



# The Burman News



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## IT'S BEEN FIFTY YEARS SINCE GENERAL, FRANK D. MERRILL DIED

He died 50 years ago on December 11 1955

When he died, he was commissioner of public works for the state of New Hampshire, but for all of the things he did in that capacity, including development of the F. E. Everett Turnpike, they pale in comparison to his military service.

And unless they're teaching history in the high schools in a new and different way, there's an entire generation of young folks in New Hampshire who are completely unaware of the swaggering band of jungle fighters he commanded.

"With those who know it, the name still strikes a chord," said Bob Passanisi, now 81, who served under Gen. Merrill, "but you're right in that the average person today doesn't know who Merrill's Marauders were. Then again, some don't know the Japanese were the enemy."

Merrill's Marauders were surrounded by the enemy when word of their exploits first started trickling back to America in 1944.

That nickname didn't hurt. It was coined by James Shepley, who served as a war correspondent for both Time and Life magazines. To my mind, it ranks right up there with the Flying Tigers, SNAFU, "Kilroy was here," Catch-22 and "The Chosen Few."

Merrill's Marauders were chosen with care. Well, not really. Although the outfit included seasoned combat veterans, according to Life magazine's Don Moser, "it also had it's misfits and violence - prone characters some of whom had been 'encouraged' to volunteer."

On the surface, such a unit would have seemed an uncomfortable fit for a guy like Frank Merrill. Without fail, correspondents described the 40-year-old Merrill as "shy, studious and be spectacled," although the things he went through to complete his studies reflected the dedication and diligence that made him the leader he was.

Coming out of high school in Massachusetts, he couldn't find a congressman who would provide him with a nomination to West Point, so he enlisted in the Army in 1922. Five times, he took the competitive exam to get into West Point; and five times, he failed. On the sixth try, he succeeded, and, after being graduated from the military academy in 1929, he went on to get a second degree in military engineering at MIT.

By then, North Woodstock, N.H., had become his home. He left that home to serve as military attaché to the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo in 1938 and by the time the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Frank Merrill, who

became fluent in Japanese in just three years, was Douglas MacArthur's intelligence officer.

He was en route from Manila to Burma when the



General Frank D. Merrill, Burma 1944

bombs fell.

He was driven out of Burma by the Japanese alongside his commanding officer, Gen. "Vinegar" Joe Stilwell, and the chaotic nature of that retreat, Merrill may have suffered a heart attack, made him more than willing to lead troops back into Burma.

"We were known as a long-range penetration unit," said Passanisi, a native New Yorker who was a 19-year-old radio whiz with the Marauders in '44. "We knew we were going deep behind enemy lines and we were going to be staying there. Our standing orders were simple: Stay alive another day."

Somehow, Frank Merrill wrenched order from the chaos.

He had 3,000 men under his command, and according to historians (who've written about it) and Bob Passanisi (who lived it), he had them do the impossible.

In the dense Burmese jungle, there was no mechanized transportation. Merrill's Marauders hauled their gear on their backs and on pack mules. There was no hot food. There were emergency K-rations for every meal, every day.

Just as they challenged and confronted the Japanese, they were challenged and confronted by the elements. While one unit fought in eight minor engagements within a span of one mile, another, without armed fire, took two weeks to go 30 miles.

Yet, in five major engagements and thirty lesser skirmishes, Merrill's Marauders defeated Gen. Shinichi Tanaka, who had conquered Singapore and Malaya, and the veteran soldiers of the Japanese 18th Division.

They fulfilled their mission to disrupt enemy communications and supply lines, and when they finally captured the strategic Myitkyina Airfield in Burma, the outcome, and the toll on both sides, was compared to the Marines' taking of Tarawa.

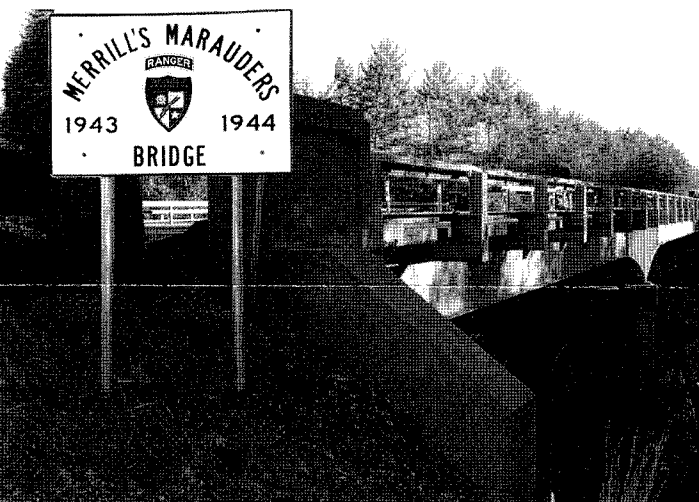
It took a toll on Frank Merrill. Like his men, he was swallowed whole by the jungle heat and the monsoon. He was surrounded by typhus and dysentery and the damaged heart that had failed him in 1942 failed him yet again while leading his troops near Nhpum Ga in March of '44. Still, he persevered.

He was named head of the Southwest Asia Command, then chief of staff for Vinegar Joe Stilwell. After the war, he was commander of the Sixth Army and in 1947 he was the deputy chief of the American Advisory Military Mission to the Philippines.

Then, in 1949, Gov. Sherman Adams asked the one-time engineering student to come back home to New Hampshire.

He did, and after four years on the job as highway commissioner, he had just been elected president of the American Association of State Highway Officials when he suffered a fatal heart attack in Fernandina Beach, Fla.

It was Dec. 11, 1955. He was only 52. He left his wife, Lucy, and two sons, Frank Jr., and Thomas, and we are left with a landmark that stands as part of his legacy. It's a



**Merrill's Marauder Bridge**  
**F.E. Everett turnpike Merrimack NH**

highway bridge in Merrimack on the F.E. Everett Turnpike and it's dedicated not to Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, but to that legendary unit known as Merrill's Marauders. Lucy knew he would have wanted it that way.

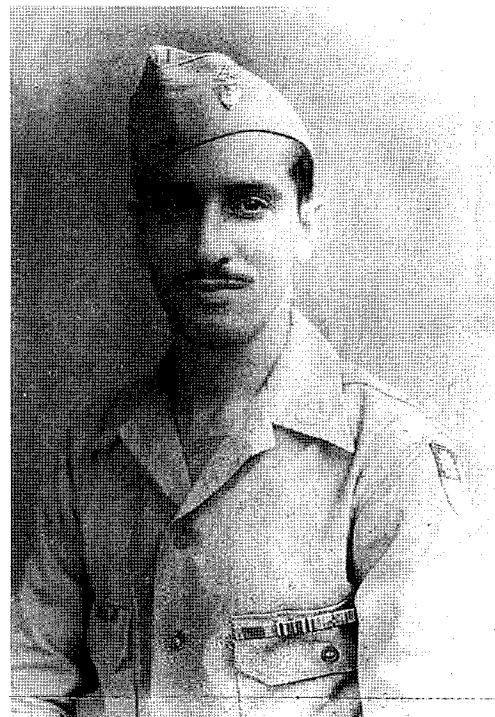
Excerpt, from the New Hampshire Union Leader

## **Herbie fought with Merrill's Marauders**

You can't tell a hero by looking at him. For instance Herbie Fahr is a small, slightly built fellow, soft-spoken and shy. He talks about his inferiority complex. But Uncle Sam could use a few more soldiers with "inferiority complexes" like Herbie's. For he was one of Merrill's Marauders who marched a thousand miles through the stinking jungles to help reopen the Burma Road.

And Herbie is a hero, make no mistake about that. A man has to have more than his share of guts to live through months of hell, fighting disease, hunger, tortuous mountains and jungles and the Japs. The leeches alone were bad enough. Every man in B battalion, to which Herbie was attached as a medic, lost great quantities of blood to these ugly-looking, grayish brown parasites that became bloated several times their normal size by burying their heads in your veins and sucking your blood.

It was nothing to wake up in the morning and find a half a dozen of these terrifying creatures clinging to your body. You couldn't pull them off - for their heads would break off under your skin and infection would set in.



**Herbie Fahr**

A burning cigarette was used to make them release their hold. Then there was Malaria, Yellow Jaundice, Dysentery, and stomach trouble. Every man without exception suffered from one or more.

### **Volunteered for Mission**

Department. Shortly after he entered service in November 1942, he was sent to Trinidad. There the heat was enervating, life was boring and when, in August 1943, a call was put in for volunteers to go on a secret and dangerous mission, every man in the regiment jumped at the chance. Herbie was one of the group selected to go and was assigned to the 2nd Battalion..

None of them had any knowledge of their destination or the character of the assignment that lay ahead. They were flown to Miami, herded aboard a curtain-drawn

train and a few days later landed in California. They were given shots for diseases prevalent in both tropical and arctic climates and received both cotton and wool clothing.

At sea they had some inkling of what to expect. They studied models of Jap planes and tanks, went through bayonet and gun drills and the rigors of hand-to-hand fighting. When veterans of New Guinea and Guadalcanal joined their units at New Caledonia, they knew they were headed beyond the South Pacific. At last, after what seemed to be an endless journey, they arrived at India.

### **The Long March**

In India the mystery of their mission was disclosed. Two months of learning the ropes and a bumpy train ride found them at their jumping off place near Ledo. With horses and mules laden with supplies and each man toting a pack weighing 80 pounds, they were off down the Ledo Road on their long march.

In 10 days they covered about 140 miles to the end of the Ledo Road. Then they hit the jungle trails, moving by day. Even then it was dark and the man in front would pass back word on what to expect for the next step. But they spoke only in whispers for the Japs were near. They kept to the mountains to outflank the Japs in the valley below. Steep trails, sheer cliffs and the rugged terrain made their progress hazardous and slow. Pack animals and precious supplies were lost by a misstep. When supplies ran out, they had to wait for an airdrop before they could continue to march against the Japs.

Finally, high in the Himalayas they reached a point where they had outflanked the Japanese encamped near Walawbum. Their mission was to set up a road block to cut off the flow of Jap supplies, hold it as long as possible and then pull out. They were ready to attack at dawn but when they had sneaked up on the encampment they found to their surprise that the Japs had pulled out during the night to attack their 3rd Battalion. at Walawburn.

### **The First Road Block**

Thus, without firing a shot, they established their first road block. They moved into the vacated encampment, set up their machine guns in the foxholes conveniently left by the Japs and covered the approaches to the encampment with well placed mortars. When the Japs returned they got the surprise of their lives. They were mowed down left and right. When word came that a whole Jap division was moving back down the valley, the Marauders pulled out into the hills again.

After a brief rest they hit the trails again over deep gorges where they had to chop steps in the rock and pull one another up by ropes. They had to cross one river in shoulder high water many times to make twenty miles. They had neared the spot picked for the second roadblock when they ran into four Japs

riding an elephant. The Marauders killed three but the fourth got away. Knowing the Japs would soon learn of their presence, they dug in for the coming scrap. In the morning it came, wave after wave of six-foot Jap Marines stormed their position. The carnage was terrific. The dead were piled up so high in front of some of the machine guns that the gunners had to kick the bodies away before they could resume firing. Bitter hand-to-hand struggles marked the bloody battle. When the Japs were at last repulsed the men were exhausted.

### **Trapped on Ridge**

But there was no time for rest. Back into the mountains they went. Many more river crossings and climbing the brutal ridges. At the ridge of Nhpum Ga, Herbie's battalion was cut off by the Japs. For fifteen days they went through Hell. Cut off from water, they slit bamboo and drank the liquid within. That didn't last long with a thousand men. They drank water from elephant tracks and many became deathly ill. In the meantime they were the target of Jap snipers and heavy mortar and artillery fire.

It was on this ridge, called Maggot Hill because of the stench of the dead horses and Japs, that Herbie was wounded when he was hit by shrapnel from a tree-burst. His wounds were not serious and he carried on. For eight days they were without food, living only on coffee and cigarettes. Finally an airdrop with crates of fried chicken reached them and the boys laid down their arms in the midst of battle to eat. Disdainful of flying bullets, they had their fill. Hunger satisfied, they resumed the battle again.

### **Rescued**

On Easter Sunday troops of the 3rd Battalion broke through and the Japs pulled out. The battalion made its way down the bloody ridge to a new rest area. Here they built an airstrip to evacuate the sick and wounded. The rest marched wearily on to their goal, the air field at Myitkyina. Here was a desperate fight, reinforcements had been brought up and every available man was needed. When the call came into the hospitals for volunteers to return, there were none. The men just couldn't believe they were being asked to leave their sick beds to fight again.

Back in India, Herbie had a chance to open his Christmas mail. It was June. After being discharged from the hospital, he was sent to a rest-camp and had a chance to do a little sight seeing. Finally he came home and has been stationed at Fort Devens, Mass. For a while he was anxious to get back into action. He couldn't adjust himself to normal life. But he's getting over that trouble-you see he's found a girl and he hopes that the next trip he takes is down the aisle.

## MARTY MARTIN'S NHPUM GA STORY

It was during the Nhpum-Ga battle and my radio team and I had dug a 4 feet deep and 6x6 wide fox hole. Smally was operating with a Cpl. From Maine (can't think of his name) and I was standing outside the hole. When chopping noises came across the field. A muleskinner asked. Who would be chopping wood in this hot sweaty weather? I gave it a little closer attention and told him I thought someone was chopping his way through the bamboo grove. The skinner said yeah, a lot of somebody's!

The transmitter generator was grinding up a storm that could be heard all the way back to base. I figured that the Japs must be trying to get us from behind. The second muleskinner was a little Indian from Montana, and after listening for a moment or two. He said he thought it was about five guys chopping out there and if I was a Jap. I'd be trying to hit you guys from behind; you can hear that generator for miles around!

I called for Tony (he was my runner and in addition could procure anything we needed) and I told him to get to Col. Beech and to tell him what's going on and that we need a B.A.R. man here A.S.A.P. and don't stop for anything. Keep moving! If you should see Sgt. Ballard, we could sure use him about now! (Ballard was the Sgt. In command and though he was not an operator, he certainly kept our equipment in good condition. He could take a radio apart and reassemble it with his eyes closed). He was always up front with the guys. I ran the show with his blessing. By the way, he carried the biggest backpack in the company! With the chopping closer and louder, I was getting worried! Here we were. 4 radiomen, 2 muleskinners, 3 guards, Tony and myself, 11 men against what?

I shut down the generator and told the muleskinners to move the mules away, and stacked all the loose equipment behind trees. Radio equipment is too heavy to carry. So we laid the transceiver on its side. I told the guys to gather all the ammo they had and get into the radio hole! They moved pretty fast when I shared what I thought was happening. Just as we settled in. Tony returned with a B.A.R. man. He acknowledged how things were secured and said he wanted to be in the center of the hole with 2 rifle men on each side with the other men on the ground on either side of the hole and shoot about 2 feet above the ground on my order. I placed myself next to the B.A.R. man. He had about 40 clips of ammo with him and a helper with an M1 rifle he checked our positions on both sides and said on count of three start shooting and sweep from that tall tree on the left side to the palm tree on the right, the guys on my right. Start shooting from the right. The guys on my left start shooting from my left. Sweep to the middle and back to where you started. When he felt the Japs were close enough, he started the count, One! Two! Threeeee!

Let me say, "nothing sounds sweeter than a B.A.R. blasting away at the enemy. He was firing full blast, followed by 12 M1's making one hell of a racket. We were loading so fast, all I remember is the clink, clink, and clink as the clips jumped out of M1 rifles. We probably fired about 6 clips each. We fired for at least a minute (seemed a lot longer). The B.A.R. man ceased firing and an eerie silence fell like a rock. The barrel of my rifle was so hot I couldn't touch it. We sat perfectly still for about 5 minutes. Starting to breathe regularly again, the B.A.R. man said I'll stay until midnight, then I have to hit the trail to help the gang.

We passed the night far from relaxed. No hot supper, no smoking, and no generating. No moving about, no snoring. The skimmers quietly fed mules and returned to the radio hole where we huddled, alternating naps, but alert through the night. When dawn broke, the B.A.R. man was still with us- I told him, he did one hell of a job with that gun! He said, a B.A.R. man is no good with out rifles at his side and that we deserved just as much credit as he did. He told me that he was going across the meadow to see what was going on. My big polish muleskinner said. I'm going with you! The B.A.R. man borrowed my rifles and they disappeared across the field into the jungle.

Three hours passed with no word or sight of them. I feared they had been bushwhacked. I told the men to return to the hole and the skimmers to move the mules out of harms way again. There we were in the hole, rifles at ready, and the B.A.R. mans helper with the B.A.R. ready to fire, when we saw them break out of the jungle toward us. I heaved a sigh of relief. They had retrieved a couple of bloody leggings, bandages, and a canteen with 2 bullet holes and confirmed our assessment of the situation. A lot of bamboo had been cut and about a platoon of Japs had attempted to hit us from behind. I guess we inflicted quite a few leg wounds, because most of the bamboo had been used to make stretchers with shirts.

When Sgt. Ballard came waltzing back and sat next to me at the edge of the hole. He noticed all the shell casings and said, "what the hell you guys been doing? Target practicing?"

Marty Martin, Radio section OCT

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## MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY ASSN.

The Mountain Artillery Assn. will holed it's 19th annual reunion on September 14-17, 2006 in Salt Lake City, Utah, at the Holiday Inn -South Main Street. Hosted by Orland and Colleen Crandall. For reservations call **801-359-8600**, be sure to tell them your with Mars Task Force. Room rate \$81 per night, includes tax. Rates will be honored for 3 days before and 3 days after.

## LT COL ASHBY'S NHPUM GA STORY

In the spring of 1944, I was a Company Commander in the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional) later known as Merrill's Marauders. Our unit was a special type of unit as we operated entirely behind the Japanese lines in Burma, aiding the Chinese Army in their attempt to open the Burma Road into China. In the pursuit of this mission we relied 100% on airdrops as we had no vehicles, no artillery or armor. The soldiers lived on K rations and mules were entirely for transport.

We entered Burma in early January 1944 and by April when this incident occurred, the men had all lost a lot of weight and the unit strength had fallen below 50% through battle losses and illness. At the particular time I am referring to we had just had a heavy engagement with a Japanese unit and we were running very low on ammunition. We had sustained some casualties so we had to withdraw for a vital supply drop and to care for our wounded.

The plan was to follow a trail which would take us to a village named Nhpum Ga where we could get a supply air drop and perhaps find a place in which an L-5 plane could land for casualty evacuation. Our men and mules were by this time totally exhausted. In our withdrawal, the Japanese pursued us relentlessly as we fought to reach the village of Nhpum Ga. Once we reached it we immediately established a defensive perimeter and engaged in defensive firefights to sustain it. The only water available was a spring several hundred yards down the hillside, so a platoon was detached to protect it. In a matter of hours that platoon was back within the perimeter. Very low on ammo, no food or medical supplies and now no water put us in a desperate situation. We did get an airdrop early the next morning. However we were now cut off and this situation persisted for 15 days before another Marauder Battalion could break through and relieve us. The Japanese used artillery and mortar fire and of course, our mules were all killed by enemy fire or emaciated by the harsh conditions.

Our wounded and sick were treated by the medics in foxholes. The weather was very hot and there were hordes of insects. We did bury our deceased but there were many Japanese bodies and all of our dead mules plus the waste and debris from the living. This produced a most desperate situation and the stench was nauseous.

Of course, our supply base in India knew our situation and as a way to show their support for us, they tried to cheer us up with a special supply drop. After about 10 days of enduring this misery, their special airdrop arrived. It was fried chicken and cherry pie. Frankly the soldiers were so sick and worn out and our stomachs so out of sync with this type of food that I doubt if anyone really enjoyed it.

Never the less even though I could eat very little of it, I did appreciate their thoughtfulness. It is the only time I can look back on those 15 days and smile a little on what happened. Another Battalion did break through and relieve us. That day was Easter Sunday, 1944.

Lt. Col. Frank G. Ashby, Ret.

## A PROUD DESCENDANT

Let me take this opportunity to introduce myself. My name is Doug Ingram. I am a nephew of Rufus Lee Ingram, A.S.N. 34428879 who was in the 2nd Battalion, Company F, of the 5307. Uncle Lee was killed in action on March 5, 1944 near Walawbum, Burma and his remains were never recovered.

Last year I was reading that every man in this outfit got the Bronze Star and the Presidential Unit Citation. Since Uncle Lee's mother had only received the Purple Heart, I made it a personal endeavor to get the rest of his decorations. I finally got through the government bureaucracy with a letter from my Dad (Uncle Lee's brother) designating me as next of kin, Uncle Lee's personal records in which I have possession, and the help of the Honorable Roger Wicker's field representative, Bubba Lollar. Since this time my father has passed away.

Uncle Lee's commendations now hang proudly on the wall next to his portrait in my living room. This is a tribute to him for his sacrifice and the outfit in which he served. This undertaking of achievement starting me down a road of inquiry, to get to know this Marauder who died sixty years ago in the jungle of Burma. I really knew nothing about him except his history before the war and the history of his unit.

I searched the Internet and found a copy of the order of deployment to India containing a roster of names of the original men in the 5307. With a little detective work I found three of the original members who lived here in Mississippi. I secured their addresses and telephone numbers. One has passed on, but I made contact with his widow and the other two Marauders.

One of these gentlemen, Mr. Taylor graced me with a written history of the unit and patches. I shared copies of pictures with him in my possession and we planned another meeting in which I will carry my old suitcase of records. Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Wray and I have conversed over the telephone.

I found out Uncle Lee had a dangerous task being a Muleskinner in the infantry. He kept supplies to the men on the front. Mr. Taylor said the last time he saw "Rufus" was sliding by his foxhole with a helmet full of water to give to his mule. He said it was a hail of gunfire right after this in which Uncle Lee was killed.

I have found out more than my family has ever known. What I would like to know Mr. Passanisi is more details about Uncle Lee's Platoon. How many men were in it? Who were they? Who was the sergeant? Who was the Lieutenant? I cannot find the name of the Lieutenant who wrote the condolence correspondence on the original order. Where exactly was my Uncle's location on the map in the Battle of Walawbum when he was killed? Are there more men who are still living that I could talk to? Do you have contacts? Is it possible for me to get a directory? There are so many things I would like to know. Any thing or information you can give me I will appreciate.

Doug Ingram, 734 Meawbrook Rd  
Grenada, Ms 38901

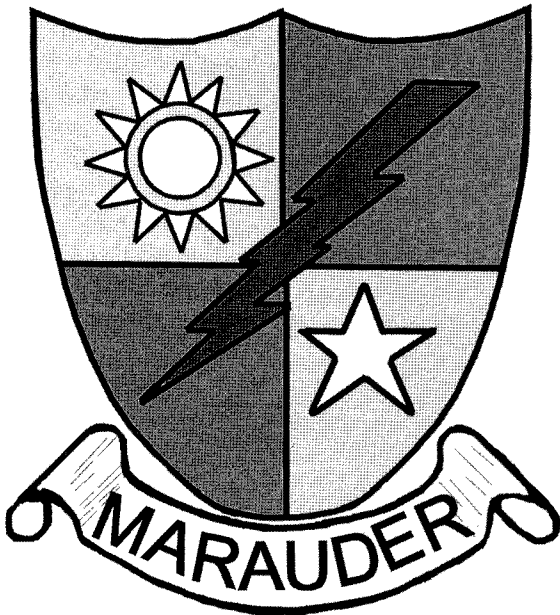
## THE MERRILL'S MARAUDERS 60th REUNION

To be held at The Drawbridge Inn, Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky on Labor Day Weekend, September 1st & 2nd of 2006. The package rate, including taxes and gratuities, for two is \$324, for a single is \$240, each additional guest is \$85, and additional nights will be \$77. The package covers your room for Friday and Saturday nights, Friday and Saturday dinners, Saturday and Sunday breakfasts, ladies tea and two cocktails each. **For reservations call 1-800-354-9793**

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### EMBLEM WANTED

David S Bingham, Ph.D., the Curator/Historian, for the Fort Polk Military Museum, at Fort Polk Louisiana, is looking to acquire a theater-made metal unit crest. Similar to the Merrill's Marauders or Ranger crest, that is worn



on the lapel of a dress jacket.

A drawing of the crest is shown here, the Chinese and US stars are on blue fields and the red arrow across green fields. The scroll at the bottom has the word "MARAUDER" and it is 33mm X 29mm or 1.3" X 1.14", made in India or China. The crest is to be placed on display alongside other presently on display Merrill's Marauders patches and insignias. The Museum, would be very appreciative, if anyone possessing this crest would be kind enough to donate it, and would supply upon request a tax statement for the IRS. If you wish to sell it instead, the museum will pay \$500 for a genuine insignia.

Please contact, David S Bingham, Ph.D., P.O. Curator/Historian, Box 3916, Fort Polk, Louisiana 71459-0916, Tel: (337) 531-7905 or e-mail: [BringhamD@noll](mailto:BringhamD@noll)

## SAGA OF MERRILL'S MARAUDERS

Since I've come to rain-soaked Burma,  
I've often told a story.  
Of how Merrill's men came marching,  
Marching in for death or glory

Of how they started out in India,  
How they marched three thousand strong.  
In their Hearts was naught but courage,  
On their lips there was no song.

Up the Ledo Road they staggered,  
Through Jungles deep with mud.  
Marching on toward that glory  
And to where they'd spill Jap blood

They Marched high o're the Himalayas,  
Dropped into the Japs back yard.  
Then they loaded up their rifles,  
Hit the Japs, and hit them hard.

They left a string of Japs a' dying,  
From Maingkwan to Myitkyina.  
I first seen them on the strip there,  
The damndest mess I ever saw.

Lean and gaunt and never smiling,  
On each face an untrimmed beard.  
Ragged clothes that needed washing,  
I seen right then what those Nips had feared

So you soldiers back in Barracks,  
Think you really had it hard?  
Come with us to Northern Burma,  
And I swear you'll lose that lard.

For we have no classy dayrooms,  
Our home is now a Limey tent.  
But we didn't have such finery,  
In the other spots we've went.

So if at night your conscience haunts you,  
And you hear a steady beat.  
It's but Merrill's men a' marching,  
On tired, swollen, muddy feet.

Pvt. Burbank  
One of Merrill's men.

## PASS IN REVIEW

**FLOYD H. COTHREN, 5307/2/E BCT**, From son William, Internet <Keldensmom@aol.com>

**LEONARD M CRUSE, 475/3**, From son M/Sgt Michael Cruse, Internet <Jackel1701@aol.com>, January 15, 2000

**RALPH E DEFFENBAUGH, 5307/3/HW 475/3**, From widow Ruth, 200 N El Camino Real, Oceanside, CA 9054-0820, December 15, 2005

**KENNETH J FRAM, MTF**, From widow Anne, 221 21st St NW, Cedar Rapids, IA 52405, January 14, 2006

**EARL C FREEMAN, 5307/1/C RCT**, From daughter Susan, 625 E 250 N, Vernel, UT 84078, August 26, 1993

**BEN GARRETT, 5307/2/HQ RCT**, From son Keith, Internet <fiddledoc@peoplepc.com>, September 12, 2005

**RICHARD D GENOT, 5307/3/K OCT 475/3/K**, From son -in-law, Joel Lustberg, Internet <joel@ambucar.com> December 18, 2005

**ALBERT J GATEMAN, 5307/2/E BCT**, From Col Gerald G Schreckg USA Ret, Internet, <schreckg@netins.net>, May 10, 2005

**WILLIAM T HENDERSON, 5307/3/L KCT**, From daughter, Gail Flanagan, <Internet anaah@comcast.net> January 13, 1973

**FLORENCIO O HOLGUIN, 475/1/A**, From nephew Jose A Sepulveda, Internet <Laksepulveda@aol.com>

**RALPH T KEELY, 475/2/E**, From son Timothy, Internet <TLKEELY@aol.com>, August 30, 2003

**JOHN MACIK, 5307/1/A RCT**, From son Matthews, Internet <John316Mtt@aol.com>, 261 Ringwood Dr, Winter Springs, FL 32708-4930, March 24 2000

**JAMES T MASENGIL, 5307/HQ 475/HQ**, From son Internet <Jmmasengil@aol.com>, November 9, 2005

**RICHARD REINHART, 475/2/HQ**, From widow Helen, 68 Lawndale Dr, Tiffin, OH 44312, December 4, 2005

**JOHN F SKIMMEHORN, 5307/475**, Returned mail

**DONALD E SMITH, 5307**, From Btr-in-law, Donald Condra, Internet <dardnoc@aol.com>, June 6, 1998

**EUGENE U STEPHENSON, 124 MTF**, From son Harry, 17344 Dry Mill Rd, Leesburg, VA 20175, Jan 12, 2006

**EDWARD L STIETZEL, 5302/2/G BCT**, From widow, 6810 71st St, Pinellas Park, FL 33781-3912, July 7, 2005

**EVAL L TEDFORD, 5307/3/K KCT**, From grandson, Dame Miles, 1668 Bert Green, El Paso, TX 79936, Jan 21, 2006

**NEIL R WALSH, 5307/1 WCT**, From Friend Richard Kearney, December 2005.

**GEORGE S WOLWARK, 5307/2/E 475/2/E**, From widow, Delores, 753 Garfield Ave, Libertyville, IL 60048 3151, September 20, 2005

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## US MAIL & THE BURMAN NEWS

### Things you should know

We pay the Post Office to be notified whenever there is a change in your address. When they do notify us, they make an additional charge of two times 1st class mail and a charge for the card they fill out, which is about \$0.90. When they don't follow through, which unfortunately is too often, they forward the Burman News, without notifying us, until the forward time expires. Then they return our newsletter marked "Forward time expired" with the new address and a \$0.78 charge, sometimes they state "Not deliverable as addressed". Of course, there is no extra charge if you notify me before the newsletter is mailed. You can notify me by e-mail [historian@marauder.org](mailto:historian@marauder.org), or by regular mail, all you have to do is put your new address in an envelope with a piece of paper marked "New Address" and send it to me. My address is the return address on the newsletter.

### December 2005 issue

Due to an error with the printer, who used an older mail list, some new members didn't receive the last issue of the Burman News and other members with an address change may have had problems. If you didn't receive the December issue and would like a copy, please let me know and I will send you one.

### More on the Burman News

It has been our policy to continue mailing the newsletter to the widow of a deceased member at that address. When the widow no longer lives there, we will send one more copy, that lists the name of the deceased in the Pass in Review column. If you wish to continue to receive the newsletter, you must be a member of the Merrill's Marauders Association. You can become a member by registering with our Executive Secretary, E. Susan Weston, PO Box 1796, Fort Mill, SC 29715. We do not charge any dues, we operate on donations, which are used for printing, mailing and operating expenses. If you care to make a donation, send it with your registration, payable to Merrill's Marauders Assoc.

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### PARTIAL LIST OF AVAILABLE BOOKS

#### HONOR by FIRE

Japanese Americans at war in Europe and the Pacific, by Lyn Crost, is about the Japanese Americans effort during WW2. Hard cover, 300 pages, \$29.95

#### SPEARHEAD

Spearhead is also out of stock and The Johns Hopkins University Press, at present is not printing anymore.

#### MERRILL'S MARAUDERS WAR IN BURMA

Vol. I, Third edition, by MM Association, Soft cover Reprint. maps, photos, names listed in GO 3 & GO 5, \$15.00

THE MARAUDERS, by Charlton Ogburn, soft cover Reprint. Maps, photos, 307 pages \$22.00.

AMONG INSURGENTS, BY Shelby Tucker, is about an American who hiked from China to India with the help of friendly Kachins. 370 pages, hard cover \$30.00

#### VHS Video, Merrill's Marauders Dangerous Mission

The History Channel Video, 45 minutes, \$27.95.

#### DVD VIDEO, THE APPROACH TO MYITKYINA

This is a DVD conversion of the only known 25 minutes of Marauders combat film, that was recovered; narrated by David Quaid. The DVD disk also contains the trailer for the movie Merrill's Marauders, narrated by, at the time, Col. Samuel R. Wilson, now LTG Ret. \$8.00.

#### Order books from Historian, Robert E. Passanisi,

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