



# The Burman News

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67th Merrill's Marauders Reunion, Bloomington, MN  
August 31, 2013

# A Message from the MMPD President



## A "BLOOMING" GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL!

What a huge success the 2013 reunion in Bloomington, MN was! There were over 80 in attendance with 17 Marauders, including two who attended for their very first reunion. The festivities included a birthday cake for "100 years young" Roy Matsumoto, and an American flag that flew at the U.S. Capitol Building in Washington D.C., presented to Vincent Melillo for being the next oldest attendee.

A tour of Fort Snelling, complete with WWII re-enactors, an inspiring speech by renowned Minnesota military historian Stephen Osman, another belly-busting comedy presentation by Marauder Frank Breyer, complementary Marauder

beer mugs for all the men who attended the Men's Gathering, and complementary Marauder wine glasses to the ladies at the new Ladies' Wine & Cheese Party rounded out the festivities.

And, we had two Congressional Gold Medal winners at our Saturday dinner, Roy Matsumoto and Ed Nakasone, both of whom trained at nearby Camp Savage, that presented a wonderful display in the memorabilia room by George Augustinack and his daughter Tausha.

Karen Matsumoto, Roy's daughter, attended the reunion with Roy. Karen is Associate Producer of Roy's documentary, "Honor & Sacrifice," and we showed it both evenings after dinner. DVD's of

the film sold out quickly but more can be ordered by contacting Lucy Ostrander at Stourwater Pictures, [www.honordoc.com](http://www.honordoc.com).

Lucy said, "While we're not selling the DVD to individuals from our website yet, we will offer it for sale to **Burman News** subscribers. If they will email me, I can send them a special PayPal link. For those who don't use email they can mail a check for \$30 made out to Stourwater Pictures to order the DVD."

Stourwater Pictures  
11431 Miller Road NE  
Bainbridge Island, WA 98110  
[lucy@stourwater.com](mailto:lucy@stourwater.com)  
206-617-1354

Recently deceased Marauder Francis Ponder, (thanks, Jerrie Daly) through his family, donated a new American Flag and a newly designed and beautiful Marauder flag.

But what those who did not attend missed the most was the blessing of meeting and speaking with the Marauders, paying homage to their heroics and bonding with other descendants who share the same love and passion for them.

I give thanks to all the MMPD Board Members who worked so diligently hard all year long to present this wonderful event, to the other volunteers such as Father Val Bartek who was named MMPD Honorary Chaplain, and Chaplain (COL-Retired) Rev. Kenneth L. Beale, Jr. and every attendee who shared the love and jubilation.

I welcome new MMPD Board Member Sheila Fredrickson who had previously pitched in with her expertise on the **Burman News**, and will continue in that capacity. Greg Walker was re-elected to another 2-year term to continue his

*Reunion attendees tour Fort Snelling*



excellent job as MMPD Secretary, as was I as President. I thank you for your confidence in me and I promise to continue to dedicate my affection for maintaining the memory and legacy of the Marauders.

And as I have often repeated before, if you don't attend these reunions, you're missing out on a great experience. Please get with the program and join us next year. I promise, you won't be disappointed. ⬠

— Bob Menta, MMPD President



Jerrie Daly shows the new Marauder “colors” donated by her family in memory of her dad, Marauder Francis Ponder.

## Roy Matsumoto Visits Camp Savage

*Roy Matsumoto is the last survivor from Camp Savage and a Congressional Gold Medal winner. A film crew captured his visit to Camp Savage in hopes of adding the segment to “Honor & Sacrifice: The Roy Matsumoto Story.” ⬠*



The Burman News

## The Men’s Gathering

Sponsored by host families Greg Walker and Leon Rasche, the second annual Men’s Gathering was held on Friday afternoon from 3-4:30 p.m. in the Hotel’s Lounge/Bar area. About 35 Marauders and Proud Descendants attended. It started off on a high note with each attendee receiving a beer mug with the MMPD logo stenciled on the side. The first round of beers was paid for by the Francis Ponder Family, in honor of Francis who served in the 475th MARS TF. A nice toast and tribute was given to Francis and to all the fallen Marauders.

Several prize drawings were held and an array of prizes were presented ... including: a reunion meal package, an “Honor & Sacrifice: The Roy Matsumoto Story” DVD, Ranger gifts (from Jonnie Clasen) and a \$100 gift certificate for hotel expenses, etc. ⬠

## The Ladies’ Wine & Cheese Social

Sponsored by host families Barb Walker, Shelley Rasche, and Jerrie Daly, the first annual Ladies’ Wine & Cheese Social was held on Friday afternoon from 3-4:30 p.m. in the hotel’s Taylor Room with about 20-25 ladies attending. A beautiful wine glass with the MMPD logo was presented to each lady present. Wine donated by a Proud Descendant was served by hotel staff. And, a variety of snacks were served in a social setting which included high tables and light conversations. Jewelry and other gifts were given away and a Grand Prize drawing was held for a Minnesota-themed Wine Basket. Father Val Bartek’s sister, Marylyn, was picked as the lucky winner. ⬠

# REUNION MEMORIES



## Reunion Venue Change

*The venue for the 68th Merrill's Marauders reunion, the 5th hosted by The Proud Descendants, has been changed from Fort Worth, Texas to Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

At the Annual Business Meeting this past Labor Day Reunion, three venues were proposed to hold the 2015 (68th) Reunion. Presented were the cities of Bloomington MN., (4th time in 6 years), Milwaukee WI., and Fort Worth, Texas. Fort Worth presented the highest-priced hotel charges by far, but it was to be offset by American Airlines providing free airfare for each attending Marauder and their accompanying spouse or caregiver.

Fort Worth won the vote by its proposed airline package, followed by Milwaukee, then Bloomington.

Jerrie Daly and I conducted lengthy phone discussions and email exchanges with American Airline (AA) representatives over a two-week period in September, following the 2013 Reunion.

AA reps were extremely veteran-friendly, have a specific program and budget in place solely dedicated to assisting veterans with airfare, and one of the reps is a retired Marine Colonel who needed no introduction of the Marauder Legacy, as he was well versed in their exploits.

Two major obstacles did arise, however. First, possibly due to free airfare, an expected 20 Marauders (plus spouse/caregiver) flights would need to be arranged from 20 different cities (and they must be cities that AA serves). Normally their free flights are grouped and arranged from one airport at a time.

Second, US Airways is currently in the process of taking AA over. The government has put a hold on the merger for now, but the two companies are continuing to work

out a deal to circumvent the anti-trust laws that are delaying that process. Because of the impending merger, AA's veteran assistance budget has been put on hold and is even expected to be reduced once US Airways takes over.

Because of this circumstance, the AA reps could not guarantee that any arrangements they make now could be honored by Sept. 2015. Therefore, it became necessary as the responsible representative of the MMPD for me to make the decision to switch the 2014 68th Reunion site to Milwaukee, and continue to work with the AA reps as their merger becomes settled to proceed with the 69th Reunion in Fort Worth for 2015.

I apologize to all who were looking forward to Texas (hey, I always wanted to be a cowboy) but I'd rather not gamble on promising a deal that may have to be rescinded at the last minute. 🌟

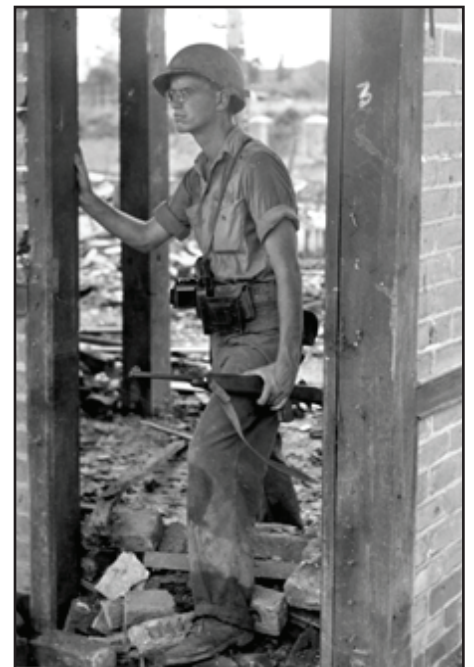
— Bob Menta, MMPD President

## S/SGT. David Quaid Writes ...

As I recall, it was the second day after leaving Naubum on our thrust to Myitkyina that Khaki Combat Team lost 17 mules. The slopes were so precipitous and slippery that the mules slid off the trail plunging to their deaths in ravines hundreds of feet below. The muleskinners would have to climb down to finish off those mules that survived the fall. All of the burdens carried by the animals (radios, heavy weapons, mortar shells, etc.) had to be hauled back up to the trail and then distributed to the men to pack from there on. Major "Black Pete" Petitto insisted

that I take two mortar rounds despite the fact that I carried far more weight than a rifleman. As a Combat Cameraman, I carried all of the normal gear as a rifleman, in addition to a 15 pound B&H 35 mm Eyemo motion picture camera plus 24 one hundred foot rolls of film weighing another 20 pounds. If it wasn't for Bernie Martin and the Orange Combat Team Radio Unit, I would never have made it to Myitkyina. He found space on one of their mules for the bag with my film. Incidentally the two mortar rounds were expended during the battle of Tingkrukawng lightening my load somewhat.

All of the above sets the stage for my story. Since we had to cut steps in the muddy trail to assist



(continued on page 9)

# THE PERSONALITY OF A U.S. ARMY MULE

## BY MULESKINNER EDWARD A. WADE

Who ever heard of such a subject? The idea came to mind some time ago while writing personality profiles on characters in the 98th Field Artillery Battalion (Pack). That word pack is one of the key words here. The 98th was an Artillery Battalion that used Pack mules to carry the howitzers from place to place. Another World war II Veteran was making a study of the 98th along with other Battalions. He could find very little information or anyone that had been connected with the 98th. Just by chance, fate, or whatever you may want to call it, he came across my name and address, associated with the 98th, if I could or would be generous enough to answer a few of his questions. That appeal to me and we have been corresponding regularly now for four years. In my second letter to him I wrote some Personality Profiles on some of the men in the 98th. As our correspondence grew, and the history of mules deepened, an idea came to mind. That possibly, there might have been one mule out of all those thousands the Army had bought, that was worthy of, or possessed a personality that warranted such a pursuit. It is MORE THAN LIKELY, staggering the imagination, to conjure up the possibility of a member of the Army to meet just such a mule, that would bring this paper 49 years later.

I had worked mules on the farm, but I was not quite prepared to anticipate just what the Army's program entailed in playing Nurse Maid to their mules. On the morning of the first day at the stables, we walked along the mangers to see all

the 13 mules in our gun section. The mules all looked alike except we noticed a variation of color, and size, but any further than that, a mule WAS A mule WAS A mule, WAS A mule and the Army had rigid regimen on handling them.

We didn't necessarily groom or lead the same mule all the time and gradually we began to notice the actions, and mannerisms of particular mules. But personality was not a subject to entertain much thought upon. It is just a mule not people. He wasn't supposed to think or act like people, but it wasn't long before we found out they could think, or else it was an involuntary reflex to protect themselves against an endangering fear of harm.

PLUG was his name, and he carried the PRESTON Brand 188B on his neck just behind the left ear. I didn't meet Plug right off. He was just one of the mules in the 10th or 11th spot in the line of 13 mules.

I guess I was just as dumb as the mule, because at the time I didn't consider that they might have a service record like the men did. If I had known about it, there is scant possibility I would have had access to it. How far into his Army Career before he got the name PLUG is anybody's guess. PLUG was just one of the many that was rounded up by a mule buyer-seller and PLUG was soon a "HOBBLED VOLUNTEER", just like the draftees, "A HANDCUFFED VOLUNTEER". PLUG'S fate was to be at Fort Lewis Washington, the 98th Field Artillery, C Battery, 1st gun section and PLUGGED in to stall 10 or 11.

It has been said by many that animals do not have the ability to reason, contemplate, and all those other good things like common sense. But I think he was a half a gene ahead of the other mules. Some of the old time muleskinners ( Not the Army), claimed that in order to get along with mules, you have to give them KINDNESS, AFFECTION AND CARESSES, not necessarily in that order, but a generous amount of each. Some of the mules would solicit such attention, especially if they could smell an apple in your pocket. But PLUG was not going to get on very close terms with Homo sapiens. He would accept the required grooming and such amenities as the Army provided at watering and feeding times, but just stay clear out of range of his heels at all times.

Maybe he had developed a sense of animosity toward authority during his Basic days at a remount station, same as the GI's did in basic training. He was a mule, 4 to 7 years old, with dubious ancestry, and a Gelding, the prospect of posterity was nil. Perhaps his attitude and behavior toward Homo sapiens justified some of the names he was called that reflected towards his ancestors or to him because of them. A muleskinner with background such as that might have been hard to live with also.

He would accept the usual standard load of feed or ammunition, but put a strange load on him, and if he got just a little inkling of an excuse he would run away. The first time I seen this happen, I thought it was very funny. He was

going all out, but didn't get very far when the pack saddle slipped and got under his belly and between his front legs and rear legs. He couldn't move and the cinches were cutting into his back and he was bawling for help.

Sometimes I have wondered if he and the Sergeant, Chief of section were in cahoots. As I have written elsewhere about the Sgt. that if he didn't have a grudge against you, he could very easily work up one, with or without a good excuse. I didn't want to disappoint the Sgt. And make him feel guilty by not having an excuse, so I would supply him with one quite often. One of the fastest and easiest ways to antagonize him was to pull my coverall legs out of my lagoons and roll them up a couple of turns. The coverall legs had buttons on the legs and that hurt my legs as we marched along. ID pull them out and he would just delight in heaping wrath upon my head. You have probably seen those symbols of a happy face where the mouth is turned up into a smile <->. His was just the opposite <^>. It was just made that way and didn't come about just from sulking, pouting, or just a bad mood. He couldn't have smiled if he wanted to, and I don't think he ever wanted to. PLUG was just the opposite; it seemed like he always had his upper lip curled like he wanted to smile and would if he could have. I have often wondered if he wasn't smiling in anticipation of some sort of deviltry, or if he had a sandbur under his lip.

## ON 16 JULY 1942

At Fort Lewis, WA, they both had their day and done a number on me that was all wrapped up in one incident. It was a damp sultry,

rainy morning and we were scheduled for a road march. Our Front Trail mule had to have new shoes, so we substituted a Cargo mule and changed the adapters. This substitute mule was 188B (PLUG). AT the same time I wasn't assigned to a regular mule, so as soon as we got them groomed and rigged out, I slipped over to the gun shed. Everybody else knew what to expect. So PLUG was left standing alone in the stable. The SGT. Came to the gun shed and yelled, "Wade, go back and get that mule!" quick as a flash I answered, "What mule is that, Sarge?" "You know what mule I mean, get PLUG and bring him over." I was in front of PLUG facing him with Daniel H Watson, just to the side and partly behind me, helping. When they started up with the front trail, his ears were straight up with the tips almost together. When a mule gets his ears PERKED in that manner, you had better come to the conclusion that he is right against the ragged edge of unmitigated fury — ready to explode! In less time than it takes to read this sentence, someone slacked off on a lifting bar and it rattled and that was the igniter PLUG was waiting for. He lunged forward, and Watson was in the way and I couldn't move. The last I saw before I went down was both his knees just under my chin. He ran over me and when he started the guys with the front trail had a four way stampede. I went down on my back and PLUG over me and the front trail hit the ground by my leg. Jumped right back up and saw PLUG under a manger in the nearby stable. By then I felt a little woozy and tilted my head forward a little bit and I saw blood come down the front of my raincoat. One of the guys saw the back of my head

cut where I fell on a smooth river rock in the yard. He grabbed me by the shoulder so I wouldn't fall. Then I reached in my pocket and got my handkerchief and used it as a compress while we walked to the dispensary. I was in the Post Hospital 4 days. Then on quarters for a few days. The Sgt. Was sure miffed that I couldn't put on my gas mask, because of the bandage. That mule walked on me from my knees up to my chin, and in a few days I had little blue spots the size of the head of the horseshoe nails all over me.

We had a big logger from Minnesota or Wisconsin in the gun section and he had been assigned to the kitchen crew not long before this incident happened and if he had been present it may never have happened. There was seldom a chance to use any physical abuse or applied psychology to redirect a mule's errant behavior toward a more cooperative attitude. The logger had lucked out and got a chance when he had PLUG out of sight of authorities. He got him started backwards and made him trip over a log and fall down. The logger jumped on his head and nearly stomped his head into the ground. After that when PLUG got contrary about being loaded, they would get that logger and all he needed to do was take hold of the reins and PLUG would stand and tremble while they loaded him, but he would not run.

After that I would lead PLUG once in a while, and during break time if you lay on the ground to rest a little, he would start grazing, or pretend to graze, but he had his eyes on you. His aim was to gradually graze toward you and if he got close enough to where he thought he could, he would jump on you  
*(continued on page 11)*

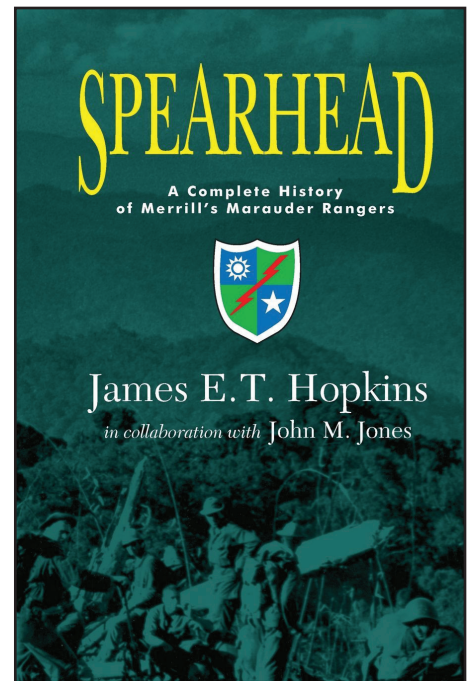
# Spearhead is BACK!

## A complete history of Merrill's Marauders Rangers in a new format with an Index

Walawbum, Shaduzup, Inkan-gahtawng, Nhpum Ga, Ritpong, Myitkyina. Although the names of these battles are not as familiar to the public as Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima, the name of the legendary American volunteer regiment that fought in them echoes throughout modern military history. Thrown into combat in the Burmese jungle in February 1944 at the request of the British government, Merrill's Marauders was the first American infantry regiment to fight on the Asian continent since the Boxer Rebellion. Assembled in 1943 as the 5037TH Composite Unit (Provisional), the three thousand infantrymen who answered FDR's call for volunteers for a secret, "dangerous and hazardous mission" found themselves in India training for jungle combat. Created to spearhead undertrained (and American-led) Chinese troops in Burma and reopen the land route to China, the 5037TH was expected by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to take 85 percent casualties and be disbanded within three months. As it turned out, the Marauders existed for eleven months, operating successfully in hostile territory, pioneering long-range military activities in jungle and mountainous regions, and completing one of the most productive—and perilous—military campaigns in American history.

Despite its considerable achievements under the most difficult conditions, there has never been a complete history of the regiment until now. In *Spearhead*, James E. T. Hopkins—a field surgeon with the Marauders' Third Battalion—in collaboration with John M. Jones, provides a detailed history of the highly decorated unit, from the circumstances under which the 5037TH was formed and its arduous training to the many battles in which the Marauders distinguished themselves to the unit's deactivation in July 1945.

Drawing on unpublished logs, personal diaries, and histories kept by members of the regiment, Hopkins provides a personal story of combat in an environment that was nearly as deadly as the enemy. As a medical officer, he witnessed the horrors of jungle combat, the resolute heroism of the volunteers who fought, and the genuine respect that men and officers in the regiment had for one another. He also chronicles the remarkable efforts of the unit's rear echelon to keep the combatants supplied. With *Spearhead*, Hopkins reveals the real story behind a chapter in the history of the Second World War too often officially forgotten or clouded by myth. *Spearhead* offers a heartfelt tribute to the men who served as Merrill's Marauders—and a com-



prehensive account of their deeds in the treacherous jungles of Burma fifty years ago. ✪

*JAMES E. T. HOPKINS is a physician who served as a field surgeon with the Marauders' Third Battalion during World War II.*

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*Please note that you want to look for the cover pictured here, not the previous edition's cover, as the previous edition is now out of print.*



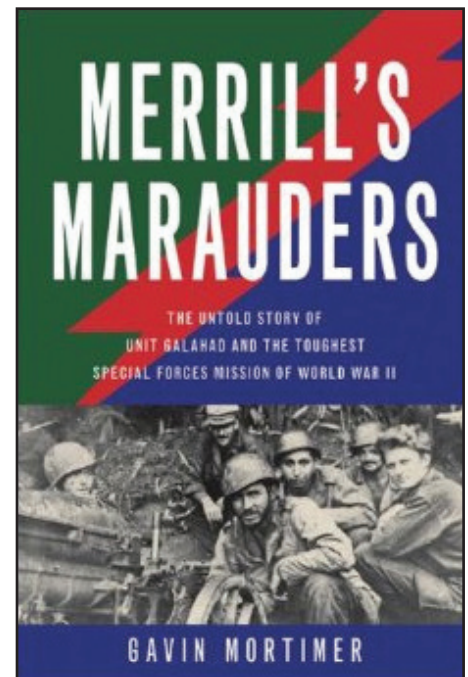
New Book On Merrill's Marauders Available  
*The Untold Story of Unit Galahad  
and the Toughest Special Forces  
Mission of World War II*

By Gavin Mortimer

In August of 1943, a call went out for American soldiers willing to embark on a “hazardous and dangerous mission” behind enemy lines in Burma. The war department wanted 3,000 volunteers, and it didn’t care who they were; they would be expendable, with an expected casualty rate of 85 percent. The men who took up the challenge were, in the words of one, “bums and cast-offs” with rap sheets and reputations for trouble. One war reporter described them as “Dead End Kids,” but by the end of their five-month mission, those that remained had become the legendary “Merrill’s Marauders.”

From award-winning historian

Gavin Mortimer, *Merrill’s Marauders* is the story of the American World War II special forces unit originally codenamed “Galahad,” which, in 1944, fought its way through 700 miles of snake-infested Burmese jungle—what Winston Churchill described as “the most forbidding fighting country imaginable.” Though their mission to disrupt Japanese supply lines and communications was ultimately successful, paving the way for the Allied conquest of Burma, the Marauders paid a terrible price for their victory. By the time they captured the crucial airfield of Myitkyina in May 1944, only 200 of the original



3,000 men remained; the rest were dead, wounded, or riddled with disease. This is the definitive nonfiction narrative of arguably the most extraordinary, but also unsung, American Special Forces unit in World War II. ★

*(David Quaid, continued from page 5)*

the mules in managing the arduous climb to the Naura Hykat pass at 6000 ft. it was dark before the word was passed back to bivouac where ever we could. Word also came down that there was a spring of good water ahead. One guy from each unit would gather all the canteens to get them filled while the rest prepared camp. Being a stranger and alone I had to take care of myself. I forged ahead passing mules and muleskinners that stopped in place. The trail at that location was merely notched out of a slope. One side rose vertically, the other side fell off into a ravine. Although there was little room to pass, I got to the spring and filled my canteen. Starting back to the radio team, again it was necessary to

negotiate around the mules at that difficult place in the trail. All was going well when a mule shifted his weight, caught my pack with both hind legs, and I was projected into space. I fell about 15 feet coming to rest, on my back, in a clump of bamboo. Feeling a bit embarrassed to be seen by the muleskinners in my predicament, I struggled to free myself and climb back up on the trail. It was soon apparent to me that I had all of the control of my situation as has a turtle on its back. I called up to the now invisible troops on the trail. A flashlight picked me out and a rope soon followed. I expressed my appreciation to those invisible rescuers and found my way back to where the radio team had set up for the night.

A meal of K ration and a conversation with Father Barrett, our great Chaplain completed a hectic day.

Next morning we saddled up and the column moved forward. We had to pass the scene of last night’s embarrassment. The notched section of the trail extended for some 400 feet. About dead center of that distance was a single clump of bamboo about 15 feet down from the trail. There was not any other growth whatsoever on this section of the trail or on the 300 feet down to a creek bed. I could only think of what could have happened from the thrashing around, I did trying to free myself before calling to my unknown saviors. ★

— S/Sgt David L. Quaid

# Stolen From Spring 1998 ... CBIVA Sound-off

John and Fritz were good friends (Beer Drinking Buddies), and they worked in the Brewery. John was the Foreman. One day John stopped at the Fritz's house and rang the bell. Fritz's wife Mary came to the door and said "John come in. Where is Fritz?" John replied "I'm sorry there has been an accident at the brewery and Fritz is dead." Mary said "Oh my God tell me what happened." John said "Fritz fell into a vat of premium beer and drowned." Where Mary replied, "I hope he did not suffer. Did he go quickly or did he linger?" John said I am afraid it was quite slow. He climbed out three times to go to the bathroom."

## OSS-DETACHMENT 101

The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) was created by U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Military Order on June of 1942 to function as the principal U.S. intelligence organization in all theatres of war, including the least publicized China-Burma-India (CBI) Theatre. Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan, who had extensively studied the British intelligence systems, was appointed as the director of this new intelligence agency. The OSS became the U.S. counterpart of the British Secret Intelligence (MI6) and Special Operation Executive (SOE), and operated extensively in the major theatres of war.

General Stilwell supported the OSS programs to conduct intelligence gathering and unconventional warfare activities in Burma. Colonel Carl Eifler, a rugged and daring man from the U.S. Customs Service was appointed as the commander of the clandestine combat

unit known as Detachment 101. It was formed to support the American military objectives in the CBI Theatre.

Operating from a secret base in northeastern Burma, this unit with 21 American agents was able to raise a considerable guerrilla force made up of tribesmen which came to be known as the Kachin Rangers. By the end of 1943, there were nearly 100 American OSS staff, operating six secret bases, several hundred miles behind the Japanese held territories. Later, other nationalities and tribesmen such as Chins, Karens, Shans, Burmese, Chinese, Indians and Gurkhas were also recruited by the OSS. They were trained in intelligence gathering, interrogation, cryptography, radio traffic and internal propaganda, as well as espionage, sabotage, demolition, knife and unarmed combat, assassination, harassment, and ambush tactics. From secret bases in Burma, several units conducted clandestine operations against Japanese targets.

The Japanese forces in northern Burma came to respect and fear the men of Detachment 101. They called them "Jungle Scorpions." The Gurkha soldiers, also fighting the Japanese in the Burma campaign, named Colonel Eifler's men the "OSS Vipers." Vipers are the most poisonous snakes in Southern Asia. Various species of vipers kill thousands of people every year, silently and surely.

## FEATS OF OSS-101

By the end of the war in August of 1945, OSS Detachment 101 had fielded more than 120 American agents and 10,000 American

trained Kachin Rangers and Burmese guerrillas. The men from this unit successfully disrupted Japanese air defenses to secure the American supply flights over the Himalayan "Hump" to support General Chiang Kai-shek and his Chinese Nationalist armies. Further, more than 80% of all the intelligence received by U.S. General Stilwell's Northern Combat Area Command came from Detachment 101 sources. They also pinpointed the bombing targets for the U.S. Tenth Air Force. In addition, they had shared vital intelligence with units from the British Special Operation Executive (SOE) operating in north and central Burma. Special rescue teams of this unit had saved more than 400 downed Allied airmen.

The Kachin Rangers had provided valuable assistance to both the American Merrill's Marauders and the British Chindits by serving as guides and scouts, clearing jungle trails, building bamboo bridges, and selecting areas for planes to drop supplies. They also reported on enemy troop movements, blew up enemy rail lines and bridges, destroyed installations, harassed Japanese patrols and ambushed transport columns.

The sabotage, espionage, assassination, propaganda and guerrilla activities of this unit had caused more than 15,000 casualties to the Japanese and their native supporters. It proved to be exceedingly costly to the Japanese occupation army in terms of men, material and morale. Most importantly, Detachment 101 was instrumental in the eventual recapture of the Burma Road.

The American agents from this unit were highly resourceful, inge-

nious and inventive despite the limited resources allotted to them. Detachment 101 was pitched against the most battle experienced and jungle-seasoned warriors of the Imperial Japanese Army who claimed themselves to be the “invincible conquerors of Asia.” They were also fighting various elements of nature in one of the most formidable jungles in the world.

They performed their missions with audacity, creativity and brilliance above and beyond the call of duty. In my opinion, no clandestine combat unit in the history of modern warfare can match the accomplishments of the OSS Detachment 101 in Burma during World War II. ★

— Ty Bomba, Editor Command Magazine

## — A Hero to Me —

Last night I read a story and it really saddened me,  
a man had died, he lost his life, for my  
right to be free.

I can go to church, and shop, and feel  
safe to sleep at night,

Because this man was one of those who  
was brave enough to fight.

I take my son and daughter to the Y and  
Sunset Boulevard,

and I know that someone is fighting for us  
and that their life is really hard.

They surely miss their family as their  
family misses them,

They pray, they hope, somehow, someday,  
that they will eventually return.

I go to parks, send my kids to school,  
and enjoy ordinary days,

because someone chose to fight,  
to protect these American Ways.

A loved one, a Son, a Brother,  
a Soldier is now gone today,  
to me he is a Hero and I hope  
he's remembered in that way.

His death was not in vain, his fight has kept us free,  
and I always will remember this Soldier  
who died protecting me.

— By Amy Klinka

## Our Heroes Forever

**SGT THOMAS W BUFORD, REV,**  
**5307/1/C,** Dothan, Alabama, From Major  
Sosebee, **Final Roll Call, October 6, 2013.**

**T/5 DENNEHY, CHARLES W, 475/3/I,**  
**Med,** Hope-well Junction, NY 12533, From  
son-in-law, Capt. Jason H Mervyn, **Final**  
**Roll Call, October 16, 2013.**

**PFC HOWARD A. HOLMES, 5307/3/K,**  
2240 240th Ave., Mora, MN, From Jonnie  
Clasen, **Final Roll Call April 9, 2013.**

**T/SGT JEZERCAK, BERNARD A,**  
**5307/3/K,** Carrollton, TX, From Jerrie Daly,  
**Final Roll Call, July 11, 2013.**

**PFC TURNER, CHARLES W, 5307/2/HQ,**  
From Greg Walker, **Final Roll Call, Febru-**  
**ary 22, 2013.**

**PFC. JAMES E. VAUGHN, 5307/1/B,** Bed-  
ford, IN, From nephew Jack & niece Robin  
Ryan, **Final Roll Call, October 6, 2013.**



(Muleskinner, continued from page 6)

with both front feet. He almost got a number on me with that trick once. Don't gamble on a mule being a dummy. It may take some time but in the end he intends to be the winner.

Later when we went overseas, our mules were sent to the Port at San Francisco. The first ship load had about 600 mules, but the gun section didn't get the same mules. So I have no idea what happened to him. ★

— MULESKINNER ED,  
Edward A. Wade

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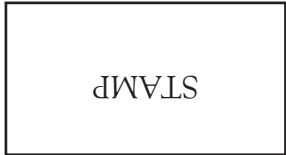
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November 2013