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**WHEN OUR** outfit moved into Biak Island, in the Dutch East Indies, a big white shaggy dog adopted me, and vice-versa. With more larceny than brains, I named the dog Bosnek.

Bosnek was the name of the capital of Biak. The capital consisted of a couple of dozen thatched shacks overhanging the water. When the landing was made on Biak, a couple of broadsides from a cruiser removed Bosnek from existence as a village. But it still showed on the maps.

Bosnek the dog was the nicest animal friend a guy ever had. He couldn't understand a word of English at first. Obviously, he'd been left behind by the withdrawing Japanese. When someone yelled "Banzai!" Bosnek's ears went up.

But like the foreign ladies who can't dig a word of English, but who can make proper and accurate change for American money, Bosnek could understand kindness and food and he got both in large quantities from me.

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**OUR OUTFIT** had changed APO numbers three times in a relatively short time, and my brother Milt—the peanut butter man—wrote me asking where the devil was I?

Taking a long chance, I wrote Milt a letter in which I spoke of nothing but the dog, Bosnek. I figured surely he would think this was an odd-ball name for a four-footed animal and look at the map.

I figured half right. A few weeks later, Milt wrote me a rather plaintive note, wondering,

"What is going through your head to give a self-respecting dog such a silly name as Bosnek?"

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**WHEN OUR** outfit left Biak to go to the Philippines, Bosnek went along. He went through the Leyte show, and then up to Luzon. One evening Bosnek and I went to an outdoor movie—they had them in those days long before they became popular in the U. S. As I watched some slinky actress, Bosnek wandered off. He never did return. Later I discovered, to my utter unhappiness, that the area in which we were operating there lived natives who thought dog meat was the caviar of the food course.

Bosnek was on the fat side, and I rather imagine he made a fine morsel for the dog-eaters. Knowing Bosnek, I'm sure he didn't mind leaving this world—so long as he made someone happy.

*Truman*  
**His Secret Intact** *C. 1959*

# Poor Bosnek Died Happy

By **BEN MAIDENBURG**

My brother Milt was the only one of the four Maidenburg brothers who didn't get into uniform in World War II. The Draft Board excused him, feeling someone had to stay home and "mind the store."

This has always been a rather hard memory for Milt. I think he'd have made a good soldier. He likes to travel.

While the others of us were in the service, Milt was a class-A pen-pal. He wrote long letters and sent us goodies to eat.

Once I wrote him complaining about the K rations and C rations, and adding the only thing that seemed to be in large supply was peanut butter. We had peanut butter on the mess table all the time.

So what did Milt do? He sent me two large tins of peanut butter.



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**AS ALL SOLDIERS** know, it was Maidenburg considered an act of treachery, or worse, to write any letters disclosing the whereabouts of a tactical unit.

Some of us spent hours trying to figure out a way to drop a hint to the folks at home. Some of us scored; others got caught and paid heavily.

I served once as a co-defense counsel in a court-martial involving a soldier who'd tried to slip some information past a censor.

The soldier was, then stationed in Nadzab, in New Guinea. Nadzab is in the valley of the Markham River. Should you think Nadzab is an odd-ball name, there were other towns in the area with such tags as Gusap and Tsilli-Tsilli.

Anyway, this soldier wrote his mother about "Mr. Markham who lives in the valley." An eagle-eyed censor opened the letter, and the fat was in the fire. It was worse than that when it turned out I had been assigned to be his "lawyer."

I tried like the devil to pin the blame on the soldier's Commanding Officer, accusing that gentleman of not teaching the soldier properly. But the Commanding Officer was a rank or two higher than I, and the thing just didn't work. The soldier got six months.