Letter FROM the Editor . . .

- The Roundup is still tussling with the same old problem—circulation building. In addition to sending postal cards to names on rosters (we're still looking for more names), lately we have tried a series of small advertisements in various national magazines, including LIFE, LIBERTY, COLLIER'S, ARMY TIMES and ARGOSY. When the last ad was published in May, we totalled a score of nearly 500 new subscribers, but at a cost prohibitive to good, sound business methods, due to much 'waste circulation' since we are trying to reach a very select group of veterans. To date, we have found that our best method of securing new subscribers is through YOU! Word-of-mouth advertising has been largely responsible for The Roundup's growth over the past five years. We must depend upon this method almost entirely in the coming years. So don't hesitate to pass along to your CBI buddies the word of Ex-CBI Roundup's existence.

- We have only a few CBI Lapel Pins on hand and are told we will be unable to order more due to government restrictions on brass. If you don't have yours or want another, better hurry. One buck each.

- Coming up in the near future is another excellent historical story from Boyd Sinclair's forthcoming book, "The Last Roundup." This article deals with the Signal wallahs of CBI, mentioning many outfits and individuals who made up one of the hardest-working groups of lads in the whole theater. You'll be surprised to learn some of the Signal men's tents, including the laying of submarine cable in the Brahmaputra River.

With Regret . . .

- It is with regret that I write to advise you of the death of my husband, Adrian W. Bierwiler, former T/Sgt., 108th QM Co., 44th Air Service Group. He was office manager for the New Elmira Candy Co. On the morning (of his death) he had attached a conveyor to a truck that was to be unloaded when the truck pinned him against the wall.

Mrs. ADRIAN BIERWILER, Elmira, N. Y.

Wants CBI Flag

- Am very anxious to find out where I can get a CBI flag which we used to wear on our field jackets . . . the one with the U.S. and Chinese flag.

HENRY WITT, 1936 Unionport
Bronx 82, N. Y.

CBI Service Chiefs

- How about an article on our old CBI Service Chiefs? I'm sure quite a few received these awards while in CBI. India Week was observed here at Penn State College with a film showing and an exhibition of Indian items.

STEPHEN KALISTA,
Coaldale, Pa.
THE FOURTH Annual Reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, which promises to be the biggest and best of them all, will be held at Kansas City, Kansas, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 10-11-12, it was announced by William F. Brown, National Commander.

In charge of plans for the big Reunion are members of the Greater Kansas City Bash. As in past Reunions, invitations have been extended to dignitaries throughout the nation, which this year include General Douglas MacArthur, the ambassadors or consuls of India, Burma, Nationalist China, Thailand, Malayan Straits, French Indo-China, Korea, Indonesia and Ceylon.

Kansas City's newest hotel, "The Town House," has been selected as Reunion Headquarters. The new ultra-modern, convention type 260-room hotel is just now being completed and, according to reports, the CBIVA Reunion may be the first large group to be housed in the hotel.

The Town House is completely air-conditioned. Seventy-eight percent of the rooms are furnished with twin beds. Radio programs will be provided free and television will be available.

Most of the Reunion activities will be centered in and near The Town House. A large ballroom which can be utilized as a dining room, seating about 700 persons, a number of private rooms for meetings and social get-togethers, and many other conveniences will be at the disposal of the Reunion group.

Although adequate hotel accommodations are assured attending delegates, advance reservations are advisable and can be made by writing Ellsworth Green, Jr., 727 Minnesota, Kansas City, Kansas.

Plan now to attend this big 1961 fun fest. Be sure to bring the wife along as there'll be something going on every minute for everyone. Chances are you'll meet many of your CBI buddies and, from past experience, you'll be amazed to see a great number of wallahs who were stationed at your CBI base whom you didn't know overseas.

Above all, encourage and urge your CBI buddies to attend. See you at Kansas City!
AT KANSAS CITY!

Shown here is a portion of the downtown business section of Kansas City, Kansas, scene of CBVNA's 1951 Reunion. The city was selected by the association's executive committee because of its central location in the Midwest, and its excellent facilities for a convention of CBVNA's size and requirements.

Below is an artist's sketch of Kansas City's newest hotel, "The Town House," Reunion Headquarters for the 1951 affair. Most activities will center in and near this ultra-modern hotel, now in the final stages of construction.

JULY, 1951
To The Editor:

Air Warning Operator
• Read in the May issue a letter from Claude H. Riedel, who worked FG 32 Station with the 679th Signal Air Warning Co. I worked as an operator at Station FG 33, 100 miles east of Kohima.

DAVID J. McSHANE, So. Miami, Fla.

Chabua Medic
• Was with the 234th General Hospital at Chabua. Also with the 199th Ordnance Bn. Medics. Would like very much to hear from any one from the two outfits.

R. O. SAWYER, 293 N. Oraton, E. Orange, N. J.

Killed in B-24 Crash
• My son, Don Jr., was killed at Kunming, July 11, 1945, while hauling gas over The Hump in a B-24 bomber.

Dr. D. I. RUTHERFORD, Harrisburg, Pa.

23rd Reunion
• I was a radio operator with the 23rd Fighter Control Sq. at most of the eastern bases in China. It so happens that tomorrow night (April 14th) about 20 or so of the 23rd men are getting together for a Reunion down in New York’s Chinatown. Thanks for stirring some pleasant memories of the old country.

ANTHONY L. LONGMORE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NATIVE smokes bamboo water pipe at Tsengchung, China. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

Betelnut Keeper
• Wonder if any of the gang that was part of Base Section HQ in Calcutta read The Roundup? That’s the bunch that made up the Armed Forces Radio Station based at Brawbourne College and used the VUZZU call letters, EPU, the show outfit that worked out of the Monsoon Square Garden, etc. If they do happen to read this this is to inform them that I am keeping their ration of betelnut for them which they can claim at any time. Good to see Ehret’s work again, too. Anyone know what’s playing at the Lighthouse? RON PRITIKIN, Chicago, Ill.

Marauders’ Book
• The book on Merrill’s Marauders, plugged in March issue of Roundup, I sent to the Government for the book and enjoy it.

JAMES V. SOMMERS, Auburn, Nebr.

24 Steps at Annan
• Maybe I can enlightened the fellows on the 24 Steps shown in the Sept. 1950 issue. They were just outside of Annan, China. I was there with the 384th QM Truck Co. I was formerly one of the 475th Infantry boys.

HARRY MESSERSCHMITT
Marinesburg, Iowa

CALCUTTA’S JAIN Temple is seen through the ornate archway of opposing building. Photo by O. Giralleo.
### Is Your CBI Outfit Listed?

If you've been wondering if any of the guys from your old outfit is a Roundup subscriber, here's a pretty good opportunity to find out. Looking through all of the back issues we find the following outfits mentioned. While Roundup does not claim to have subscribers from every outfit in CBI, we do know that we have subscribers from more outfits than are listed here. If your outfit is not listed below drop us a line and we'll see that it's mentioned in a future issue:

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### Note

(Continued on Page 28)
To The Editor

Stilwell Mission

● I had the pleasure of flying into Lashio, Burma, with the General Stilwell Mission in March 1942. The forward echelon located at Maymo, Burma, walked out and the rear echelon, which I was a part of, drove trucks out the Burma Road into Kunming and then on to Chungking. We arrived in Chungking May 15, 1942, the very same day that some of the boys that had bombed Japan for the first time did (April 18, 1942). I returned to the States in May, 1945, after a year in China and two in India.

As of May 8, 1951, I am to report to the Yuma Test Center, Yuma, Ariz., for a period of 21 months. No, I did not ask to be recalled. I enjoy The Roundup's on-the-ball coverage very much.

Capt. I. O. STANBERRY,
Upland, Calif.

782nd M.P. Bn.

● Have you yet to see any mention of the 782nd M.P. Bn. or the 172nd M.P. Co with which I served in both Assam and Kunming.

THOS. F. FITZSIMMONS,
Jamaica, N.Y.

Unsanitary Korea

● sending you a copy of the "Pocket Guide to Korea." There is a lot of information in it, and it's all true with one exception. The people are not the graceful, hospitable and friendly race as stated. They are typical Orientals, clipping up and stealing from us at every opportunity. A number of us got to like the Indians and Burmese a little during our stay there, but you'll find absolutely no one who wants to stay here at all.

The country is far dirtier than even the dirtiest parts of India and the people aren't nearly as sanitary, either their homes or in personal habits. One thing — here's why we call (Koreans) "Gooks." In Korea, an American is "Mee-Gook." They walk up to you and say "Mee-Gook." So we say, "Sure you're a Gooy." Logical?

Cap. ELLIS LYNN,
Pusan, Korea

Another Mystery Tale

● On page 31 of May issue is a letter captioned "Mystery of India." I have an unusual story to tell which I believe could only happen in India. It seems that one day about six coolies and I came upon a cactus plant. I got permission from the C.O. to plant it in front of our day room. Well, we planted it and it took root and commenced to grow. For some strange reason this cactus plant was covered with large white flowers on "V-E Day." I thought it might be just a coincidence, but believe it or not, the thing again bloomed on "V-J Day." What do you think of this? Who knows what this cactus plant is doing in the strange and exotic land of India now?

TED ZAPADKA,
Ellwood City, Pa.

In Korea

● As an ex-CBI man, I would like to subscribe to Ex-CBI Roundup.

ART PENNALA JR.,
Tanyang, Korea

The Cover

COMIC FANS who follow the adventures of "Ike Morgan, M.D." in the daily newspaper will recognize the famed character as a captain in the Medical Corps on the cover of this issue. Marvin Bradley, who drew the strip, was with the 317th Fighter Control Squadron and 317th Fighter Wing at Chengtu, China.

MOSLEM WOMAN (in purdah) is bargaining with the water jug vendor on an Old Delhi street. Photo by Dan Miller.
HOT SPRINGS Sanitary Hotel, 33 kilometers south of Kunming. This modern hotel was open during the war to all who could afford its hot baths, clean sheets and good food. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

THESE K-9 DOGS and masters were attached to Merrill's Marauders. The dogs distinguished themselves in the battle for Myitkyina. U.S. Army photo.

NATIVES BRUSHING the concrete airstrip at Ondal, India, in 1943, preparatory to camouflaging the strip as precaution against Japanese raids. Air Force photo.

To the Editor...

Missionaries Back
- Reading the January issue was like old home week for me. Your story of the two China Missionaries is very near to me. They spent a couple of very pleasant days in my home with my family and me before going on to Oklahoma City to visit with Lefty Pope, as your story relates. May interest you to learn that after many months in Germany, Sister Kuni is now back in this country at Liberty Corner, N.J., and Sister Kuroki is soon to follow. From here they never give up, but will sail for Japan, ever hoping to regain admittance to China and their first love, a little mission and dental parlor in Kunming... I'm for more and more pictures in the magazine. They tell a story that words cannot tell.

JIM WILKINSON, Louisville, Ky.

Jorhat Reunion
- Have been trying to contact old Jorhat buddies with a view to holding a Reunion this summer. This includes anyone who was stationed at Jorhat during World War II.

CARROLL BECHTEL, 2300 Wallace, Phila., Pa.

You'll meet many Jorhat buddies at the CBIWA's Fourth Annual Reunion, Kansas City, Aug. 10-11-12.

-Ed.

'They Know Good Men'
- I'm just another one of those CBI-ers that are currently filling the ranks of this man's Army. The CBI patch is appearing in increasing numbers here at Indiantown Gap, Pa. (4th Infantry Division). I suppose they know good men when they call us wallahs back into active duty.

Sgt. FRANK S. HOERGER, Phila., Pa.
The Jungle's Victory

By DAVID RICHARDSON

A billion dollars and sweating, dying men built the Ledo Road, today a trail of ruins, ruts and creeping vines.

LATE the other evening I got to talking with a man in a bar over on Third Avenue. His eyes were a bit glassy and his voice was thick and pretty soon he began to talk about the war. "I was in Italy," he said, "mostly Cassino. Toughest theatre in the war. All we did week after week was wallow around in the mud and dodge them goddam 88's. We were in the forgotten theatre. Nobody ever heard about us."

"Well," I said, "Ernie Pyle and Bill Mauldin did pretty well by you, not to mention a book called 'A Walk in the Sun,' which--"

"Say, listen," he glared at me, "just where in hell were you—in some fur-lined foxhole with the rest of the USO Commandos?"

Third Avenue gets nice and quiet along about midnight, except when the El goes rumbling overhead. I left the bar, threw away my cigarette, yanked up my coat collar against the wind and headed uptown. What I needed, I decided, was a good walk. And that struck me funny—wanting to take a walk, I mean. Because there was a time, a couple of years ago, when I swore I'd never walk another step in my life. That is, if I lived to be a civilian again and if I had the dough to grab a taxi.

Almost six years ago, the Japanese blockade of China was ended by the reopening of the Burma Road. David Richardson, who had covered the Burma war as a Yank correspondent with Merrill's Marauders, rode the first convoy over the road to China. In 1946 he returned as a foreign correspondent for Time magazine to revisit the road and the old battlefields.

That was in Burma. That was when I was with Merrill's Marauders. Mostly it was during the last 100 miles or so of that 700-mile hike from Ledo to Myitikyina, when our shoulders were raw from pack sores and we were gaunt and wobbly and had been on K rations for one month too long. Of the 2,900 who had started as volunteers on this mission behind the Jap lines a couple of months before there were only a few hundred of us left. Some had been clipped by the Japs; others had been evacuated with malaria or dysentery or just plain fatigue. And the scrub typhus had just caught up with us.

Scrub typhus was tough. One day a man would be okay, slogging along through the jungles, cursing Stillwell and offering to trade his fruit bar and powdered coffee for a cheese and a powdered chocolate. And the next he would suddenly collapse with a 104 degree fever and go blind and start turning black. When a man got it, we gave him pills, tried to keep him warm and started digging another hole. Usually he died quietly and we would leave him under a little rustic cross. "The lousy thing about it," someone said, "is that they gotta die after walking 600 miles. If they was gonna die why the hell couldn't it of been way back at Walawbum or Inkangahtawung?"

By this time our nules were so beat up from all those miles, and specially from that 6,000-foot climb up the Naura Hykot Pass, that they began dropping right and left. When they dropped, we
wanted to shoot them and end their misery. But we couldn't, because we were a good 70 miles behind Jap lines and someone might have heard us. So we just loosened their pack saddles to make them more comfortable and said goodbye. And we took the mortar shells and radio off their saddles and carried them ourselves.

It was rough in Burma, all right. We used to ask our officers what we were doing in the CBI. They said it was all to build a road. There were airplanes running the Hump, one every five minutes carrying cargo to China, but they weren't enough. China had to have a road through the blockade—so we had to drive the Japanese out of the jungle, and the engineers would follow us down with a new road from Ledo until the old Burma Road was open again. We were a year and half doing it. Every once in a while when our air-drop parachutes floated down with more K rations and Grade B cigarettes, there were some copies of the "CBI Roundup." The Roundup was our theatre newspaper. We used to read it of thousand-plane raids over Berlin, of huge carrier task forces approaching the Philippines, or massive invasion convoys spilling out divisions of men upon the beaches of Normandy or Saipan. That, we thought, was really war. But this?

Death of an Air Strip

A FEW months ago, while I was sitting in New Delhi pondering the complexities of Indian politics, the opportunity presented itself for me to make a special return trip to Assam and Burma to see the Hump airfields and the Ledo Road and the old battlefields once more. I had too many memories not to go . . .

For more than two years, Chabua airport in Northern Assam Province, India, had been the main western terminus of the Hump run to China. Month after month it was the busiest airport in the world. No sooner did a plane take off or land, day or night, than another was rolling down the runway. In the sky overhead, planes wheeled slowly at different altitudes, circling like huge vultures as they waited their turn to land or climbed to tackle the snow-capped Himalayas on another trip across the Hump. All over the field there were planes being fueled or overhauled or loaded up for points in China. There were C-54, C-46 and C-47 transports. There were converted B-24's carrying gasoline for Chennault's 14th Air Force. And there were shark-nosed P-51 fighters and glass-nosed B-25 bombers.

Between twenty and thirty thousand men had been stationed in upper Assam, air-feeding cargo to China. The heart of the Hump was the operations shack on the air strip at Chabua. It was a close, smelly room, full of sweat and men, men dressed in their fleece-lined flying clothes, elbowing and shoving each other in turmoil. In the crowded Operations Office, pilots and navigators pored over weather reports with the intensity of doom. On the backs of their leather jackets were sewn American flags and Chinese char-
The Jungle’s Victory

acters, just in case they should by some double miracle not only be alive after going down over the Hump but also discover any human beings existing up there in the mountains and the wind and the snow.

And now the war was over and I was back on Chabua air strip. This time I didn't have to fight my way through a crowd when I walked into Operations Office. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the big room, I discovered there was only one other person in the place. He was sitting in a corner, typing.

Among the Missing

HOWDY,” he said, getting up and coming toward me. His voice echoed through the room. “You the one wants to fly to Myitkyina?” I said yes and asked where the pilot was. “Oh, I’m the pilot,” he said, “also the CO, Adjutant, Operations Officer, Special Service Officer and everything else. We’re closing things up, you know.”

Outside, I looked across the broad concrete runways and taxiways and dispersed areas. There was a single plane—a battered old C-47—on the whole field.

The sky above was empty and silent. The captain hailed a sergeant. “Dick,” he said, “will you go out in the jeep and shoo those cows off the strip?” And there in the middle of what was once the world’s busiest airport was a herd of water buffalo.

A couple of others climbed into the plane with us and soon we were bouncing down the runway past the empty control tower and rising to head for Burma. The man next to me, it turned out was in a Graves Registration Unit. “That’s what we use this plane for nowadays, mostly,” he said, “to pick up the bodies. We’ve had guys down below there for months hunting for graves and crashes. When they find them, they get them to the nearest air strip and we fly them to Calcutta so they can be sent back to the States. There’s still more than a thousand bodies somewhere between Assam and China which we still can’t find. But they’re coming in slowly.”

Down below us now as we droned across the wet, green Naga Hills, we could make out a slender thread of yellow which coiled back and forth through the mountains like an endless snake. That was the Ledo Road. That was the main object of the whole north Burma campaign begun by Stilwell in 1943. That was what we had built at a cost of pretty nearly a billion dollars and God knows how many lives. It wasn’t completed until February, 1945—only six months before the Tokyo Bay surrender.

“Know what the British around here are calling it now?” asked the Graves Registration man. His face had darkened. “They’re calling it the White Elephant Road. . . .”

Heartbreak Road

THE ROAD,” we used to call it. The public-relations officers were variously drumming up support for such names as Stilwell Road and Pick’s Pike (Pick being the general in charge of construction), but to those of us who had lived with it through the fighting and the malaria and the monsoons, it was always just The Road. When we GI’s did call it anything else, it was usually after a bridge had washed out or a landslide had blocked it or we had completed another trip over it and were coated with thick red dust. At such times, it was The Road, and the missing word wasn’t “heartbreak.”

But it was full of heartbreak, this broad gravel highway hacked out of the tangled jungle and the sides of mountain cliffs. Especially during the monsoons, when the engineers had to forget about further construction and spend all their time just repairing and saving what they had already built. Avalanches, sinkholes and washouts kept them busy all summer—when they weren’t back in 20th General Hospital at Ledo with malaria—and their trucks and bulldozers kept getting mixed over the hubs. After the 1944 monsoons, the engineers had but one boast: They had not been able to build any more of the road that summer, but they had succeeded in not losing any more than a few feet of it. Success was measured by feet in the Burma jungles, not in hundreds or thousands of miles of reconquest as it was in Europe and the Pacific.

The engineers used to work in shifts so that construction went on 24 hours a day. At night it would continue under giant lights. And the engineers, several battalions of them Negro, would leap-frog each other as they finished one stretch
and went on to another, building a new
camp every few months. They were nice
guys, too. When the Marauders came
walking up The Road before going behind
Jap lines, the engineers in camp after
camp got out their long hoarded little sup-
plies of beer and candy and handed them
out to the infantrymen. Once or twice a
year the engineers would get furloughs
to Calcutta and they would come down to
the city with their atabrine-yellow faces
and rumpled, ill fitting uniforms and look
awkward and ill at ease walking the
pavements alongside the plump, starched
rear-echelon GI's.

Then there were the Ledo Road driv-
ers. Most of them were Negroes. All day
and night they kept their convoys of big,
heavily loaded trucks rumbling out from
Ledo to Shwiiawng or Shaduzup or Mo-
gaung or Bhamo—or finally to Kunming.
To them, each convoy was a mission, just
as though they were flying the Hump. They
carried supplies and pictures on their trucks, just as though they were
planes. And their trucks thundered along
at high speed, headlights on to penetrate
the dust of the truck ahead or chains
clanking in the gummy mud. Occasionally
a truck would skid off a cliff or into a
river. But not so often as to slow anyone
else down.

The Jungle Takes Over
A S SOON as our plane landed in Burma,
I set out to see The Road. "You can't
see much of it, old chap," a British officer
told me. "The last monsoons did it in.
Almost all the big bridges are out and the
landslides have finished it in the moun-
tains. We don't have any engineers to
speak of in this part of Burma, you know,
so I guess your road is through forever."

When the last trucks rolled the
road, I wanted to know. Oh, some Indian
army trucks had made the 400-mile run
from Myitkyina to Ledo before the mon-
soons in 1946. They were the last—the
bridges had washed out after them and
the surface had potholed. The jungle was
reclaiming its own. A few American
seven-ton trucks were being used by some
Chinese as commercial buses for a short
stretch south of Myitkyina. Otherwise The
Road was dead, all dead.

The British officer offered to drive me
as far as he could on The Road in both
directions.

Just 18 miles south of Myitkyina, the
engineers had spent nine months alone
building the longest pontoon bridge in the
world. Each of its pontoons was bigger
than the LCT's that used to carry tanks
in Pacific invasions. The monsoon torrents
had ripped it apart and what was left of
it was clinging to both shores of the
river—as much of it as hadn't floated on
down the churning Irrawaddy.

A Sign Goes Down
B ACK in the hills on the other side of
Myitkyina, the jungle, like a selfish
woman, was stretching its green fingers
cut to take back The Road that had once
been part of it. Creepers and weeds were
already ankle-high cross sections of the
highway. In other places, the vegetation
came drooping down from overhead.
Where The Road had been graded, the
rains had washed so much of the earth
away that there were large bites in The
Road, looking as if they had been made
by some giant dinosaur. Erosion had set
in, deeply rutting miles of the highway,
splitting it open like an earthquake. High
up, I could see where landslides had al-
most completely erased the thin, man-
made scar on the mountainsides.

Here and there along The Road was
the rusting skeleton of a seven-ton truck
or a bulldozer. Or the disordered remains
of a GI camp, with the basketball hoops
and backboards still up, or the benches of
the outdoor movie theatre row on row,
or a weathered sign that once was bright
red and white, saying "331st Engineers
(Heavy)." As our jeep started back toward
Myitkyina, we passed a line of six bullock
carts, heaped with vegetables and grain,
heading, at their snail's pace, toward the
city bazaar. Driving the unwieldy carts
were some sleepy Shan in white turbans
and checked-skirted longyis. Farther on,
padding along beside The Road, were
several dozen Kachin women, all carrying
bright umbrellas to shield them from the
hot afternoon sun, all in the same tight
white bodices and blue skirts. They looked
at our jeep curiously and, I thought, with
a little resentment, as if it kicked up a
cloud of dust. Once a jeep on The Road

JULY, 1951
The Jungle's Victory

was a common sight; now we felt like interlopers.

It was nearly dusk when we got back to Myitkyina, and I remembered other dusks when chow call would beclang and the GIs would be rushing to get into line with tinkling mess kits. For a moment I thought the GIs were still there—GI uniforms were all over the place. But I had only to look at the faces, some bronze, some slant-eyed and some dark, to realize that they belonged to the Kachins and Karens and Indians and Shans and Chinese and Burmans—the peacetime citizens of what was once the greatest of all American bases in Burma. They had bought not only GI uniforms, but also practically everything else the US Army had decided to sell here. Our old QM dump had been sold, lock, stock and barrel, to an Indian merchant firm. Now it was selling the goods retail at several times their cost. The Army ice and power plants had been taken over by the city and were being run as municipal projects. No one had troubled to pull down the GI signs all over town, and so there were still gaudy mementos of the 96th Ordnance, Pentagon Building, "81st Fighter Control Squadron" and "Monsoon Manor."

But one sign had come down. The only reason I noticed it was that it used to stand like a sentinel on a little mound of earth at the Myitkyina junction to The Road. To us GIs it had somehow epitomized all we had done in this God-forsaken wilderness 15,000 miles from home. For it marked the junction of the bloodiest battle of the Burma war and the chief objective for which it was fought—the first land route in history from India to China. And it bore the names of such places as Calcutta, New York, Ledo, London, Tokyo, Kunming and San Francisco, each with its mileage after it in bold figures. As bold as though this junction were the new crossroads of the world.

Well, that big sign didn't stand there any more. No one pulled it down, either. It had been toppled over by the monsoons. Now it lay face down in the mud.

I stood there and looked at it for a while and didn't even bother to turn it over and look at its face. . . .

(Reprinted from NEW REPUBLIC, by Special Permission)

FIGHTER CONTROL of the 51st Fighter Group, all packed and ready to leave for Nanning, 400 miles southeast of Kunming. Left to right are Frank Sheridan, A. H. Kitzerow, Larry Vogt, Riehl, and John Klipman. Pie taken at Kunming airfield. In background, P-40 with auxiliary fuel tank. Photo thanks Erneze Pope.
Returns to CBI For Wife

- I was stationed in Assam with the 208th QM of the 54th Air Service Group at Tezgaon, India. I attended the American Church in Dacca and met Nellie David, the daughter of the Priest. Months later we wanted to get married, but Army rules... But we were not discouraged. On Oct. 25, 1945, I left India for home but promised to come back for her and she promised to wait. On July 7, 1959, I flew to Madras where her father had been sent to a new church and we were married on July 25, 1950. It took seven months to iron out some red tape matters regarding her passport and on Feb. 26, 1951, we landed in San Francisco airport. It was really quite an experience.

VAHEY JENANYAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Pipeline Operations

- How about an article and pictures of the Pipeline operations?

JOHN N. CHRISTIE
Jacksonville, Fla.

We have the pictures.
Waiting for the history—Ed.

CBI Shoulder Insignia

From the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington, The Roundup has received this information in regard to CBI shoulder sleeve insignia:

"In the case of individuals returning to active service, two possible sources are available:

"a. Officers may upon return to service, purchase the CBI patch from the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot.

"b. Enlisted men in service are entitled to issue of this insignia.

"Supply and sale would only be made to individuals who served in the CBI Theater. As authorized by current regulations, wear would be restricted to the right shoulder. Stacks are sufficient to ensure supply for an indefinite period."

EXHIBITS FROM India were viewed by members and guests of the Greater Kansas City Basha, CBI Veterans Assn., prior to a "Puja" held last month. Admiring the curios are (left to right) William F. Brown, CBIVA Commander; Ernest D. Ferguson, commander of the K.C. Basha; and Mrs. Frederick E. Merritt, wife of CBIVA’s Judge Advocate. Photo by Kansas City Star.

JULY, 1951

To The Editor

2 Years at Chabua

- After all these years I finally heard about The Roundup. The information came from a fellow CBI-er who hails from Atlanta, Ga., who was visiting in our city. I spent over two years at Chabua, during which time I made quite a few Hump trips. I was with a grand bunch of fellows and I always hoped to get together with them again.

EDW. C. WENGGER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

You’ll meet some of your ex-Chabua buddies at the 1951 CBIVA Reunion at Kansas City.—Ed.

Best Service Group?

- I served with the 301st Air Service Group in the 319th Service Squadron. Would like to see more of our news in Roundup. I would like to have it known that the 301st was the best air service group that was ever formed.

JAMES E. FULLER
Voluntown, Conn.

479th Engrs.

- I have been reading Roundup for about two years and have enjoyed every one of them. But you have yet to mention the 479th Engr. Maint. Co.

LOUIS PANEPINTO
Rochester, N. Y.
Calcutta Rickshaw Ride
A Short Short Story
by CHARLES SLOANBACHER

Scanning the quickly-darkening sky over Calcutta, Joe felt he had better hurry if he was to catch a rickshaw and return to the Hindusthan building before the monsoon clouds let loose with a relentless downpour. He was standing outside the entrance to the Jain Temple where he had spent an hour and two rupees examining the temple and grounds.

As there were a dozen or more rickshaws at the entrance. Today there was none. While he waited, he had plenty of company.


Nervously watching for a rickshaw to turn the corner into the alley, his eyes followed a somewhat decently dressed “sahib,” the native began, “you like English? Burmese? Chinese? High class Indian? . . .”

“Jao, you crummy jerk!” Joe barked at the terrified Indian.

At last a rickshaw came into view. Joe hailed him with, “Rickshaw! Idhar aot!” The coolie touched his forehead with his right hand. “Salaam, sahib! Kidhar jate hai?” Joe hopped into the flimsy rickshaw, commanding the coolie, “Hindusthan building ham jaiga, jaldi, malum?”

“Malum, sahib,” and the coolie broke into a trot toward the Army headquarters building in downtown Calcutta.

They had hardly turned the corner when the rains came. The coolie stopped, shouted “pani hauch, sahib!”

“Yes, you dope. . . . I know it’s raining! Don’t just stand here, get this top up before I kick you in the teeth!” Joe shouted in an aggrieved tone. The coolie smiled, “Malum, sahib!”

Amidst the downpour, the coolie ran at a rapid pace to get Joe to the Hindusthan building.

Approaching Burra Bazaar, a dirty-looking coolie holding a box under his arm flagged Joe’s rickshaw down. When the rickshaw had halted, the peddler pulled the box from under his arm, opened the lid, shoved the box in Joe’s face with the exclamation, “Sahib! Rubies! My brother, he take from British mine at Mogauing. Sell cheap, you buy!”

Joe eyed the merchant with suspicion, then looked over the gems. One stone stood out from the others. It was probably three carats, he thought.

“This one, kilna hai?” Joe asked.

“Rs. 500 rupees, you buy. Only 500 rupees!” Joe offered.

“You crazy? Give you five rupees,” Joe countered.

“Rs. 6,” Joe barked, “my last offer.”

“Rs. 6, sahib, Rs. 6.”

The rickshaw headed toward the Hindusthan building once again. Joe eyeing his new purchase closely. He didn’t notice the smile on the rickshaw coolie’s face. Now did he know the Indian was asking himself, “Why dumb American pay six rupees for piece of red glass!”

Fifteen minutes later the rickshaw halted before the Hindusthan building. Joe hopped out into a puddle of water, reeled about, flipped the coolie an eight-anna piece, and entered the building.

To the Editor . . .
(Continued)

CBI-er Honored

I thought that the enclosed might interest you. (See Ed. note below). I feel that Bob’s friends would be proud of such an honor. He was held in high esteem at this school. For one so young he had a rare gift as an artist.

Mrs. MINNIE CILLEY, Exeter, N. H.

Enclosure was an announcement of the opening of The Robert W. Naves Memorial Art Gallery in Boston, Mass. 5/5. Naves, co-founder of the Flying Tiger emblem, died as result of injuries in a jeep accident at Ramgar 1944. —Ed.

311th Fighter Group

I didn’t think, while over there, that I’d enjoy pictures of China and India as I now do. Also enjoy the articles and stories. Don’t see much about the 311th Fighter Group in The Roundup.

CHESTER G. COOPER, Mattoon, Ill.

LOOKING to see if coast is clear, 54th Service Group area, Tezgaon. Photo by O. Giraldo.
Japanese CBI Patches

- I was stationed at Ondal, India, with the 680th Army Postal Unit for 28 months. Capt. R. A. Baben, who is mentioned in your March issue, was both Deputy C.O. and C.O. of the 36th Air Service Group to which we were attached. Capt. R. A. Baben, who wrote you that he was Group Surgeon of the 7th Bomb Group, I also knew when I was working three days a week at Pandavasgarh and Madiganj where they were stationed. Donald Price who said he was with the 19th Base Post Office puzzles me, because as an old postal wailch, I don’t recall the 19th B.P.O. I remember the 6th B.P.O. in Calcutta and a regulating station in Chabua, but that is all. To show what a small world this is, on my arrival in Japan I walked into the 7th B.P.O. in Yokohama and the first person I met was Capt. Tom Cleary who was my Postal Officer in Ondal for four months. I’m sure you recall the silver and gold CBI patches available in India. Here in Japan they are even more beautiful and almost every CBI patch worn on the “Ike Jackets” are the fancy silk, silver and gold thread type. This second batch will never replace my wonderful memories of CBI-land.

Sgt. R. V. PERNETTI
Osaka, Japan

Rice Paddy Wader

- Bee Stroud waylaid me after a show I did in Fort Worth (in March) and what should he have in his hand but a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup, the first I had seen. When I saw the picture of Calcutta’s Jain Temple, it reminded me of the bell sergeant in the rest camp at Calcutta. He thought the Jain Temple was where you went to get a june! We who waded around the rice paddies of CBI sure have a fellow-feeling for those guys in Korea, don’t we?

CAL TINNEY
Tulsa, Okla.

Ledo Road Fan

- I saw only one copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and it looks like the best little magazine around. Made me feel as if I was back there again. I was with the 1304th Engr. C. Bn. on the Ledo Road. Is there any of the Ledo Road left?

LOUIS DEZSO, JR.,
Maywood, N. J.

“The Jungle’s Victory”
story in this issue describes
The Road as it is today. —
Ed.

115th Ord. Mentioned

- I would like to see the 115th Ordnance MM Co. mentioned. It operated under Hq., NCAC during 1943-44 and half of 1945, and was also the lead American Ordnance supply and maintenance outfit on the Ledo Road. The 115th also handled the forward ordnance supply and maintenance requirements for the Chinese army in India.

H. R. HANSEN,
Livermore, Calif.

ALMOST HIDDEN in this group of Chinese soldiers is an American Y Force officer who has just purchased a pair of sandals. Photo taken at Huoingta, China, by Syd Greenberg.

BUSY THOROUGHFARE at Chowringhee and Esplanade, Calcutta. Photo by Sedge LeBlang.
To the Editor . . .
—Continued—

Burma Lads Reunited

Had an interesting visitor in my lunchroom today. Six years ago, in Warazup, Burma, I came across an ex-Brooklyn sufferer, a Major John J. Gussenek, stopped at my mess hall one lonesome night and I set him up the best I had . . . a fried venison steak and the usual fixings we had up there in the Naga Hills. He really broke the boresome routine and we had a lot of laughs talkin' about dear old Brooklyn. He slept over and the next morning when he left I made him promise he'd try my cooking in civilian life. I asked him to drop into my luncheonette in Brooklyn for a steak dinner. Well, today . . . six long years later . . . he surprised me. And it was good seeing him. I'd been following his progress via your swell magazine and we're looking forward to a get-together real soon.

RALPH KATZ
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Memories Alive

There are lots of things we'd like to forget about the CBI, but The Roundup keeps the more pleasant memories alive. Spent 30 months at Gyms and Barrackpore with ATC.

NORMAN SIMPSON
Lynchburg, Va.

Wake Up, Boys!

I am writing in the hope that I may wake up some of the boys of the 124th Cavalry. I am beginning to feel ashamed to say that I belonged to the outfit. Since the end of the war I have never heard that they have had any kind of a reunion. I have never seen in The Roundup any letters from someone in the 124th. Let's wake up, make ourselves known! The 124th has a lot to be proud of.

MIKE CONSTANDI
Plainfield, N. J.
To the Editor . . .

7th Bomb. History

I was very much pleased to read the history of my old outfit, the 7th Bombardment Group, in the May issue. I joined the outfit late in the war and, except from hearsay, had no idea they had such an enviable record. Thanks again.

STANLEY F. TROY,
Salt Lake, Utah.

Old Buddies

The other day I was sitting in a restaurant with my wife when I overheard a fellow at the table behind me telling his friends about his experiences in India. After a time, I turned around and asked him where he was stationed. “Agra,” he said. A few more words revealed we were both stationed in the same outfit. He invited the wife and me to his house to look over his pictures and issues of Ex-CBI Roundup. His pictures were wonderful, but the copies of Roundup interested me more. I’m subscribing now, and demand to know why in hell I was never told about this before?

JAMES V. CLARK,
Memphis, Tenn.

236th Engr. Pics

One of your readers, Wm. Haupt, mentioned his outfit, the 164th Signal Photo Co., which is the Co. that took pictures of the 236th Engr. Combat Bn. along the Ledo Road. We were shown some of the finished pictures at Meng Yu, but could not get copies for our personal use. Would like to know if and where I can get them?

CALVIN FERTIG,
Shamokin, Pa.

Roundup’s Photo Editor.
Syd Greenberg, was a member of the 154; and has a multitude of pictures taken in China. Write him at 1921 Avenue K, Brooklyn 36, N. Y.—Ed.
First Basha Auxiliary Formed at Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE AUXILIARY Basha officers include (back row, L to R): Sylvia Cacereño, Executive Board; Lois Olsen, Treasurer; Jeannette McManus, President; Peggy Krohn, Vice President; (front row, L to R) Shirley Pahlster, Public Relations Officer; Vi Nayer, Executive Board; Virginia Lucht, Executive Board. Missing in picture is Vera Neder, Secretary.

Another addition to the Milwaukee CBI Club's long list of "firsts" is the recent chartering of the Milwaukee Auxiliary Basha, composed of more than 35 wives of the club's original members.

The auxiliary was organized early this year, receiving its Charter Presentation at the 7th Anniversary party of the Wisconsin CBI Club on February 9th.

Today's CBI Veterans Association is technically the "offspring" of the Wisconsin CBI Club, which was founded in February 1944 at Calcutta. The club was "transplanted" to Milwaukee after the war and its membership rolls increased quickly.

The Wisconsin CBI Club staged a national reunion at Milwaukee in August 1948 at which time the CBI Veterans Association was organized.

Now the founding of the nation's first CBI women's auxiliary is expected to set pace for other Basha throughout the country.

Although still in its infancy, the Milwaukee Auxiliary Basha has many activities planned for this year. Each of the charter members serve on a committee designed to further the interests of the organization.

Says Public Relations Officer Shirley Pahlster: "We hope that our auxiliary will inspire more to be organized, therefore enlarging the entire national organization of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association."

To the Editor...

Homesick for Teagaon
- The magazine is tops with me. Makes me homesick for Teagaon, but the Indians can have that place as far as I'm concerned.

WILBERT BURKETT, Bakers Summit, Pa.

159th Station Hospital
- When is there going to be mention made of the 159th Station Hospital which later became the 181st General Hospital? I am one of the old members of this outfit. The 159th were the first Medics to hit India.

WALLY HERMAENSEN, Chicago, Ill.

Khasipur Pics
- Stationed for a time at Khasipur, N. W. Frontier Province, I feel that any pictures you may publish of that part of India would be interesting to many as that was a busy place for sometime.

PHIL ALDRICH, Milbank, S. D.

BABIES ARE no bottlenecks to these hard-working Indian women. Photo by John Gala.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP
Kanchrapara Story

- How about a story on Replacement Depot No. 3 at Kanchrapara? Most men in the IBT passed through there twice—on the way in and out. My time in the theatre was with that HQ from Nov. 1944 to May 1946, acting as Personnel Sgt.-Major... I have in my possession copies of the last CBI Roundup, stories in Hindusthani, news of ammo, dump explosion at APO 484, riots in Calcutta and editorials on GI's vs. Anglo-Indian girls. Keep up the good work and more letters to the editor since I've seen the names of many old friends including "Queenie" Morris and Clinton Lewis.

GEORGE WOODS, Demarest, N. J.

1111th Signal Co.

- I'd like to hear from any of the boys in the 1111th Signal Co. stationed at Dinjan.

LEO E. ERB, 4426 Askew, Kansas City 4, Mo.

24th Hosp. Reunion

- While in India I was a member of the 24th Station Hospital, which, by the way, is holding its 3rd Annual Reunion in New York on Sept. 1. I hope in the future to see a history of this outfit written up in Roundup. Each issue is an improvement over the last one.

FRANCIS A. CROCKER, Quincy, Mass.

More Burma Pics

- Let's have more Burma pictures. I was with the 1304th Engineers who built bridges from Warragul to below Myitkyina.

FRED B. WHEELER, E. Hartford, Conn.

Chicago Basha

- Chicago Basha... we had a nice gathering one evening, a dinner in a nice Chinese restaurant in Chinatown. They were very helpful in putting our CBI banner up for us and we had an enjoyable time.

LEONARD CORDARO, Chicago, Ill.

BURMESE BOY. Photo taken on Ledo Road by Syd Greenberg.

Feel Left Out

- Have been out of the service for awhile, but expect to be called again soon... So many of the fellows of the 931st Signal Bn. are back in uniform that I feel sort of left out of things.

A. E. BARNES, Colo. Spgs., Colo.

Early Roundup subscribers will remember the many fine India pics loaned by Capt. Barnes in 1946-47.—Ed.
To The Editor —

Kurmitola-Tezgaon
● Stationed with ATC in India near Dacca. The station was Kurmitola, out of the 1345th AAFBU. Three miles down the road was the 1346th at Tezgaon. Would sure like to see some pictures of either of the stations.

ERNEST J. ORAVETZ, Bogota, N. J.

Real Veteran!
● I served in India and Burma for 20 months with the 51st Fighter Control Squadron. The 51st was a real veteran of the CBI. It docked in Karachi March 12, 1942, then called the 33rd Intercepter Control Squadron, and it sailed for home from the same port on Dec. 31, 1945.

JOSEPH M. BRENNAN, Beacon, N. Y.

China Liaison Teams
● If possible, please publish pictures of the Liaison teams in China, the Chinese Combat Command.

CHARLES STOLNACK, Negaunee, Mich.

Paging 835th Wallah
● Please send the name of the writer of the letter entitled “835th Sv. En.” on page 29 of the March issue.


The name and address was inadvertently omitted in the process of ‘making-up’ the March issue. Will the 835th wallah please send us his address, so we may apologize, and place him in touch with a former buddy? — Ed.

Heavily Bombed 7th
● Have wondered why there is so little about the 7th Bomb. Group in Ex-CBI Roundup. One possibility has occurred to me. Very few of the original 7th remained after the heavy bombing in the fall of 1943 and winter of 1944. It stands to reason that the new replacements couldn’t be as well inoculated in its history as those men who had trained together in the States.

MADELEINE NORTHWAY, New York, N.Y.

Flying Mules
● The story of CBI mules in the May issue brought back very sharply the memories of another phase of “Mules to China.” This wasn’t much publicized but the boys at the South Strip at Myitkyina who flew the C-47 flying mule trains can tell a lot of wild stories about those loads of four-legged dynamite. And when we walked into a mess shuck in China, the other air crews could SMELL what cargo we carried. I believe that I hauled the first mules over the Hump. It was in February 1945 that I parked my C-47 at the loading ramp at Sawma (FJ) and watched the ship being loaded. The Lieutenant in charge of loading knew nothing about the carrying capacity of a C-47 and I knew nothing of the weight of those blue-nosed mules. Consequently, after a brief argument I let him load five mules and five Chinese handlers into that bucket of bolts. My experiences on that trip from the time I pushed the throttles until the time I landed at Kunming would fill a book. You should have seen the surprised looks on the faces of the unloading crews at Kunming when they saw my cargo! It would take a person familiar with weight and balance to understand my problem in getting that airplane with full tanks of gas into the air. Following that we carried only three or four mules to a load. . . . The tragic climax to the whole story is that a month or two ago I saw a picture in one of our leading newspapers of a Chinese Red mortar company advancing in Korea, and what do you think was toting the load? You guessed it, one of those blue-nosed Missouri mules that our Armed Forces risked life and limb to deliver to the Chinese. This is the last straw!

ANDREW H. VAN LIERE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

ASSISTING THE American Red Cross in the Korean war effort are women of the “Indian Liaison Mission” in Japan. Here Mrs. K. K. Chettur is shown elaborating to a wounded Yank GI on the Pictorial Survey of India. Photo by Govt. of India.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP
**To the Editor . . .**

---Continued---

**Smiley’s Airline**
- Enjoy reading the magazine, but look in vain for names of any members of the 15th Combat Cargo Squadron. We had long streaks with the words, “Smiley’s Airline,” painted on our C-47s. We flew into just about every strip in Burma between Myitkyina and Rangoon. Bought myself a hunk of land near Mandalay. Paid 10 bed sheets for it and planned to raise rubies (runway reflector variety) after the war. Was a pilot with the outfit, but feel qualified as a submarine skipper after flying the monsoon weather. Keep up the good work, and if I ever get to my Burma farm, I’ll pluck you some rubies.

**FRED W. HASSETT,**
Ellwood City, Pa.

**Hastings on the Hoogly**
- . . . wonderful magazine!
- Can’t Beat It
Formerly at Hastings on the Hoogly.

**ALFRED MINUTOLO,**
Wash., D.C.

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**CBI GENERAL RETIRES**

**MAJOR** General Richard Smykal, well-known to a multitude of CBI-ers, has retired. At the time of his retirement he was Commanding General of the Illinois National Guard, the youngest (50) commander of the Illinois Guard in its history.

General Smykal was Assistant Chief of Staff to General Joseph W. “Vinegar Joe” Stillwell during the Burma Campaigns (1943-45). In 1943 he was appointed Deputy Chief of Staff, China Combat Command.

At the conclusion of World War II, he commanded the combined Army-Navy and Air Force on the South China Sea.

In 1949 he was assigned as Assistant Commanding General of the 33rd Infantry Division, which post he held through 1947. In 1948 he was appointed Commanding General of the 33rd Infantry Division. Since 1949 General Smykal commanded the entire Illinois National Guard, until his retirement this spring.

Included in General Smykal’s many decorations received during the last war are the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star Medal, Breast Order Yun Hwei (China), Army-Navy Air Corps Medal (China), and Kuo Chang (Hero of Nation—China).

General Smykal is a member of the Chicago Basha, CBI Veterans Assn. His home is at Wheaton, Ill.

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**Traveling Nurse**
- I was an Army Nurse in CBI, stationed hither and yon, subject to the whims of the powers that be. I was stationed in Karachi on detached service, then on to Calcutta for the monsoon season; just when I was beginning to feel at home in the Calcutta Swimming Club, I was transferred to Pirodinka, China, where I stayed long enough to get attached to the field, etc., and suddenly I was on my way to China. In China I was attached to the 21st Field Hospital in Peoshan, one of my favorites.

**E. ANN PETERSEN,**
Washington, D.C.

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**’Burma Campaigner’**
- Where are all the guys from Area C (or Area 6) Chabua Airfield? Don’t you have any of the gang from the old 1st Ferrying (later Transport) Group among your subscribers? Doesn’t anyone remember “The Old Burma Campaigner?”

**MEL WILKINS,**
Delphos, Ohio

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**Hashtags Mill Book**
- Where could I buy the book put out by the Army on Hastings Mill—Rishra, Bengal, APO 671?

**ALVA N. LUCAS,**
New Albany, Ind.

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**VIEW FROM** top of one Taj Mahal minaret, looking toward another. Photo by Jim Wilkinson.
History of the

95th Station Hospital

When the War Department sent out a letter on April 25, 1942, subject: Organization of Station Hospital (50 bed), it gave birth to a medical outfit which was not only to grow to fifteen times its baptismal size, but also to become a most successful overseas installation in CBI.

The founding unit assembled and trained briefly at Fort Bliss, Texas, and in less than a month, the 42 enlisted men and 7 officers boarded the U.S.S. Mari- posa in the Charleston, S.C., harbor for a long ocean voyage.

After a 57-day trip, the ship docked at Karachi, India, and the soldiers got their first look at the "enchanting" Far East.

Re-outfitting and orientation to the Orient were accomplished at the new Malir Cantonment until departure by rail across India to Chabua. Here, on September 25, 1942, Major John B. Miles, first commanding officer of the 95th Station Hospital, assumed command of the small Army hospital already there, changing its name to the 95th Station Hospital. Previously a detachment headed by Capt. John D. Snider, with two nurses, four enlisted men, and one microscope, had treated patients at the Rangamuty Bungalow on the Stealkotee Tea Estate.

Major Miles and his hardy group worked diligently with pioneer spirit to establish and operate the various functions of an Army hospital. In early 1943, the table of organizations was increased to that of a 100-bed station hospital and more personnel arrived to aid in the expansion. Patient increases however, was more rapid than T/O adequacy and a situation arose which typified 95th service in the "far end" of the world—namely that it was always understaffed and understocked for the job it had to do.

Thus, in northern Assam and later in China, the 95th detachment developed outstanding ability to conserve the ma-

THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN in 1945, when the 95th played the Flying Tigers a game of softball. Capt. Ernesze (Left) Pope pitched for the 95th. The hospital buildings are in background. Signal Corps photo.
hospital for patients required to be sent to other installations into India; and it operated a general hospital either to render as much definitive treatment as was possible in order to maintain a sufficient number of efficient duty personnel in the China theater, or to board patients directly to the Zone of the Interior for final disposition.

In accomplishing this three-fold assignment, acute shortages in medical department personnel and in necessary technical equipment presented hurdles to be cleared. Officers, nurses and enlisted men were required to learn and carry out duties in addition to those for which they were trained. Long hours of work, doubling up on duties and diligent application to new tasks were the rule rather than the exception. Lt. Col. Robert D. Bickel, the young and vigorous C.O. of the 95th during the early China service, showed remarkable ability to adapt the outfit to changing and difficult situations.

The China theater problem of dependence on the world's longest supply line had its effect on the hospital. "Hump" priorities made it possible to fly in only the most vitally-needed medical supplies. The completion of the Stilwell Road augmented the total amount of supplies received, but a free flow was still not forthcoming. It was necessary to improvise material of all kinds. An alert Utilities Section devised and built equipment for X-Ray, Surgery, Mess, Physiotherapy, Ward, and the various clinics instead of waiting on shipments which might never arrive.

In January, 1944, the T/O was increased to accommodate two hundred and fifty patients and in October, 1944, the hospital was again reorganized and re-

NURSES of the 95th station Hospital pose with General Cheviller.

SECOND from left is Col. A. A. Leonidoff, C. O. of the 95th; next is Maj. Cheviller, former Chief Nurse; Maj. Gen. Chennault, second from right. Others unidentified.
In accord with theater policy, natives were hired on a large scale to work as water-pumpers, mess attendants, orderlies and the like. Some of the coolies such as "Daniel Boone," "Likiotai," etc., and the professional men, Mr. Lee and Mr. Koh, were almost accepted as regular members of the detachment roster. Of special significance in the personnel category was the agreement between Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Lt. Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, commanding general of the China theater, which set up a training program for especially selected newly graduated Chinese doctors. This one-year training cycle worked out very successfully as the interns were taught classes in medicine, surgery, laboratory, dentistry, X-ray, sanitation, field service, etc., by hospital officers and enlisted men and were placed in the clinics for specified lengths of time. The interns were to serve eventually as Chinese Army Medical officers, instructors and supervisors.

During this period also, under the leadership of the 95th C.O., Col. A. A. Leonidoff (a dynamic and powerful officer who led the 95th to its highest prominence in the "consolidation period"), model medical dispensaries for civilians and for a Chinese army regiment were put into operation, inspections of a nearby Chinese army hospital were conducted, and Chinese soldiers, bound for training centers and combat areas, were examined. These various activities served to make the 95th the mecca for medical coopera-
COOLIES drawing water at the 95th well.

The Chinese and American forces.

Troops from the British, French, Chinese and almost every other allied army received treatment at the hospital and even Japanese prisoners were, on occasion, tendered the best of medical care.

In addition to individual medal and commendation awards to various members of the hospital, in June, 1945, the outfit was awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for its "unique and outstanding record." It was only the second award of its kind presented in the China theater up to that time and the first medical installation to be so cited.

Oddly enough, on the very day following the award ceremony, the entire detachment had ample opportunity to demonstrate the qualities which had earned the plaque. A flash flood, caused by unusually heavy rains, swept away the crude dams in the nearby Yunnan hills and poured into the hospital encampment, overflowing the banks of the creek which ran snake-like through the area. Although much property damage resulted (probably a few billion CNY), it was noteworthy that every patient was evacuated without harm from the inundated wards, and that mess, ward, supply and clinic functions were rapidly resumed.

By July, 1945, S.O.S. bigwigs had decided that it was high time for the 95th to do some more pioneering, so troop movement again was scheduled. For awhile it was not known whether the destination was to be Shanghai or Luchow, but the latter bomb-wrecked city was chosen.

MISSIONARY Sister dentist inspects teeth of orphans. The orphanage was located near the 95th site at Kunming.

An advance party was flown to that spot to prepare for the arrival of the main body which was to move by rail and motor to Chanyi, Kweiyang, and finally to Luchow. The tremendous task of conveying the personnel and equipment for the thousand-mile jaunt over very rugged terrain, was admirably fulfilled under the inspired leadership of the popular Col. Charles D. Driscoll, then 95th commanding officer. When travel conditions made it necessary to leave the nurses and nursing sisters at Kunming with the "brand new from Stateside" 72nd General Hospital, these plucky females volunteered to hitch trailers onto the truck convoy so that they too could make the journey.

While the main body of the 95th was encamped at Kweiyang as part-time guests of the friendly 295th Station Hospital, Uncle Sam proceeded to unload the devastating atom bombs on the Japanese. Then ensued rapid enemy surrender and the war was at an end.

Col. Driscoll made earnest efforts to secure a 95th unit shipment home. Due to the point system, these efforts failed. Being unsuccessful in this attempt, the Colonel waited until every possibly eligible 95th soldier was safely embarked for home, and then sailed himself.—THE END
CBI Outfits
(Cont'd From Page 7)

STREET VENDORS at Pacian, China. Behind the merchant in center is an outdoor meat shop, rich with flies. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

Paging Hastings WACS
● Would like to hear from my old WAC friends, stationed with me at Hastings Air Base, Calcutta.

LYNN LAUTERBACH, 3604 Park Rts., Garfield Hts., Ohio

Found at Last!
● For the past five years I have been looking for some book or magazine devoted to the outfits who served at the end of the line, in the old CBI theatre, but nary a word could I find until I stumbled onto Ex-CBI Roundup. Will enjoy reading The Roundup and will especially seek news of my old outfit, the 308th Bomb Group, 375th Squadron.

GUSTAV BERGLIN, Ashland, Wis.

Back Issues!
The following back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup are still available:

- June, 1948
- Sept., 1948
- Dec., 1948
- March, 1949
- Sept., 1949
- Dec., 1949
- March, 1950
- June, 1950
- Sept., 1950
- Nov., 1950
- Jan., 1951
- Mar., 1951
- May, 1951

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100 W. 13th Ave.
Denver 4, Col.
To the Editor . . .

GI Song of India

Cal Tinney, a Roundup subscriber, wrote me about the forthcoming publishing of my book which I've just finished writing. I've named it "A GI Song of India," and strangely enough it is about the part that special services, Army chaplain, USO, Red Cross and Army PRO offices played in helping to win the war in CBI. It mentions all of the burrasahibs I came into contact with, and hundreds of GI's whose names I had the pleasure of mind to record when I wrote them down in a little blue book. In my book, Melvyn Douglas writes a foreword, and it mentions such characters as Tony Martin, Hank Greenberg, "Hum Happy," Jackie Coogan, Phil Cochran, Buck Cheves, Bert Parks, Daniel Mann, Roy Brodaky, and other now famous luminaries, plus hundreds of others not so famous.

ROBERT E. LEE
Chicago, Ill.

Collects Seashells

If you haven't yet said anything about the 1st Air Commando Group, what's holding you up? ... I am a collector of semi-rare and rare specimen seashells from all over the world. Anyone have any to sell?

NICK KATSARAS
479-B So, Wash., Bergenfield, N. J.

Far East Again

After a five-year civvy break, I'm back in the Far East again, but this time as a Reserve. Duty here is recreation in comparison to walking up the trail with Doc Seagrave or flying into "White City" with the 1st Air Commando Force. They could take some lessons from the fellow who ran that show, one Colonel "Flip" Cochran.

S/Sgt. J. E. MAGEE
APO, San Francisco

Hindi Vocabulary

By HOWARD H. WALTERS

The other night we had dinner at a friend's home. Somehow, we got on the subject of India . . . a subject that completely fascinated Mrs. Smith. At one point of the conversation, she asked if I had learned to speak Hindusthani. I told her that in the course of two years in India I had picked up quite a bit of the language. Then the inevitable happened: She asked me to speak in Hindi. To my embarrassment, I discovered I had forgotten most of the little I had learned.

When we returned home that evening, I burned the midnight oil jotting down some of the common words which most GI's knew overseas. I wonder how many ex-CBI-ers remember the translation of these words? (Try your luck with the words below, check against answers on page 30—ED):

1. Din
2. Bandook
3. Bakshaes
4. Idhar ao
5. Kitna dam hai?
6. Aap nam kya hai?
7. Jadid
8. Jao
9. Achha
10. Behut karab
11. Teek hai
12. Adme
13. Bahaa
14. Roko
15. Kisiha jate hai?
16. Kya baja hai?
17. Manijad
18. Lao
19. Hsa
20. Naheen
21. Nay Malum
22. Kana
23. Soozaah
24. Kal
25. Char garam
26. Kya ungte hai?
27. Jootoo
28. Dhoobi wallah
29. Sop
30. Tunda Pande

SNOW-CAPPED Himalayas are topped by a C-46 on "The Hump" route, familiar to anyone who served in China or flew the Hump Shuttle. Air Force photo.
To the Editor...

Buddy Located

- In the May issue Israel L. Eskinazi was wishing the address of Leo J. Kenney. I had the pleasure of spending many happy hours with Leo the past year in Billings, Mont., as I, too, was a member of Air Jungle Rescue, being a liaison pilot with his organization.

L. E. PHILLIPS, Denver, Colo.

Loves India-Burma

- I was in India and Burma for a couple of years. Have been all over the place, took more pictures than any other man in CBI. Boy, those were the days! Wish I was there now!

NICK KATZARAS, Bergenfield, N. J.

HINDI

(Questions on Page 29)

1. Day
2. Gun
3. Alms
4. Come here
5. What's the price?
6. What's your name?
7. Quickly
8. Go
9. Good
10. Very bad
11. Okay
12. Man
13. Brother
14. Stop
15. Where're you going?
16. What time is it?
17. Temple
18. Bring
19. Yes
20. No
21. Don't know
22. Food
23. Soldier
24. Tomorrow
25. Hot tea
26. What do you want?
27. Shoes
28. Laundryman
29. Clean
30. Cold water

EX-CBI ROUNDUP
CBI This Bad?

- What a blow it was to get your swell magazine. The blow took me back to those hellish days that I spent in that God-forsaken land. At times I wanted to blow my brains out while there, but the job we had to do stopped me and a few more guys. We did the job, but where we got our strength heaven only knows! (This had is writing from Korea—Ed.) In your March 1949 issue you had a list of Army Post Offices in CBI, but I didn’t see APO 261. I received mail through it, but don’t know where it was located. My old outfit was the 780th Engr. PD Co.

Cpl. HERMAN GRIMES,
APO, San Francisco

Tiger Hunting

- Put in 29 months over there, so I guess I had my share of CBI. Only thing that would ever get me to return there is some more tiger hunting.

BOB LAMIRANDE,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

India Installations

- I’m especially interested in hearing something about our installations which were no doubt turned over to the British or Indians when American forces evacuated India after the war.

K. M. STERLING,
Stillwater, Okla.

See June 1950 issue—Ed.

No Surprise!

- It may surprise you to learn that my wife is more excited over each issue of Ex-CBI Roundup than me. She finds great pride in getting out all of the back issues each time we have guests and tells them, “Just look at all the pictures in these magazines! Bill can tell you about all of them because HE was there!” The result is usually a full evening of my discussing India and China to our guests.

WM. R. GOULD,
El Paso, Texas

JULY, 1951

Killed in Accident

- Raymond O. Braun of Shippensburg, Pa., was killed in a four-car accident on Feb. 24th. He was a former member of the 386th Service Squadron of the 12th Air Service Group. He was a master sergeant.

HAROLD TAENNLER,
Ridgway, Pa.

Correction

- Kurmitola is spelled like this, not Kirmitola.

LEONARD SHERMAN,
Elkins Park, Pa.

Major Scott Fan

- Was with the 486th Service Squadron in India and as one of Major Scott’s officers I certainly was pleased to see your recent article about him (Nov. issue). He is a prince of a man and a real credit to himself and the air force... I’ve been with the 58th Air Depot in England since 1948 and looking forward to returning Stateside in the near future.

Maj. HOWARD BULLEN,
APO, New York

CHINESE CART passing guard tower near Hswakian, on the Burma Road. Photo by Syd. Greenberg.

BUSY MARKET street in the heart of the city of Pao-shan, China. Photo by Syd. Greenberg.
The 4th annual convention of the 14th Air Force Association will be held in New York City on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 5-6-7, with headquarters at the Hotel Statler. The 14th A.F. Assn. is composed of veterans of the American Volunteer Group, China Air Task Force, and the 14th Air Force.

The planned convention activities bids to outdo anything done at the previous affairs, according to Milton Miller, chairman of the association's board of governors.

Late Thursday afternoon there will be a cocktail party. Thursday evening is "on the town." Tickets for theatres, baseball games, telecasts and broadcasts will be available to members for that evening.

Friday's main event will be a gala dinner at the Hotel Statler with entertainment and dancing. Several surprises are scheduled for that event.

Saturday morning will see a launch trip around Manhattan Island, and in the afternoon a style show at a Fifth Avenue shop is planned for the ladies. Saturday evening will be the climax with the Ding Hao Jamboree at Toots Shor's famous restaurant, which is being turned over to the association for the affair.

Celebrities who will probably be at one or more of the shindigs include Paulette Goddard, Jackie Miller, William Gargan, Jackie Gleason, Joe DiMaggio and Leo Durocher among others.

For further information concerning the convention, contact Milton Miller, 270 First Ave., New York, N. Y.