

# Air Drop In Burma

THEODORE R. COX

Up and down over the mountain trails came the soldiers, shuffling along as though they were ready to drop. Yes, they were almost at the collapsing point, and their tired and dirty appearance showed that their march with full field pack and battle equipment had been anything but pleasant. On and on, day after day, this must go, for ahead of them lay the enemy. The only way to get them out was to go over the mountains, and to do this made one's body cry out with agony.

Having pulled into a bivouac area and setting out the proper security, the packs were dropped; everyone started watching the sky. The shout went up that the air-planes were sighted, and in a few minutes the giant Army transports were circling over this group of weary men. At once these men were transformed into an enthusiastic group of workers, for these planes carried the much needed food and equipment and also the mail from home.

After flying low over the field several times, the "biscuit bombers" were ready for action. Coming in like a bomber, large bundles would be kicked out of the door

of the transports. Upon hitting the air, large parachutes would appear and drift the bundles slowly to the ground. Swaying slowly back and forth, these large parachutes of red, green, gold, blue, and white made one think of gumdrops which were impossible to get in this forsaken country. Plane after plane came over discharging its cargo. As the last plane was disappearing over the horizon, the men rushing on to the fields to carry in the "drop."

At last the task was over and the food and mail had been distributed, and the men were settling down to read their mail, for this was the most important item in the "drop." Food could be eaten after dark, but mail could not be read then, for no lights were allowed.

As the evening wore on, the shadows began to deepen; and one could see some men fixing themselves a sleeping place, while others went slipping off through the darkness to guard. Yes, it would not be long until morning would arrive, and the trudging over the mountain trails would continue once again.

# Experiment K-353

JACK GREEN

I jauntily sauntered into the kitchen one Saturday afternoon to investigate the source of the occasional noises being emitted.

Upon entering the room my nostrils were met with the delightfully pungent

aroma of freshly-baked pastries. Mother smiled knowingly as she saw that hungry look in my eyes and shook her head. No, I couldn't have any cookies or doughnuts. They were to be given to Mr. Fischer, who had been ill for some time.