



511th PIR



5 Letters from Sgt. Martin L. Squires to Lt. Gen. Edward M. Flanagan, Jr.

Written between February 1984-March 1986 by Martin
at his home at 230 Pacific HWY, Billingham, WA, 98
LTG Flanagan lived at Parade Rest, 2 Oyster Catcher Road, Beaufort, S.C. 29902

Note: Sgt. Martin L. Squires was a member of the 511th PIR's Easy Company before joining 11th Airborne Division's famous Provisional Reconnaissance Platoon, or "Ghost Platoon". Martin and his fellow Recon Men participated in the famous Raid on Los Baños on February 23, 1945 in which 2,142 civilian internees were rescued from behind enemy lines. Martin later married one of the liberated civilians, Margaret.

*Lt. Gen. E.M. Flanagan, Jr. served in the 11th Airborne Division, first in the 457th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion (1943-1945) and later in Division Headquarters (1945-1947). Apart from his long military career, LTG Flanagan wrote several books, including *The Angels: A History of the 11th Airborne Division* (1989) and *Angels at Dawn: The Los Banos Raid* (2002). These letters became sources quotes by LTG Flanagan in his books and are frequently researched by those interested in Angel history.*

For some reason known only to Squires and Flanagan, Martin called the retired general "Fly".

For more information on the history of Martin's regiment, please read, ["When Angels Fall: From Toccoa to Tokyo, the 511th Parachute Infantry Regiment in World War II"](#)

*To any outlets, historians, reenactors, etc. who use the information in these letters,
please credit www.511pir.com – Jeremy C. Holm*

Letter from February 11, 1984:

Dear Fly,

I received your letter quite some time ago and have been meaning to write and answer your questions as best I can. I will write and try to give you as much detail as possible—however it will have to wait until about the last of March. Reason—my wife Margaret and I are at this moment sitting in the San (illegible, possibly Francisco) Airport waiting to board a Philippine Airline 747 en route to Manilla via Hong Kong.

We had hoped to be part of the 11th "visitation" that was planned for this year—but were disappointed to find that the trip had been cancelled for "various" reasons.

We had to go this year because we want to visit her brother who will be in Batangas City only through April.

We hope to be able to see some other places that the 11th covered during the war.

As for myself, I joined the 511th P.I.R. under Capt Hobart Wade when the division was still in North Carolina.

I went to Fort Benning and then after as luck would have it—I was sent to "E" Co. I lucked out because a high (?) and college friend of mine also ended up there in the 188th (Glider Infantry Regiment). Lieutenant James Polka was the officer heading up the Division Recon group but of course I guess it really didn't have a T/O then. I tried immediately to volunteer again to get into the Recon group but due to the pending move to Camp Polk & then overseas from Pittsburg, Cal(ifornia) I didn't get transferred until we arrived at Dobodura Airstrip in New Guinea.

We were primarily under Col. Muller as you know. We were a small group—mostly college men—crazy as h___ and intensely devoted to our leaders Lt. Polka and Col. Muller. We had superior training I believe—most of us were outdoorsmen to begin with and grew up with a familiarity to hunting, hiking and camping. Our additional indoctrination to Alamo Scout training while in New Guinea was also very valuable. I came out of a weapons basic at Camp Walters near Mineral Wells, Texas—so it was (illegible) that after joining the 511th and then the Div Rcn. that I was considered somewhat of an "infantry weapons" expert for our patrol. My buddy from the 188th became an artillery "export".

It is true that Lt Skau "bumped" me and that another officer friend of his (whom I did not know) "bumped" another buddy of mine (Terry Santos) just as we were leaving the Lipa airstrip for the flight to Clark Field & then Okinawa.

Skau's justification at the time was valid—he didn't want to get there after some of his troops.

Between you and me **only** Lt Skau was not particularly liked by the group. However, it seems no good reason to go into that after all these years. The man made the supreme sacrifice for me and my buddy Terry Santos—and for that I will always be indebted to him.

Since my wife, her mother, sister and an uncle were all interned first in Santo Thomas ~~isic~~ and then Los Baños we are also in touch with internee friends of her age group in several countries around the world.

As I hear now the civilian internees of her age group (letter cuts off) in Las Vegas in the Summer of 1985.

This short note turned out to be longer and longer.

I'll close this for now.

I just retired from 27 years as a Nondestructive Testing Engineer at Boeing.

Sincerely,

Martin Squires

PS This is rather disjointed, but I had better mail it now—having carried it all the way to Hong Kong.

Letter from October 9, 1984:

Dear Fly,

I have contacted my "old" Recon buddy Terry Santos and have sent him copies of your letters to me and have asked him for his comments. If you have not used up all of your patience on me and can wait for more input, I'm sure it will be forthcoming.

I don't know whether you have heard but there is to be a Manila 40th Anniversary Liberation Reunion in February 1985 from about Feb 8th to the 12th— according to preliminary information we have received.

My wife and I, and also Terry Santos and his wife, are planning to be there at least for a couple of days. Possibly more Recon men will be there, also, because the word is being spread.

If you could attend it would be an excellent time for you to gather more background material and to talk to ex-internees. I will send you specific details as soon as we get them. The last reunion we attended was 5 years ago in California. At the time General (Joseph) Swing and General (Albert) Pierson were also present (the accent here is on Los Baños, however).

I will send you more information in another letter regarding still unanswered questions.

Sincerely,

Martin Squires

Addendum for October 9, 1984, originally written January 1, 1984:

Dear Fly,

Here is an "installment" for whatever it is worth. -Martin Squires

Letter #1 Jan 1, 1984

Answering Question #2: As I remember we were briefed by Lt. Skau (Did Col Muller also brief us? I will work on this) for the Los Baños raid on the afternoon of the 1st of Feb 1945. I seem to remember meeting Pete Miles, Freddy Zervoulakos and Ben Edwards at that time. I don't remember Pete or Freddy going back in to camp with us, but they must have.

We were given a copy of a map similar to the one I'm enclosing, and it seems that Lt. Skau assigned us our general areas for the attack at that time. I was to lead the group that attacked the northwest quarter of the camp.

Our orders were to cross Laguna de Bay by banca during the night of the 21st & rendezvous and lay over out of sight near a school house during the day of the 22nd and to make the final approach to Los Baños under cover of darkness during the night of the 22nd in order to get into position to attack and dispose of the Jap guards at the camp at 0700 on the morning of the 23rd. The signal for the beginning of the attack was the beginning of the jump by "B" Co—which was to land and take up a position between us and a Jap garrison in the town of Los Baños.

In order to keep the Japs from discovering our presence and guessing our mission with possible repercussions or reprisals to the internees we were under orders on the approach march not to fire back if fired upon. That way there would be no confirmation we were there and that hopefully the Japs would think any sound heard was probably an animal of some kind. If one of us was hit, we were to carry him with us leaving no evidence of our presence.

We left the shore near the Barrio of Waililyos. Lt. Skau and his group were the first to leave. My group left 15 or 20 minutes later—leaving the rest to follow as soon as they could load up. What was supposed to be a 2 or 3 hour crossing turned out to be much longer—a nightmare for some. Skau crossed over in about 8 hours. My group crossed in about 10 hours and the larger banca with the balance of the Recon took approximately 20 hrs—because of loss of the wind.

It was very frustrating and a real strain on the nerves to see the wind dying down and realize that we would not be on time, that is make the crossing in the dark. As daylight approached we all had to get down out of sight to avoid being seen from shore. For those in the large banca it must have been almost unbearable to have to remain down out of sight so long. Outwardly the bancas were but fishing craft—below the sides of the canoe they were hornets nests should they be detected.

We heard a motor launch at one time during the crossing and assumed it was a Jap patrol. We had a machine gun* with us in the bow of the banca and we

had decided in the event that we were intercepted by the patrol boat we would remain hidden until the last possible moment, then open up with everything we had. Fortunately, we were not intercepted and (all) got across the Bay undetected.

****Lt Skau took the machine gun with him in his group on the final approach to the prison camp.***

After our group arrived we hit out in the vicinity of the school house. It seems like we made contact with the radio operator at this time. Since we shortly were busy with our individual assignments I don't remember anything more about him.

We remained hidden throughout the day of the 22nd. We were about ready to go ahead with the mission just as the last banca arrived. We returned to the bancas and went a short distance towards San Antonio, I believe, before again landing to begin our attack march.

We were on the move all night long in order to reach the prison camp by the appointed hour of 0700 the morning of the 23rd of Feb. Our group had to stop two or three times then quietly re-route ourselves when we discovered Jap patrols nearby.**

For some unexplainable reason some of the Japs were talking loudly enough for us to hear them.

*****In this respect the guerillas guide did an excellent job here—and also in getting us to the camp in the dark of the night.***

There were 20-25 guerillas assigned to go with my group as we started our approach (from the lake).

Experience had taught us not to completely rely on guerilla reports. Sometimes they were accurate. Sometimes a report of "2 or 3 Japs" might be 20 or 30 or a report of "many Japs" might end up with but 2 or 3 stragglers trying to rejoin their unit. Personally, I had little trust for the accuracy of their reports.

I did, however, understand their situation. Many people fled from Manila and the barrios as the Japs took control. They ran "to the hills". It was popular to join a guerilla movement (there were many. They even fought among themselves) and be against the Japs. Most of the people had no formal military training—obtaining a gun and a few rounds of ammo seems to have been the only requirement for joining. So, without training of any kind only a few were good—but most were "somewhat" unreliable.

Since all of us had reservations about their reliability we split our men up so that a Recon trooper was spaced about every 5th or 6th place in the column.

For my column (group) was a guerilla, myself, Ben Edwards, Gene Lynch, Wayne Milton (I believe) and I think (although at this point in time I can't remember his name for sure) another Recon trooper.

We reasoned that the only way to keep the column together and thus maintain their fire power was to spread out and "herd" them along.

This worked quite well throughout the night. However, in the morning just as it was beginning to get light, I realized that something was wrong. My column was broken! There was no one following in line about the 3rd or 4th guerilla behind me. Talk about cold chills! 0700 was rapidly approaching and I had no troops—no Recon!

We had a hasty conference resulting in me sending Ben Edwards and the guerillas and I believe one Recon (I can't remember his name for sure) ahead to get in position for the attack, my section assigned being the N.W. quarter of the camp. I had carried a .45 Colt automatic in a shoulder holster all through the war—and I loaned it to Ben Edwards (with reservations) for his protection, just in case.

After that I turned and ran alone and hard, back the way we had come for approximately half a mile to try to find the rest of my column. As luck and good American horse sense would have it, my two Recon men, Gene Lynch & Wayne Milto, were sitting quietly waiting for me at a fork in the trail. (They might have shot me but figured that anyone making that much noise must be me.) they said they knew I would come back! They had been making their way along and suddenly realized the column was broken as they reached the fork in the trail. They decided to wait rather than take the wrong fork. The guerillas all disappeared and were not seen again.

The three of us headed for the camp as fast and as quietly as we could go. The firing had started before we could get into position for the attack. As we broke over the hill we came upon a couple of dead Japs.

There were supposed to be 10 guards in my section. I did not see them. They may have all been killed or they may have gotten away, but they did not escape in the direction of our approach or the three of us arriving slightly behind our first bunch should have jumped them. Another possibility is that there weren't 10 guards present at the time of our attack.

There was much excitement in camp as we entered. People milled around and around and at first were unable to accept the fact they were free. Naturally we gave them all the cigarets ~~and~~ and candy we had. We told them to take any valuables they might still have and start for the road to the beach. They did not move as we requested. We went through the barracks and again urged them to get going and head towards the North side of camp and start walking to meet the Amtracs. Returning a few minutes later we found them still dazed or disorganized to the extent that they weren't moving. One old man with shaky legs, almost too weak to walk, was pitifully trying to carry his mattress with him.

At this point we started setting fire to the barracks. This was the only thing that forced many out. (I don't know where the order originated but it was the only way to get action)

The Amtracs landing went off extremely well Sgts. Bruce and Hahn were able to mark the landing area with smoke grenades and the Amtracs rolled right up to camp. Personally, I helped direct an Amtract to break down the sawali and

barb wire fence at the North end of camp so they could load up inside and speed up the evacuation.

Orders were received to load the women and children, the sick or elderly into the Amtracs first and for the able to begin walking to the beach. (although it was the proper and humane thing to do the order was not followed out by a few)

Terry Santos and I stayed back with the last group—leaving the beach on about the last Amtrac. By this time the Japs were recovering their surprise and were beginning to fire on us. They did no damage that I was aware of.

I did not personally kill any Japs on this operation. I did see one killed that tried to hide in a culvert in my section.

During the evacuation of the prison camp Japs did fire on us from somewhere on the brushy hillside in the S.W. portion of the camp. "B" Company troopers did get involved and "took care of it." I went back into that area and was told "they would handle it." The reason I went back (although it was not my assigned area) was that we were a very close-knit group—most of us having been together since Camp Makall. Each one of the Recon was a buddy and the bond between us was such that we all looked out for one another. I was looking for Terry Santos to make sure he was not down and needing help.

To the best of my knowledge aside from that one "trouble" spot "B" Company troopers did not engage in any other fighting in the camp area. The most of it was over before they arrived.

I know of about 10 Jap guards killed & personally know of 3 killed in my area. Although others may disagree with me, I have always had the feeling that a lot of Japs some how escaped us. In those days I could smell them before I saw them. I had a sixth sense I never questioned, and I could hear extremely well. Today I wear hearing aids and am lucky to smell dinner. Had it not been so urgent to move the internees out and get out ourselves we may have found more in hiding. After seeing the condition of some of the older people it would have gone damn rough for them to say the least.

All internees were undernourished and thin (my wife when liberated at age of 18 weighed 83 pounds). The people were hungry they had been forced to survive on less and less food yet there was plenty of food outside of the fence. My wife's family (Mother, Father, Sister and Uncle) had been interned in Santo Thomas ~~etc~~ up until about the last 3 months and were among a group of about 150 internees to be moved to Los Baños at that time. [The Japs then moved into Santo Thomas ~~etc~~ to be safe from the bombing of Manila]. The food supply was better at Los Baños then that at Santo Thomas ~~etc~~ but it deteriorated rapidly as the time went on. Most people had little if any food left.

An incident I remember was a little child of perhaps three or four years of age looking up at me then turning to her mother and asking, "Mommy is he a Jap?" The embarrassed mother hurriedly told her no—that I was an American soldier.

Letter from December 20, 1984:

Dear Fly,

I received a call from Terry Santos a couple of days ago. He said he was writing about his part in the Los Baños raid and that he would get it in the mail soon. So, you should have another viewpoint before long.

For some reason, it's the hardest thing in the world for me to sit down and write about the things that happened during the war. Things are mostly forgotten until something triggers my memory and then it becomes hard to put it in a few words, as is evidence by this letter and its length. Anyway, here comes another installment.

I received a letter from Henry Burgess regarding questions about the Los Banos raid, so I'm enclosing a copy of my letter to him as possible further background material for you. Some of it may be repetitive.

About myself, I was born and raised in Washington State. I grew up on the Olympic Peninsula where nearly everyone depended upon the logging camps for their livelihood. I went to High School in a small town named Forks then continued on to school at the University of Washington where as an enlisted member of the ERC (Enlisted Reserve Corps) I was called to active duty a few credit hours before I was qualified for a B.S. degree in Fisheries (This happened to a lot of fellows). I went to Fort Lewis then to Camp Walters, Tex for Infantry Heavy Weapons Basic. (21 weeks as I remember)

Initially, I didn't know what I wanted to do after basic, so I applied for A.S.T.P. (Army Specialized Training). The screening and testing program decided I should be an engineer and they were going to send me to school. This did not sit well at all with me as I had just completed nearly four years of college—so, I turned it down (to their disbelief). As you know, patriotic feelings were high in those days and about then I decided I really wanted to sock it to the Germans and the Japs. I had company. A buddy from Seattle also turned down more schooling.

While we were sitting out our next move in a replacement training camp in N.E. Texas a much forwarded letter caught up to me from a lifelong Forks friend who had joined the paratroops. In the letter he had written glowing details about Fort Benning Jump School and his move to the 457th PFABN at Camp Mackall. He said, "Mart this is the outfit! The morale of the men, the thrill of the ump just can not be matched"! "Not only that," he said, "Mart you get an extra 50 bucks a month. You live in brick barracks. You have no KP and the girls see these shiny bots and they chase you!"

Well in those days an extra 50 bucks doubled my salary. The thought of brick barracks and no K.P. sounded like heaven—and I wasn't averse to the girls,

either! (I got even with him for that practical joke by selling his pants to a Philippino ~~etc~~ on Leyte for a dry spot to sleep one night near Barauen. That was the day we were supposed to get Thanksgiving Turkey—but moved out on patrol into the mountains where we slept in the rain in our ponchos).

Since the two of us were convinced anything this friend could do, we could do better, we decided then and there to join him. It was the paratroopers for us!

About the same time this letter arrived a company clerk came by, stuck his head in the door of the barracks and yelled, "I don't suppose anyone wants to join the paratroops" and left without waiting for an answer. We chased him down two barracks later and found out all we had to do was report to the C.O. the following morning to sign up.

I've never told anyone about the following details previously but its true. We reported in after chow the next morning and were sent to the medics for our brief physical. I would give a lot to be able to talk to that doctor today to see if he remembered us. Here we were, two men both wearing glasses, neither one of us could read the 20/30 line without them. The officer looked at us as we came in, cleared his throat, and excused himself for a few minutes. During his absence we both checked our vision and could not read the 20/30 line—so we memorized the chart. When he came back, we passed the eye test. I believe what really happened was he gave us a chance. If we really wanted to join badly enough to cheat the eye test, he wasn't going to stop us! Anyway, we passed the physical and were off for Fort Benning within a couple of days.

I had to cheat on eye exams every time they were given. Usually it was easy. One just repeated what he heard the others say. Once it was rough because men from one line were sent to one of 2 or 3 different charts. In this case I was able to remember the two closest and managed to get in one of those lines. I found out later that quite a few of the troopers wore glasses upon occasion.

In my case, I carried my glasses in my pocket. I took eye exercises like mad. I ate Vitamin A and drank carrot juice every time I could, til I hated the stuff. The strange thing is my eyesight steadily improved. It was just before leaving Dobodura, New Guinea that I walked out onto the airstrip—looked down its length and tried to decide if I saw more clearly with or without my glasses. I reasoned then that since we were going into combat if there was a slight difference I wanted it on my side not the Jap's, so I put the glasses on and I have been wearing them ever since!

Well after completing jump school I was sent to the 11th Airborne at Camp Mackall. I looked and looked for these brick barracks. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw those tar paper shacks. Surely there must be some mistake! There wasn't! I drew a bunk alongside of the coal stove in one end of the barracks and you know about that! I never had so much K.P. However even with S.O.S. it was but a short time before I worked into the routine.

I believe you are familiar with the training the Recon Platoon received. We underwent the same training everyone received, only more so. A couple of our

men were sent to Hollandia for Alamo Scout Training. Upon their return we in turn received the training from them. We also had demolitions training and training by ANGAU (Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit) in Buna where we maneuvered with the natives and spent a few days traveling from village to village bartering for food as we went.

Nearly everyone of the Recon was an outdoorsman. Most of us were westerners and most of us had gone to college—some had degrees. Many of us had handled firearms for years before going to the service. I had my first rifle when I was 12 years old. My Forks buddy and I were seasoned woodsmen by the time we had finished high school since we grew up in the woods.

Because of my heavy weapons basic and then experience with the light infantry weapons in the 511th I ended up sort of an infantry weapons expert in the Recon even using captured Jap weapons upon occasion.

About my wife: Her parents had lived in the Philippines for several years. Her father worked for the Philippine Government as Chief of the Field Division of the Sugar Administration. Margaret was born in Spokane on a trip home but lived in the Philippines until repatriated to the United States after the war. Her mother, father, sister and uncle were all interned first in Santo Thomas ~~and~~ then in Los Baños. She had a brother attending the University of Washington who joined the Air Force and was navigator on the lead B-29 for a squadron that bombed Japan from Tinian. She spent her entire high school period in prison camp.

I'm sure I remember seeing her as a skinny "little" girl that first evening at Muntinglupa ~~and~~. However we met officially after the war in Bellingham where my parents were living when I came home. As fate would have it since their home in Manila was destroyed during the battle for Manila, Margaret & her mother and sister came to Bellingham to live with an Aunt and Uncle. The fact was newsworthy and an article was published about them in the local paper.

When I arrived home the day after Thanksgiving six months later I was half sick with amoebic dysentery (our family doctor said) and weighed about 135 pounds. So I did a lot of sitting around till I began feeling better and gaining weight. After 2 or 3 months of doing nothing I got a job and started working with the idea of saving money to go back to college to finish my degree in fisheries.

During this period my mother watched me closely—and worried. She had been reading all the garbage the papers printed about how to treat the returning soldiers.

1. Would little "Johnny" fit into society after being a killer?
2. Was he normal?
3. Would he like girls anymore?
4. Would he this—or that?

The more I sat around, more she worried. She and Dad began to occasionally employ some excuse to get me to go with them to some place where I would meet a nice girl. When I didn't spark they worried all the more.

One day, exasperated, her patience gone, mother snapped at me, "Why don't you go out with girls?" I answered, "Aw Mom, leave me alone. I like girls. I'll go out with them when I'm ready!" This did not satisfy my mother. It was then she remembered the newspaper article about a woman with two daughters, one of whom was going to Western Washington University (now) right in town, who were all liberated from the prison camp in the Philippines by the 11th Airborne Division.

After telling me about the article she then said, "Why don't you call her up and talk to her—tell her what you did—show her some pictures?" My answer was, "Aw mom, you call her up!" Well, she did! She handed me the phone! After much stuttering I arranged a date. Somewhere along the line I began to like the idea of seeing her. We continued to see each other while I went back to the University of Washington and she later went down to Oregon to Willamette University in Salem.

About three months later we were engaged. After I graduated and had my first job we were married. We have now been married over 37 years (1984). She is the "best thing that ever happened to me". Out of a mess like the war something beautiful occurred. We have 3 children, all married—1 step grandchild, 4 grandchildren and we are expecting a 5th grandchild within a month.

I worked in Fisheries work for nearly ten years then gave it up to go to work at Boeing as a Quality Control Engineer. I stayed there for over 27 years and took early retirement in January of 1984.

After our children were grown, Margaret went back to school at the University of Washington graduating with a degree in Education. She taught 4th and 5th grade for 15 years then also took early retirement.

During the past two years we have enjoyed traveling to New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong and back to the Philippines [~~etc~~] and driving the Alaska Highway.

Margaret and I are now looking forward to Las Vegas and hope to see you there also.

I have taken the liberty to also add your name to the mailing list for information about the 40th Anniversary celebration in Las Vegas. If you don't hear from them let me know.

Best wishes for the Holiday Season

Sincerely,
Martin

Letter from December 27, 1984:

Dear Fly,

I mailed a packet with a lengthy letter in it to you today in Bellingham. When I got home this evening I received a phone call from Loren Brown who was also on the Los Baños raid.

He verified that the Recon did catch the Japs in their shorts doing calisthenics (as you have heard) and they were able to prevent them from getting to their rifles.

Loren is planning on attending the Las Vegas reunion also—so you now have another reason for coming.

Sincerely,
Martin

Letter from March 24, 1986:

Dear Fly,

I have intended to drop you a line for some time now. I hope the input you received from me, Loren Brown and Terry Santos was adequate for your book.

I didn't write you after the Las Vegas reunion last Spring because I had talked to Terry and he indicated he would fill you in.

The reunion was a success as are most. The only disappointing thing was George Dougherty's part in pushing his film strip sales without correction of some of the inaccuracies particularly his suggestion that the films showed the Recon actions on Laguna de Bay. After meeting with most of the Recon present the night before he still attempted to ignore us at the banquet. However, enough of that.

Margaret and I stopped in San Francisco and saw Terry Santos as we were coming home from a vacation in Arizona a couple of weeks ago. Terry is eagerly contacting the Recon men in effort to get us all to attend the 11A/B Western States Chapter Reunion to be held in Fresno, CA April 18-19 & 20th. Some of them will be there. Bob Angus and Jim Paterson have indicated they will be there from New Jersey. I also hope to attend. Terry has located Leonard Hahn in West Covina, CA who will be there. Len was one of the two men who marked the landing spot for the Amtracks. Margaret and I also stopped and saw Len and his wife on our way home.

According to Terry your book should be off the press soon. I know you will have instance sales and I'd like to put in my order to you personally. Also, if you don't mind it would be sure nice if you would autograph it for me.

If it would be difficult for you to arrange, then perhaps you might come to the next reunion with a "goodly supply" of books. I know all of the Recon would consider it an honor first, to have you attend and second, to have an autographed copy of the book.

Incidentally your book "The Angels" was a great book in my estimation. It may interest you to know that Recon men are in some of the pictures you used in the book. For example:

- Photo Page 46 has several Recon men. I can identify Larry Botkin, Jim Paterson, Jim Guy, Barclay McFadden and Lee Hubbard.
- Photo Page 133 shows General Stilwell at the Division Review and giving decorations at Lipa. The lower photo shows Cpl Bill Fritz (RIGHT) and myself (SECOND FROM RIGHT)
- Photo Page 137 Another picture of General Stilwell. I am the second man to the left of Cooper.
- Photo Page 100 shows the road down from Tagaytay Ridge towards Talisay. I led a jeep patrol down that path before the 127th started their work. The path had been used by horses with their two-wheeled carts. The turns consequently were very sharp and the center of the path was so deeply rutted in many areas that we had

to straddle in in order to proceed. We had to bounce the back of the jeep around the switch back turns several times in order to get by. Luckily we were met at the bottom by the 127th as we returned on the run from our first patrol into that area (which is another story in itself).

I hear there is another Los Baños Internee Reunion now being planned for Las Vegas in February of 1987. The consensus of opinion is that people are getting older and don't want to wait 5 years to get together again.

The nine Recon men that attended the last Las Vegas Reunion were Ray Maurus, Jim Guy, Terry Santos, Loren Brown, Jim Paterson, Larry Botkin, Cliff Town, Bob Carroll and myself. As near as I can account there were about 23 of the 32 Recon men that participated in the Los Baños Raid.

Since retiring time really flies. I didn't know one could be so busy "not doing anything." I am now thoroughly convinced one needs to have a strict schedule. I'll close for now. Hope to hear about your book and whether you will be able to be at the reunion in April.

Sincerely,
Martin

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