VIEW OF THE ENLISTED MEN'S area at the 14th Evacuation Hospital in Assam, India, shown from the top of a water tank. U.S. Army photo taken Dec. 16, 1944.
Letter FROM the Editor . . .

- Dates for the 1952 CBI Veterans Association Reunion at Omaha, Neb., will be August 8-10. More than 1,000 CBI vets are expected to attend and the event promises to be bigger than ever. Remember the dates and plan to attend. More about the Reunion in next issue.

- There are still a few decals for autos available. If you haven't yet sent for yours, send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and you'll receive it by return mail.

- One wallah tells us he is glad Roundup is in business because his photo appeared in a recent issue which proved to his wife that he really was in India during the war.

- In a future issue we're going to feature a picture story on how the CBI and BS Roundups were published overseas, and how Ex-CBI Roundup is published Stateside. The comparison will probably surprise you.

- We have alerted our correspondents in India, Pakistan and Burma to be prepared to answer any questions Roundup readers might have to ask. The first few replies to current questions appear on page 17 of this issue.

- If you'd like to start a CBI Busha in your city, or wish to know the location of the nearest club, write George C. Prager, Adjutant, CBI Veterans Assn., 104 So. Kenilworth, Elmhurst, Ill.

MAY, 1952

See 'The River'!

Would like to suggest to all CBI-ers that they not miss the new film, "The River." It is a story of a river, Houghli. It was filmed at Barrackpore. Don't know that I saw any scenes too familiar, but it is a beautiful story. All native music, dances and two of the Hindu festivals. The festival of lights that was so very beautiful around our thanksgiving time, and the Festival of Spring. The Kali festival, too, was most interesting. A very gifted Indian dancer does some true native dances. It is worth the price so by all means see it when it comes to town.

JAMES C. MIXNER,
Bridgeton, N. J.

Troopship C.O.

- On page 9, March issue, in the lower right hand corner is a photo of the General McCrae loading at Karachi on 23 Sept. 1945. I was C.O. of all troops on board for that trip to New York.

Col. WM. M. SNOW,

20th General Hosp.

- I'm accumulating new things to reminisce about here in Germany, but I still get a great deal of pleasure reminiscing about the good old days at the 20th General Hospital in Upper Assam.

Lt. M. STEINHILBER,
APO, New York

Credit to ATC

- Served with the 4th Combat Cargo Squadron of the 1st Combat Cargo Group in China-Burma and India. We were the forgotten men in the CBI. The credit for all the cargo we hauled went to ATC.

WILBUR W. HARTMAN,
Woodlynne, N. J.
To The Editor—

Biggest Kick
- I was fortunate to run into a CBI veteran who was kind enough to loan me nine back copies of Roundup. Looking through them was the biggest kick I’ve had in some time. They brought back a lot of memories. Spent 2½ years in India. Went over with the 14th Medical Depot Co., served with the Base Section in Kalaikunda, the 98th Station Hospital in Chakuln, then for my last six months back to Calcutta with Base Section 2 in the Hindusthan Building. At that time I was billeted at good old 77 Park Street. I mention all these places because they were mentioned in the back issues of Roundup I was fortunate enough to scan. You can readily see why Ex-CBI Roundup gave me such a kick.

WM. A. CONNELLY,
New York, N. Y.

Happy Binder Owner
- I have been waiting for just such a cover (Binder) and many back issues, as I have hunted in the stores for one without success.

JOSEPH P. DONNER,
New York, N. Y.

Married in Calcutta
- Enjoy Roundup very much and my wife as well. I met and married her in Calcutta back in 1945. Roundup brings back fond memories to us both.

Capt. D. W. ROBERGE,
Seattle, Wash.

Acquainting Wife
- Enjoy each edition of our Roundup more and more as it certainly brings back some wonderful memories and also simplifies the task of acquainting my wife with the background of the Mystic East.

PAT J. CHADWICK,
Yonkers, N. Y.

330th History
- Sure was glad to get the January issue because it had our 330th Engineer Regiment written up. It gave a pretty good history, many many memories and much work well done.

R. M. WATERMAN,
Celina, Ohio

330th Engineers
- I especially enjoyed the January issue with the story on our outfit—330th Engineers.

JACK VINOPAL,
Augusta, Wis.

879th Engineers
- On page 7 of the July 1951 issue you only showed a listing of the 879th Engineers. A very nice listing. You did not show the names of the two great outfits that were combined to make the 879th Engineers: 900th Airborne Engineers, 879th Airborne Engineers.

PAUL R. EDWARDS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

18th Gen. Hospital
- I was C.O. of the First Convalescent Camp, Surgeon for the Advance Section, C.O. 18th General Hospital, and Acting C.O. of the 48th Evacuation Hospital.

ERIC STONE, M.D.,
Framingham, Mass.

Chinese Duck
- Wonder if any of the China boys remember the chow served in Kunming restaurants? Duck, for instance, always served with the head still on. And when you raised hell about it, it was taken away and brought back with the head removed.

K. W. JOHNSON,
Fort Walton, Fla.

Assam Earthquake
- A buddy of mine recently sent me a copy of the November issue which contained an article about the Assam Earthquake. I enjoyed it very much since my base happened to be Sookerating.

GEORGE T. HARVEY,
Pensville, N. J.

Stack Snagged
- I’m fresh out of Roundup back copies since I took them on leave. One of the wallahs in my old outfit (221st MAES) snagged the whole stack. What’s the situation on your supply of back issues?

Capt. FRANCES P. THORP,
Sampson AFB, N. Y.

Situation grows worse daily. List of available back numbers on page 8 this issue.

—Ed.
Scheduled soon on eastern Television screens is Chapter 16 of The March of Time's "Crusade in the Pacific," entitled The War in the China-Burma-India Theatre.

The scenes reproduced on this page were taken by Roundup's Syd Greenberg from the 1,000-foot film.

Says the MOT of the CBI: "Although this theatre bore only peripheral relation to the war in the Pacific, it was necessary in order to check Japanese aggression in Asia and to keep supply lines to China open."

Personalities included in the film are Generals Chennault, Stilwell, Merrill, Wedemeyer, Marshall; Chiang kai-Shek, Henry Wallace, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Dr. Gordon Seagrave and combined chiefs of staff.

Locations include Calcutta, Imphal and Letha, India; Teungoo, Muyikya and Rangoon, Burma; Kunming, Chungking, Kweilin and Liuchow, China; also scenes on the Stilwell and Burma Roads.

The CBI chapter of the film is one of 32 dealing with the war in the Pacific.
To the Editor

Ledo Clip Joint

- In the March issue I read letters from a couple of fellows from the 70th Field Hospital whom I know very well. I used to run the "Clip Joint" at Ledo. Some of the fellows might remember me and the good haircuts I gave them.

IVER R. OSS,
Fargo, N. D.

58th P.S. Hospital

- With the 58th Portable Surgical Hospital commanded by Maj. Sexama of Chicago, served American and Chinese from May 1944 to Feb. 1945 in Burma. Would like to hear from fellows of the 58th.

L. O. JACQUES, M.D.,
Lone Tree, Iowa

14th Air Depot Gp.

- Never noticed anything in Roundup about the 14th Air Depot Group, Eastern India Air Depot, Panagarah, and later China. I was with the 14th Depot Repair Squadron.

FRANK Liska,
Milwaukee, Wis.

554th AAFBU

- With the 554th AAF Base Unit and spent over two years and two months in the CBI territory. Would like to hear from some of the boys I was with over there as I've lost all their addresses.

ALLEN E. KENNEDY,
Coeburn, Va.

Who Built The Road?

- A columnist, Louis Sobol, who writes the "New York Cavalcade" in the New York Journal-American, stated on Feb. 13th: "Burma Road, built up with American blood, sweat and tears and money under the direction of Dan Arnstein is in horrible shape again, with the Reds overloading it and not bothering to make repairs." Wouldn't General Pick like to read this and learn who built the Road? Arnstein's connection with it was back in '40 or '41 when traffic conditions on the Road were bad and he, being the owner and president of a taxicab fleet in NYC, was thought to be a good man to cure the traffic jam. He stayed awhile, fought with the problem and then came back to New York to bask in the glory. Well, I don't suppose a columnist has to be accurate!

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N.Y.

Built Ledo Theatre

- I am a former member of the 191st Engineer Light Ponton Co. We built the theatre at Ledo and have also supplied the 330th Engineers with pipe for the pipeline.

LOUIS McDEVITT,
617 N. Port
Baltimore, Md.

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Only a Few Left!

THE LEDO ROAD

AND OTHER VERSES FROM
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

By SMITH DAWLESS

Engineers, truck drivers, foot-sloggers, airmen who flew the Hump, chaplains, nurses... all who served in CBI... who remember the sweat and grit and blood of those campaigns or of building of the Ledo Road, will renew and preserve those memories through this delightful collection. Send for your copy today.

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP
Postwar Burma Dream

By M/SGT. FRED FRIENDLY
(Reprinted from I-B Roundup, 1945)

BURMA—This is Burma, on the Stilwell Road. It rained last night and a G.I. drowsy from sake and spam fell to slumber in a basha just a few feet off the 82-mile mark. The high altitude and the rice wine were conducive to sleep, and soon his snores were blended into the background of the roaring convoy and the pouring rain and the barking deer. So it was that the 23-month-in-Burma Engineer dreamed a dream that may make history.

It is June of 1945. The war has long been over and a former corporal has under the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights and the Surplus Property Bill, bought the Ledo Road and launched a high-pressure campaign selling rich Americans on the prospect of spending their vacations in the Orient by driving a jeep all the way from Calcutta to Kunming over the famous Stilwell Road.

Every spring, thousands of millionaire sportsmen arrive in exciting Calcutta via the Mariposa and rent jeeps from Bahu Jesse Shiree's Crowning Motor Market. The 30-day rental of the jeep is $999.50. Of the thousands of sportsmen and explorers who make the annual trip, many are honeymooners who are thrilled by their ferry ride up the Brahmaputra and who stop at Chabua to send gift parcels of savory Assam tea direct from the tea planters to friends and relatives back in the States.

At Ledo, they spend two days at the Hotel De la Ruvడ and dine on roast peacock as served by the Maitre d'Hotel Walton. A one-day stop near Loglai aff.

(Continued on Page 20)
To The Editor

We Caused Korea?
• Give us more pictures and less snow jobs from those Joes on their respective, if not respectable, outfits that goldbricked their time away in the CBI. It was a way of being a skinflint and a veteran with foreign service plus phony battle stars, Bronze stars, etc., all at the same time. There were exceptions, such as Merrill’s Marauders and the original Flying Tigers, but the rest of them must have their tongue in cheek when they call themselves “war veterans.” Most that was done in CBI would be better left undone. It had no bearing on the outcome of the war. Every man in GIs should have been made to fight the Russians in Manchuria while both the men and equipment were on the spot. We could and should have settled that issue then and there. Instead, we sold Chiang down to the Commissaries along with all China. Many of our GI’s were out and out Commies, fell for and spread the propaganda and otherwise tore down all that had been done, then raised hell to get home so that Russia could take over. WE caused the Korea of today. The CBI vets had a paid vacation trip at Uncle Sam’s expense.

JERRY MAHADY,
Carbondale, Pa.

Canadian CBI-er
• I am a veteran of India, World War II, one of the very few Canadian Army personnel to serve in that country, although there were quite a few Canadian air force people there.

H. D. GRANT,
Estevan, Canada

330th Engineers
• I’m glad someone had the gumption to write about the 330th Engineers (Jan. issue). It was a good outfit. I was in it 31 months.

R. A. BLUE,
Springfield, Minn.

821st MAES
• At long last the March issue carried a note from one of “my” boys in the 821st MAES. Where are the rest of the gang?

Capt. FRANCES THORP,
Samson AFB, N. Y.

Milwaukee Basha
• Milwaukee Basha, CBI-VA, officers installed on Jan. 3, 1963, are: Hilbert E. Baumann, commander; Joseph Pohorlan, vice-commander; Howarth Rusch, adjutant; Lyle Oberwise, Finance officer; William Krohn, service officer; Earl Myers, provost marshal; Eugene Brauer, public relations; and Lester J. Dencker, judge advocate. Our 8th anniversary party marking the anniversary of the Wisconsin CBI Club was held Feb. 7th at the Miller Brewery. Also we have selected Aug. 13-14-15-16, 1953, as dates for the CBIVA National Reunion. Headquarters will be at the Hotel Schroeder in Milwaukee.

GENE BRAUER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Remembers ‘Quake
• Was with ATC, the old 301st Squadron at Sookeratting. I certainly do remember the earthquake (Nov. issue), quite vividly in my memory.

SIDNEY RAPPAKORT,
Kansas City, Mo.

678th Bomb. Sq.
• What about a little mention of the 678th Bomb. Squadron, 20th Bomber Command, Chirra air base and later Dudukhundi?

D. J. COMBAUX,
Melville, La.

GENERAL STORE on main street of Kunming, Chinese soldier at left is reading latest war news. Photo by Srd Greenberg.
The Meeting of The Twain

Yanks in China, Burma and India Saw Some People They'll Never Forget

by Boyd Sinclair

(Copyright 1950)

The chief source of wonder, amusement, and interest to the Yanks of CBI were the people of the Far East. Living men and their customs will always be more interesting to other men than old buildings and the dead past.

One of the best known Indian characters was the bearer or personal servant. As soon as Yanks hit India, they were set upon by Indians for jobs as bearer. At first the Yanks usually laughed off the idea of a personal servant, but the applicant would prophesy: "Before one month in India, sahib's taking bearer. Nothing properly working like Amreeksa."

And it turned out that Abdul the Bearer was right. The bearer kept the bed made, straightened up the quarters, shined shoes, and was a general go-between with the dhobi and other tradesmen. Before the Americans arrived, Abdul the Bearer combined the outstanding attributes of Arthur Treacher and Jeeves with his own brand of English. Flick an ash off your cheroot and he would swear before it hit the ground. Think about a cool bурсис and he would argue with it like a genius. Before the Yanks arrived, Abdul grubbed a precarious existence from reading palms and selling filthy postcards to tourists. With the boom in the bearer market, he foresaw these interests to team up with the Americans for more cash, as most of the Yanks could not resist the temptation to write home that they had personal servants.

After he went to work for an American, there was a short period during which Abdul was strictly on the ball, but that was a snare and a delusion. Soon the ingrate would begin his campaign. Abdul would tell of his mother in Kashmir close to death, or his son in Ranikhet who was getting married. With brown eyes deep pools of concern, Abdul would request a week's leave. The Yank, his heart touched, would buy him a first-class train ticket, give him 10 rupees for expenses, and send him on his way. Abdul would exchange the ticket for third class, pocketing the difference, and the Yank would be lucky if Abdul showed up in a month. Probably he had a high old time in his village seven miles down the road.

The experience of Lt. Charles Prendergast with his bearer, Sal Md. Yachob, was a good case in point. Prendergast left Calcutta for New Delhi, and Yachob asked if he might visit his wife's relatives in Gaya. Prendergast agreed, and was beginning to wonder what had happened to his wandering bearer, when he got a request for extension of furlough.

"Dear sir," wrote Yachob, "I beg to state that I came on leave for 15 days. But my family members are insisting on me to enjoy important festival Muharran falling on December 17 with them as I will have to perform certain religious ceremony. I have waited myself subject to your orders. If you allow me, I can perform the ceremony with my children and join my duty within 20th December.

"I will leave my home as soon as your orders are received. My children tell you salaam. I am really in debt to your gratefulness which you showed to me. My wife and my brother tell you salaam. Wazier tells you salaam. He is out of employment and he seeks the employment and requests you to arrange for him if possible. Zahoor and Itahi tell you salaam. Right

MAY, 1952
OK I pray for your long life and prosperity.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant. — Sal Md. Yachob, Bearer, Near Junna Mosque, Gawal Bighe, Gaya."

 Abdul the bearer’s understanding of English depended on the situation. If his Yank employer demanded the change coming from a five rupee note after Abdul had gone to buy two theater tickets, Abdul would fail to comprehend. It was strictly a losing battle to pry change loose from the unscrupulous charlatan. Considering the heat, it was best to consider the money lost. But just tell Abdul to knock off for the day — or even think about it — and the Yank had rubbed the magic lamp of language and understanding. Abdul would disappear with startling alacrity. In the end the Yank was usually working for Abdul, with Abdul getting the pay. The Yank just didn’t realize it.

Razors and other small items often disappeared. It was Abdul’s technique to hide them for a few days, and if the boss did not miss them, he would take them to the black market. One little bearer in New Delhi really made a killing. He found $400 in a wallet at the officers’ mess. He pawned himself off as the son of a maharajah after dressing himself in the best of clothes, rented an entire theater for his own personal enjoyment, and watched the film from the center of the theater alone. He had spent most of the money when the Indian police claimed him.

But there were overworked, underpaid military characters with overpaid, underworked bearers who had different experiences. Abdul at times could be grateful. Capt. Creghton Sanderson of the 132nd Air Force Unit in Assam confided one day to his basha mate that he was sick and tired of night flying over The Hump. Mohammed, his faithful bearer, overheard the lament, and wriggled over to the operations shack to see the buka sahib.


Lt. Keith T. Miller, Army recruiting officer, saw the ultimate in bearers during the last days of CBI. An Indian came to him and wanted to get in the U.S. Army. It turned out the Indian was a former bearer. He said he wanted to drive jeeps and have a bearer himself.

Bearers were not the only characters in India. Probably one of the best known Indians to the Army around New Delhi was Pandit Ramji Lal Sharma — or just plain Ramji to his GI customers. Ramji probably would have wound up with gold securities sewed in his pants and an astounding sum slashed away in the bank if he had been born in the U.S. He sold newspapers to the U.S. Army in New Delhi. For three years the Indian lad, who was proud that he “spoke GI,” hawked his papers to the Yanks. A shrewd businessman, Ramji applied tactics to his selling which might have put him in the upper brackets in New York or Chicago. You could buy a newspaper from him outright, but that was not the way it was generally done. Ramji often ended up with 100 per cent profit. It happened like this: Ramji would stand outside an Indian coffee house on Queensway, New Delhi, give an American a two-anna newspaper. The Yank could read it with a minimum rental price of one anna while sipping his coffee. Most of the GIs and officers gave back the paper plus the full two-anna price. Ramji turned those papers back to the publishers, getting his purchase price back.

Ramji had another arrangement which netted him a respectable amount. A monthly subscription was Rupees 3, Annas 8. For delivering the paper to a Yank’s bank, Ramji would charge Rupees 5 per month. He picked up a lot of the papers for remittance to the circulation departments and got his purchase price back. It was bruted about the New Delhi barracks that Ramji had two large bank accounts, but Ramji denied it.

"Nay mohan bank, Joe," he would aver.

About the beginning of CBI, Ramji came off his father’s farm near Salem to visit an uncle in New Delhi. At that
time he could not speak a word of English. Passing before American headquarters barracks one day, he noticed newsboys taking in the annals in traffic with the GIs. Right then and there he decided the thing had possibilities. Soon he had outstripped the other newsies in sales technique, personality appeal, and aptitude for GI lingo. Soon he had two uncles and a brother working for him. The clinch on his competition was secured when Ramji asked for and secured a pass to go inside barracks grounds to sell his papers. Monopoly set in. It would have been necessary to apply anti-trust law to dislodge Ramji from his hold on the newspaper business around Queensway and Canning Road.

In the end, when Ramji found the Yanks were going home, he announced his postwar plans.

"When the GIs are bas ho gyan finish, then Ramji is bas ho gyan finish, too," said Ramji. "Ramji is strictly American newspaper wallah." He was going back to Salempur to retire on his father's farm. "I have liked all the GIs," he said enthusiastically. "Then he qualified that a little regretfully. "Sometimes one out of 200 is not so good." Then, after remaining in a thoughtful mood for a few seconds, he impulsively burst out, "Take the 'one' out! Kharaab to say that! All the GIs are good!"

AMERICANS OFTEN pondered over the workings of the Indian mind. T/S John R. Cook told of a sample the officer of the day got in New Delhi one night. The OD was in his office when a well-dressed young Indian sauntered in.

"I'm looking for a very good friend of mine who lives here."

"What's his name?" rejoined the OD.

"Joe B-a-l-b-l-b," he replied, spelling the last name.

The OD put in a phone call to the CQ for the bunk number, but the CQ's file listed no Joe Ballb. The OD advised the Indian to try some of the other barracks in the city, but the Indian insisted that Joe Ballb lived right there. In desperation, the OD had the Indian write his friend's name on a slip of paper. The Indian wrote "Joe, B.A., LL.B."

"You don't mean that's his degree, do you?"

"Yes," the Indian smiled. "He's a bachelor of arts and a bachelor of laws, but I can't remember his last name. He told me, though, that in America, you always put your degree after your name."

The OD explained there were a million Joes in the Army. He said he was afraid that without Joe's last name he would be unable to locate the legal eagle the Indian sought. Thereupon, the visitor turned sadly toward the door, his prospect of a pleasant evening at the coffee shop discussing Blackstone suddenly shattered.

Of course, CBI wallahs met yogis in India. One of them was Swami Ram Lakhlan Das, a Hindu ascetic who announced that he was going to be buried in a New Delhi suburb, where he would remain 16 hours. Just before the swami got into the grave at dusk, he made a lengthy speech. He declared that he was entering into sushista, in which he dissociated himself from his physical being. A big group of GIs and officers were around to see the swami buried.

"He will be able to see the whole world before him," declared one of his enthusiastic followers.

After the swami got into the pit at dusk, it was covered with a cloth, then sheets of tin were placed over the made-to-order foxhole. Dirt was placed over the tin and then the entire top surface was sealed with cement. Thus the pit was left to darkness and the swami, and as everyone departed, one GI called out, "Oh, bury me not with the old swami!"

Sixteen hours later the stone was rolled away and the swami was brought

Meeting of the Twain

forth. When the pit was opened, the swami appeared to be in an unconscious state, but ice bags applied to his body soon brought him around. GI mathematicians and medics figured that the swami or any other normal human being in normal respiration could have remained in the pit more than 30 hours at that altitude before oxygen was exhausted.

A class of Indian characters with whom the Americans came in contact a lot were the tonga wallahs, gharry and taxi drivers, and rickshaw pullers. The tonga wallahs had a union in Delhi and would sometimes go on strike, but they were chiefly noted for beating hell out of their horses. Maj. John Fonton of the Judge Advocate General’s branch saw justice in the next world for tongues wallahs on the basis of Hindu belief in transmigration of souls into higher and lower orders of being. It was Fonton’s belief that the tonga wallah and the horse would swap souls in the next life, giving the horse an opportunity to beat hell out of a tonga wallah.

By the wildest stretch of imagination, CBI-landers could never imagine an honest tonga wallah; but Technical Sgt. Don Clove found one, or rather the tonga wallah found him. Clove lost his wallet with 200 rupees in the back seat of the tonga. After finding the wallet, the tonga wallah called back at the barracks to return it, but he would not give it to the guard for fear the wallet would not get to the right person. The guard would not let him in. The tonga wallah took the wallet back to the Cecil Hotel in Delhi, where he had picked up his passenger. Clove got a telephone call from the hotel receiving desk. There was one tonga wallah who got plenty of bakhshish and no argument.

In a city like Calcutta or Delhi Americans soon learned not to call for taxis on the telephone. They would never come. Staff Sgt. William F. Baker was scheduled to marry Miss Molly Woodford at an appointed hour in New Delhi. An hour after the ceremony was scheduled, Miss Woodford had not shown up. The nervous bridegroom-to-be had Chaplain G. King to arrange for an Army vehicle. The night before, Baker had paid an Indian taxi driver in advance to bring the bride-to-be. Naturally, the driver never showed.

You had to know where you were going in a tonga, taxi, or rickshaw. There were very few places the drivers could find. One Yank in Calcutta told a taxi driver he wanted to go to the railway station and ended up at a prophylactic station.

Thousands of Indians, Burmese, and Chinese worked for the Army. A huge army of Indian and Burmese laborers, numbering around 50,000, worked in Northeast India and Burma alone. They ranged all the way from coolies to highly educated men and women. One coolie who gained immortality in American service was known only as Joe. Joe worked at an Engineer depot in Assam. Joe was not even respected by his fellow coolies.

“Joe no good worker,” they told the American Sahibs. “To dumb.”

One day a gang of coolies were pushing and straining in the sultry sun at a loaded boxcar, where being no switch engine or elephant handy.

“Where’s Joe?” screamed the GI coolie pusher as the freight car stalled on a short incline. The native gang stopped pushing and pointed inside the car. There, in the cool shade of the car’s interior, was Joe. Joe was heaving with might and main against the forward end of the boxcar.

Uncounted thousands applied for work. Here is an application filed at Calcutta:

“Most Honourable Bara Sahib: By a friend of mine I come to know there is several Indian sharp hands required under your honour, so I must humbly offer my hand as to my justness. I appeared for the Metric Examination at Darjeeling, but failed, the reason for which I shall describe.

“To begin with my hand writing is illegible. This was due to climate reasons,
for I came up from a warm climate and found my fingers stiff and disobedient to my mind and my wishes. Further, I was laboring under shock of my mental system in the shape of death of my fond and loving brother from one and the same mother. So you can judge my mental distress through this less, so my mind refused to act. Furthermore, most honored father, I beg to state that I am in most unfortunate and uncomfortable circumstances, being the sole support of my fond brother's 7 issues, consisting of 3 adults and 4 adultresses, the latter being the bane of my existence owing to provide husbands for them at a very high premium.

"Besides all this bane, I have to support two of my own wives, besides their legitimate and illegitimate issues of which by God's misfortune the feminine gender preliminates. I am therefore most humble sir, in a most pitiful, ragged condition. Under these circumstances and grave conditions, with better hope for further additions to my family, I humbly pray that your honour will favor me with appointment for which your poor menial will always pray for your long life and prosperity. Your humble servant, Mr. K. Banerjee."

Sometimes one class of Indian employees could do a grand job where another group failed. When Roundup decided to do something about its circulation problem in 1944 by printing part of the papers on the presses of The Statesman in Calcutta, a crew of Indians was hired to help get the thousands of copies into the mail. On the first day's effort the Indians sent by the civilian personnel office were found to be definitely not the type. The mailing room of The Statesman was soon a scene that could be termed "confusion beyond imagination."

The presses were grinding out Roundup at the rate of thousands an hour. A hurry-up call went out for people with brains enough to get the right papers in the right mail sacks. Soon American personnel from the rank of major down had their shirts off and were sorting, wrapping, and tying papers. They got the job done in six hours.

The circulation walls of Roundup and The Statesman then got together to solve the problem. They decided to have the contract with The Statesman rewritten to include services of the trained Indian circulation workers of The Statesman. The next week these people were on the job when the presses began to roar. They adapted themselves quickly to the physical set-up and plan. They got papers into the mail almost as quickly as the presses spewed them out. They cut the mailing time to five and one-half hours, and later to five. Hats off to India!

Sometimes GIs underestimated the intelligence of some workers. One GI with the 138th AAF Base Unit at Jorhat did. With a sly wink at friends, he approached an Indian waiter at the coffee bar one day and asked for 50 cubic centimeters of H.O.

"Yes, sahib," replied the Indian. He disappeared into the kitchen. A few minutes later he returned.

"I am sorry, sahib," he began. "We have no accurate measure in cubic centimeters, but inasmuch as a common measuring cup has a capacity of approximately 200 cubic centimeters, I was able to reduce it mathematically in terms of pints and measure the H.O within three cubic centimeters. If it doesn't meet with your approval, perhaps I could get you about 50 cubic centimeters of H$_4$SO$_4$."

Our commando downed his water and headed for the door.

"What the hell's H$_4$SO$_4$?" the GI paused to ask a friend.

"Sulphuric acid," came the reply.

If developed the waiter was a former student at Calcutta University.

Sometimes GIs had a little trouble with their Indian employees. One GI building supervisor at New Delhi had his share. One day close to quitting time, the GI bossman discovered that someone had made off with 12 of his good scrub brushes. He promptly called his staff together.

"None of you guys," he ordered, "leaves here 'til you bring back those brushes."

The Indians thought it over for a moment, then scattered. A few minutes later
Meeting of the Twain:

the 19 Indians reported back, each carrying a brush.

"Only 12 brushes lost, 19 returned," commented the GI. "That's good business," he said as he let his people go.

These Indians, Burmese, and Chinese workers for the Army earned millions of rupees and Chinese CN, not in itself an oddity: but sometimes the method by which they were paid was. Perhaps the oddest was one method in effect at the Base General Depot in Calcutta. There, Lt. W. R. Watkins of Portland, Oregon, checked in the coolies. The coolies received a certain number of shells for each trip made carrying material from the warehouse. At the end of the day the coolie would cash in his shells for hard cash.

Indians, Burmese, and Chinese fought as well as worked with American troops—and many of them did not want for courage. Among the finest soldiers were the little Gurkhas, and one Gurkha sergeant at Myitkyina, Burma, revealed in conversation that he was just about ready for anything.

"What do you think of the idea of Gurkha soldiers jumping from planes at 800 feet, like the British and American troops?" asked a British officer. The Gurkha sergeant shook his head.

"Gurkha soldier not jump from 800 feet. Two hundred feet maybe."

"But," argued the officer, "at 800 feet the parachute has a better chance to open."

The bearded little topkick smiled a sudden, toothy grin.

"Oh, you mean Gurkha soldier get parachute. Yes, Gurkha soldier jump 800 feet, too."

If there was one thing Americans learned about the Indians, it was that they would not hurry. Sometimes a newcomer tried to rush them, but the old hands just forgot about it after a while. A newly-arrived Finance sergeant in New Delhi found out conditions at small cost.

The sergeant rushed into a New Delhi bank to get a check cashed, yeling at the clerk that he was in a big hurry. Fifteen minutes later he was handed his rupees and annas. A quick count showed that he had been short-changed two annas.

"What's the big idea?" queried the sergeant.

"Two annas for hurrying, sahib," countered the clerk.

A type of Indian known to every GI was the ever-present guide. They hung about everywhere, at rest camps, temples, and old tombs. There were plenty of them at the Taj Mahal at Agra. One of the favorite tricks of these baksheesh-wise boys at the tomb of the old king and his favorite wife was to offer their blessings for rupees. These characters would approach GI suckers chanting, "Something by your hand, sahibs, something by your hand."

T/5 Charles P. Ciclo, a new Delhi GI, found out what to do under this circumstance when he visited the Taj in 1945. His companion, T/5 Juan Elosua, had painfully dragged out his last rupee, laid it on the hand of the guide and had received the blessing. Ciclo did not possess a rupee or anything near one. The guide insisted something by his hand before he could receive the blessing. The guide was holding out his hand, on which repose Elosua's rupee. Ciclo pondered for a minute, plucked the Elosua contribution, held it for a few seconds, then laid it back on the hand of the guide, remarking, "Something by the hand." He explained that he was a poor man. After a din and babel by the guide which was loud enough to awaken the long-sleeping king, Ciclo got the blessing, although most reluctantly.

Another type of Indian known to Americans was the little dirty street urchin with his chant of "no mama, no papa, me poor wallah, you rajah sahib—baksheesh." Before the GIs left, soldier influence was felt on this supplication of the streets. Here is the transformed plea:

"No mama, no papa, no brother, no sister, no flying pay—I'm a sad son-of-a-bitch."

There were never any definite reports of GIs' going that way, but erudite, soft-spoken Pvt. First Class Ralph R. Hansen, called the unofficial mayor of Aletimruk Village, probably came closest to it. Hansen proved to be the Skull and Wings Squadron's foremost goodwill emmissary. He bridged the gap between East and West. Hansen was a sincere student of India. He could be found almost any evening in one of the village tea shops painting a graphic picture of America for his many Indian friends. He was known by almost everyone in the village. He genuinely liked Indian food and was often invited to stay for thanna. Hansen received several offers of marriage from matchmaking fathers of some of the village's most attractive and eligible maidens. But there he drew a firm line.

"I may have gone native," he explained, "but not that much."

His buddies often questioned him regarding the possibility of his eventual candidacy for village mayor. He drew upon Calvin Coolidge for his reply, "I do not choose to run," he said. "I'd rather remain the man behind the scenes."
AMERICANS FOUND as many causes for wonder in China as in India or Burma. One of the things that prickled their thoughts was the attitude in China toward death. They saw the vast cemeteries of old people with little room to bury the dead. American bases were built in old cemeteries. A man might look out his barracks window where Chinese coolies were excavating ancient graves for another barracks foundation. There, the coolies were removing skeletons from old mounds, piling rusty bones on all sides. He might look out the window on the other side and see an old black coffin resting unburied on the ground. The old black boxes were set in rice fields among the green grain, where the wind often made a soft rattle among the stalks and cheerless frogs croaked in the heavy twilight. One might wander up some wild glen in the mountains and find one of these old black boxes rolled away, the lid falling in, inside nothing but dust and a few bones. A GI might wander down a road in Yunnan Province and find a graphic vignette of the beginning and end of life for a Chinese peasant. GIs saw these old black coffins in peasants' front yards, children playing around them in the dust, and flies moving in and out of wide cracks.

What was the reason for this custom of not burying the dead? Americans wondered. One Chinese would say poverty; another, religious custom which awaited a propitious date for burial; another, lack of space in the burying grounds—these reasons, and more.

Capt. Robert H. Judovics of Brooklyn, New York, wanting to build a base-

ball diamond on a likely spot of ground at Kweilin, wondered if he should touch the old graves which blocked home plate from first base. He was told by the Chinese it would be all right to move mounds, but headstones should be let alone.

GIs and officers often wondered about the casual attitude toward death and the lack of respect for a dead body. Lt. George Budd, commonly called the Sheriff of Kunming because he had once been provost marshal there, was driving up the road between Chanyi and Kutsing late one afternoon when he and his companions saw the body of a young Chinese man recumbent in dust and death. A column of Chinese troops had passed earlier. The Chinese soldier had been stripped of his clothing and gear. The pale winter sunlight struck feebly upon his naked body as it lay upon the red earth.

In the early cold of next morning, the two officers passed along again in the jeep. The body was still there, while all the Chinese world sans notice passed along. Budd and the other officer passed up and down the road for five days. There the body lay amidst gathering swarms of flies, ants, and other insects. It was too much for Budd's newly-arrived lieutenant companion. He later dug a hole in the ditch beside the road, rolled the body in, and shrouded it in the swirling dust of the plateau. The voluntary American undertaker was a man who knew something about Chinese poetry, and when he went back to the base at Chanyi, he secured a sign-painting sergeant to letter the words, "The Bones of Chuang Tsu," on a plank headstone. This he stuck in the earth at the site of the Chinese grave, and explained that it was the title of an ancient Chinese poem by Chang Heng, who lived before the time of Christ. The lieutenant told how the old poet had wept when he found the dead bones of a man beside the road. The American had emulated the old Chinese poet who had cloaked these ancient bones with somber dust upon the margin of an ancient road.

Methods of disposal of dead human bodies in the Far East often made sensitive Americans recall. They thought nothing of the Hindu practice of burning bodies at the burning ghat along sacred rivers, but they were a little horror-stricken when they heard of another custom in certain regions of the Himalayan foothills. There, during epidemics, a live coal of fire is put into the mouth of the corpse and it is then dumped into some handy deep gorge away from the village. This is done only when there is no time to take the ashes for scattering on some sacred

CHOW TIME in China. Photo taken at Hualien, along the China-Burma border. Coolie at left seated having his picture taken at mealtime. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

MAY, 1952
stream, which may be miles away over rough terrain.

One of the sights which greeted American eyes in India were high towers around which vultures swarmed. These were the Parsi towers of silence, on top of which bodies of the dead are placed for vultures to destroy. If this practice shocked Americans, imagine their consternation when hearing reports from American Army men who had been in Tibet that people there actually assisted the vultures one step further. There, low caste people whose job it is to dispose of the dead and slaughter cattle, cut dead bodies into pieces of convenient size to be eaten by carrion-eating birds.

The tremendous gap between East and West was demonstrated in China by the application of centuries-old philosophies to Superfortresses. Lt. William E. Evans of an MP unit told of Chinese who believed they were followed through life by personal dragons, the cause of their earthly woes. These Chinese figured out a way to rid themselves of their burdens with the aid of the B-29s. When a Superfort was preparing to take off, these Chinese would wait by the runway and when the plane approached, they would dash madly in front of the plane. The action was supposed to be so timed that the Chinese would make it safely and the pursuing dragon would meet a horrible end before the whirling propellers. Sometimes miscalculations occurred, though, said Evans, and in that event it was necessary to salvage a battered Chinese from the runway.

Thousands upon thousands of these Chinese coolies built the B-29 runways in China. They also built roads, breaking up rocks by hand and pouring in mud to hold it all together. They hooked themselves like beasts to heavy rock rollers and pulled with gasps of melody. Different Americans had different reactions to human beings working like beasts.

"Those Slopeys work like horses, don't they?" was the reaction of First Sgt. Wilbur N. Ham of Council, Idaho. But that was only a starter for Ham and his comrades. They saw them pull plows in the fields.

"You know," said one of Ham's thoughtful companions, "I went to town today and watched some other human horses—the rickshaw pullers. Somehow I couldn't ride in one of those things—another man earning a bitter living by pulling me through the streets with bitter strength."

Another GI broke in. "That's what the word coolie means," he said. "Bitter strength."

"Yeh, that's right," continued the GI philosopher. "It seems like one man pulling another for a living is using the strength of man for a damned poor purpose. No sir, I couldn't ride in one of those things. I'd feel like I oughta get out and help the struggling bastard up a steep grade."

The End
Ask Roundup

Q.—Is the old Stilwell Road still in use?
A.—Ask many citizens in India and most have heard little about it since the war. It is off limits and some reports say it is unusable.

Q.—Is Firpo’s famous restaurant in Calcutta still going under the same management?
A.—Subscriber Frances E. Dunne, now Principal of Queen Mary’s College in Lahore, says she had tea in Firpo’s last December, and that the old father died. The son is managing the cafe now.

Q.—Is Malir air base at Karachi still in operation?
A.—Yes, and it has grown into a major airport. It is here that one lands when flying into Pakistan from the U.S.

Q.—I hear that many of India’s cities are converting from human rickshaws to bicycle rickshaws and tongas. Has this conversion taken place in Calcutta?
A.—No. The human rickshaw still competes with the taxi wallahs in Calcutta.

Q.—Whatever became of Dr. Seagrave, the Burma Surgeon, after his release and exhortation in Rangoon last year?
A.—He returned to his old hospital and mission at Nambkham to take up his missionary work where he left off.

Q.—I had a bearer named Ram Abdul who worked for me at Tezpur during the war. How could I go about contacting him now?
A.—About as easy as finding a drop of vinegar in a lake. Most of the coolies have no postoffice address. Some don’t even have homes. Most don’t get mail.

Q.—Wonder what has become of all the equipment we left in CBI?
A.—When the theatre was disbanded, some was returned to the U.S., some sold to Indians, some junked, and some still rotting away in India and Burma. Much of the equipment we left to the Chinese Nationalists is now being used against us by the Reds in Korea.


Clergymen pose outside Chapel of the 95th General Hospital near Murcherita, India. Shown (l. to r.) are Chaplain Wm. J. Buckley, Bishop Luis Ferrando and Chaplain Louis J. Meyer. U.S. Army photo, Dec. 3, 1944.


Repairmen of the 58th Ordnance Hvy. Automotive Co., Lehanpah, use crane to lift body of cargo truck to be replaced with dump body. U.S. Army photo.

MAY, 1952
It Happened In CBI

During the hectic days of Jap air raids in China some of us were constantly on edge for fear we would not get quick notice to occupy our fox holes. One Joe in my outfit at Yunnanyi was always particularly concerned and he usually would be the first to hop into a hole after the alarm was sounded. One day when the siren blew, we ran for our holes. My buddy jumped into his foxhole on top of our Adjutant, kicking him in the face. “Why?” the adjutant sputtered, “did you have to pick THIS foxhole?” Well, my buddy couldn’t find a plausible excuse at the moment, but in a few minutes explained, “I figured this was probably the safest spot on the base if YOU were in it!” My buddy was reduced from corporal to privatate the next day.—EARL B. GOWAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

★★★★

A couple of fellows returning from a three-day pass to Calcutta reported “Firpo’s” had ice cream. So I immediately wrote home for a small can of chocolate syrup which, at that time, was very hard to get, thinking I would have a real chocolate sundae when I went to Calcutta on pass. The syrup arrived, so did my three-day pass. And so to Calcutta and Firpo’s. I ordered a large dish of ice cream and when the waiter brought it, I got the syrup out and started to open it. The waiter stopped me and went running for the kitchen from where he returned with a full gallon of genuine Hershey’s chocolate syrup.—RICHARD BRINLINGER, Negaunee, Mich.

★★★★

I recall with a snicker the result of a wild idea of the CBI Commander to have some of our beds extra early one morning to take a nice, brisk walk up Parliament Road. We marched in formation, bicycles whirring by us on all sides, just a few feet from the curb. Suddenly our officer ordered, “Left oblique, march!” As we made the sudden turn toward the curb, we heard the crash of a bicycle, obviously surprised by our sudden move, upsetting the rider against the curb.—LEE BAKKER, Seattle, Wash.

It was February 14, 1944, the day after the 3877th Aviation Engineers landed in Bombay. I wasn’t quite out of our temporary area on my way to some merchant wallahs when some Indians started to meddle me with, “Baksheesh, Sahib?” When one said, “You rajah!” I retaliated with, “Rajah, hell... I’m an American Indian, etc.” But my refusal only caused them to howl all the more. Finally a merchant wallah who understood English came to my rescue. After exchanging explanations through the interpreter, I gave them cigarettes. Then the interpreter made a speech to which they smiled and then dispersed. I asked the good samaritan about the speech, and he replied: “I told them not to call you a rajah again, because they know well rajahs don’t give things away and that if you were one you’d still be in America as a civilian; baksheeshing the remainder of your life.”—LEVI N. KING, Jr., Manderson, S. D.

Winning Entry

Mogaung, Burma, one time jade center of the world, boasted of a jade market that captivated Americans stationed there during the war. Wealthy stone cutters, jewel polishers and merchants reside in

Mogaung. Luckily, silk parachutes were often used by the Air Corps to drop food and other supplies to troops based in the midst of the Burma jungles. The silk provided soldiers with a worthy material to barter for valuable pieces of jade. It was highly prized by the Burmese and brought rich rewards on visits to the jade market. This helped lend added luster to the Far East as the elaborately dressed, be-jeweled Burmese women of Mogaung blossomed forth in colorful silk garments inscribed: “Count ten before pulling the rip cord.”—CHARLES V. MATHIS, Wildwood, N. J.

YOU MAY WIN $5.00!

Contributions for “It Happened In CBI” are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth $5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.
The sweltering heat of India and outdoor toilets did not go well together. Thus, most privies were daily saturated with oil to keep the odor down. “No Smoking” signs were posted conspicuously. At our base a GI carelessly sat in the latrine smoking a cigar. Absentmindedly, he threw the butt in the hole next to him. After the resounding explosion was over, the Medics picked up the GI 25 feet away, later removed some 65 splinters of all sizes from his posterior. — JOHN R. ROUTE, Duluth, Minn.

One day a friend and I were in Calcutta and I decided to buy a pet. It turned out to be a duck. We brought the duck back to camp (508th Port Bn.) and on the way decided to name her Aggie. We built a box behind the barracks for her. The first Saturday inspection when the sergeant blew his whistle for formation, Aggie came running around from the barracks and stood next to the C.O. for inspection. This became a regular scene to find Aggie standing inspection every Saturday when the whistle blew. In fact, Company Headquarters issued an order throughout the camp declaring Aggie to be GI!—HARRY J. GOLD, New York, N.Y.

In a canvas tent at Shingbwiyang, Burma, used for all gas-gangrene operating procedures, knee deep in mud, a Chinese soldier from one of General Stillwell’s divisions had just undergone a leg amputation under spinal anesthesia. All medical personnel were sympathetic to his frantic jabbering but were unable to understand him. An American-Chinese photographer from CBI Roundup entered the tent and the patient’s eyes brightened. He directed his chattering toward the new arrival, only to be met with, “Sorry Joe, I don’t savvy your lingo.” — MRS. JACK REESE, Omaha, Nebr.

Sgt. Jack Myers and I were on the “Fire Department” detail at our base, Chabua, Assam. When the fire alarm was sounded, we’d both hop on the nearest truck going toward the fire. One time after the alarm was sounded, Jack was not fully dressed. But, no matter, he hopped into a waiting truck outside the orderly room, clad only in his under—shorts. The GI truck driver drove like mad over rough roads, with only Jack as a passenger. After a time, the truck came to a screeching halt. Jack jumped out of the truck, almost on top of a nurse who, with four other nurses, was waiting to board the truck for a ride into the town of Dibrugarh. Jack, needlessly to say, was very embarrassed to be standing before five nurses in his under—shorts. So he did what he thought was the best thing to do at that time: Wiping his brow, he exclaimed, “Warm, isn’t it?” — BOYD C. RICH, Honolulu, T.H.

The 315th Troop Carrier Squadron was moving their base from Ledo to Dinjan on the day I received a call from the air transportation officer. There was a group of about 30 Chinese soldiers wanting to board a plane for China, but the American officer’s signature to their orders had been forged. I was requested (as an M.P.) to evacuate them from the terminal and the base. The interpreter was quite cooperative and requested permission to speak to my superior. As we were about to leave, a Chinese lieutenant grabbed me and attempted to kick me in the crotch. I shoved him toward the door and he held to the door frame, began his original intended kick again. I then lifted him about 3 feet high with the point of my LIE-GI shoe and tossed him into a Command car. I took him to my lieutenant and stated my case. Shortly afterward a truckload of Chinese fully armed swarmed through the gate. An M.P. officer asked if I had trouble with the Chinese. He then informed me I had kicked a Chinese Major, causing him to lose face, and if I were caught I’d lose my life. I had created an international incident, and several high-ranking officers were called in to question the officer. I was almost courts martialed. But because I had used only the necessary violence to carry out my duty, the charges were dropped and I was advanced from Pfc. to Cpl. However, I would not advise CID officers returning to the service to go around kicking officers in the postoffice just to get a promotion! — E. E. JOHNSON, Hillsboro, Ill.

At Golaghat, in Assam, our AACs Station WUTV had a complement of three GIs and Gor, an Indian lad houseboy. Our transmitter was in the cook basha and the operating position in a basha next door. Gor was told that we talk to Chabua through the transmitter. One day I was walking by the cook basha and while Gor was preparing our breakfast I saw him standing by the transmitter repeating over and over “Gor bolo Chabua . . . Gor bolo Chabua.” It goes without saying that Gor was disappointed not to hear Chabua answer, “Chabua bolo Gor.” — SAMUEL RISHE, Chicago, Ill.
To The Editor—

Pakistan Films

• Our film library is small, but CBI-ers are welcome to borrow any of those we have. These are 16mm sound films, black and white. Titles we have available are: The Promise of Pakistan (12 minutes); Kashmir Conflict (24 minutes); The Late Prime Minister's Tour of the U.S. in 1950 (40 minutes, two reels); and Pakistan Fourth Year (20 minutes). If readers will let me know the approximate date they wish to borrow films, we will send them.

JOHN GONELLA,
Embassy of Pakistan,
Washington, D. C.

Understanding Soul

• I know that you'll get some gripes each issue about some outfit not being included (for instance, what's wrong with HQRS U.S. I.B. and whatever titles it had originally), but I know that in due time they'll all be included.

WM. J. LUDWIG,
Bremerton, Wash.

Sergeant Khan

• Of special interest to me was the photo on page 6 of March issue. Sgt. Leach was our police watch at Khanspur. Jemedar Said Khan held the title of Sergeant to all men in the camp and I'm sure many will remember him.

PHIL ALDRICH,
Milbank, S. D.

NEW DELHI-stationed troops assemble for memorial services for President Roosevelt on April 15, 1945. U.S. Army photo.

Delhi Organist

• Spent three years at CBI headquarters in New Delhi. Also served as organist at the U.S. Army Chapel in New Delhi for the Protestant, Catholic and Christian Science services.

JOHN K. AGNEW,
Columbus 15, Ohio

Can't Mail Odors!

• Have enjoyed Roundup since the first issue. When I find myself getting homesick for some of the familiar pictured scenes, I am thankful that the lingering odors can't go through the mails. My service was with the 10th Air Force and the Combined Photo Intelligence Center in Delhi.

WM. MASSEY, Jr.,
Haddonfield, N. J.

Luxury Liner

• Noticed an ad in a recent Detroit newspaper regarding cruises to the West Indies and South America aboard Canadian Pacific's luxurious "Empress of Scotland." About 4,000 other men and myself remember this ship as it took us to Bombay in 1943. To quote from the ad: "Bask in Empress luxury. Airy state-rooms, spacious decks for sports, two swimming pools, nightclub life, gourmet meals and Canadian Pacific's thoughtful service. Cruise list limited to 425 persons." Haw!!

PERRY SCHWARTZ,
Detroit, Mich.

One Objection

• Enjoy the magazine more with each issue. My one objection is that my husband and daughter are equally interested and I don't get to see it until after they've looked at it from cover to cover. I can't say that I'd like to be back in India, but I do enjoy the pictures and looking for names of people I once knew.

VERONICA STAHL,
Plattsburg, N. Y.

MURRAY URAN,
Wash., D.C.
Sequel . . .

GI-Adopted Indian Lad
Attends Bangalore School

Editor,
Ex-CBI Roundup,
2402 Curtis St.,
Denver, Colorado

Dear Sir:

There must be many members of the
Burma Peacocks among your subscribers
who will be interested in knowing the
latest developments on Hobbie Tezpur,
our old mascot from Assam and Burma
days (article, March issue). Attached are
copies of two letters received within the
past week which are self-explanatory.

Many old CBI wallahs will be glad to
know that Hobbie is rapidly growing up.
It wouldn’t surprise me if you get many
interesting letters concerning Hobbie’s an-
tics in Burma, where he became renowned
for his ready wit, his ear-to-ear smile,
and his sharp remarks to the GIs and
officers whom he always called “Buddy.”
Hobbie really was a morale-raiser for the
American troops, especially in Myitkyina,
Sahmaw, Warazup, Tingkawk Sakan, and
Shingbwiyang.

It is reassuring to know that the trust
fund the boys got up for Hobbie is still
intact. That should go a long way toward
helping his education. I know those old
Carew’s booze sippers will be shocked to
learn that the Bishop considers Hobbie
rather backward. He certainly was far
from that when we watched him grow up
to the age of four years. Maybe the shock
of losing his American friends has af-
tected him. Perhaps he needs a letter or a
Christmas package from some of his
closest friends. What better charity than
to help this boy who was rescued from a
burning basha and taught the American
way of life until we finally had to leave
him behind.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. POCOCK, JR.,
Colonel, USAF,
Atterbury AFB,
Columbus, Indiana

January 1, 1952

Dear Colonel Pocock:

Hobbie Tezpur came to my residence
this morning. I had asked the Brother in
charge of St. Patrick’s Middle School to
send him to me on New Year’s day.

The boy is being taken care of. He
does not appear to be very intelligent.
He is reading in the third standard. I am

thinking of placing him in St. Joseph’s
European High School Boarding House.
The expenses will be higher there.

The major portion of the amount en-
trusted to me on his behalf on May 24,
1945, by Mr. Carlton Thomas Williamson,
86, Service Squadron, 52, Service Guest
Station, Burma, is still available. We are
managing his expenses very carefully.

I appreciate very much the interest
you are taking in this boy. I do not know
where Mr. Williamson is. God bless you.
All good wishes for the New Year.

THOMAS POTHACAMURY,
Bishop of Bangalore,
Bangalore, India

Dear Sir:

Your letter arrived here safely. I thank
you very much for your kindness. I am
well off in school and enjoy myself with
my friends. I am in Standard III at St.
Patrick’s Orphanage. I am trying my
best to finish my school, so that I may
be able to meet you again.

It has been a long time since I heard
any news from Mr. C. T. Williamson, so
please remind him of me. For the present
I have no more news, so I close this letter
with best wishes for the New Year.

Thank you.

Yours gratefully,

Hobbie Tezpur,
St. Patrick’s School,
Bangalore, India

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Hobbie Tezpur poses with
the Bishop of Bangalore, outside St. Patrick’s
Orphanage and School in the southern Indian city.
22

To the Editor

Bargain Hunter
● Arrived in India via the U.S.S. Mariposa in 1942, being a member of the 762nd M.P. Bn., and was later stationed at Mirir where we ran the finest staging area in the theatre. Believe I have the reputation of sending more curios to the States than any other Chit banking. Being a teetotaler and a bargain hunter, that was my real hobby. Many Karachi-bound troops will remember me as the guy who coached the boxing team in India, the “Rugby Kids,” of the 742nd M.P. Bn., who whipped every team in that part of the world including the British and Indians. Sgs. Joe Caruso, Mike Darby and Pte. Williams were my best.

Capt. TOM DAVIES,
Camp Leroy Johnson,
New Orleans, La.

Best-Looking Patch
● Was coming home from work a few days ago and a New York car passed me with the Roundup decal on the rear window. One of the smartest things I have seen. Have always thought the CBI patch of ours was the best-looking of them all.

MARTIN E. CHENOWETH,
Baltimore, Md.

Camp Maidan Gone
● Made a trip back to India in the summer of 1950 and saw that they razed Camp Maidan at Calcutta. When you sit on the porch at Firpos now, all you see is scrub grass and cows. Too bad because they certainly could have used the huts to house refugees.

Lt. NORMAN ROSS, JR
Evanston, Ill.

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● Enjoy reading Roundup very much, but two months between copies is a long time. Why not boost the rates and have a monthly issue?

KENNETH N. BAILEY,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Soon as we get 5,000 more subscribers.—Ed.
Yank Jazz
In the Orient

IN EARLY 1942 when American and British troops started coming into India in large numbers, they found the famous "Grand Hotel" in Calcutta had something more to offer besides the perpetual hangers-on, who were always ready to have a Yank buy them a drink. It was MUSIC they found, but what music! Real Chicago-land jazz, of the type that was cradled back in 1918. The jazz was red hot, and brought up to date by a heavy set American Negro pianist, Teddy Weatherford. Ted had a band there comprised of sixteen musicians, and they dished out the latest pop tunes, that the Yanks would bring them from the States by air, or send by mail from up-country, when they had stolen them from Special Services collections of orchestrations, sent for GI bands that did not exist.

Teddy's band was unique, in that it was the only modern sounding swing band that played up to date music in a truly American style. GI's from all over the China-Burma-India theatre swarmed into the Open Air ballroom of the Grand Hotel to listen open-mouthed to jazz music in the way they loved to hear it played. Truly it was the only jazz band in Asia, and Teddy, master showman, made the most of it. His recordings were eagerly anticipated by countless hordes of record collectors, and sold as fast as they could be pressed.

Teddy's driving style, was reminiscent of the late lamented Fats Waller, and his tongue lolled out of his mouth and a wild gleam came to his eyes whenever he "raked" out his German made piano. The kids who listened to his music would stand in awe and listen, and then sway back and forth to the rhythm, sometimes chanting, and sometimes with that far away expression in their eyes, which could only mean one thing—that the music had taken them on a magic carpet back to some ballroom or theatre in the States, where they could visualize they were at that precise moment.

Ted's background was truly amazing. He was born back in 1902, in Bluefield, W. Virginia, and followed music from the time he was old enough to climb upon a piano bench. He started in Chicago in 1918, with Fats' Waller, Louie Armstrong, Earl "Fatha" Hines, and other jazz immortals in a band that was fronted by Erskine Tate.

In 1929, Teddy unsatisfied with conditions, such as the depression had brought about, left for the Far East, with nothing more than an idea and a few hundred dollars in his pocket. His first stop is unknown to the author, but it is entirely possible that it was the Hotel Raffles in Singapore. He, later on, was identified with forming dance bands in Manila, in Batavia, Java, and then later in Shanghai, where he stayed for quite some time in the city's finest hotel.

1936 found him a leader of the dance band at the fabulous Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay, India, for a fantastic salary of 10,000 Rupees a week. The Winter Gardens in the Grand Hotel in Calcutta offered him more, and he made the trip across India by train, to form an almost new band there. His name was synonymous with jazz all over the Orient, for it was estimated that he was heard by over a hundred million people during his stay in the East.

In 1943, he was attracted by the singing of another Chicagoan, GI Bob Lee, formerly with the Lew Diamond bunch in the windy city, and Teddy offered him a contract to do vocals for his recordings. Bob accepted and more jazz history was made when the records were even better received by the record buying public than they had been previously. Now they were being sold all over the British Empire. This white vocalist, with a Negro band leader, who had Anglo-Indians, Indians and British in his band roster, was truly the instigator of Teddy Weatherford's desire to return to America after the war. Ted had married a lovely Anglo-Indian

(Continued on Page 26)
To the Editor

KALI PALACE TEMPLE at Calcutta, built in 1809 and dedicated to the goddess Kali. The Hindu shrine is one of the most famous in India. Photo by Sedge LeBlang.

CBI Tourist

• Just found out about Roundup by the grapevine. Don't see how you managed to keep the magazine a secret all these years. Was stationed in India and Burma for two years, member of the 67th Signal A.W. Co. and later 588th Signal A.W. Bn. As a tourist I pretty well covered both countries.

JAMES J. SEYPT
Greenville, S. C.

Hank Shulman

• Henry (Hank) Shulman, Ward C, Hines Hospital, Hines, Ill., would be glad to hear from any CBI'er whom he knew overseas. Hank has been a patient at Hines for about four years.

MARY GRAHAM
Riverside, Ill.

We understand Hank is called one of the "Miracle Boys." He is getting along fine now but minus both legs.—Ed.

Stilwell Basha Officers

• Raymond D. Woods was elected Commander of the General Joseph W. Stilwell Basha No. 7, CBIVA, in Wash., D.C., to serve during 1952. Other officers elected are E. W. Daniels, vice-commander; Capt. John T. Duever, Jr., Adjutant and Finance Officer; James D. Wyber, Sgt. at Arms; and Murray Uran, Chaplain. The Basha extends an invitation to all CBI veterans visiting Washington to attend their meetings at the 400 Club, 1423 F St., NW, the third Saturday afternoon of each month except July, 2 p.m.

MURRAY URAN
Wash., D.C.

Down at Rangoon

• Capt. John Laselle, a close friend of mine, was S-2 of the 493rd and was knocked down over Rangoon on Dec. 1, 1943. I had planned to meet him in Calcutta on arrival in Jan. '44 and received the bad news then. Always wanted to talk to someone who knew something about it. You wouldn't happen to know this story?

WM. E. MASSEY
Haddonfield, N. J.

Sunday Delivery

• If I don't enjoy Roundup for the next hundred years your March issue is well worth the cost until then. Wish you would have it delivered to me on a Sunday so I don't have to drop everything in the office in order to finish it. In the March issue I located a buddy of mine with "CBI Radio Walla" which made me extremely happy.

HARRY J. GOLD
New York, N. Y.

The Cover

Capt. C. A. McCrory exhibits the man-eating 12-foot Bengal tiger which he killed at Mythriyina. The animal weighed 250 pounds. McCrory was a member of the 34th M.P. Co. U. S. Army photo.

CHINESE INFANTRYMEN take 10-minute break from training at Kunming. Note Yank soldiers looking on in background. Photo by Alfred Staresberg.

EX-CBI ROUNUP

24
498th Squadron Reunion

Almost every year since the war’s end the 498th Air Service Squadron, 44th Air Service Group, has held a Reunion in New York City. Under the leadership of former commanding officer, Stuart Scott, Jr. (at microphone, upper right), the stag affairs had progressed to the 1952 Squadron Reunion Dinner Dance, held Feb 23rd at New York’s Shoreham Cafeteria.

Men of other squadrons and companies within the 44th Air Service Group were also invited, and many attended. Represented were: Hq & Hq Sq, 487th and 488th Air Service Squadrons, and 1873rd Ordnance Co. In addition, Roundup’s Photo Editor, Syd Greenberg (who took the above pictures) and wife.

After a roast beef dinner, dancing and entertainment was handled by a trio headed by Hank Nelson. The trio had plenty of help from the audience, which was full of talent and ready to go!

The party broke up at 1 a.m., everyone agreeing that it was the 498th’s best affair to date.

MAY, 1952
THE MAGAZINES may have been old in those old CBI bases, but the boys got up-to-date motion pictures, often having the privilege of seeing some of the best pictures far ahead of regular civilian release. There were such pictures as Rhapsody in Blue, received in the CBI on November 11, 1944, and not released stateside until June 28, 1945. Saratoga Trunk was shown to the GIs in 1944 and was seen in the states as its first run in 1946.

There were ten film circuits sending weekly supplies of film to 400 motion picture installations in the Theater. Usually the films were shown three times a week. That is, they were shown three times weekly if they arrived on time. Some places which had not received their film on time were disappointed to see the return of a film shown a couple days earlier.

These films, both colossals and stinkers, were distributed by the Film and Equipment Exchange Section of Theater Headquarters Signal Service Company. From this headquarters six exchanges received them. The India side exchanges were operated in Delhi, Karachi, Calcutta, Chabua, and Ledo. Burma's exchange was located in Myitkyina. These six exchanges in turn serviced ten film circuits which covered both India and Burma. An average of five months was required before any picture completed its circulation among the troops. The biggest problem was transportation. However, the films, regarded as important for morale, made their way to the various distributing points for scheduled showings. Those 16 mm. films were gifts from the American Motion Picture Industry, being provided free of charge to the services. The Hollywood list of available films were sent to a selection board of six Service personnel and two civilians. This board checked the lists and selected the films for their overseas tours.

Each program contained some shorts, usually cartoons, news, and a weekly GI movie and combat bulletin. Although not popular in some stations, community sings were included in various programs.

SINCE ESTABLISHMENT of the first exchange in 1942, the CBI had received about 700 films. Major Benjamin Berg commanded the Signal Service Company sending out the films, while Captain Donald Howe was in charge of film distribution. Earlier in Theater history, Captain Thomas Bostic had that job.

The Research Section of the 1 and 2 hadn't taken polls of GI opinions on the films, but Special Service Officer reports had claimed that the most popular pictures were musicals with pretty girls a plenty. The war pictures were rated last of all. These usually pictured heroes as Guadalcanal Marines who had received medical discharges or defense workers whose presence was vitally important.

The Film Exchange System had grown from a small staff of one officer and three enlisted men to a larger strength of five officers and 38 men. At first only one print of a picture traveled the circuit, but as time went by there were at least seven prints per picture circulated throughout the Theater.

China received its films over the Hump, but sometimes they didn't receive all of the latest movies. Some planes didn't manage to complete their trips, as we were all aware. If the films didn't arrive, many GI's attended the local Chinese theatres. To the Chinese who
had to endure old films during the Japanese occupation (if any at all), all movies were welcome. Slides were flashed alongside the pictures in Chinese to explain the action. Their nights at the movies were great social functions with considerable drinking of tea going on during the intermissions.

Hawker went up and down the aisles selling goods. There was one who sold hot, scented towels to the customers who wished to wipe the perspiration off their faces. The customer signaled the salesman by lifting his arm, at which the vendor threw the towel with accurate aim.

EVENINGS IN CHUNGKING found the dwindling of the power supply. As a result the redworn film started grinding through the projection sprockets. Film titles jumped like crazy. But the GI was able to recognize the title as Riff Raff, starring Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow, produced back in 1933. Because of the low electric output, the characters spoke indistinctly. The CBIer watching the picture envied the Chinese who could read the slides to get the hang of the picture. Sometimes the power returned suddenly, giving the screen a burst of white light and a sudden boom from the loudspeakers. Sometimes the operators got the reels out of consecutive order. One never knew what would happen. Spencer Tracy may have been making love to the glamorous girl and suddenly hit her on the jaw, for the next reel began with a fight scene. One GI, griping about the showing of some films over and over, expressed his view of this boring entertainment in this quote, "I have now seen Gentleman Jim four times, but the next time I'm better on Sullivan to win over Jim Corbett. After 84 rounds, he should have finally solved Corbett's style."

But the CBI Film Exchange did manage to send several hundred up-to-date films to the China GI Theaters to keep the men posted on the latest in Hollywood entertainment.

Indian movie-houses were more up to date, showing both American and British movies. In the Regal Theater in New Delhi a cowboy picture was shown. The conversation was in English, but the titles were in Dutch. How that happened, one will never know, and that was the only time in Delhi history that such a picture was shown. All seats were reserved in a majority of Indian Theaters. The seats, sold for a rupee or higher each, were usually sold out before showtime. At least a half hour of the single feature bill was taken up with slides, advertising almost anything from funeral parlors to orange squash.

SOMETIMES THE GI movies struck a familiar note, bringing a certain GI closer to home, even for the few minutes touching scenes were shown on the silver screen. There was the time Diane Sandra Fine starred in G.I. Movie Weekly Number 103. This young lady was the most beautiful and most talented actress of the year, according to at least one critic who viewed the reel at Delhi Headquarters during the week of August 30, 1945. This critic was indeed biased, for he was T/4 Bernard Fine, the proud father of that new cinema star. Diane Sandra, just 17 months old, had been selected by the Army Pictorial Service to appear in the BY REQUEST feature of the GI Movie after Papa Fine, a Delhi APO wallah from Philadelphia, wrote in that he had never seen his young daughter. After much hustle and bustle at the Pictorial Service, a photographer was sent to Fine's home. Thus it was not only Diane's debut but also her father's first glimpse of his beautiful daughter in action. And she performed wonderfully, gulping and chewing toothlessly, chewing her tongue charmingly. After the film was shown backwards and forwards the first half dozen times, the glad father's only intelligible comment was, "Cute, isn't she? Run it again."

Even as now in Movietime, U.S.A., stars toured around the CBI, giving the sahibs personal glimpses of their profiles. There were such celebrities as Keenan Wynn, William Gargan, Pat O'Brien, Jinx Falkenberg, Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, and Joe E. Brown. But there weren't enough entertainers, according to the plaints of the CBIs. That damp, hot, dry, mosquito-infested, prickly heat, snake-charming country didn't appeal to the majority of the Hollywood people, and the most brave were the only ones who ventured beyond Europe and the coast of Africa. But the CBI GI's were thankful for what they got.

Movies must have been very popular, considering that the CBIer would sit through a monsoon downpour to view black and white images cavorting around the outdoor screen. The free GI shows drew standing room crowds. Maybe the CBIer saw something of home; maybe he could relieve his mind from the problems of the day. Then, as now, the moviegoer was in search of entertainment to make him laugh or smile for a while, perhaps even shedding a tear or two in a heart-tugging drama. THE END
To The Editor

'Per Diem Hill'

I was sent a number of back copies of Ex-CBI Roundup some time back and was rather pleasantly surprised to see these. When I received these few copies I spent long and happy hours poring over the letters, articles, and especially the pictures which brought back millions of very, very happy memories of the years I spent working with the U.S. Army at Ramgarh, where I helped to fight the "Battle of Per Diem Hill" and where living in "Angel's Row" I really enjoyed four exciting years. Looking back sometimes I feel I miss the old country! Now living in England and shortly leaving for New Zealand. I write this letter with one object in mind — that of conveying my sincerest good wishes to all the boys I knew in the Ramgarh Training Center and at the Hindustan Building in Calcutta, and let them know that I am still very much alive and kicking (and still single!). To you, I just say congrats and keep up the good work!

COLLEEN LOUGHLIN
London, England

Delhi to Denver

A China buddy, Major John Carroll, gave me a pleasant surprise when he advised that Roundup now operates out of Denver instead of Delhi. Roundup certainly deserves commendations for keeping memories alive for all the boys.

RAY McCANN
Yonkers, N.Y.

Good Fellowship

On February 7th, by personal invitation of the Milwaukee, Wis., Basha of CBIVA, 17 members of the Chicago Basha boarded the train to spend a day at Milwaukee. Meeting us at the railroad station, the Milwaukee boys transported our contingent to the Miller Hi Life brewery. A tour through the massive brewery was first on the agenda, then we retired to Stein Hall for merriment, food, drink and good fellowship. All of us had a swell time.

HAROLD HOCHWERT
Chicago, Ill.

Loyal to ATC

I placed a ten-dollar reward notice on page 31 of January issue to find some of my old crew members. I didn't find the ones I was looking for, but I did find my old radio operator, thanks, to Roundup. And my radio operator happened to know where the others are . . . In answer to Fred W. Fassett's letter on page 23 of March issue, I say again the best pilots were in the ATC, and I didn't get one letter of protest, not even from the 15th Combat Cargo Squadron. For you see, everyone knows a true fact when they see it. As the old saying goes, ATC flew where even angels feared to tread.

ROBERT F. ROHR
121 S. Jackson
Newton, Ill.

EX-CBI ROUNDPUP

Back Issues!
The following back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup are still available:
- Mar., 1951
- May, 1951
- July, 1951
- Sept., 1951
- Nov., 1951
- Jan., 1952
- Mar., 1952

PRICE
- March, 1950
- June, 1950
- Sept., 1950
- Dec., 1950
- Mar., 1950
- June, 1950
- Sept., 1950
- Nov., 1950
- Jan., 1951

25¢

The Roundup
2402 Curtis St.
Denver 8, Colo.
Yank Jazz in the Orient
(Continued From Page 28)

girl, and they had both started making their plans and getting their passports ready for their return to the country that Teddy had been born in.

The war ended, and Bob Lee, Teddy’s recording vocalist, made a date with him to meet in the M.C.A. office in Chicago just as soon as he could get to the United States. Teddy was ready to go, and waiting for his passage to be approved, when suddenly and without any warning, the dread disease of the Orient struck in Calcutta, with awe-consuming speed. It was CHOLEA—and Teddy was struck down with it, dying only a scant eighteen hours after he had come back from the Lloyd’s shipping offices with his tickets on a British steamer to New York, for himself and his wife.

Teddy was dead, and insofar as we in America were concerned, it didn’t make any difference. Most of us had either forgotten about him, or had never even heard of him, except over a million GIs, and ex-GIs, who knew Teddy Weatherford as a fun loving Negro, and a terrific man on the keyboard, who was always ready with a hearty laugh to handle any situation. Teddy’s smile and driving pianistic style were to be seen or heard no more. He was but a myth, lost in the annals of adventures of the Far East. He was buried in the Pearl of the Orient, Calcutta, where he had died, but somehow we like to think that Teddy’s soul flew across thousands of miles of jungle, desert, and water and came back to Chicago where he had started his musical career, to keep his date with Bob Lee at MCA. Perhaps in Teddy’s world now, he is back playing at the Club De Lisa or maybe at the Regal theatre.

His friend, Bob Lee, was notified by wire, that Teddy had died, and he very sadly returned the orchestrations to the Wood’s theatre building that he had collected to give Teddy on his arrival.

—THE END.

Postwar Burma Dream
(Continued From Page 13)

fords the vacationer an opportunity to fish in Thursday River (dynamite is available at any Naga village.)

Excited tourists get their first taste of exotic Chinese cooking at the Golden Dragon at Chingle, near Shingbwiang. And, of course, while at Shing everyone visits the world’s most famous privy. The original was built in 1944 for a famous movie star. Now a granite replica of the original bamboo Chie Suite has been erected by students of that Philadelphia high school which selected her as the woman whom women had done the most for soldiers’ morale. A large bronze plaque reads “Ann Sheridan Sat Here.”

At Wazaup, for an extra hundred bucks, one can make a side trip down the old Combat Trail to Sgt. Ben Franklin’s jade mines. Ben runs this branch from Ft. Worden, Texas, of course. At Myitkyina, you can easily spend two days walking through the old battlegrounds. For 10 rupees, the Kachins will sell you an exact replica of Uncle Joe Stilwell’s hat or for 50 rupees a hand-carved Pick’s stick. There is still swimming at Lawson Beach along the Irrawaddy on Sunday afternoons.

At Bhamo, you can have your picture painted against the background of the famous bazaar by the Hermit of the Road, Milford Zornes, the mystery man of the road. There are those who say that Zornes once was a successful American artist who went mad in the Service and refused to leave Burma.

Many of the ailing Yanks stop at Seagrave’s Super Clinic in Namhkam.

So goes the safari to China via the most famous highway in the world. Twenty-eight days of adventure from India to China. Drink ice-cold coke fresh from the Pipeline, which is now operated by the Coca Co. Stop at any deserted PX along The Road and drink that wonderful Hyde Park beer. An enormous quantity of this malt was left here when the soldiers pulled out of Burma. No one has ever been able to determine why.

As the adventurers enter China and make their way down to the Salween George, the skeleton remains of dismantled-up 6x6 trucks can be seen where Chinese drivers forgot what they learned at the Leds Truck Drivers’ School.

A quick stop at Kunming for American ham and eggs and then on to Chungking, once the wartime capital of China—now just a ghost town since the re-establishment of the Nanking capital. Oh, yes, at Kunming play ping-pong on the very same table that “Buck” used.

Such is a summer vacation in the Far East in 1965. THE END.

(Ed. note: There is no chance of the management of Stilwell Road Tours, Inc., losing a single penny on this deal.)

MAY, 1962

29
Citing freedom and brotherhood of man as the essence of Islamic culture and the foundation upon which friendship might be built between Pakistan and America, Dr. Khalifa Abdul Hakim addressed about 250 persons in February at a Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce dinner.

Dr. Hakim, director of the Institute of Islamic Culture at Lahore, Pakistan, has been educated in both Oriental and European universities and is the author of several books in both Urdu and English.

The United States is losing prestige in the Orient because of its inability to understand the Moslem way of life and its failure to refute the imperialistic designs of European allies, Dr. Hakim said. The social democracy which was fathered among 15 million residents of Pakistan by Islamic creed, he said, might well serve as a model for the whole of humanity and for the United States in particular.

"Islam is the only religion which practices as well as preaches the brotherhood of man," he said. "All races and religions are respected and tolerated by the Moslem. To us God is one and all humanity is a single family."

Because of lies and propaganda which deluged the Western world following the pseudo holy wars called Crusades, Westerners think of the Moslem as fanatical blood-letters who keep hundreds of veiled women in barred harems, Dr. Hakim said. Nothing could be farther from the truth in the priestless culture of Islam which is predominantly monogamous and forbids religious conversion by pressure or persuasion, he said.

"In the matter of religious thinking there must not be any compulsion," he quoted from the Koran.

Dr. Hakim believes the United States can ill afford to lose the friendship of Pakistan because the small nation's large population and strategic political position in the Orient can tip the balance of power in Asia, which, in turn, can tip the balance of power in the struggle between America and Russia.

"In my country the belief that America is fighting for the ideals of freedom has gone with the wind," he stated. "Your failure to oppose the European imperial policies in the Middle East and your alliance with Fascist Spain and Communist Yugoslavia has led us to that belief.

"We are not one of those nations which asks charity from America. Economically we are self-supporting and need only technical aid in establishing industries."

Dr. Hakim was introduced at the meeting by Ellsworth Green, Jr., past commander of the CBI Veterans Association, executive manager of the Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce.
To the Editor ... 

—Continued—

‘Miserable Mary’

Just sending your address to an old buddy from Misamari, Assam, who just heard about Roundup and wants to subscribe. Apparently we’ll be the only two subscribers from “Miserable Mary.” At least the name never appears in the pages of what otherwise is a very worthwhile publication. I was postal officer there for 17 months. Principal unit was the 1326th AAF Base Unit.

GEORGE A. HOWE, Wash., D.C.

Misamari and several outposts stationed there have been mentioned in past issues of Roundup. Scan your back copies for proof.—Ed.

112th Station Hospital

Would like to locate Jack Flax of Virginia, Minn., who served with me at the 112th Station Hospital.

HAROLD MILLER, M.D., Chelsea, Mass.

Delhi Roller Rink

With the popularity of roller skating rinks, it might be interesting to know that there was a rink in New Delhi, started by actor Major Melvyn Douglas. The rink, called “Broadway Rink—an ideal place for recreation,” opened June 21, 1945. Maybe not an exact replica of the roller rinks the GI’s knew back home, but it did offer the chance to strap wheels on their feet and go round and round. Admission price was Rupee one, plus eight annas for skates, permitting the CBI-er or anyone else with the price to hang onto the rail, to pick oneself off the floor of wooden blocks, and to breeze about among the saris, turbans, shakis, etc. The rink was directly behind New Delhi’s Plaza Theater. K. N. Bhargava was the rink’s managing partner.

LEE BAKKER, Seattle, Wash.

AIR FORCE caption on this photo says: “Indian natives bathing in pool back of a C-47 on a hard standing.” How was the fellow sitting at a Salesman desk to know the Indians were working in their rice field?


CHAPLAIN Bartholomew Adler performing early morning mass for men of an Army group in India. Air Force photo.

MAY, 1952
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