



**“Excerpts” from Merrill’s Marauder & retired Lieut. Gen. Sam V. Wilson’s**

## **“Reflections on the North Burma Campaign of 1944”**

written to honor Aug. 10, 2014 – “National WW II Merrill’s Marauder Day”

### **“General Sam,”**

as he was affectionately called by friends, lied about his 16 years and joined the National Guard in Virginia. He served in the Army longer than any Merrill’s Marauder

-- almost four decades -- and was responsible for helping create “Delta Force,” the Army’s premiere anti-terrorism unit.

Most of his Army service was in military intelligence.

He died at age 93 in 2017.

Battle scenes in jungled mountains are never far from my mind. The feeling I remember most from those harrowing days is fear -- numbing, paralyzing, choking, dry-mouthed fear. We were deep behind the lines of a ferocious enemy who greatly outnumbered us. Danger was everywhere, 360 degrees, every minute of the day and night. Our umbilical cord to safety in India had been cut -- we had cut it ourselves. Our only connection with the outside world was by air -- and that link was a tenuous one, vulnerable to fickle weather conditions and to Japanese Zero’s, superb fighter aircraft with veteran pilots. Yet our only means of sustenance and support hung up there in the air above us. It is a wonder that some of us could survive, let alone put up a good fight. But fight we did, and somehow we managed to succeed against the odds and at great cost.

