

**INFANTRY PATROL**

by Charles Konisberg

I flew the Hump out of Mohanbari, Oct 1943-Nov 1944. In March or April '44 I and my pilot friend Paul Henderson volunteered for Air Base Defense Training. We were sent to Dergaon, some distance southwest. Training was with pistols, rifles and machine guns. Two days before the end of the course, the base commander received the word Japanese advance patrols were spotted only 45 miles away. We were instantly on fully armed, full-time alert.

The next day the Japanese were reported to be within 15 miles. We slept fully armed. Paul and I were called out shortly after midnight to lead a patrol to scout for the Japanese. Some of the twelve detailed enlisted men were reluctant to believe this might become the real thing.

Off we went, sector map and flashlight in hand, by truck to a small village to the South to start the patrol of our assigned area. Truck and driver remained in the village. With two scouts forward we patrolled, in reasonable order, for several hours without any indication Japanese forces were in the area. A "heart-stopper" occurred when two shadows appeared in the lessening darkness. We flopped onto our bellies and leveled our weapons, ready to shoot when they hollered "Fish!" "Close enough," I said as we relaxed and stood. The password actually was "Pike." It was our two forward scouts. We returned to the village, the truck and Mohanbari that same day.

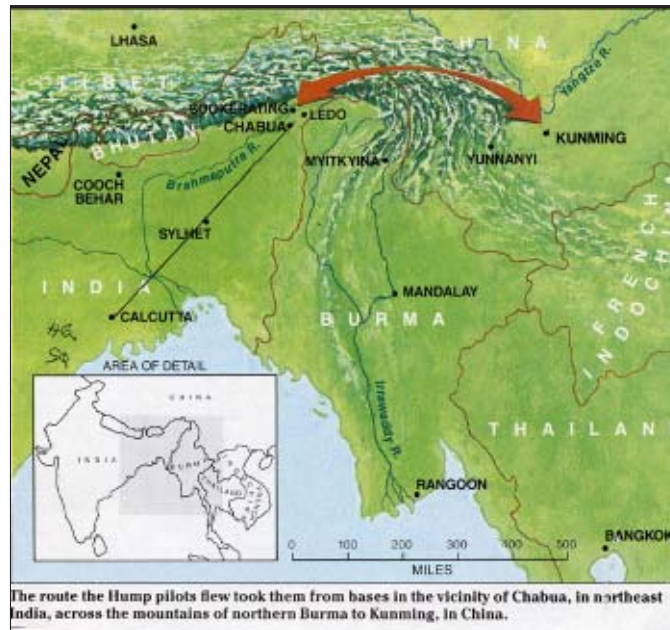
Shortly afterward we learned two Indian AA gunners had been slain and their uniforms removed by infiltrators. We were very fortunate to have not encountered them.

*Editor's Note: Charles was 20 years old in 1944, and despite bouts of the rather common maladies, amoebic dysentery and malaria, Charles also flew 201 missions from Mohanbari. After the CBI stint Charles trained in the P-61 Black Widow night fighter and flew during the last few months of the war from LeShima (sp?) near Okinawa. Charles can be reached at: 907-346-1648.*

**17th HUMP FLIGHT**

by Richard C. Nethaway, Class 42-I  
(Continued from the Spring Newsletter, p.15/16)

*Editor's Note: This story was to have been in two parts. This is the second part of what is now a three part series.*



The route the Hump pilots flew took them from bases in the vicinity of Chabua, in northeast India, across the mountains of northern Burma to Kunming, in China.

**Saturday, Nov. 27, 1943,**  
**Journal entry:** It was great to get back yesterday and shower, brush my teeth again, first time in nine days. Checked in with Cap'n Ross, our CO. Last night Ronny, Spurlock, Bacot, Casey and I had a bull session until 2200. I still have a cold and my back hurts. Up 0800. Ate breakfast with Johnston. Hotard and I went to Ross' office. He filled out our

promotion blanks. I filled out a report for record. Williams and I went to Group HQ for more dope on the promotions. Spent most of the afternoon in CO's office with him and Woody. They and Shreve may be going home soon and I might get a job in Operations.

**Sunday, Nov 28:** Went to Church then to Supply. Picked up another oxygen mask but supply was out of fur lined jackets. Listened to fuel conservation lecture, sun bathed, showered and slept some. Had punk dinner. Wrote three letters. Fellows in next room made lots of noise entertaining some nurses.