



The Burman News

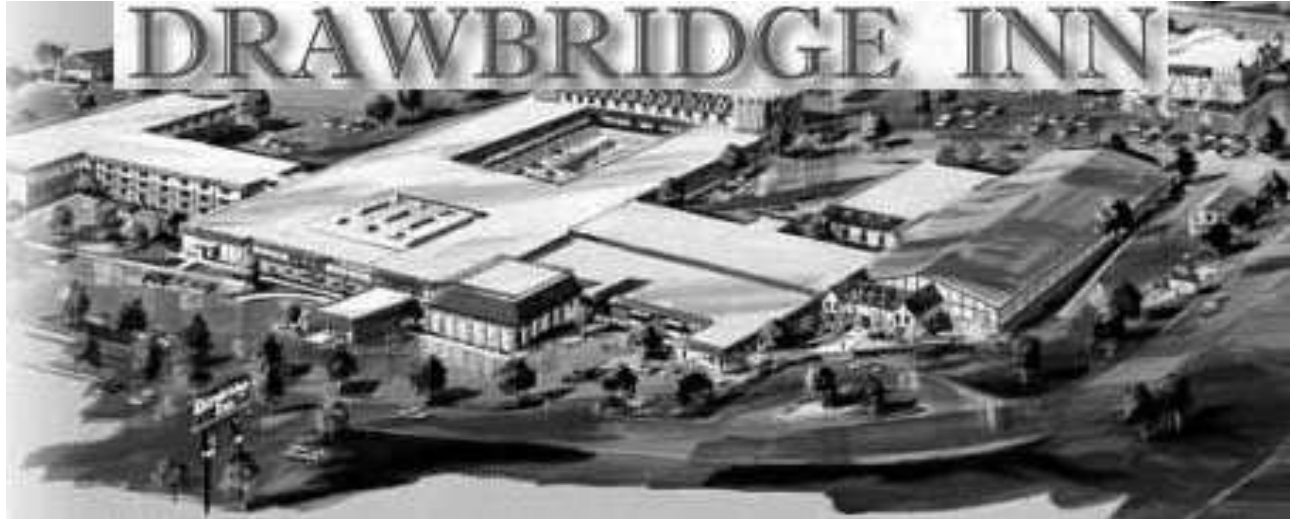


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No. 88



NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE 60 ANNUAL MERRILL'S MARAUDERS REUNION

Imagine, this association has been in operation for sixty long years, and yet, it still has a sizable membership. Unfortunately though, our numbers are decreasing and for many it is becoming more and more difficult, at our advanced age, to be able to attend. Therefore if you ever intended to attend a reunion, don't put it off any longer, **now is the time**. This year's reunion will be held at **The Drawbridge Inn, at Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky** on the Labor Day Weekend, September 1st & 2nd of 2006. The package rate, including taxes and gratuities, **for a single is \$240, for two is \$324, each additional guest is \$85**, and additional nights are only **\$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. The Drawbridge Inn, with its 380 fully equipped rooms, is located at I-75 and Buttermilk Pike (Exit 186). The hotel offers **complimentary airport shuttle service** to the Cincinnati/ Northern KY International Airport and the **\$1 fee for the Southbank Shuttle** makes it easy to get to the Kentucky/Ohio Riverfront and many other attractions in the area including Newport on the Levee shopping.



Each room offers a 25" color TV with satellite stations and movie channels, coffee maker, iron, ironing board, hair dryer, clock radio and your choice of a queen or two double beds, also available are handicapped rooms- two with roll in showers.

For Reservations Call 1-800-354-9793.

Additional Amenities

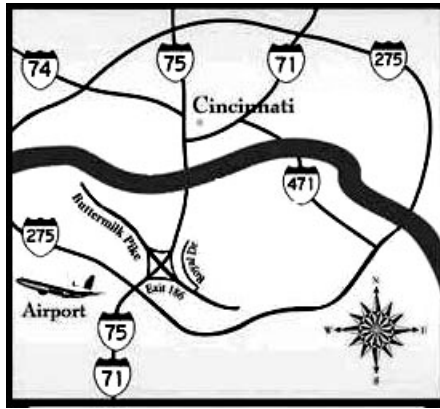
- USA Today
- Two swimming pools
- Fitness / whirlpool / sauna
- Handicap accessible rooms
- 24 hour restaurant service:
- Josh's Tavern & Grille
- Chaucer's Coffee Shoppe
- Picadilly's Gift Shop
- Hair Limited
- Laundry facilities
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- Video game room

Sightseeing

Newport On The Levee
Newport Aquarium and
IMAX Theatre
Underground RR
Major shopping malls
Museum Center,
Children's Museum and
Omnimax Theatre
Cincinnati Zoo and
Botanical Gardens
Mainstrasse Shopping Dis-
trict Riverbend Music Concerts
KY Speedway Race Track

Directions to the Drawbridge.

From the North, take I-75 South to Exit 186 (Buttermilk Pike). Left off of Exit, Left at 2nd light onto Royal Drive. From the South, take I-75 North to Exit 186 (Buttermilk Pike), Right off of Exit, left at 2nd light onto Royal Drive.



Marauder's Son Donates Father's Uniform

Brad Fielder, the son of the late 1st Lt. Leonard E. Fielder, donated his father's complete world war two uniform to the Merrill's Marauders Association, which will eventually be displayed at the Ranger/Marauders museum at Ft. Benning GA. Brad had previously given us the only known list of the of the 5307th as it stood on 5 January 1944, Special Orders No.3 (SO 3). In addition to the uniform, Brad donated his father's medals, patches and a number of other documents and Special Orders.

Hansel L. Haycox Generates Database

Hansel L. Haycox has been diligently working to document the combat organizations that served in Burma, through 1944. Hansel has made numerous trips to the National Archives in Maryland. He researched and collected, special orders, daily reports and organizational listings, then retyped the sometimes illegible documents, maintaining their original form and added them into a database for future Historians.

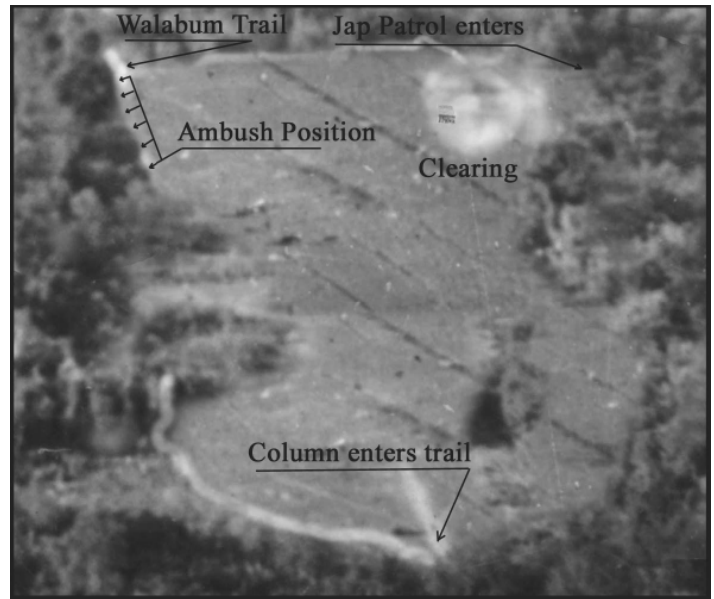
Although Hansel's database now includes thousands of names, rank service numbers and unit designation, it is not complete. **You can help by** sending me any documents or listings of names and units you may have. The original is preferred over a copy for it will be more readable, but a copy would still be much appreciated. The mailing address is the same as the return address on this newsletter: Robert E. Passanisi, 111 Kramer Drive, Lindenhurst, NY 11757-5407 or E-mail historian@marauder.org **Please do it now.**

Mountain Artillery Assn.

The Mountain Artillery Assn. will hold it's annual reunion at the **Holiday Inn, 999 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.** September 14-17, 2006. Rm. Rate \$81/night, includes taxes. For reservations call **800 933 9678 or 801 359 8600.** Hosted by Orland and Colleen Crandall, 2713 W State Rd. 32, Peoa, UT 84061. Tel: **435 783 5231**

THE LA GANG GA AMBUSH

La Gang Ga, Burma; La Gang Ga consisted of a clearing in a heavily forested area with one remaining basha. At the upper right and lower left corners, trails entered the clearing and roughly followed the brush line converged into one larger and wider trail leading to Walawbum. The column entered The La Gang Ga clearing at the lower right corner and followed the trail leading to Walawbum. The entrance of the trail at the upper left could not be seen with the naked eye and the trail going through the clearing was hidden from view by tall grass. Only near the basha was there any indication that there was a trail. There the trail became part of a grassless, hard dirt area around the basha. Except for the trails, the clearing was covered with grass of varying heights.



Shortly after entering the La Gang Ga clearing, I felt a familiar sensations of impending danger. As I moved on line with the basha and the opposite upper left corner of the clearing, my uneasiness intensified into a definite sense that there were Japanese troops located at that opposite corner. Although I was unable to detect any evidence of the presence of Japanese, I was now certain that there were Japanese in the proximity of that upper left corner. The feeling became so strong that I told Sgt. Dave Hurwitt, who had served with me in the south pacific, and the other personnel near him that, " There are Japanese over there". Startled, but not overly excited by my positive statement of Japanese presence, the men visually checked the clearing and the bordering brush with negative results. Several of the men in front of and behind me started to laugh at me because there were no Japanese in sight. Veterans of the South and Southwest Pacific, they were not easily exited or spooked and thought that I had become frightened and that my imagination was running wild. Hurwitt knowing me and also possibly defending me

against the laughter, informed everyone somewhat belligerently that: "If Perrone says that there are Japanese over there, there are Japanese over there, he can sense them."

At Hurwitt's warning the line quieted down and became more alert against the remote possibility that I might be correct. The line slowed and a gap in the column developed at the turn to the Walawbum trail where the men already on that trail continued to move, and the men in the La Gang Ga clearing slowed down and finally stopped. It was impossible to screen the brush at the opposite end of the clearing with the naked eye and there was no discernable opening in the brush to indicate that a trail existed. We had searched the opposite brush line in detail with a pair of binoculars without success and I could not discern any indication of a trail or other opening in the brush where Japanese troops might be in position. I was frustrated because the danger indicators were at a peak and I was not able to confirm the warning. Still uneasy from continuing danger indicators and certain that there were Japanese troops in our proximity despite our inability to detect them, I felt somewhat embarrassed by the failure to detect any Japanese presence and wondered if the men were right and that I had spooked for some unknown reason; however, I could not dismiss the sense of Japanese presence which was a familiar feeling for me. I have sort of a sixth sense, which alerts me to danger and had saved my life more than once. Embarrassed or not, I felt that I could not ignore the warnings since lives were at stake. I decided to cross over to the other side of the clearing to scout out possible Japanese signs. I turned and took two steps toward the clearing when our Air Liaison Officer excitedly said, "There are people over there, I think they are Japanese" and handed me his binoculars. At first glance identified the people grouped in the brush as Japanese soldiers. I can not describe the feeling of relief that I was able to see and identify the Japanese soldiers located exactly where I had sensed them. If we had passed through the La Gang Ga clearing without any sign of them, the story of Perrone and the non-existent Japanese would have followed me for the rest of my Army career.

I trained the binoculars on the area of movement and identified an opening in the brush as a possible trail entering into the clearing. There was movement by several soldiers in the opening, but they remained within the brush, a normal stop to visualize and reconnoiter a cleared area before being exposed to view. I was unable to obtain any data on the strength and composition of the Japanese formation. However, assuming command of the situation, I ordered the personal in the line to assume ambush positions and move straight back into the brush where they were standing. As we moved into positions under cover of the brush, I kept observing the Japanese and saw that they were still stopped and were milling around in the brush at the exit of the trail leading into the clearing.

In our ambush positions, we had visual cover, but except for some dips in the ground in front of us, we had very little physical cover.

The Japanese were in their own rear area and felt secure from any possible enemy attack; therefore, they didn't bother to visually scout all of the clearing. This impression was borne out by their attitude of complete disregard for security measures up to the time that the ambush was sprung.

With our men hidden from view of the Japanese, I summed up our situation and estimated that there were less than 15 men. We were strung out in a single line basically in the same relative position in which we had been walking with no defensive depth or fallback positions. If we came under heavy attack, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us to even move our flanks. Our best chance for survival was to remain in place pending reinforcements. Our group was lightly armed with carbines, pistols, a few M 1s, and a very few hand grenades. We had no automatic weapons or mortars, but we were the best that was available at that time and we could make ourselves felt.

Our only possible tactic, regardless of whether we engaged a stray patrol or the advanced guard of a major Japanese force, was to allow the Japanese to move in as close as possible and for us to fire one surprise coordinated volley to wipe out the advance patrol and cause the remaining troops to retreat back to its brush-lined end of the clearing because of the surprise attack from a non-visible enemy of unknown strength and composition. If the Japanese did so, it would give our Battalion commander time to assume overall command and control and for our rifle and weapons companies to maneuver into place for defense, offense or even a coordinated withdrawal depending on the strength of the enemy force. It might also allow the ambush group to survive and fight again. If the Japanese came in platoon or greater strength and didn't retreat to regroup and probe us prior to launching a major attack, we would cease to exist. Much depended on the size of the Japanese force crossing the clearing. If we were extremely fortunate, our basic ambush tactic might be effective. It depended on our remaining in place in our ambush positions and to inflict as heavy as possible casualties on the Japanese force. If we were successful in killing and incapacitating all of them or in forcing a retreat prior to making an attack on us, we would make no movement or take any action, which would expose our positions.

One Japanese soldier broke away from the others and stepped out of the brush onto the open trail in the clearing, however, instead of assuming the normal posture of a lead scout and moving down the trail in advance of his patrol, he slowed his pace. Immediately behind him came another figure, an officer, and they continued to move out of the brush into the open trail heading towards

us. The Japanese continued to move in single file close order. I counted a total of seven Japanese exiting the brush onto the trail. I could not determine if there were other Japanese still in the brush behind the trail, but it was possible that, there could be one or two soldiers acting as a rear guard.

The first soldier, considered a scout was armed with a nambu light machine gun, which he carried casually slung over his shoulder with the curved butt around his neck while holding it by the barrel. The second was an officer; the third and fifth were stretcher-bearers and their weapons were slung over their shoulders and not readily accessible to them; the fourth was a patient on a stretcher, the sixth and seventh were riflemen. In addition, they carried grenades and other equipment common to Japanese infantryman. The lead scout carrying the nambu constituted the only real and immediate weapon threat to our group. If the Japanese tactical formation remained the same, our basic tactic would succeed. The real threat other than being prematurely discovered and our location pinpointed to the Japanese, would come from any main force moving along that covered trail behind the Japanese patrol.

It hardly seemed possible that this patrol could be an advance guard, but the lack of professional adherence to military measures did not preclude the possibility that it was the advance guard of a main force. Their actions had to be considered against the fact that they were deep in their own rear area that had been in control of the Japanese Army until we arrived on the scene. Our actions had to be based on the assumption that this was an advance patrol that was marching an unknown distance in front of a larger Japanese force with a small rear guard maintaining contact between the forces.

An ambush site had been selected where the trail led through the barren area of ground in the front of the basha. It had all of the basic requirements and probably was the best ambush site in the clearing. It was well within good target range and any of the Japanese soldiers not killed in the initial volley would be exposed if they dropped to the ground. However, there was one exception that it was a little further away than preferred for an ambush. There was a possible advantage in allowing the patrol to advance further into the clearing closer to us since it would provide time to permit any following Japanese forces to arrive at the clearing and provide us with more knowledge of their strength.

As the Japanese patrol slowly moved closer to the ambush site, I ordered that the group be prepared to fire upon my command. One of the men to my left, identity unknown interposed an objection saying: "Pat, let them come closer so I can get a better shot at them." I had no objection since; there was a definite advantage to allowing the patrol to come closer.

I had switched from the binoculars to tracking the lead scout with my carbine as he approached the primary

ambush site hoping for an immediate kill which would prevent him from using his nambu and thus eliminating the major weapon threat of the patrol. With others of the ambush group targeting him, it was certain that one of us would put in the killing shot. Having withheld the order to fire, I returned to observing the patrol and the surrounding brush line.

The patrol moved through the ambush site and retained its formation as it approached and I again gave the word to be prepared to fire on my command. I had been tracking the patrol with the binoculars and screening the brush line behind the patrol for any possible sign of Japanese. I saw no sign of other Japanese and there were no indications that the members of the patrol were under any particular tension. The lead scout was close enough for his facial expression to be seen clearly with the naked eye. He was completely unaware of the hostile eyes, as he walked along the trail with his nambu slung across his shoulder completely forgetful of his duties as lead scout of the patrol. He had already won a reprieve from death when we had decided to allow the patrol pass the ambush site to provide a closer target and possibly determine the strength and composition of any following Japanese troops.

As the patrol walked along behind the lead scout, still completely unaware of any hostile presence, I watched their faces and body movements, it seemed unreal that none of them could sense the tremendous outpouring of hostility which emanated from the ambush group as we lay in the brush watching them through our sights of our weapons with our fingers on the triggers waiting for the command to fire. I observed the patrol individually and as a group and I was fully satisfied that the patrol constituted little or no real threat to our safety because they were employing no security precautions, felt no threat against their safety, were not carrying their weapons in a ready to fire position, and were concentrated like a bunch of bananas which provided a single massed target well within our firepower capabilities. As I observed the patrol moving towards us and approaching the point where I would give the order to fire. It struck me as to how fragile our hold on life was. Except for the sheer luck of a sixth sense warning, our position could have been reversed and we could have been taken under fire by the patrol or a larger Japanese force in a surprise attack. The ability to have observed this Japanese patrol so closely, facial expressions as well as body movements, as it disregarded every precept of security and moved across an open area as casually as though they were strolling through the main street of their home town was a never to be forgotten lesson reinforcing past experience that nothing was to be taken for granted and that any relaxation of security measures could mean the difference of the enemies or your death. Further, that there are no secure areas in a war. Regardless of circumstances, troops in a war

LIGHTER MOMENTS ON THE TRAIL

area had to be safeguarded through every security precaution capable of neutralizing and countering an enemy surprise attack. In this instance, I was more than happy to accept every tactical advantage afforded us by the patrol's lack of security precautions.

As the patrol approached, I prepared to give the order to fire and raised my carbine he lifted his head slightly and observed something to his right front towards the Walawbum Trail that brought him to full attention with the realization that death was staring him in the face. I have never been able to forget the look in his eyes. In a second, his facial expression went from a tiered, relaxed and carefree one to shocked utterly surprised and horrified realization that he and his patrol were dead. He never had the opportunity to warn his patrol of the danger. He started to spin to his left rear to warn his patrol and unlimber his weapon, when I simultaneously fired at him and shouted the order to fire. The lead scout was dead. I probably cheated just a little bit since I believe I actually fired just before ordering the ambush group to fire. I couldn't take any chances with his remaining alive and capable of using the nambu against us. I fired two rounds into him and as he went down, I fired three more rounds at the second man in line. Within the time of firing the five rounds, all of the Japanese were on the ground and the sudden blast of gunfire that started on my order was over. I ordered cease-fire, which was not really needed since, at that time, there were no more targets available and none of the men wanted to waste any ammunition, which might be needed for any following Japanese force. Further, we wanted no more firing which would tend to disclose our positions.

Condensed from the La Gang Ga Ambush
By Dominic A. (Pat) Perrone



Part of The Ambush Team

1st. Lt. Dominic (Pat) Perrone, holding the long bayonet and group of Marauders from the ambush, standing over remains of the Japanese patrol.

BIG RED: The strongest and smartest mule in our small weapons platoon was called Big Red for his coloring. He carried our 81mm Mortar, and always held his head high. Everyone in the platoon would swear he also had a mischievous sense of humor. One day On the trail, after we had cared for our four footed friends, I dumped my pack too near the mule line and went off to wash. Big Red stuck his nose in, probably smelled the cocoa powder I was hoarding in a small cardboard box, along with instant coffee, sugar cubes and two five packs of double edge razor blades. By the time I came back, all that was left were a few pieces of the box. We thought he would die from internal bleeding, but it never seemed to bother him.

During the siege on the Burma Road, I was on watch in the middle of a very dark night. Deciding to have a cigarette to help me keep awake, I used my just acquired "Flame-less" lighter. For readers who have never seen one, this was a tube about three inches long, with a wheel and flint on top, and a six inch punk hanging down from the tube. The theory was that the punk would glow rather than flame.

Lowering my face slightly below the lip of the foxhole, I flicked the flint three times, with none of the expected results. On the third flick, a bullet slammed into the log over the front of the foxhole. It finally dawned on me that each flick lit up the inside of the bunker. On the first flick, the Japanese sniper got my general location; on the second, he zeroed in; and on the third he fired. His line was good, but his elevation was a bit off, Thank God. I threw the lighter away.

A couple of days later, those of us on the early watch saw a figure in khaki come ambling up our hill. We assumed it was a Japanese straggler; everyone wanted the first shot. I am sure we also knew that Intelligence was desperate for a live prisoner. Just in time, someone noticed that the hatless figure was a blond, and we held our fire.

He was a P-47 pilot whose plane was disabled by Japanese AA fire. He had bailed out about ten miles south of us; landed next to the old Burma Road, evaded the Japanese patrols, and started walking north in the dark. Since we had a fireblock on the road rather than a line of troops, he walked quietly past our position. When he heard Japanese voices, he turned west and climbed our hill. He could not seem to get it through his head that if he had been only a few minutes earlier, while it was still dark, that we would have gunned him down.

Our platoon chipped in a big breakfast for him from our new 10-in-1 rations. Then a couple of us walked him down to the liaison and evacuation strip, for a ride back to Myitkyina. He climbed into the L-5 and waved goodbye. As the liaison pilot opened his throttle, we heard the whistle of an incoming Japanese 105mm round, and

watched what happened next from a nearby foxhole. Just as they became airborne, the shell landed under the left wing, and flipped the little plane completely over. Fortunately, neither pilot was injured. Our new pilot friend had himself quite a day. I am sorry I can't remember his name.

Although during the siege on the Burma Road we had a number of late-night visits from a "Washing Machine Charley" who dropped a few small bombs to no effect, I personally never saw a Japanese plane during the active campaign. However, one day shortly after we had moved down the valley to rest and refit that changed. A Zero made two low and slow passes over the sprawling encampment of parachute tents. Members of my platoon and I had a good view, since we were on a small hill nearby where we had been zeroing in a new barrel for our light machine gun. We had used up the only box of 250 rounds we had carried with us, or we would have opened up on the Zero. Since he made no hostile move before flying off to the south, in retrospect it probably would not have been the best idea to fire on him.

Author unknown

THE BALLAD OF MERRILL'S MARAUDERS

A blade was forged
From the Crucible of Fate,
Then heated in the hells-fire of war.
The hammer and hone
Were battles it has known.
The temper was esprit de corps!

The column is winding down Ledo Road;
A blend of mules and men,
The regiment had orders to cross Burma's borders,
Deep into the enemies' den.

Japanese roads are promptly cut
Near a village – called WALAWBUM.
To hold in place, men quickly brace
For the attack that soon must come.

To die for their God-Emperor,
Brings honor to the Samurai.
In wave after wave they charge to their grave,
Screaming "Banzai! Banzai!"

Marauder guns chant macabre dirge,
As soldiers ply their trade.
The choruses swell like sounds from Hell,
And scores of new widows are made.

The bloody baptism is over,
Eight hundred of the enemy lie dead,
While down through the ranks, the men give their thanks
That hardly a Marauder had bled.

Walawbum—Shadazup – Myitkyina
Strange names to the tongue and breath.
Yet to every last one, when this campaign is done,
They will be familiar as death.

A soft command. Men get to their feet.
Silently the column moves out.
Less fear of a trap by the cruel cunning Jap,
With a native Kachin for a scout.

Machine guns snarl in the jungle ahead!
A wounded man stumbles and trips.
A groan of pain as he rises again,
To fall with a curse on his lips!

The second Battalion on Nhpum Ga Hill,
Is surrounded by the yellow tide.
As days follow nights, they stubbornly fight
Till third battalion has arrived.

Vultures are cheated; men bury their dead.
No time for mourning now.
The troops and guns of the Rising Sun
Hold distant Myitkyina

Through jungle and swamp the column moves,
Where white men never have been.
The youngsters that started, and not since departed,
Are hollow-eyed, gaunt faced men.

The horsemen of the Apocalypse
Repeatedly slash at their flanks.
Until at length, they have drained the strength
From steadily dwindling ranks.

At Myitkyina British and Chinese are joined
To reverse the tide of war.
And a haggard band of a hundred stand,
Where a regiment stood before.

Like sun on the Irrawaddy
Dissolves the morning mist
The campaign won, their task is done,
As Marauders they cease to exist.

Gone now to the pages of history
With the armies of by-gone years,
Where history's pen records deeds of men
In Blood, Mixed with Sweat and Tears!

A blade was forged
From the Crucible of Fate,
And wielded with honor in war.
Now battered and bent
The blade is well spent.
Eternal, The Honor It Bore!

By John E. Devine

PASS IN REVIEW

MAURICE S. ADAMS, 5307/1/HQ RCT, From son Hobart Adams, Rt 7 Box 6034 Gate City VA 24251, Died April 16, 2005.

FRANK H ANGOLANO, 475/2/HQ, From daughter Mary Burrell, on the internet, <lilmaremo@comcast.net> died December 2005.

JACK G ARMS, 5307/3/K, KCT, From nephew John A Crawford, on internet <JCraw10686@aol.com>, died February 13, 1989.

RUSSELL J DE MARS, 5307/3/K KCT, From Gnd Daughter, Jenny Fendt, on the internet <cfendt3405@wo-wway.com>, died September 22, 2002.

PETER J FAGGION, 475/1/HQ, From son Joseph, 509 Seminary St, Grand Ledge, MI 48837, died February 16, 2006.

JOEL B GROTT, 5307/3/HQ OCT, From returned Burman News.

CLINTON HARVEY, 475/1/A, From friend Judy, 4041 S Jamie Dr, TRL B, Tucson, AZ 85735, died February 16, 2006.

DR JOHN J MC LAUGHIN, 5307/1/MED, From daughter, 416 Woodward Ave, Buffalo, NY 14214, Died August 8, 2003

MILLER W REINNER, 5307/475, From sister-in-law, died July 2, 2003.

ALVIE ROBINSON, 5307/2/HQ BCT, From son John on the internet, <Gonefishinj5@aol.com> Tel: 330 669 6949, died May 2, 2006.

ALTON H SHAW, 5307/2/HQ BCT, From son-in-law, widow Eulamae, RR4 Box 70, Eupora, MS 39744, died December 2005.

ALBERT TOTH, 5307/2/F GCT, From widow Irene B, 3307 Decamp Rd, Youngstown, OH 44511, died July 12, 2005,

ROBERT T TRIMBO, 5307/3/L KCT, From granddaughter Tracie Trucki, on the internet <ToTroc@aol.com>, date unknown.

JOHN L TYRE, 5307/1/A RCT, From daughter Sylvia Tyre Williamson, 3600 Hwy 257, Dexter, GA 31019, died July 13, 2002

TED H ZIMMERSCHIED, 5307/3/K KCT, From James Sheppard on the internet, <mrshep90742@yahoo.com>, date unknown

THANK YOU FOR YOUR DONATION

They are needed and appreciated

DONATIONS IN HONOR OF

FRANK H ANGOLONA, 475/2/HQ, By Mrs. Joyce Roy, 132 Iroquois Ave, Essex Junction, VT

LANCE HOPKINS, Sr, 5307/2/E BCT, By widow Marjorie Hopkins, 5323 Stable Court, North Las Vegas, NV 89031-7950, December 15, 1988

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHARE A ROOM?

If you would like to attend our **60th** reunion, but feel the **\$240** for a single is difficult to manage or you just want to save some dough. There may be another compatible person with the same idea and you could get a double for **\$324**, a savings of **\$78** ea. If you e-mail at historian@marauder.org I will put you in touch with some other interested party, to work out your own arrangements.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HOST A REUNION?

If you haven't thought about it, now is the time to do so. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the old timers to make reunion arrangements and it is time for the Proud Descendants to take over. Hosting a reunion is hard work, but does have some benefits, one of which is you automatically become a member of the Board of Directors and get to vote on policy.

If you are interested in finding a reunion site, I will be glad to help you through the whole process. Although space does not permit the full details, I'll list below some of the general requirements

1. The two-day weekend price shall include, two full breakfasts, two banquet dinners, a ladies tea, two cocktails at the Saturday night cocktail hour and all gratuities, taxes and event rooms.

2. A special discounted daily rate for at least 3 days before and 2 days after the event.

3. A Registration and Memorabilia room of at least 2,000 sq. ft, that can be secured and held (Hotels use the term "Hold") from Wednesday through Sunday.

4. A Banquet room of at least 5,000 sq. ft and 12' high ceiling, for the two banquets and breakfasts. The other required meeting rooms are more flexible and need not be detailed here.

5. We would expect that there would be 225 to 275 in attendance at each dinner and there would be approximately 300 room nights. That would be the number of occupied rooms multiplied by the number of nights.

6. The location should be in an area that is readily accessible by major air lines and auto travel, preferably within reach of a major airport.

7. Once you have a hotel in mind send me the hotel's floor plan, it may save you from wasting time.

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Historian/Chairman — Robert E. Passanisi
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Merrill's Marauders Assn.
111 Kramer Drive
Lindenhurst, NY 11757-5407

PARTIAL LIST OF AVAILABLE ITEMS



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS MAGNETIC PATCH

Full color magnetic patch on an un-trimmed white background. 4" X 5.5", \$6.95 ea PP

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

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.

VHS Video, Merrill's Marauders Dangerous Mission

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

DVD VIDEO, THE APPROACH TO MYITKY-INA

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.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN MARCH 2006 ISSUE RETURNED MAIL

The Burman News copies returned by the Post office.

BEFFREY, THOMAS, 5307, 2633 Whitmore Pl,
Saginaw, MI, 48602-3572

BISHOP, WILLIAM A, 5307/1/ RCT 475/1/A, PO Box
1260, Durham, CA, 95938-1260,

BONDS-SCACE, STEPHANIE, PO Box 646, Macomb,
IL, 61455-0646, NIECE OF, RAMON VELA

DE BIAS, FRANK J, 5307/2/GCT, 120 N 3rd St,
Easton, PA, 18042-1804

FREDERICK, ALBERT, 5307/1/C/2 475/1/C, 316 Mid
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