of dirt- eyes open in horror. I don't like even thinking about it. We did get some out alive. Others were blown from their foxholes but killed by the blast.

How many were killed? It is hard to say. Those that were still alive and needed to be evacuated went straight to the hospital. Not sure of any count. I understood there were more than 100 casualties (KIA). This could be the dead we counted. The wounded we did not count and also there were the number that were never found. When one looked at the 2nd Bn records later and found that we had 400 men MIA I was later able to bring the number down to near

200 MIA I am sure part of that number was due to the bombing.

The second bombing was not so bad at first but still bad. Panels were put out at the last minute and the men just about revolted. They were pulled back 100 yards. It helped some. However, there was still a loss of better than 10 to 20 men KIA.

As I have said, my mind does not recall the time since that it happened. However, I'll never forget the faces of these bodies we uncovered. This may help some. Others may have more information. I wrote an article that went into the CBI newsletter, asking for help. All I got back was a note from an US pilot who saw what was happening and called on his radio but it was on the wrong band. Ray Mitchell, 228-382-3998, 14516 Porteaux Bay Dr, Biloxi MS 39532-9781

FROM MM VIDEOTAPE: ORAL HISTORY QUOTE -DAVE QUAID.

"I remember reports of 119 casualties Buried Alive"

EXCERPTS FROM "GALAHAD"
by COLONEL CHARLES N
HUNTER, COMMANDING
OFFICER OF US ARMY TROOPS
AT MYITKYINA

Page 108 - By July 12th, Gen. Wessels had finished his estimate of the situation, formulated a plan and was ready to step in and take control. The attack he ordered for the 12th of July was, for a change, a well planned affair to be preceded by a preliminary bombardment of the city by a Chinese-American Bombardment Wing flying B-25's. This part of the

Page 109 - affair was arranged,

as *Stilwell's Command Problems* state, by Major General Howard C Davidson, Commander of the Tenth Air Force on his own initiative. I was not too happy concerning this volunteered air support for I was told that the bomb outfit was composed of a mixture of Chinese and American crews, had never bombed in front of an infantry attack and was not too dependable. My request that Galahad officers act as air controllers was denied. The day of the attack Galahad was not to be allowed to use the combat air frequency on its radios.

I believe this deal was arranged one day when General Stilwell had ~~all the American general officers,~~ some twenty-five in number, at Myitkyina for a conference. I was not invited to this conference although at the time I held the important sounding title of Commanding Officer, American Combat Forces, Myitkyina Task Force. I was really piqued at the high command for not including me among the invitees to this conference when I learned, later, that ice cream and fried chicken had been flown in and served to the conferees.

After Boatner left, and after the troops had seen General Wessels around, the morale seemed to be getting better. Our daily attacks were carrying further. The battalion in the Mankrin area had moved some 2,000 yards and the Engineers south of Radaphur had rounded the curve in the road and had about demolished the main Japanese positions facing them.

With replacements, such as they were, on hand and broken in, it became possible to pull some men out of the lines for occasional baths, hot food and rest, away from their front-line positions. We had learned to live with the situation without too much mental strain.

In accepting Davidson's offer of air support, General Wessels was tying the time of his attack to the expected time of arrival of the B-25s over the target area. The element of surprise would also be abandoned. This wasn't too important, the Japanese slept in or very near their positions and their sentries never seemed to sleep.

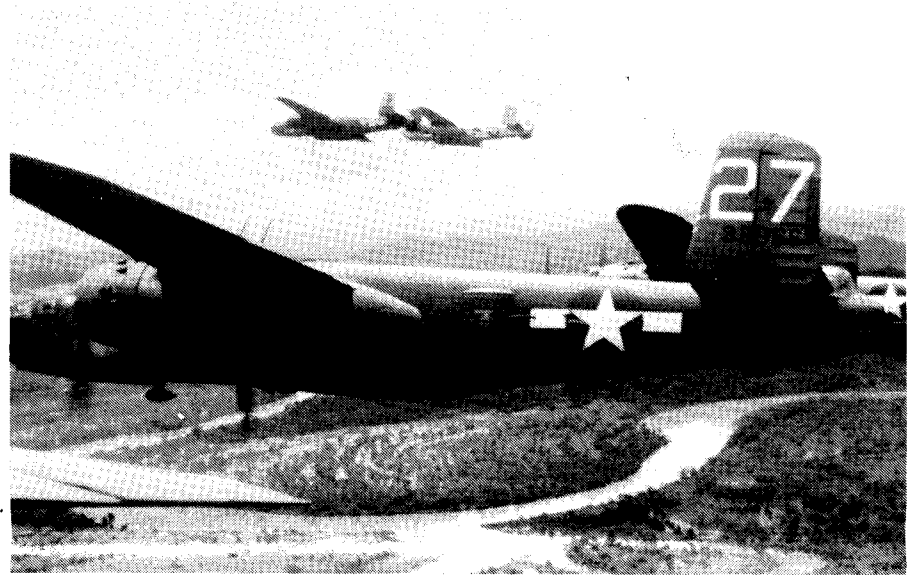
To insure the safety of the troops fighting down the Mankrin-Sitapur-Myitkyina road, they were



drawn back 2,000 yards and the forward edge of the vacated position was marked by white panels clearly visible from the air. The 2,000 yards given up for the convenience of the planned air support had been taken by blood and sweat by New Galahad during the past five or six weeks. In the taking, New Galahad had developed into a seasoned unit which by the first week in July was showing signs of coming alive. This battalion had begun to make methodically slow, but steady progress in the monotonous work of eliminating Japanese strong points. For instance, during that week in a heavy downpour of drenching tropical rain, a lone, ~~straggled~~ up, Japanese soldier returning to his own lines after a night in town walked past his own position and into that of New Galahad. In his befuddled state he happily crawled into the first foxhole he came to. His American soldier host, unable to see, remained calm. He could smell and he knew this intruder to be a Jap. He silently maneuvered his weapon into position and killed the sakei happy Son of Nippon. I would have preferred that he had taken the Jap prisoner, yet I was delighted to hear that panic had not developed and that a lot of promiscuous shooting had not taken place.

I had several reservations concerning the planned bombing; what if the Japanese sensed what was going on and moved into the vacated position, and there, presumably safe from the dropping bombs, were to greet the returning Americans with withering fire? The bombardment to be effective had to demolish the enemy positions which in some places were but fifty yards from those of New Galahad. If the bombs were to drop short the positions of Galahad rather than those of the Japanese might be destroyed. This would be disastrous.

The day of the 12th dawned hot and clear with the sky devoid of clouds save the ever present formation at 5,000 feet over the great bend of the Irrawaddy. With the troops pulled back, the line marked and plans perfected for the jump-off following the bombardment, there was nothing to do but wait and anxiously scan the sky to the north, with ears



cocked, straining to catch the first faint hum of the motors over the buzzing of the ubiquitous tropical insect life. The headquarters staff and I were at

Page 110 - Radhapur glued to the telephone to Task Force Headquarters. The Engineers just to the south down the road were ready to go when the New Galahad at Mankrin moved.

We saw the bombers long before we could hear the sound of their propellers. We were looking in the wrong direction. They were approaching the city from the west instead of the north as we had anticipated they would, and as had been planned. Headquarters could not tell us why. We watched, astounded to see each flight of three planes circle lazily over the city and eventually form up in column behind the wing commander's element which, like a gander gathering her goslings together, turned up river and followed by her little ones disappeared from our view. Certainly the Japanese would know what to expect in the next few moments.

It seemed like an eternity until the planes reappeared. They were back in five to ten minutes, flying at the unchanged altitude of 5,000 feet in a column of V's down the Mankrin-Myitkyina road. We stared intensely at the leading plane as its bomb bay doors slowly opened. When the first string of bombs appeared the silence was shaken by gasps of horror, followed by curses, as each of us realized that the bombs were going

to fall short, so short in fact that they would land on or very near to the troops awaiting to jump off when the word was given that the last bomb had been released. All this was apparent to the Galahad staff even though we were three miles away.

There was a mad scramble for the phones in an attempt to put a stop to this fiasco. Task Force Headquarters could do nothing. While I was talking, Still cut in from Mankrin and I gave him a clear line to Headquarters and listened. He could not at the moment tell how great was the damage; the search for dead, dying and wounded would take time. Early information indicated that one platoon had probably been completely decimated.

Some had been buried, many had scattered, there would be no attack from Mankrin that day. Still knew that he had to get as many men back into their recently vacated positions as soon as possible. He had the very real problem of restoring the shattered morale of his green troops. What Still had told Headquarters over the phone would have gotten him court-martialed in less trying times. I don't recall the total damage done this day. I do recall that the bulk of a platoon was killed, only six or seven very shaken men survived. This platoon was pulled out and moved to a quiet guard post on the road to the North. I went to talk to the survivors. There wasn't much I could say and I refrained from any display of histrionics.

The attack of course, got nowhere on the 12th. This was an inauspicious initial effort for General Wessels. The general visited the troops after this ill fated attempt and did what he could do to install new spirit into the men. Some few days later I received a letter from General Davidson expressing his regrets and sympathy for the failure of his bombardment wing to perform satisfactorily. He explained that the bombardier of the leading plane (considered to be the second best in the Theater) had mistaken the road junction at Mankrin for the bomb release point whereas the designated point was the Sitapur road junction. Since all planes dropped on his signal, all planes made the same error. The official history states that air-ground liaison was ineffective. This understatement is rather typical of the manner in which the official history was put together. It would have been a simple matter to have marked the proper bomb release point by smoke. About this time in Normandy the Air Corps managed a similar debacle on a much grander scale in front of General Omar Bradley's men attempting to break out of the beachhead.

Medal for Saint Christopher

Sometime in 1942, while stationed at Fort Monmouth, NJ, my sainted mother gave me a Saint Christopher Medal, which I wore around my neck. As was the custom among Italian-Americans at that time, the medal was a square cloth medal about two by three inches, with a hard oval finished center section, that contained the image of Saint Christopher. Later on, after I was married, my wife Aileen gave me a metal Saint Christopher medal, which fit nicely on my dog tag chain. Since the fabric string that held the cloth medal my mother gave me, would always get tangled with my dog tags; I transferred the cloth medal to my wallet.

One Friday at the end of August 1943, while serving with the 76th Signal Company of the 76th Division at A. P. Hill Military Reservation, Bowling Green, VA - an organization, that I did not feel comfortable serving with, there came a call for volunteers for a dangerous and hazardous jungle warfare mis-

sion. The mission was described to be, three months training and three months jungle combat with an expected 98% casualties. The request emphasized the need for radio equipment repair personnel. Since this was my MO and somehow this would immune my brothers who were serving in Europe and the fact that I just turned 19 and was invincible, I volunteered. It somewhat bothered me, that I was the only volunteer from the 246 men in the 76th Signal Company. A week later, I boarded the SS Lurline with the other men that would become Merrill's Marauders. The three-month mission continued until the end of May 1944, when I came down with a bad case of malaria. After three days of high fever that exceeded 105-degree, I was evacuated to the 20th General Hospital, in Ledo, India.

At 20th General Hospital, I spent three weeks, two of which I can't remember anything about. I was finally released for convalescent duty. The day after my release from the hospital, without a chance to recuperate or convalesce, I got caught up in Stilwell's call for anybody who could walk, to be sent back into Myitkyina. I may have avoided the situation if not for the fact that the day I left the hospital I was in the mess hall when my platoon leader, for whom I had nothing but contempt, came in and sat at the same table. I picked myself up from the table and in front of the remnants of our platoon, I scornfully said, "I'd rather be back in the jungles than sitting at the same table with you." The flight back to Myitkyina was smooth and quiet.

At the Myitkyina Air Strip, I set up my bedding on the northwest end of the airstrip, on the ground next to the 1st Battalion Command Post, where Col. Lloyd Osborne and the 1st Battalion Chaplain shared their bedding. I shared my bedding with my foxhole buddy, Edgar Turner; Turner and I were together from when we started at Ledo, India. I don't remember if Turner was there when I arrived or if he came in with me. Since each man carried but one blanket and one poncho, it was customary to bunk in twos, a poncho on the ground, a blanket over the poncho, a blanket for cover and a poncho over that blanket. The command post is the last place a man being evacuated stops at, before getting on a C-47 back to India. Therefore,

we came into possession of extra equipment that would be left behind by the evacuees, so with extra shelter halves and ponchos, we built ourselves a lean-to and covered our foxhole that was 20 feet from the lean-to with two shelter halves. There was a tree at the head of our bedding that gave the ground a slight slope that allowed our head to be comfortable and to keep them dry during the constant rain.

There were about a hundred some odd men from the First Battalion scattered around the west-side of the airstrip, more or less kept in reserve, the fighting for the town of Myitthaing was still going on. Once or twice a day, you would hear the whoosh, whoosh of one of the Jap's 107mm guns, high over head, followed by the report in the distance. No one ever paid any attention to it, for it was well out of range. One day, the powers to be decided that some sort of activity was in order, just to keep the men busy. The remnants of the communication platoon went off in the distance, put up a parachute for a tent and started message center practice. A fellow named John Dillinger (not related to the infamous one) and I were stuck with digging a new latrine for the group. The weather was sweltering hot and humid, while we worked we wore nothing but a pair of BVDs and jungle boots. The ground was soft; therefore it didn't take long to dig two slit trenches. After completing our work, we went back to the C.P. area to relax and wait for the rest of the platoon to come back.

Soon after our return, a Chinese soldier appeared, looking to bargain for cigarettes. It was at this moment when we heard whoosh, whoosh bang, we turned to face each other and said, "that was close!" Then came another whoosh bang, that left no question about being close. We were now standing in front of the lean-to, hesitant to leave the Chinese soldier with our possessions unguarded. When for some reason that I still don't understand, for the artillery shell travels faster than sound and when you hear it, it's too late. I made an unbelievable dive for the hole. I traveled the 20 feet in one motion. I lifted the side of the shelter-half and slipped into the foxhole. During my 20-foot flight, the bottom of my jungle boots were hit with dirt from the blast behind

me. What followed seemed like an eternity of one shell after another, while I tried to get deeper and deeper into the hole.

Dillinger, in the meantime, crawled on his elbows all the way, 270 degrees, around the hole till he found the opening in the shelter halves. Because of the soft ground, most of the shell blast would have an elevated angle and tend to go over a body on the ground; Dillinger was unhurt.

When it was over and I assessed the damage, I found that the tree took a direct hit and was gone, another shell hit right smack in the center of my blanket, everything was torn to shred and riddled with shrapnel. When I located my tattered fatigues and removed my wallet, I found it completely shredded except for a solid section in the center. I opened the wallet and found that, although the edges were shredded, the oval part of Saint Christopher Medal was untouched. When I removed the medal with the photographs I had of Aileen behind it, you could see that although the photos were riddled with shrapnel, the untouched oval behind the Saint Christopher Medal was clearly visible.

Robert Passanisi, 5307/1/WCT/HQ/COMM; 475/1/HQ COMM, 111 Kramer Dr, Lindenhurst NY 11757-5407, 516-957-9634.

OFFICERS ROW

PRESIDENT: Phil Piazza

When calling the Reunion Hotel for reservations please use this phone number. **1-800-770-0555.**

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY.

Ray Lyons

Dave Richardson, our Army Liaison Officer flew to China to participate as our representative in the opening ceremony for the Quaid Photo Exhibit at the Stilwell Museum, Chongqing, China. In addition to the photos there will be a complete display of the weapons we used in combat. This last gift through the efforts of John Easterbrook.

CARRYING THE TORCH

Torch Carriers, some new and some old. Honorary Members that are in touch.

CATHERINE FLEISCHMAN, 5437 N HICKORY RUN PL, BOISE ID 83713



Passanisi's wife Aileen. Photo hit by shrapnel outlined by St. Christopher Medal.

PASS IN REVIEW

Deaths reported recently. Name and Hometown (Where Known), Organization, Where, When Deceased.

REX BEACH, 5307/2/HQ/S2, 242 7th SW, Hickory NC 28602-2725, 704-322-7901, HELEN, Died May 3, 1999 @ Phil Piazza

BILLY BETTIS, 5307/3/KCT, 100 King Richard Ln, South Boston, VA 24592-5122, July 3, 1998 @WIDOW BESSIE

THOMAS E BOGARDUS, 5307/2/GCT-CO, 7812 175th St SW, Edmonds WA 98026-5026, 425-672-8051, KAREN, May 24, 1999 @ John Sutherland

WILLIAM S BRADER, 5307/3/M CO; 475/2/E, 3554 Old Philadelphia Pike, Bethlehem PA 18015-5316, 610-867-2201, GLORIA, March 12, 1999

LORENZO J CHARRON, 5307,3150 NE 36th Av, Ocala FL, 34479-3171, 352-622-4476, May 3, 1999, Obituary Ocala News. Widow Claire

THEODORE H CHRYSLER, 5307/209TH ENGRS, 9039 S Greenspointe Ln, Highlands Ranch CO 80126-357, 303-791-1308, MARY, December 19, 1998

NEIL F FORD, 5307; 475. 3500 Chiswick Ct, Silver Spring, MD 20906-1600, March 14, 1999 @DOROTHY

ELWOOD L FORRER, 5307/3/1/3 PL; 475/3/1/3/MORTARS, 200 W Ohio Ave., Rittman OH 44270-1640, June 1999 Jim Stevens

HILTON HIGGINS, HQ & HQ CO 475th INF, 314 Fir St, Hereford, TX 79045-2616; May 8, 1998 @WIDOW PEGGY

WILLIE E MORTON, 5307, Virginia Beach VA, April 26, 1999. @Son/Law Ron Jones, <ronjones@pnot.inn.net>, 757-340-0160

HAROLD B OSTROFF, 5307, 2902 Woodhaven Dr, Cinnaminson, NJ 08077-4433; 305-495-4645; May 23, 1989 @SON CHARLES

RAY RUKSAS, PILOT-1ST AIR COMMANDO, 5617 N 10th Ave, Phoenix AZ 85013-1707 602-246-8131, HONORARY May 20, 1999 @

RICHARD B SCHAEFER, 5307/3/OCT/CO L, 15 Island Rd, Lynnfield, MA 01940-1917, March 3, 1999 @JAMES BUCKLE

HENRY M SESWICK, 613 FA (PACK) BN, 4614 Yorkshire Ave, Parma OH 44134-3722, June 25 1999 @Marylee Chalifour

OAKEY H SMITH, NCAC/50 CHIN DIV, RR 8 Box 8282B, Stroudsburg PA 18360-9222, April 18, 1995@DTR CINDY

RALPH G SMITH, 5307/1/RCT/MEDIC; 475/1/A/1 PL, 1454 Myerlee Country Club Blvd # 3D, Fort Myers FL 33919-6748, 481-4524, DOROTHY, May 24, 1999@ Daughter

JOHN LTULLI, 5307/1/WCT/CO B; 475/1/Bn/B Co, 5912 Bruyninckx Rd, Alexandria LA 71303-2105, 318-445-350, ELMA, February 21, 1999 @ Widow

RUSSELL GLENDON WELLMAN, 5307/1/B Co, 475/1/B Co, Louisville KY, May 26, 1961 @ Nephew Hansel Haycox

JAMES R (BOB)WILLS, 5307/236/A CO; 236/A CO, 8192 S County Road 200 W, Spiceland IN 47385-9719, Date unknown

LETTERS TO EDITOR

EDITOR:

I am searching for more specific service information -- as well as anyone who might have served with or known my dad. WALTER T SONDEY, 1st Bn, Galahad, Mars Task Force, 124th Cavalry. He was born in Wallingford CT and entered the service on 20 February 1942, serving first in Newfoundland. He served, variously, as a Medic B.T., Company Aid Man 657, Litter Bearer 657, Squad Leader 657, and Mule Skinner 712. He did share some stories about drinking rice wine and eating monkey stew with the Naga, but was quite selective about some details. He was always proud to have been with the great men of the CBI and I would like to have more information to share

with my children (age 6 and 8) as they grow up, as my Dad died on November 27, 1997. I do have more service information, but someone might remember him more for his stories -- getting thrown in the brig for refusing to do patrol duty because of "man-eating tigers," wandering around India because he got separated from his unit, etc., etc., I'll share what I know if you'll share with me! Margaret (Meg) Sondey, 140 Woodhouse, Wallingford CT 06492-4926

EDITOR

I want to tell you how much I appreciate receiving *The Burman News*, and I look forward to each issue. As you may or may not know, I was one of the original Marauders in command of the Khaki Unit. I was a Major at that time, and I had experiences I

wouldn't trade for anything (well, almost anything!). It was due to these that I was awarded the Silver Star, which I proudly display in my lapel. The Burma Road was costly for a lot of fine young men, not for battle wounds but because of the disease rampant in those jungle days. There were good and poor officers, but the young non-coms were credit to their country. At age 86, I recall the Burma days with a thankfulness for having served and survived in that volunteer army, and to this day, I have a special regard for mules, knowing what they did for us. EDWIN J BRIGGS, Col., U.S.A. Ret., 8604 Onyx Drive SW #E, Lakewood WA 98498-4802.

JAP AMBUSH AVOIDED

I have received more information on where I was in Burma through your organization than any other. My mule was sore footed and got us lost from the rest of the outfit. When I got to the bottom of the mountain, there were no mule prints in the soil but one track lead to the jungle area and I knew that if the group ahead had gone straight, that there would have been a lot more tracks. So, I refused to go on until an officer came forward and ordered us to proceed ahead. One did come up and sent out a forward guard to check to the left. In a while he came back. Our outfit has turned left, the Japs had set up an ambush for us and wiped out the tracks of our mules. When we caught up, we sat on a hill and watched a fighter plane strafe and bomb the Jap jungle area.

George E Ward, 475/1/C/MED, PO Box 541, Leonard, TX 75452-0541; 903 587 2200.

BITS & PIECES**READERS ALERT
NEW BOOK COMING**

DOC HOPKINS AND CO-AUTHOR JOHN M. JONES WILL HAVE - "SPEARHEAD", THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF OUR MARAUDERS, OUT IN AUGUST. IT WILL MAKE YOU PROUD OF YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND GLAD TO KNOW THE TRUTH. THE 500 PAGES ARE WRITTEN FOR YOU, YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS, FELLOW RANGERS, YOUR DESCENDANTS AND AMERICA. ALL PROFITS BEYOND THE EDITING AND PUBLISHING COSTS WILL GO TO YOUR MARAUDER ASSOCIATION. EXPECTED TO BE AVAILABLE AT NASHVILLE REUNION. (Save your allowance. ED)

LOST, STRAYED, STOLEN

Burman News copies returned by Postal Service for some reason to these men at address shown.

TIMOTHY DELOREY, 0341, SON/DON, 619 ADELIN DR, WEBSTER MI 24580, HONORARY, UNDELIVERABLE

BG WILLIAM F KERNAN, RANGER, SOC,J/5/7 HQ US SPEC OPER CMD, MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE FL 33621, INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS @ POSTAL SERVICE

FLOYD LUTON, 1653, 124/3/K/1 PLAT, BOX 25203, JACKSON WY 83001-5203, JANET, UNDEL

HAROLD PERLMUTTER, 0728, 1795 TROY AV, BROOKLYN NY, 11234-2029, 718-252-9754, ATT-NOT KNOWN, 5/99 B/N

ROBERT E SPEER, 0316, 5307/1/WCT; 475/1, 201 N MAIN ST, HAUBSTADT IN 47639-8138, 812-768-6670, UNCLAIMED

FALL IN

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

GERALD CARROLL, 475/1/HQ CO, 7752 E ISLAND RD, ELSIE MI 48831, 517-862-4656

BARNIE A CUMBIE JR, 5307; 475, 721 SW 2ND ST, HAMLIN, TX, 79520-
BUCK CURETON, 124/3/L IR, PO BOX 7, VANDERVOORT AR 71972-0007, 870-387-7918

WILLIAM GOLDFIELD, 5307/1/A Co/MEDIC; 475/1/A Co/MEDIC, PO BOX 416, ARCADIA OK 73007-0416, 405-396-3007

GLENN A KENDRICK, 5307, 2134 N TRAVIS, SPRINGFIELD MO 65803

JACK LAUGHLIN, 124TH CAV, 1326 EL TEJON AV, BAKERSFIELD CA 93308-2212, 661-399-0650

LLOYD P LUCKY, 475/3/i/3 PLAT, 4414 E 6th Ave, Anchorage AK 99508-2227 907-333-0073

RALPH PUTNAM, 5307/3/OCT/I&R, 467 ELZI MARSH RD, NICKTOWN PA 15762, 814-749-0791

CLARENCE R REESE, 475/1/CO C; 1/HQ/S-2, 1470 SAN CRISTOBAL C101, PUNTA GORDA FL 33983-6373

CYRIL A STONE, 475/HQ/I&R PLAT, 26555 GLICK DR, ELKHART IN 46514-6039, 219-264-7061

HECTOR VALDEZ, 475/2/F/4 PL, 10302 Pua Dr, Huntington Beach CA 92646, 714-963-8242

WILBUR W ZARR, 5307; 475, W 4694 US HIGHWAY 63, TREGO WI 54888-9405, 715-65-7175. This is the man whose name we could not decipher on Page 38, GO #3. Now you can open your copy of MERRILL'S MARAUDERS WAR IN BURMA, VOL I and make the correction. RVL

LETTERS TO EDITOR

EDITOR

I think of you folks often, with great respect for what you accomplished, against great odds. I was a Liaison Pilot with the 71st Liaison Squadron. The 5th Liaison Sqdn was there also but we were there first and had three types of small planes. They had only one. I evacuated 50 or more of your men. Mostly one at a time. We were in contact with you from January 6th (Shingbwiyang) 1944 on. My first patient was Robert Taylor, who lives in Pearl MS. I think I was the only pilot who logged the patients name and rank. It was not required. Robert Taylor was wounded. All wounded were sedated. I flew him from Hsamshingyang to Maingkwan. A distance of about sixty air miles and a long way on foot.

I wrote you folks several years ago and sent you the names of those I flew out. I found 11 were on your list. I wrote all of them. One moved, no address, one called from New Hampshire, sounded like a good Joe but couldn't come to my small reunion in Mobile AL, 1985. Robert Taylor called and I had him as "Guest of Honor" in Mobile. I've seen him several times since, and his charming wife.

The other eight, I wrote to , didn't even answer my letter, C'est le vie!

I think my bunch, only 150 to start, were a little older than your folks. I am an August 1915 model. My wife died seven years ago and I've been living alone since - some existence!

Robert Taylor has asked me to come to your reunions but I haven't made it yet.

We were 34 years before we had our first. I got it up and was the Host eight out of ten times. I had good attendance eight times - I worked at it. One other man made it one good time and the other four were duds - no work at it.

I think you fellows are doing a good job. You have much to be proud of. I know it takes a lot time and effort to keep it going.

The movie "Merrill's Marauders" is still being shown often. It is still XXX. They didn't mention our small part in it but then it wasn't our story.

There was a pilot named HORTON, who was with the 5th

(Continued on page 8)

RANGER COLUMN

Ranger Hall of Fame Inductees, 1999

Reported by: Major Buck James, RS5, 75th Ranger Regiment

The selection process for the 1999 Ranger Hall of Fame is complete. MG(R) Leuer,

President of the RHOFEb has signed letters of congratulations for those selected and letters of regret for those not selected for induction into the RHOF 99.

Congratulations to all the Inductees. We look forward to witnessing your induction at the Ranger Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony at Ft. Benning, GA. The ceremony will be held at the Ranger Memorial on Tuesday, July 20th 1999 at 1700 Hrs.

1999 Ranger Hall of Fame Inductees:

- 1. COL (R) Edmond P. Abood
2. MAJ (R) Otis H. "Bane" Ashley III
3. CPT (R) Paul W. Bucha (M.O.H.)
4. COL (R) Joseph G. Clemons, Jr.
5. SGM (R) Joseph R.M. Cournoyer
6. LTC (R) John S. Daniel, Jr.
7. CW4 (R) William "Doc" Donovan
8. GEN (R) Wayne A. Downing
9. LTC (R) Caifson Johnson
10. SFC Donald L. Lehewe
11. SGM Santos A. Matos, Jr.
12. SFC John L. McCoy
13. MAJ (R) Robert W. Prince
14. SGM (R) Arthur A. Werner, Jr.
15. WO2C Arthur "Robbie" Robinson (Honorary Inductee)

Highlighted names were members of the 5307th.

HEADQUARTERS 475TH INFANTRY

A. P. O. 218
15 November 1944

GENERAL ORDER)

NUMBER II)

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 1945 and par 2c, Cir #55, Hq, USAF, CBI, APO 885, dated 29 May 19443, the EM' indicated below are awarded the Purple Heart Medal for wounds and injuries sustained in combat on dates indicated against the enemy in the North Burma Campaign:

- ROBERT E. PASSSANISI, 12064098, S/Sgt 1 July 1944
FRANK M GUTH, 32766387, Sgt. 28 July 1944

II. AMENDMENTS OF GENERAL ORDERS -AWARDS:

1. So much of Sec I, GO #6, this Hq sc, dated 15 October 1944, as pertains to award of Purple Heart Medal to DENNIS E HALL, 35093103, Pfc, is hereby revoked. _

By order of Colonel EASTERBROOK:

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

OFFICIAL:
T.J Dalton (s)
T. J DALTON
WOJG, USA,
Asst Adjutant.

Letters to Editor

(Continued from page 7)

L.Sqdn. He and I were on Detached Service in Maingkwan and I believe his engine was missing. I told him not to take off. I had no authority to stop him. An hour later he was dead. He had picked up a Captain with a "walkie talkie" to do artillery spotting from Shingbwiyang. The engine failed on takeoff - (water in gas) and he was killed and the Captain was injured -to what extent I don't know.

The gas was shipped halfway around the world and sometimes, somehow got condensation. I had a forced landing at the 24 1/2 mile mark (from Ledo). I landed in a Chinese graveyard full of stumps, holes and grass. A Radio shack was just above it on a slight hill. There was just enough room down the middle after coming under the wire. I didn't put a scratch on it. The only place I could have landed for sixty miles. It was luck but my CO thought I was pretty hot after that. They disassembled the plane and brought it home - water in the gas.

We had a volunteer, 44 years old. He got there one day and was supposed to follow my tent mate (we had four to each tent, slept under mosquito nets, dirt floor but we were not being shot at.) This guy had two grown daughters and

didn't/t even have to go. He never made it from Ledo to Shingwyang - water in gas. When a little plane drops into the jungle and if he lives, then no native is there, he won't make it. This is a pretty windy letter. Take care. Good luck to all. Ben Warren, PO BOX 455, Northport AL 35476.

EDITOR:

I was in the Americal Division, five months on Guadalcanal. Volunteered for Merrill's Marauders. I was in 3rd Bn, under Lt Col Beach, column commander was Major Johnson, C.O. was Capt. Ozzie Burch. My friend Hank Aldrich was in the 1st Bn. I only knew of one person from ND that was a Marauder - John Holt of Fargo ND. I have been retired since 1978. I really enjoy your papers. Joe B Grotte, 205 Fifth St NW Apt 9, Watford City ND 58854-7105, 701-842-3584. (SEE PHOTO NEXT ISSUE)

EDITOR

I entered the Army in May 1944, Basic Training at Fort Riley KS (Horse Cavalry). Left Los Angeles for Bombay, India in October 1944. Arrived at Camp Landis as Replacement for 613 FA (PK) Hq in Communications Section. I had a mule with telephone wire which ran from company to company and

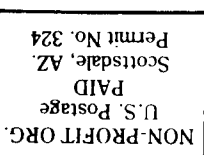
back to headquarters. From Myitkyina to Bhamo, Nampakka, and finally to Lashio, arriving in April Then to Kunming China and in September to Shanghai, Port Command with Discharge in May 1946. Art Naff, 3 Oriole Cir, Felton PA 17322-9212,

EDITOR

I think I was in Co K, 3rd Bn. I was a replacement. I flew into Myitkyina air strip around the 1st of June 1944. Our company circled around to the Irrawaddy river. I contracted scrub typhus and was air lifted back to Ledo (20th Gen. Hosp). I believe around the 15th of July 1944. I remained in that hospital until about November 1944. Was then flown back to Camp Atterbury in Indiana. Remained in hospital until the middle of May 1945 when I received a Medical Discharge. Robert Alford, 903 Seventh St, Lawrenceville IL 62439

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

Their annual Reunions will be held September 16-19th at the Holiday Inn Columbus East, 4560 Hilton Corporate Dr, Columbus OH 43232, (East Side of Columbus, Ohio, off I-70). Hotel Reservations 800-465-2329. Hosts: Tom and Bettie Carr, 614-252-2804.



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