



June 28, 1944

Dear Friends:

Greetings in the Lord. This is a hard letter to write because the loss of my buddy, your son, is keenly felt.

I feel it is my duty, however, to inform you in detail of Dan's departure.

We had hiked together some seven hundred fifty miles through Northern Burma. Our platoon had encountered the Japs for the ninth time. We were credited with over two hundred twenty five known, and possibly four hundred Japs at that time.

One of our battalions was trapped and surrounded in a village three miles from us. Our battalion had received orders to break through the Jap resistance and get them out. From our location, the path ran up hill all the way. It followed the ridge which most all the way was very narrow. The mountains were so rough that our only possible route of attack was right up this narrow ball. Only one platoon could be used on line at one time.

The third day of the drive, our platoon received orders to "take over." We pushed quite successfully until about four o'clock; then were stopped by heavy machine gun fire. We dug in for the night. Next morning, we made three unsuccessful attacks on the enemy positions. We later gave them a heavy shelling and then drove them from their positions. Soon as the shelling lifted, I received orders for the platoon to "charge." As I passed Dan, I heard him say, "I hope the mortar gang left some for us." On order, my men bounced out of their foxholes and began to drive on, in skirmish line formation. They went carefully, scrambling, crawling, worming their way through the thick growth of jungle. We were guiding on the path. Dan was just to the right of it. We had advanced about a thousand yards with very little firing necessary. The skirmish line had become pretty much disorganized on our right end, so I went over to straighten things out. This accomplished, the order was given to push forward again. We went about sixty yards when an enemy machine gun opened up in the vicinity of the trail. I went over to find that Dan had advanced to within six yards of where the gun was still firing. Dan was laying on the trail. I don't know what happened. It is thought that he saw the enemy nest and tried to attack it. At any rate, know that your son gave his life nobly and unselfishly for that which we hold high and sacred to our hearts.

We were able to recover him about half an hour later, but evidence showed us that he had not suffered at all. We buried him along the trail about one and a half miles north of Nhpum Ga. Three bodies rest there together.

A week later (Easter Sunday) at nine o'clock, we broke through to our objective. A few days later, we returned and fixed up Dan's grave with a bamboo cross, and a bamboo fence enclosure. This completed, we held services using the scripture found in Job 14: 1-7.

We remember Dan as he last appeared to us. Sober, quiet, pleasant and always willing -- as expressed in his last statement, "I hope they leave some for us." They did.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Yes, in the next life, but also in our memories. We picture his, much as you last saw him only with a long red goatee. He had been growing it for over three months. And, really, it gave him a rather dignified appearance in spite of his denim uniform.

We trust that Dan found God's forgiveness and favor. He was always a good boy. We must encourage ourselves with the hopes that the Lord is now no longer his Judge, but his Saviour, and one we will meet with Dan up there.

May the Lord's loving arms entwine you, and may His Grace be sufficient for you in your hours and days of sorrow, grief and disrupted hopes. Accept my sincerest sympathy and know that your son is keenly missed by us as well as by yourself. God bless you and enlighten your pathway daily.

Remaining Dan's buddy, your friend, I am as ever in Jesus for sacrifice or service, yours

Logan Weston
First Lieutenant
Infantry Platoon Leader