Deer Friendse

Greatings in the Lord. This is a hard letter to write because the less of my budy, your son, is beauly felt.

I feel it is up duty, however, to inform you in detail

To had bited together some buried fifty allow through Northern Bures. Our plateau had executive of the Jape for the picth time. We were credited with ever two harded teenty five brown, and possibly four harded Japa et that time.

One of our bettellons was trapped and currounded in a village three miles from us. Our bettellon had received orders to break through the Jap resistance and get them out. From our location, the path ran up hill all the say. It followed the ridge which need all the say was vary surrow. The soluteless were porough that our only possible route of attack was right to this markow ball. Only one platoon could be used on line at one time.

The third day of the drive, our Platern received orders to "take over," We pushed quite encounfully until about four of clock; then were stooped by heavy mention an fire. We duy in for the night. Next coming, we add three unsuccessful attacks on the energ positions. We later gave these a heavy challing and time drove than from their positions. Then so the shalling lifted, I received orders for the Platoon to "charge." As I passed han, I hand his say, "I be the worter gang left some for us." On exter, by see banced out of their featoles ent began to drive on, in extraigh line formation. They went correlally, ecrosoling, excelling, coming their my through the thick grants of jungle. We were guiding on the path. Den was just to the right of it. We had advanced about a thousand yerds with your little firing necessary. The chimdes line had become protty much disorparaised on our right end, so I went over to straighten things out. Take accordiated, the order was given to push forward again. He went about pixty yeards when an except mention gan operad up in the vicinity of the trail. I went over to find that has had advanced to within als yards of obere the gas one still firing. Dan rep laying on the teall. I don't know what happened. It is thought that he see the energy neet and tried to excelc it. At my rate, form that your our gave his life nobly and muclifishly for that which we hold high and exerced to our hearte.

We were calle to recover his about half an iour later, but evidence showed us that he had not suffered at all. We buried his along the trail about one and a half miles north of Hipun Co. Three bodies root there tygether.

A week later (Rester Sunksy) at nime o'clock, we knoke 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 pervices using the perlyture found in Job 14: 1-17.

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

"If a man die, shall be live again?" Yes, in the next life, but also in our mesories. We picture his such as you last saw his only with a long red goates. He had been growing it for over three months. And, really, it gave his a rather dignified appearance in spite of his deals 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 Sevicer, and one we will neet with Dan to there.

Eay the Lord's loving arms entrine you, and may like Grace be sufficient for you in your bours 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 pathsmy daily.

Remaining Den's buldy, your friend, I am so ever in Japus for sacrifice or service, yours

Logan Weston Piret Lieutenant Infantry Platoon Leader Note: This letter was transcribed from the above original document for better viewing. Also in paragraph six which lists a location for Dan's burial, may be misspelled.

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.

We had hiked together gone seven hundred fifty miles through Northern Burma. Our platoon had encountered the Japs for the night 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 there 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 of all the way was very narrow. The mountains were so rough that our only possible route of attack was right up this narrow hall. 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 on the enemy positions. We later gave them a heavy shelling and thus drove them from their positions. Soon as the shelling lifted, I receive 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 fox holes and began to drive on, in skirmish line formation. They went carefully, scrambling, crawling worming their way through the thick growth f 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 such 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 till firing. Dan was laying on the trail. I don't know what happened. It is thought that he saw the enemy meet 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: 1-17.

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 dies, shall he live again?" Yes, in the next life, but also in our memories. We picture him much as you last saw his 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 he Lord is now no longer his Judge, but his Savior, 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 all 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 sacrifices of service, yours.

Logan Weston First Lieutenant Infantry Platoon Leader