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第17篇 [荒山埋葬記]

命題大意：由“想當年”開始寫篇記敘文。

寫作大意：記敘57年前徵調到軍中時的一故事

ASSIGNMENT : 10/2/2002. By Teacher Jane Prieue

[Begin a short reflective essay with the phrase: "I remember....." and continue as far back as you can. Be descriptive.]

WRITING: 10/9/2002 by Seymour Wen

I remember the year of 1945, the Second World War time, when I was conscripted to serve in the army as an interpreter for the 4th TIG (Traveling Instruction Group) of Y-Force in the Burma China Theater. I, together with another schoolmate, were attached to a small group of 5 American GIs stationed at a war-ruined railway station, namely Milady (my lady in French) on the China-Vietnam railway in the Chinese territory near the border. We lived in one of the several original resort houses, which used to be very beautiful with a lot of trees and flowers, to be rented to French rich men from the colonial Vietnam on vacation before the war. But at that time they are partly ruined because the railway and the facilities were devastated by the war. [[Our task force team included the chief Capt. Ward, instructor Lt. Lipe, assistant instructor Sgt. Marks, and another two enlisted men I forgot the name, one responsible for wireless communication and another responsible for the food preparation and logistic things, and we the two interpreters.]] The railway station was used as a temporary infantry training camp for a Chinese regimental force on guard the strategic point. Our job was to give soldiers advanced training and arrange ammunition supply from the allied force USA.

We were doing fine for weeks without any unusual happening until a day we were assigned a special mission. We got an urgent wireless saying that there had been an US Air force fighter crashed on a mountain in this area in a thunder storm. We were ordered to send some people to the site to take care of the remaining and make necessary treatment. Lt. Lipe, Sgt. Marks and I were sent for the mission.

We went on horseback the next morning with a military map in hand and some rations in our bags. It took us two days to arrive at the house of the administrator in charge of that area. The administrator told us the whole story that people there heard a big explosion and saw a fire on the nearby mountain few days ago during a storm. The next day after the rain stopped they found a corpse lying on the mountain side scattered with debris of metal pieces. He collected all the important remainings from the body to prevent possible losing and reported to the higher governmental level. He then at our presence took out from a basket the collections including such things like the watch, stainless steel neck and wrist chains and badges showing the serial number and blood pattern and finally an intact wallet. Lt. Lipe received everything and checks piece by piece. He put every item in a prepared bag except a photo from the wallet which he looked at and said "Jesus!", and then slipped it into his own pocket. That photo I noticed was a close spot shot

picture of a nude woman supposed to be the wife of the dead, sat on the bed with two legs wide open. The side viewers looked each other saying nothing.

After that was done, we hurried to the site with the some peasant helpers carried a roughly made coffin with nailed planks and shovels for burial. Almost at night, we reached the site where we following the stinky rotten smell found the body clustered with flies. We hastily buried the corps. Lt. Lipe served as a priest temporarily. He decided the tomb in a direction pointed to east, supposed to let the dead look toward his homeland, and uttered some words to bid the hero quietly rest on a foreign land. It was almost dark when we finished the work then we jumped on horsebacks, left the site and returned the post after an exhaustive trip. (100% true story)