

OSCAR COLCHAMIRO





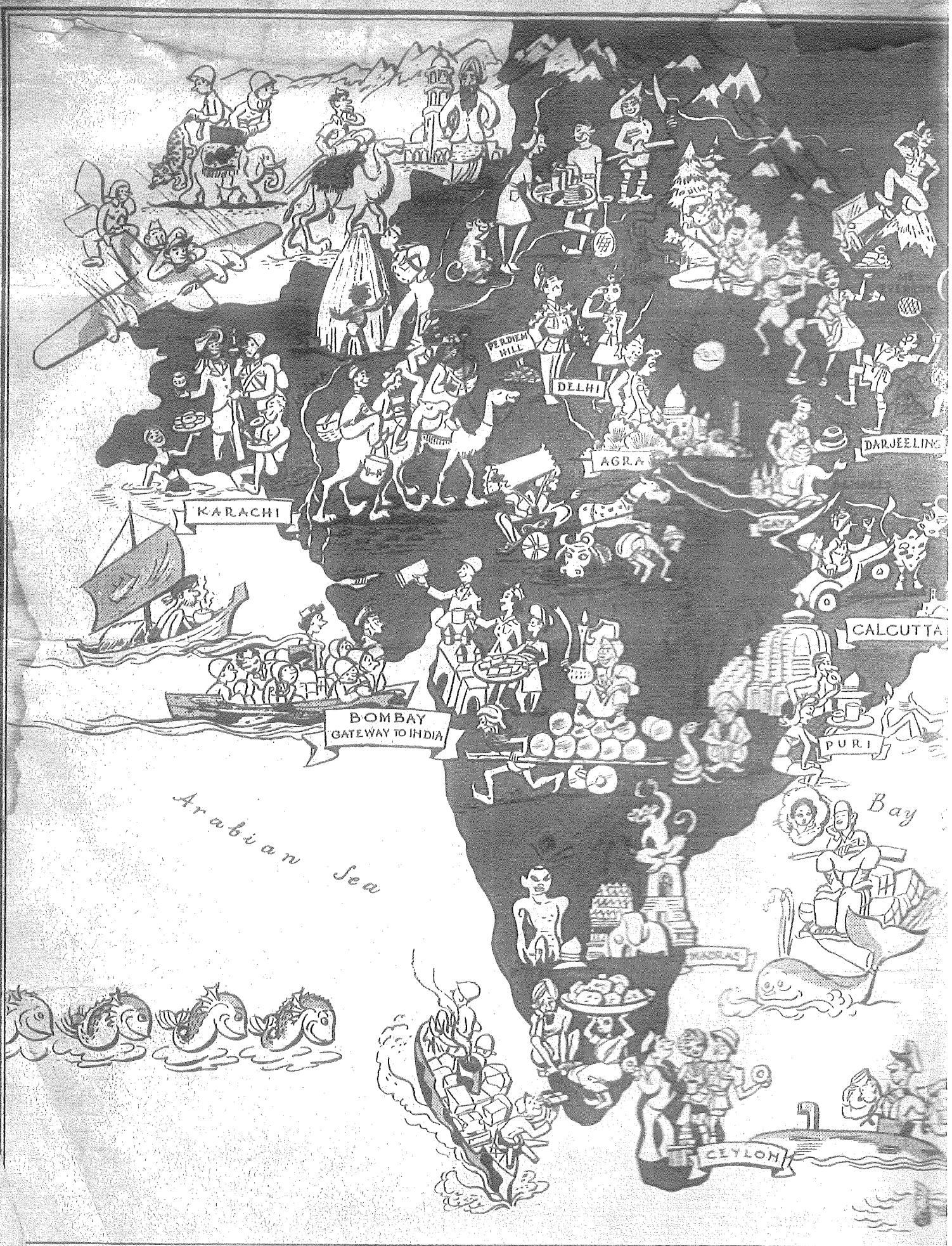
Field Director Heads Safari In India



For Forward Fighters In Burma

**AMERICAN RED CROSS SERVICES
CHINA, INDIA, BURMA**

Club facilities operating	94	Ove
Meals and snacks served monthly	over 1,000,000	" C
Meals and snacks served January	December, 1944	Ser
	over 10,000,000	Cas
Emergency loans made to servicemen	17,425	Ser
Personal services by hospital workers (Shopping for patients, writing letters home, etc.)	75,000	Cor
Comfort and recreation supplies pro- vided without cost (Cigarettes, stationery, convalescent kits, games, etc.)	2,597,005	Vo
Number of items		Pa
Communications handled (Radio and letter inquiries to Red Cross chapters in the U. S.)	91,183	Su
Cases of assistance to servicemen (Family problems, home welfare inquiries, etc.)	66,269	Fi
Personal Services (Arranging accommodation at leave clubs, information on prisoner-of-war contacts, etc.)	121,869	Es
Assistance and personal services, total	263,198	



KARACHI

BOMBAY
GATEWAY TO INDIA

PERDIEM HILL

DELHI

AGRA

DARJEELING

CALCUTTA

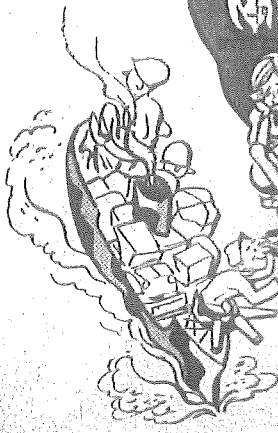
PURI

AGRA

CEYLON

Arabian Sea

Bay





THIS WAY TO TOKYO

TELEGRAM THIS ABOY

SHANGHAI

CHUNGKING

KUMMING

KWEILIN

HONGKONG

HAINAN

MOULMEIN

BANGKOK

MANDALAY

A G. I. VIEW OF AMERICAN RED CROSS

CHINA, INDIA AND BURMA

Cartograph
by
Ruth Taylor White

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

MY TRIP OVERSEAS TO THE ORIENT

OSCAR COLCHAMIRO

March 11 and it was raining the day we left Camp Crowder. It was a Saturday night and we all were ready to leave the camp where we trained for over a year. Most of the time we had been "goofing off" and complaining how terrible the place was, but now that we were leaving we were a little sorry, but we knew that we were going to California so excitement prevailed amongst most of us. We boarded the trucks with our musette bags and incidentals (including our carbines and steel helmets - a pain in the neck). All afternoon we had been preparing for the coming trip - wondering if we would get pullman, buying incidentals, standing about fifteen reel calls, and mostly playing poker (I didn't do so well). It was dark and wet, when we got on the train, but in a little while we were all settled and I was happy to find that it was a troop sleeper. Our trip consisted mainly of playing cards, eating, sleeping and looking out of the window. We took the southern route: Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and finally California. At one time we were sure that we saw the Rio Grande. We passed some famous cities: El Paso, Phoenix, Tucson, etc, and then started coming out of the endless desert and plains into the mountains of California. It was really beautiful. Like a shower bath after a long hot day in a sweaty city. And then we arrived at Camp Anza on the 14 March.....and it was raining. Yes, it does rain in California. Of course, we arrived during the rainy season - or so the inhabitants told us. The camp is situated on a level plain completely surrounded by high mountains with tropical vegetation around everything. After our initial restriction to the post, what with five million injections, new clothes, checking the service records, and the other incidentals, I finally got a pass and went to Riverside -- the town adjoining the camp. It compares with Miami Beach in its vegetation and

climate, though much smaller. It is very much what you would expect from Southern California. - refreshing and simple. A beautiful place to live. Of course we went to the Mission Inn. The USO there wasn't the best I've seen but they really tried to please. There was a dance there one night, at which I had a wonderful time. Of course, all of this is taking place with the idea that I am going overseas and everyone realizes it, so naturally there is a little glamour attached. You know, the hero type. But the next time I got a pass, I went to Los Angeles, where I spent the night with my cousin and gave him instructions for my folks as he was returning to New York shortly. Saw Beverly Hills from his home. Quite a sight. Did get to call my home from camp, only to find that I woke my sister up at two AM due to the difference in time. We were then about ready to leave the states, but before we went we were lucky enough to have Bob Hope visit us at camp and give us a performance. He broadcasted from camp, and that Francis Langford (she is much more beautiful than you can imagine from the movies). Well, we were numbered, fed, and taken down to the docks by train. Of course we just couldn't get on the train and go to the ship, we had to first practice boarding train (and it rained that day also) (it does rain in California). But the show was finally started and we did get down to the dock, but there was an accident on the way when our train hit a car, injuring two women.....some start. We got to the pier, and after coffee and sandwiches by the red cross, we were moved into the ship, and then climbed down and down and down until they said "Stop...through here". About two hundred of us were put in a single room, which was not larger than forty feet long and twenty feet wide. Of course that is not counting the height of the room which it seemed was an important factor because our bunks were four high. It wouldn't have been

too bad, but we had all our baggage with us. At first it seemed impossible, then it seemed possible, and then we did it. I've only made two enemies on the trip due to the cramped space. March 23 we sailed out of Wilmington harbor sometime during the night (with the boat not completely finished) but that's the way the army works and the navy too, and by the time I awoke the next morning and stepped on deck I was so sea sick that I had to return to bed immediately. I took the motion pills (but I was still sick), so I took more motion pills (and I was still sea sick) so I stopped taking motion pills (and I was still sea sick)...this lasted only for three days though. Everytime I would go down to the mess hall to eat, I would immediately get hot and naussous. But most everyone was sick, and those who weren't sick were either unconscious or were eating beans for breakfast, dinner and supper. But after the first week or so, the boat ride became a pleasure and the food became better -- and I'm serious. The living quarters didn't seem so crowded, the food didn't seem too bad, and the constant music was a source of pleasure....and during the later part of the trip we even enjoyed cokes and ice cream. The equator was hot, very hot. Most everyone suffered from the heat. In fact, we couldn't sleep down in the boat at night so they allowed us to sleep up on deck, but the constant nightly squalls would send us skimping down to the holds just a trifle less than soak and wet. But our ship was a honey. Fast (18 to 20 knots an hour), with plenty of guns on her. We felt very secure, and every once in awhile we would watch guns go into action. We would also hear our sister ship practicing, always just over the

Courvette constantly racing up and down in front of us. Most of the time we rode in a straight line with the courvette first, us second, and our sister ship third. By the time we left Melbourne, our poker playing dominated our daily activities and we would only stop to hear the news....all of it wonderful (the beginning of the collapse of Germany) until we heard the news of President Roosevelt's death soon to be followed by that of Ernie Pyle. The President's death shocked us immensely and our flag went at half mast. There were services most of the next day. Ernie Pyle soon after brought sorrowful moments to those of us who read his books. The trip aside from those two deaths was uneventful, except for the fact that this trip also made me seasick as we rounded the southwestern tip of Australia. The water had swells in it, the likes of which I had never seen nor ever want to see again. This time my seasickness lasted only two days.

Then on the 28th of April, land was sighted and we found out that we came to the end of our voyage. The sea, for two days previous to our arrival was muddy, and so we had to count on our water reserves as the ship wouldn't distill that much mud and filth out of the water, so our showers were cut off for the first time. The heat became more intense. We were close to shore and those of us who took time from our poker playing sat on the ships edge and watched the scenery which was a great deal similar to the jungle pictures we had seen in the movie. Little huts with thatched rooves predominated the landscape. With Indians bathing, washing, or just sitting and watching our boat slowly go by. It was novel for me, who had just come from a big city. It was different. It wasn't even oriental; it was just primitive. The next day brought us to the port of Calcutta

--half way up the sacred Hoogly River (and to the Indians, the river is truly sacred). Being a branch of their Ganges (which was supposed to have flowed from the head of their God Shiva), they hold its waters in high reverence. It was here for the first time that we came in close contact with the Indians (mostly beggars at the waterfronts). The port was something you would imagine belonged to England's far east possessions. Here were congregated everything from little canoes to tremendous ocean going liners, all filled with supplies for the armies of India and China. It was pitiful seeing the Indian oarsmen rowing for hours against the swift Hoogly tide, always in the same spot. A word for India is "timelessness". We spent most of that morning throwing money and cigarettes overboard to the beggars in the boats below - old and young - and they all smoke from the age of four to the age of eighty (most of the children being proud of the fact by showing us how they could inhale). The heat kept us in the shade most of the time and the topic of discussion was "one large ice cold can of beer". Boats came alongside and many of the provisions and all the mail was put ashore. A few Indians came on deck and helped tie up the boat and did the unloading. It was our first real contact with them and so we swarmed all around them. We watched them bathe in the river and then drink the same water. To us it showed ignorance, but to them, it was their religion. All that night we waited to disembark, but only a few of the ship's passengers were lucky enough to get off. Most of us had packed all our things and it was just a matter of time now. Finally, at about 9AM of the following morning we were told to disembark. So we got our things and it was just a matter of time now. Finally, at about 10 AM all 200 of our company started down the gang plank - with our helmets, carbines, combat boots, musette bags, canteens, duffle

bags (which weighed about 125 lbs), and gas mask plus the addition of a terrifically hot sun. We had to go down the gang plank and how I ever did it is beyond me. The gang plank didn't take us to shore as the tide was too low for our ship, so they transferred us to a ferry which took us to shore, about 100 yards from the ship. It was a slow process but this was India. The equipment once more went on our backs and we had to walk about three blocks to the depot where they were stacking our bags. After about two thirds of the way, a little Indian boy (about 6 years old) came to me and motioned that I put the heavy bag on his head. I pushed him aside, as I was in no mood to bother with him while the perspiration was keeping me completely wet. But then upon glancing up and seeing that everyone was doing it, and that they were getting paid to carry our equipment, I took my bag and happily put it on the child's head. I wouldn't ordinarily do it, but the heat, the weight of the bag, and the perspiration made me toss it over regardless of whom the recipient of my almost 50,000 lb (it felt that much by this time) duffle bag. And then we went to the shade and sat down. I went to the water fountain and filled my canteen, when just at that moment an M.P. came over and made all of us pour all the water out due to the fact that it hadn't been chlorinated. I was hot and thirsty, but soon the Red Cross came with doughnuts and hot coffee.....imagine hot coffee in hot India, but my thirst led me to drink it. Finally the chlorinated water came, but I preferred the hot coffee. There were a few British MPs there, with whom we became quite chummy - it was the first time we were to see them. We found out that our beer rations were one case a month. The British felt put out due to the fact that they didn't approach that quantity or quality of our beer. During our orientation talk on the

boat we were also told not to brag about the quantities of our PX supplies in order not to annoy the British.

Finally we all boarded the train, but only after eating K rations for lunch. They were rather good, but our lack of drinking water made it pretty difficult to use the ration to its best advantage. We got on (what we were to later learn was a third class carriage) the train and after half undressing in order to keep cool, the train started on our journey to Camp Kanchrapara, where we were to spend the next two months just resting and awaiting assignments. Beggars lined the tracks, and we disposed of the remains of our K ration to them. I noticed that they wouldn't touch anything that had been opened or partly eaten due to the fact that their religion considers us as outsiders (in other words members of no castes) and so they couldn't eat anything we had put to our mouths. There were some horrible cripples and deformed beggars all along the way, but our attention was directed mainly to the children who by this time had learned a number of English words... not to be mentioned here. This brought gales of laughter and many cigarettes.

We finally came to a clearing where we noticed our American pyramidal tents and decided that it must be the camp we were destined to remain at. So we packed our bags. The trip was 30 miles in length and 5 hours in duration, but it was cool on the train so we didn't mind it at all. We disembarked, and were taken to our tents where we finally made up a small permanent abode. It was cooler in the country

than in the city. Now we waited for our ration cards so we could get our beer, which by this time had created a terrifically strong desire in me even though I hated the stuff back home. We were given more injections. Issued all kinds of mosquito repelents and in short oriented to India. After awhile, our ration cards were issued and a mad rush was made by all to the nearest PX, where we waited approximately two hours on line, but it was worth it, because nothing ever tasted so good as that cold beer. Our next desire was to get into Calcutta, but the cholera epidemic placed the whole city off limits to us. So we waited until it became "in bounds".

And then we saw Calcutta. We started out in the morning on a truck and had the most amazing ride ever. The truck ride was no different, but the sights held me spellbound. The people, the clothes, the dirt, the poverty and the miserable homes were things I had never seen before ... at least not in that quantity and to that degree. Cows, dogs, oxen and people were all massed together in one great heap. There was no difference from my view on the truck. The driver had two functions to perform: one was to keep his foot on the gas and the other was to keep his hand on the horn. Everyone uses the road and so in order that you may pass it becomes necessary to make as much noise as possible and then the road opens. We've had more near accidents on one of those trips than I've ever had back home. Of course the only ones who would get hurt would be the natives, and so the drivers were a little

reckless. But then we came to Calcutta. One of the landmarks that I remember is a tower used to place the dead bodies on top in order that the vultures eat them. It was one of the strange forms of burials. The city was hot, it was always hot as far back as I can remember. The first thing that we all wanted to do was to buy souvenirs for everyone back home. At first we weren't interested in just sending the things home, but the fun of bargaining with the merchants cost ~~of~~ all of our pay most of the time, and what they had to sell wasn't worth the money from everyone's point of view in India, but to us who wanted souvenirs well it was worth it. Gurka knives, cigarette cases, brass ornaments, coin bracelets, etc with most of them adorned with the Taj Mahal were on the market for sale. A typical sales would be made in somewhat of the following manner:

"Nice candlesticks, Sahib?"

"Let's see", you would answer. "Come in, Come in, Sahbi", he'd reply half forcing you into his little store (or rather hole in the wall). He'd show you his assortment of wares, and then you'd ask him the price of the article that fancied you most. "How much?" It was always, "How much?" "For you, Sahib", he'd say looking at you as if you were his dearest friend, "Thirty-seven ruppees".

"No", you'd answer, "Too much". If you started to walk out, you were drawn back. "How much you say, Sahib?" he'd query. "No, I don't want it." "Please, Sahib, you rich rajah man, you say how much", he'd ask, and by this time he'd have his assistant block the doorway. "Seven ruppees?" you'd reply expecting him to allow you to leave.

ENLISTED MAN'S TEMPORARY PASS

Colchamiro, O Sgt 33 540 021
(Name) (Grade) (Army serial No.)
3152d Sig Sv Co (Organization) APO 404 (Station)

is authorized to be absent

From 0800 MAY 23 1945 To 2200 MAY 23 1945
To visit Calcutta, India

Signed *Edward J. Macomber*
Commanding officer.

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7
26 June 1943

(OVER)

*This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7 of September 1942
which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.

"Are you mad, Sahib", with astonishment and utter disgust. "Seven roupees" you would insist. "But, Sahib, I asked for thirty seven. Tell me your next price", this time with a look of dejection. "Seven roupees is my last price and not an anna more" with firmness. And just as soon as you got ready to leave the store, you would find a wrapped package under your arm, and the merchants hand outstretched waiting for the seven roupees. That is a typical transaction in Calcutta. You somehow felt gipped even though you paid seven roupees.

Transportation in India was certainly different from the subways of New York. At first, we would take the truck into the city but the ride was so dirty that we resorted to commuting on the 9:15 from Kanchrapara Station to the city. There were a number of clean day coaches (first class) with fans and tables, so we would pack our "inevitable" cards with us and take off for the train. We would buy third class tickets (12 annas) and ride to the city on the first class carriage due to the fact that they would take the tickets at the station after you got off the train, and they couldn't tell which coach you would ride in. It was very pleasant and much cleaner than the truck ride. Taxis were hard to get at the station but you could always get gharries (something like our old stage coaches drawn by small horses), or rickshaws (very inexpensive if you knew your way around).

or trolleys (but they were always crowded). At first, we would pay the rickshaw drivers about five to ten times the standard price (out of the goodness of our hearts for their hard work and for the newcomer's stupidity). But the trips back on the train (8:35 PM) were always fun. We would take a taxi to the station and just walk through the gate as if we were officials. There were generally so many people at the station that they didn't bother with us at the gate. Then we would go to the first class carriages and sit down. A few of the following incidents are typical of what we always went through. Once we got on the train and the ticket collector came into our car. Upon asking us for our tickets we feigned ignorance of what he was talking about, but he spoke good English. One of us would act as head man and the others would remain silent in order that we keep our stories straight. "May I see your tickets please", he'd ask. "Tickets, tickets, what tickets?" one would ask. "Why you have to have tickets to ride the railroads," he'd reply. "Oh, tickets", surprised, "yes, here are our tickets", and we would present him with our orderly room passes to Calcutta. "Oh, no, sir, it is not the responsibility of the government to honor those tickets. You must get the ticket from the railway office", he'd reply trying to make us understand. By this time we would get more confused than ever, and our spokesman would say that he knew of no other tickets, and that we were American soldiers who had to get back by ten o'clock that night and that if he didn't let us go on the train that he would

have to answer to the American government. By this time, he would be so disgusted that he would walk out, and leave us all have our hearty laughs. Another time, we came to a first class carriage and found that there was a ticket reserving the whole coach for some impressive looking name. We decided that one man couldn't use the whole coach and since he was a hog, we would deprive him of it completely. So we destroyed the ticket, entered the coach and locked the door, and again played mute. Presently, came an impressive looking group of people with a few conductors, who were obviously looking for the reserved carriage which we were occupying. They inspected the outside of our carriage for the ticket, and after finding none, gave us rather dirty looks, but this impressive looking "rajah" was still waiting outside, so they put him in another carriage. They didn't bother us as there were about six of us in the coach. We found this much more fun than buying tickets. Every night it was the same. Those who would buy third class tickets were generally thrown out of the first class coaches, but those who bought none and acted dumb would remain. We finally became quite experienced at riding trains.

Our days were spent (in Calcutta) either at the Red Cross, or at the markets buying trinkets and souvenirs. But we soon decided that we would go sight seeing, and so we got out our guide book and found out that the Taj Mahal was quite far up in northern India, so we settled for the Burning Ghats (burning places for the dead bodies), the famous Black Hole of Calcutta (the story of which is denied by many Indians), the Kali Temple, the Jain Temple (both very sacred and very beautiful), the Victorian Memorials, and a few of the other famous places in the city. Most of our sight seeing

was done by taxi.

But back at camp we were sent to school (cryptography), in the mornings only, and we had the rest of our day to ourselves. We were only casuals (awaiting assignment) and had a rather good rest out in the country. Tennis became one of my favorites, aside from the other sports at our exercise fields (Sportsman Park). The Red Cross would offer clubs to write at, books to read, and radios with which to hear news broadcasts. They once made arrangements for us to go swimming, but it didn't turn out so well as all the water in the pool had been drained out a day before. We also had outdoor movies, but the bugs and the rain often drove us to despair, especially during the better parts of some of the pictures. One of the better pictures there was "Objective Burma!" Most of the British liked it very much as they had recently returned from the Burma campaign and found it exceptionally realistic. And the rains came. You have never seen it rain, until you've been in Calcutta during the monsoon season. One minute you're hot and sticky and the next minute you can be drenched to the skin by some of the quickest coming squalls you've ever seen. Everything is quiet and then all of a sudden a terrific wind comes up and in about 45 seconds the rain and the wind is blowing everything upside down. The roofs of the mess halls would come down almost nightly. Tents were blown down. And in the morning we would wake up and see the Indians cleaning up the place.

One day, at one of the formations, the first sergeant pompously stood in front of the group and said, "The commanding officer has authorized me to make the following statement: Germany has officially surrendered!" We cheered and howled for a few minutes and then went on with our work.

has officially surrendered." We hooped and howled for a few minutes and then went on with our job of cleaning the grounds. Our first sergeant always made us laugh. He was so ignorant in such a brilliant way. But first sergeants always made us laugh. We had revellie formations once in awhile in the mornings and I always had a knack of sleeping late on the morning that we had roll calls but I generally got away with it because I knew the first sergeant pretty well. During the month and a half in India, I can say that the army mail service was the finest thing as far as we were all concerned. Our letters always had first priority over everything.

18 June - our team finally got orders to proceed to China. There were just 12 EM and 3 Officers, and we were especially happy that we were to leave the company. We closed all our accounts at Kanchrapara and at 8 AM of that date we were loaded on trucks and taken to Calcutta, to board the train to Chabua (the last stop in India, where we would catch the ATC plane for China). This was to prove the most interesting trip I had ever taken. Arriving at the Calcutta station, we disembarked from the trucks and had the station bearers carry our equipment to our train. This was to prove a great help in allowing us to enjoy the trip because we had thousands of pounds of equipment with us consisting of field safes, beds, chairs, crypt devices, and even a case of canned juice. We also took beer which we heard was hard to get in China. We ate lunch in Calcutta and boarded the train soon thereafter. It was exceptionally hot that day. The station master outlined the plan of the trip for us, but most of his microphone voice went unheeded as his cockney accent was much too strange for us to fully understand.

TIBET

HYMALAYA MOUNTAINS

Chabua

Parbatipur BRAMAPUTRA RIVER

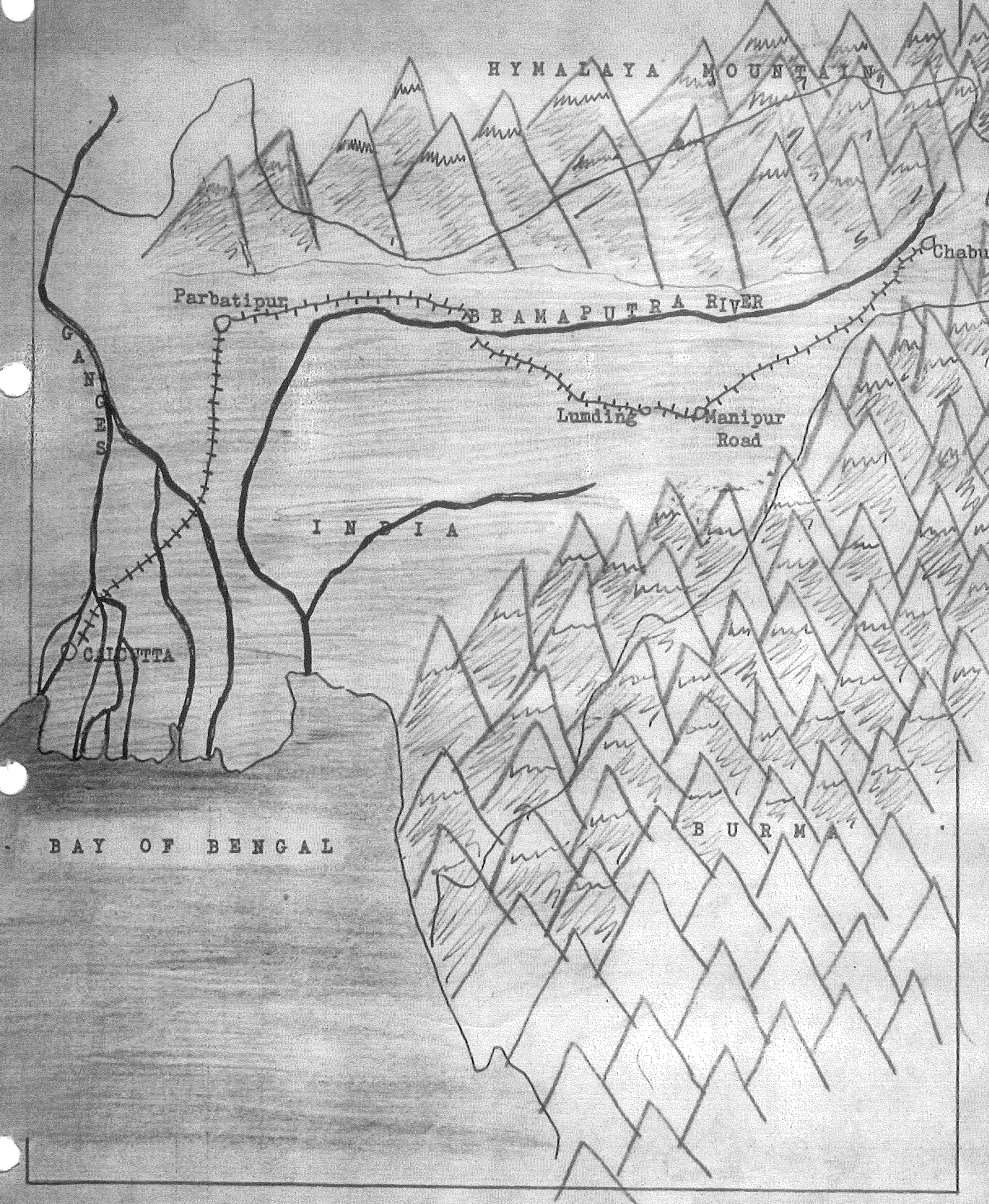
Luding Manipur Road

INDIA

CALCUTTA

BURMA

BAY OF BENGAL



We were lucky enough to buy some ice (1 roupie 8 annas) which we used to keep some of our juices, beer, and canteens cold. The train started its long trek at about 2 PM and we were happy to leave the heat of India. We backtracked a little far we noticed that we were passing Camp Kanchrupera after about one hour's ride on the train, but we didn't mind that at all since it gave us a chance to see what we were leaving behind. We also saw the smoldering remains of the stockade dispensary (for the night before the prisoners started a big rampus and set fire to it because someone was put in solitary confinement). It was quite an exciting night. The whole camp was out with all kinds of firearms to prevent their escaping. The train ride was on a third class carriage again. GIs never get to ride on anything better when it is at government expense, but they weren't too bad. We decided to do a little investigating on the train and found that the car adjoining ours was occupied by a large group of Indians who were going to Chabua to drive American trucks back to Calcutta. We were to spend some very interesting afternoons with them. We also discovered a quaint Indian custom, because when we opened the door of the latrine we noticed that instead of the conventional toilet seat, that there was a tile floor with a hole in the middle and two places for the feet. We realized that this was the "squat type" toilet of the east. I tried it once and it was the first time that my bowel movement was accompanied by gales of laughter. We were pretty well settled when we opened our rations and ate supper. Everyone had just about accustomed themselves to the train ride.

(of course our cards were out and the craze at the time changed from poker to gin rummy). The country was typical of the normal Calcutta surrounding scenery. Thick brush, trees, green grass and plenty of good farm land. The farmers were always dressed in a white sheet like contraption wrapped around their bodies somewhat like a short bathingsuit. But as we went deeper and deeper into the jungles we were to find less habitable land, less farms, and more dense vegetation with the train's road bed cut out of the jungle itself. On the morning of the 19th, we had to change trains for a reason I'll never know, but we had to move all our baggage from one train to another. The coolies were a big help and also a source of aggravation and laughter. They would swarm around the coach even before the train would stop. Climbing through the windows, they would try to grab our bags in order to be sure of a job, and we had quite a time pushing them out again. But during all our changes, we never lost a piece of equipment. The Indians didn't steal outright. I'm not saying that their intentions were honorable, but from all my experiences in India, I've never had anything stolen. Oh, they could triple the price when you entered their store, but they didn't consider that stealing because you weren't forced to buy their wares. The coolies carried everything on their head (a wonderful way to balance things, if your head can carry it), and we would march down from one train to another leading them. We would pile everything we had except our weapons and then march off. We always carried our guns with us because they were too valuable to leave with anyone else. The whole transaction was chaotic and led some to nervous outbreaks,

whereupon they yelled, but those of us who were more calm thought the whole matter a big joke and had many good laughs. When we were all settled, we noticed that there were about twice the number of coolies waiting to get paid than worked for us. There was nothing to do, but pay them all. We later devised a method whereby we would pick approximately ten of the strongest looking ones and generally accompany them during their trips carrying our luggage. Then we would pay on those that we knew. But in order to pick the ten from out of around fifty, we had to have two of us with carbines stand at a spot and allow only ten whom we picked to go through. It was really funny watching them all try to get through. (It was funny to us, but to them it was their means of livelihood.) None really looked undernourished, but certainly they were far from our standard of living. After the first day, we were getting closer to the thick Burmese jungles which we were eventually to cross by plane. The people became more primitive in their use of tools and in the huts. They looked more Burmese than Indian. The jungles started to close in on us, and for miles and miles the train scraped itself along the brush through the narrow path. The nights were rather uncomfortable because we would have to sleep with our clothes on, and apply mosquito repellent in order that the bugs wouldn't bother us. I've never seen any area so completely dominated by mosquitoes and bugs of all types as the one we were going into. Our trip was taking us northward and in an easterly direction, in a path somewhat followed by the Bramaputra River, which we were eventually to cross. But before we got that far on our journey, we came to another station where we had to change trains due to the change from wide to narrow gauge tracks. And here we had to repeat the

process of transferring all our personal and team equipment from one train to another. The coolies rushed us once more, but this time we were more experienced and were able to handle the situation much better. But somehow there was always confusion. The reason was that they couldn't understand us for the most part. After they broke one of our boxes by dropping it from their heads, we had to explain to each one (by hand motion mainly) that they were to put the boxes down gently. This was eventually done, but only after much discussion and hand motion (mostly the latter).

The train would stop at different stations along the route, many times for half an hour and we would all descend in order to stretch our legs. We became very friendly with the group of natives in the next car. One was a Sikh with a turban and a small beard. But the one who attracted our attention most, was a short dark, hairy Indian who spoke English fairly well. He was quite an egotist and would try to constantly show us that he was the leader of their whole group. He reminded me of a pfc at a reception center. We got to like him pretty well, and at one time invited him to have lunch with us (C rations - meat and beans), and I don't think he particularly enjoyed them very much. We came to a station that afternoon, when we found that there was a wreck up ahead and that we would be detained for about four hours, so we all got out and started to throw a softball around, when it ended up with us playing the Indians a game of Volley Ball without a net. We all tried to outdo the other team. One of the fellows on our team was able to walk on his hands for some distance and so we put him up for exhibition. We laughed when the Indians tried, but some did succeed. Then they put us through the paces when one of them

(who must have been a contortionist) twisted his body completely around without his feet moving at all.....at that point we all boarded the train after a laugh of defeat.

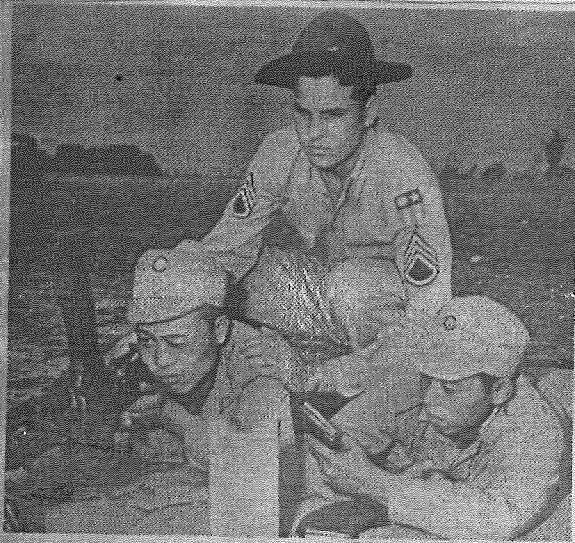
In the afternoon of the following day, we found that we had to repeat the process of transferring all our baggage. This time it was from the train to the ferry which would transport us across the Brahmaputra River. The coolies this time, weren't as plentiful since the American government paid them whether they worked or not. The American government worked that way and we were quite thankful for the fact because our funds were almost at a minimum. The train stopped about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the ferry and so the coolies had to work rather hard in order to get all our cumbersome equipment onto the boat. But it was finally accomplished and we were all set. We went up to the top deck of the ferry and became as comfortable as we could and sat down to lunch. The C-rations aren't the most delicious meals I've ever eaten by far, but the meat and beans were fairly good. It was a slow trip to the other side of the river, which meandered along rather slowly, never approaching the speed of the Hoogly back at Calcutta. But the scenery was wilder and much more beautiful, than what we had previously seen. We finally landed on the other side, and it was a free for all once again. The bags had to be carried up to the other side of the hill where the train was waiting to carry us to our final destination in India -- Chabua. (Chabua was the Indian end of the Hump crossing). The train hadn't left for about three hours and so we had time to eat a hot meal and get some drinking water. But here we also found the same type of "squat toilet" and those of us who refused to use the train, had to resort to using the ones here.

It always brought a hearty laugh to all concerned. We finally arrived at Chabua that same night. The mosquitoes were thick... much more so than usual and most of us were applying our repellent for fear of malaria. We once more unloaded all our equipment from the train, but this time onto trucks. Everyone and everything was accounted for, but by the time we boarded the trucks for our ride to the camp, the rain came down rather hard. We arrived at the camp rather wet, and found that we were to sleep in some tents that were rather unkempt. Cow dung littered the floor - there were no mosquito nets - our bags were full of mud - and we were in no position to correct the situation any that night. Most of us just went to sleep with our clothes on. But those of us who wanted more comfort, pulled our mosquito nets out and rigged up some kind of bed. Bugs were crawling all over the place. But we managed to sleep as best we could. In the morning we all took our first showers for three days....and we needed it. We found out that we were to stay there for a day or two, and by the time we moved out we were to move on an average of once a day, sometimes twice... from one tent to another, either by our wishes or by the 1st Sgt in charge. We were annoyed, but had nothing else to do except write. After two days of heat, bugs, mosquitoes and sacred cows walking around the tents, we received our orders to report to the airport at 8:30 the next morning. We were quite happy, as it was to be our first chance to fly during the whole trip from the states. We packed rather hurriedly, but made sure that we had enough beer in our musette bags to last us a few days, due to the fact that beer was unobtainable in China. After a rather short night's sleep, we loaded on the trucks in the morning (after breakfast) and went to

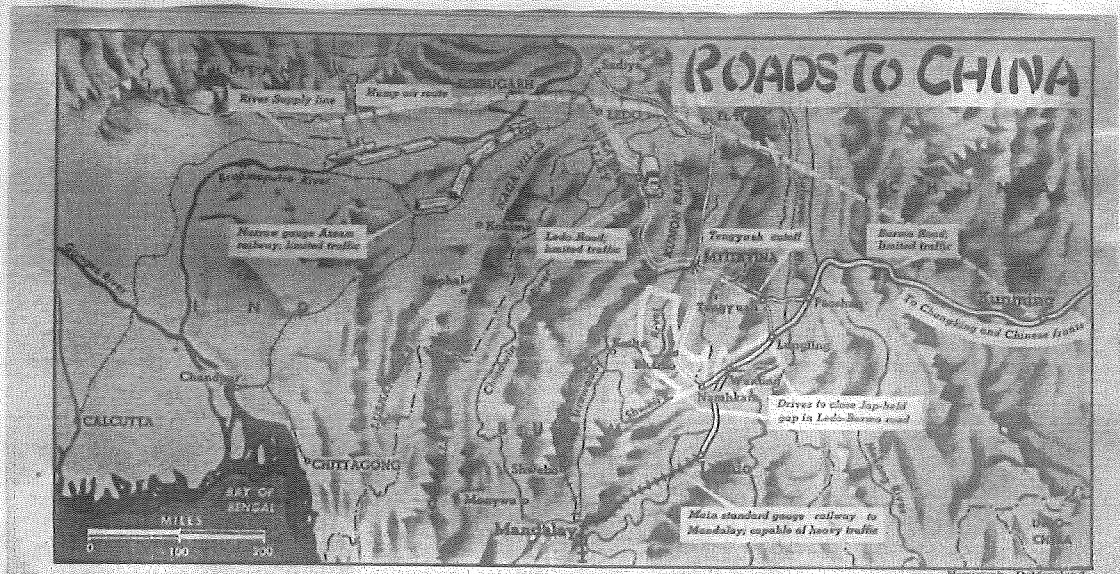
the airport. Our baggage was already loaded on the plane the night before, and all we had with us was our personal equipment. Much was to be added before we boarded the plane because at our orientation at the airport we were issued parachutes and oxygen masks. We were told what to do in case of an emergency, how to handle ourselves in case we had to jump from the plane, etc. We all laughed because we were told that we were to fly the most hazardous air route in the world. We would pass the thickest jungles; and some of the highest mountain ranges there were. Everything went along fine and after boarding the plane we soon taxied off the field and reached an elevation of 10,000 feet in no time at all, whereupon we all put on our oxygen masks. We talked, joked and did everything but play cards only because all our equipment was piled high in the middle of the plane. Then all of a sudden, the copilot came back and kept looking out of the window, and there was our right engine smoking badly. We all looked out wondering what would happen when we saw the engine sputter and go dead. At that moment I believe that I went dead also because by this time we were over the thickest of the Burmese jungles (and I was later to learn that it would take three weeks to walk out of the jungle from that point...if we made it alive). We wondered if the other motor would go dead. I was really scared for the first time in my life...and I mean scared. The plane started to lose altitude fast, and the pilot had to turn the ship around and take us back to Chabua. He couldn't make the Hump on one motor at 12,000 foot altitude. We came back to the airport in short time, and when the plane landed we walked out quite happy that we didn't have to jump. What really made us nervous was the time the pilot declared an emergency....and we were all ready to jump.

I never enjoyed a cigarette before as much in my whole life. We found out that we were to try again later in the afternoon, and after a good lunch, we once more boarded the plane (it was another one this time but still a C-46) and after much testing of the motors, we finally started once more. The trip took about 3½ hours from Chabua to Kunming (the Chinese end of the Hump line - and the home of the famous Flying Tigers). I was rather hungry at about 5:30 and so opened a can of C-rations at an altitude of 15,000 feet and ate it but had to remove my oxygen mask every time I took a bite. We finally came over the last mountain and there in plain view was a large lake in a large clearing with what seemed like a small town nearby...the small town was later to be Kunming. The sun was setting by then, but the air was fresh and cool. We landed at an airport 6,500 feet in the air, and found there the best climate in all of China. As we taxied into the field we were to catch our first glimpses of the Chinese. The door of the plane was opened so that we could get a good view of everything while taxiing up to the depot, and all along the edge of the runway were Chinese coolies, young and old, all of them with their thumbs up yelling "Ding Hao". The Chinese children were exceptionally well built compared to the Indians. They were chubby and everyone had a big smile on his face. The climate made us very happy we had come to China. We could now sleep with blankets in the end of June. It was June 23 when we first stepped on Chinese soil...it was good farm soil, and the farmers used every single inch of it.

Here is something on the Hump ~~that I read in the book~~ that I had read: "The "Hump" is a formidable land mass lying between India and China. Its three ranges extend from Tibet



33 Also in India non-coms were teaching Chinese how to strip, clean and fire modern guns.



The new Ledo and the old Burma Roads join to form a highway to China

First Truck to Kunming

Painfully Built Route From India Will Relieve Air Transport to China

Maj. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, the American commander in China, Lt. Gen. Daniel I. Sultan, the head of American and Chinese forces in Burma, and a host of other dignitaries were on hand. Flags were hung on trucks. Chinese, Indians, Americans, and British all waited for the great moment when the first truck would start rolling along the road that led to Kunming. For this week, deep in Northern Burma, a land link between India and China was ready—the first such route since the Japanese took the old Burma Road three years ago.

The map shows the tortuous course of the new route—from Calcutta, where supplies are unloaded from ships, thence up the Brahmaputra River or the Assam railway, down the Ledo Road, and up the Burma Road to Kunming. Harold Isaacs, NEWSWEEK war correspondent, was on the spot for the opening and sent this account of the part the new road will play in the Far East war.

What It's Worth: The benefits of opening the road should not be exaggerated by ballyhoo. Not only is the road's ultimate capacity small, but for a time traffic will consist largely of trucks being delivered for use in China and supplying only such tonnage as they can bring in on that one-way trip.

The immediate advantages can be sum-

marized thus: (1) Aircraft will be partly relieved of the task of carrying gasoline and trucks over the Hump to China, so more air space will be available for a heavy tonnage of other vital war materials. (2) China will receive a large number of sorely needed vehicles for internal transport. (3) A pipeline which is keeping pace with the road building will eventually bring in gas for the Fourteenth Air Force and for road transport. (4) Bulldozers, graders, and other heavy equipment that could not be sent by air will now reach China.

Estimates of what can be carried over the new land route vary widely—from 30,000 to 100,000 tons a month. The road's engineers themselves say about 60,000 tons a month. The actual tonnage will depend on how long crucial sections of the road stand up under monsoon weather, on the number of trucks made available, on truck and road maintenance, and on the efficiency of road traffic operation.

Logistics on Muleback: It does not sound like much tonnage in this war of fantastic waste and destruction, particularly measured by the standards of the air and ground forces operating in Europe. But those who believe in the road argue that such standards are inapplicable to China and always will be, at least during this war. Southwest China has few roads, only a few slender miles of railroad track. As far as ground forces are concerned, the great bulk of supplies must be of a type that can be carried by men or by mules.

Chinese armies do not consume even a respectable fraction of the weight and volume of supplies used by a typical

American division. Estimates are rough and vary according to combat conditions, but a Chinese division (figured at the rare strength of 8,000 men) will consume about 600 tons of food and ammunition a month, compared with about 5,000 tons for an American division. Translated into Chinese terms and Chinese conditions, the prospective road tonnage, the argument runs, will have a specific military gravity far out of proportion to its weight.

south to the Tha -Burma-French India-China borders. Its peaks rise to over 21,000 feet above sea level; it passes, 12,000 to 14,000 feet. Weather can never "dose" the Hump --for a plane flying high enough on good enough instruments. However, during half of every year--from May through October--rains and fog of the monsoon both in China and in India often reduce visibility to zero over airfields and landing grounds. The Hump was the most massive logistical obstacle encountered during 1942-1944 by the United States Army anywhere in the world. Nevertheless, airborne supply over the Hump was the basis for expansion of all military capabilities in China."

We were all a little hungry by the time we landed in Kunming, and so they drove us to a little restaurant where we had fried eggs, and not the powdered kind. We ate with gusto and really enjoyed the meal. Then they took us to the place where we were to stay for the night (hostel #7) right by the airport. We unpacked our bags and got settled. We later took a walk out to the airfield, to watch the C-46s and C-47s and the big four motored C-54s takeoff and land. It was thrilling realizing that we were in China....in a country at war, and yet the people that we saw had more vim and courage and desire to carry on than all the Indians I had ever met. Don't get me wrong though and think that every Chinese was "the patriot". Not by a long shot. Many of them were making money handover fist on the black market and many didn't care what or who was in power, just as long as they got their daily bread, but on the whole most of these Chinese had come thousands of miles to escape the Japs and knew just what the war was about and what they were fighting for. They were a sorry lot though, for most of them worked like dogs most of the day and night and were paid wages that we wouldn't consider enough for a sub-normal standard of living. But most of the Americans there admired them. The moon was up and the silver planes ~~planes~~ at Kunming were glistening on the field. It was a funny sensation realizing that this was where the old Flying Tigers

—YANG-CHEDZ—

Pulling A Rickshaw Takes Skill As Well As Strength



Contrary to popular belief, the rickshaw was not invented by the Chinese. The utilitarian little two-wheeled cart is an invention of the Japanese, but such an important part has it taken in Chinese life that today China and rickshaw are synonymous to the Occidental mind.

In many parts of China, rickshaws still are called Yang-Chedz, or "foreign carts." Another name is Ren Lee Che, or "man strength." And while "man strength" undoubtedly is a prerequisite for a rickshaw coolie, he must use skill as well as strength at his job.

On flat ground, for instance, he will keep the passenger fairly well balanced atop the axle. Up hill, he

will go forward in the shafts a bit to get the rider's weight ahead of the cart. And on a steep grade he will slide back in the shafts, let the rider drop back a little and ride down with him, his feet barely touching the ground.

Some days the rickshaw coolie should have stood in bed, for he actually can lose money. Most rickshaws are rented, paid for in advance for a period of a few hours. If the coolie does not find a fare in that time, he has to take the rickshaw back and he may not have the money to take it out again.

And despite the traffic jams in Chungking and Kunming, there is a shortage of rickshaws now.

kept the Japs busy. We slept that night under blankets and were still cold. It was a wonderful sensation feeling the cold run up and down after the heat of the Indian summer. The next morning, we had eggs again for breakfast, and we enjoyed them just as much as the night before. Eggs (fried fresh eggs) to us were quite a novelty...but we were to find that as long as we were in China we could have fried eggs every day, and so they were not to be a novelty anymore. After breakfast we watched the planes coming and going (the airport was very busy), and upon returning to our hostel we found that we were to move to Hotel #1. We packed and got on the trucks, and were driven through the city of Kunming (small dirty and narrow streets) to a very beautiful section of the outskirts of the city, and there we saw a beautiful set of buildings which were the headquarters of General Chennault and the Flying Tigers. We unpacked but found that we were to stay in the halls for awhile since the place was so crowded. The mess hall was quite beautiful and more enjoyable was the fact that there were table cloths and waiters. The Red Cross proved a rather nice place to spend some spare moments. We just stayed around for two days when I was interviewed by some Major for a job as a clerk in Chungking. I gladly accepted as I was tired of being a message center clerk. He said that I would hear from him in about three days. We were told we would move out to a place called the "Motor Pool", where we would stay and work with the 3198th Sig Sv Bn until our orders came out transferring us to permanent jobs. The "Motor Pool" was a broken down set of building and everytime that it rained I would get soaked since the ceiling had holes in it. But it was only temporary so I didn't mind...or at least I hoped it would be temporary. We were later

VICTORY-HOUSE
M E N U

L U C H E O N

hors d' Oeuvres

Soup a la Pains

Fien Meuniere

Chicken Saute Scoten

Pork Chop Breaded

boiled & French Fried

Saute French Beans

Ice Cream

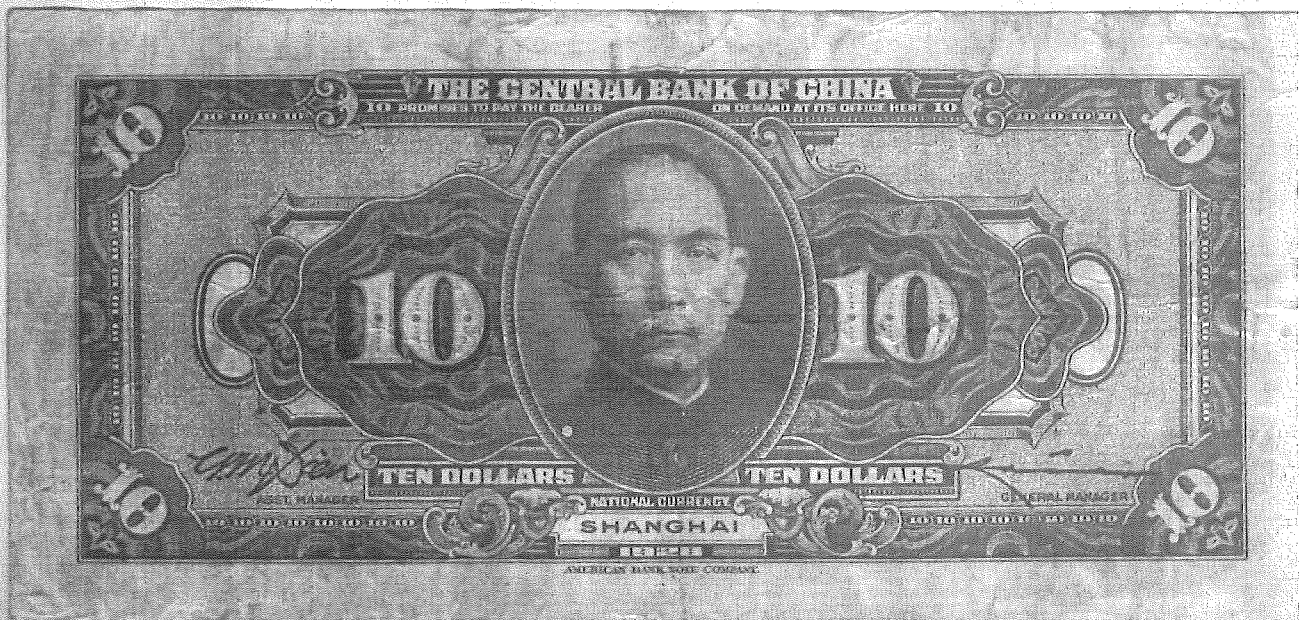
Fruit

Coffee

33000.00

23th September 1944

Notice
the
Price



taken to the Signal Center which was located in a fairly modern building right in the center of town. Here we were to work for eight hours a day. The work was rather interesting, but since I knew that I was to leave soon, I didn't have too much enthusiasm in my job. Kunming was a dirty city. It is located in the province of Yunnan which was governed by a Governor Lung (later to be expelled by Chiang Kai Shek after a two week battle). Here in Yunnan were sent many of the derelicts, thieves, and political outcasts from the rest of China. So there was quite a black market in the city. Cameras, silk stockings, American cigarettes (which we could sell from \$8 to \$10 a carton), were just little parts of what they had to sell at exorbitant prices. Cameras sold for \$600 American money...whereas back home they would be worth \$150. The exchange of currency from American money to Chinese was done on the streets by money changers, and during the time I was in Kunming the CN (which is Chinese National Currency) went from 1300 to 1 to 2500 to 1. Fountain pens were everywhere, and yet the American government didn't do anything about it even though there was positive proof that they all belonged to the American government. The CID (Criminal Investigations Division) did everything it could to prevent GIs from selling anything they had to the Chinese...it was a court-martial offense. But it still happened. We were in the center of the whole black market and it seemed that the proportions that it took were amazingly large, but it was only a drop in the bucket to all the supplies that were being brought over here. After a few days in Kunming we tried some of their famous Mulberry and Yunnan wines and they were quite good. We didn't use rickshaws anywhere near as often here in China as we did in India for the reason that government transportation



票發部食飲店支明具國生冠
 民國 地明 № 032146
 年 月 日
 共計國幣
 點 菜
 茶 麵
 1550
 號十三號八十二路初金地地
 號五六二二 電話

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

SPECIAL ORDERS)

UNSER... 149)

APO 579
27 July 1945

E-X-T-R-A-C-T

* * * * *
7. With the concurrence of the CG IBT the following named EM 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 currently on DS with 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 are reld fr DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 are trfd in gr to Tac Hq USF CT APO 627 and will rpt to CG thereof for dy:

S Sgt	John E Wernicke	16 171 179	SSN 674
S Sgt	Alfred S Tauber	12 218 777	SSN 805
Tec 3	Dale J Luebben	15 140 234	SSN 805
Tec 4	Emil E Gustafson	39 047 159	SSN 805
Tec 5	Claude S Lowmiller	37 540 021	SSN 805
Tec 5	John F Imbeninato	12 205 890	SSN 667
Tec 5	Harold E Pink	39 245 877	SSN 667
Pfc	Edwin C Maddex	35 630 129	SSN 805

EDCER 7 August 1945.
No T involved. PCS.

8. With the concurrence of the CG IBT the following named O 3152d sig sv Co APO 494 currently on DS at APO 627 are reld fr DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 are asgd to Tac Hq USF CT APO 627 and will rpt to CG thereof for dy:

2D LT	MORRIS W JONES	0 552 201	SSN 0224
2D LT	MICHAEL L SILES	0 552 251	SSN 0224

EDCER 7 August 1945.
No T involved. PCS.

9. With the concurrence of the CG IBT the following named EM 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 currently on DS with 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 are reld fr DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 are trfd in gr to 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 and will rpt to CG thereof for dy:

Cpl	Samuel Ludzin	32 601 149	SSN 667
Pfc	Herbert Bashkin	36 739 846	SSN 667

EDCER 7 August 1945.
No T involved. PCS.

10. With the concurrence of the CG IBT 2D LT ALVIN E WOOTEN O 554 867 SSN 0224 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 currently on DS at APO 627 is reld fr DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 is asgd to 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 and will rpt to CG thereof for dy.

EDCER 7 August 1945.
No T involved. PCS.

11. With the concurrence of the CG IBT the following named EM 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 currently on DS with Hq USF CT APO 379 are reld fr DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3152d Sig Sv Co APO 494 are trfd in gr to Hq USF CT APO 379 and will rpt to CG thereof for dy:

Sgt	Joseph G Grossette	37 178 629	SSN 674
Sgt	Oscar Colchamiro	33 549 021	SSN 667

EDCER 7 August 1945. No T involved. PCS.

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

(CONTD)

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

(CO HQ USF CT APO 879, 27 July 1945 cont'd)

12. With the concurrence of the CG IBT 2D Lt ARTHUR A RUSSELL O1 648 893
ASN 0502 3182d Sig Sv Co APO 494 currently on DS with HQ USF CT APO 879 is reld fr
DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3182d Sig Sv Co APO 494 is asgd to 4011th Sig Sv
Bn APO 280 and WP via first available T fr APO 879 to APO 280 RUAT to the CO for dy.

EDCR 7 August 1945.

Travel by air rail and/or any other available means of T is auth. No per
diem auth for TDY or DS where US Govt or WASC messing facilities and crs are avail-
able. TGN. PCS. 78-207 P 431-02-03 212/60425.

13. With the concurrence of the CG IBT the following named EM 3182d Sig Sv Co
APO 494 currently on DS with 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 are reld fr DS thereat fr
asgmt to and dy with 3182d Sig Sv Co APO 494 are trfd in gr to 3198th Sig Sv Bn
APO 627 and will rpt to CO thereof for dy:

S Sgt	Hal P Hunn	14	138	173	SSN 777
Tec 3	Wallaco A Hanson	16	134	485	SSN 777
Tec 5	Jerome J Bisacquino	13	123	855	SSN 777
Tec 4	Roland D Kent	39	336	609	SSN 649

EDCR 7 August 1945.

No T involved. PCS.

14. With the concurrence of the CG IBT the following named EM 3182d Sig Sv
Co APO 494 currently on DS with 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 are reld fr DS thereat fr
asgmt to and dy with 3182d Sig Sv Co APO 494 are trfd in gr to Tac HQ USF CT APO
627 and will rpt to CG thereof for dy:

Tec 4	Orville A Schmieding	37	472	351	SSN 777
Tec 5	Jim B Pearson	38	371	517	SSN 777

EDCR 7 August 1945.

No T involved. PCS.

15. The following named EM 3102d Sig Sv Bn APO 627 currently on DS with
3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 are reld fr DS thereat fr asgmt to and dy with 3102d Sig
Sv Bn APO 627 are trfd in gr to 3198th Sig Sv Bn APO 627 and will rpt to CO thereof
for dy:

S Sgt	Roy H Brooks	14	135	105	SSN 766
S Sgt	Wayne H Williams	15	197	412	SSN 766
Tec 3	Joseph P Cooke	33	131	189	SSN 766
Sgt	Thomas H Parramore	39	159	220	SSN 766
Tec 4	Herbert H Altemoos Jr	32	144	166	SSN 643
Tec 5	Fletcher W Tingle Jr	14	095	691	SSN 766
Tec 5	Harvin C Searles	17	060	328	SSN 766

EDCR 7 August 1945.

No T involved. PCS.

* * * * *
BY COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL WEDEMEYER:

RAY T MADDOCKS
Maj. Gen., CSC
Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:

Sylvio L Bousquin
SYLVIO L BOUSQUIN
Major, A. G. D.
Asst. Adj. General

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

The following page precedes this one →

was able to get a plane, but I didn't mind it as it was the first time since I left the states that I was to travel by myself and under my own responsibility. It felt like travelling like a civilian than like a soldier except that you didn't have to pay for it. Again I watched the silver planes circle the field, fly away or land. It was quite a sight: P-38s, P-54s, all kinds. Finally at 8:30 AM on the 7th of July I boarded a C-47 and we took off for Chungking. After gaining altitude, the air became rather bumpy and we ran into a storm but it was nothing more than just a tossing around. We landed at a small field for lunch about half way to Chungking. It was unbearably hot....and I was sorry that I had left the climate of Kunming behind me. Then we took off again and up in the clouds we felt cool once again. The ride was longer than I wanted it to be. I knew no one on the plane and it was becoming a little tiresome seeing the same mountain formations over and over again. But at approximately 3:30 PM of the same day our wheels touched the airport and Chungking, (and it was hot again). We couldn't wait to get out of the plane as the heat inside it was becoming unbearable. A weapons carrier drove up to the plane, and the unloading of the passengers began. I hopped out and since there was only a Chinese and myself who were long going into the city of Chungking, I got the front seat and waited for the driver to start. The ride to the city was approximately 1/2 hour long, and over the worst road I have ever had the misfortune to travel. It was a rocky, sandy road, and with a bounce at every turn of the wheel. By the time we hit the city (where the roads were a little better) I was about the most jostled person in the city at the time. The city was quite different from Kunming. Here there was ^{not} a city long block that ran on level ground.

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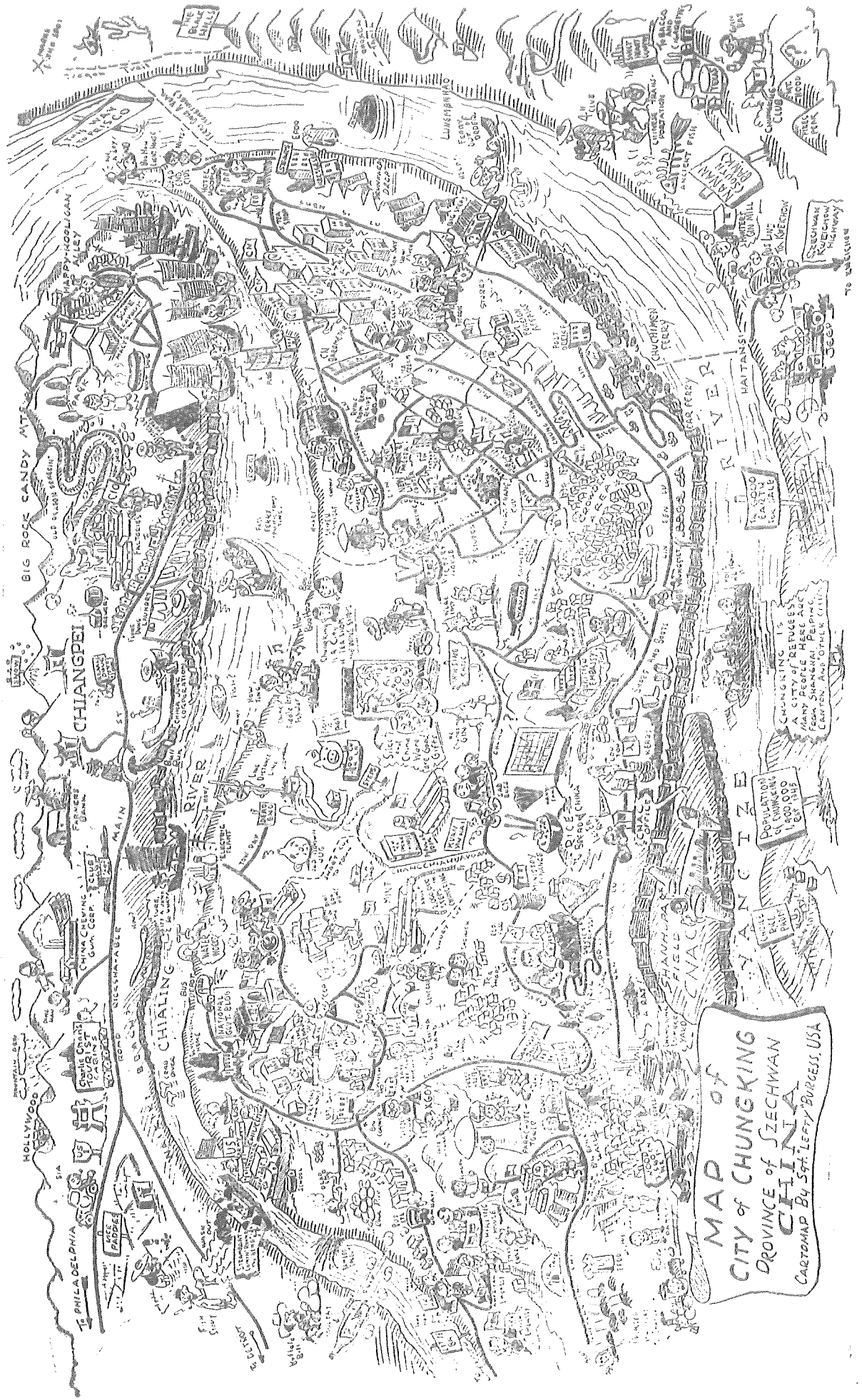
was more easily available here. But I did take some enjoyable rides at midnight from the message center back to the "Motor Pool".

There were some interesting stories of a political nature, and one of them I found quite indicative of the Chinese character. As I mentioned previously, the governor of Yunnan was a political enemy of General Chiang Kai Shek. When Chiang asked the governor of Yunnan to visit him up at Chungking, the governor accepted and asked that the Madame visit her cousin in Yunnan. A friendly gesture it might seem, but it was really the simple fact that Madame Chiang was to be a hostage for the safe return of Governor Lung. It was done and everything went along fine. If the governor did not return in fine health, I'm afraid that the Madame would not have been present at the San Francisco conference. Such are politics in China.

Days passed and so did weeks, and I was to find that I was about to give up hope of ever going to Chungking. One day, I believe that it was the 4th of July, the Chinese had a large parade on the anniversary of their opposition to the Japanese. Some of the troops were very well equipped, but none of them wore shoes, but instead a matted sole affair tied with strings around their feet. Traffic was stopped for quite awhile and nothing was normal again until the next day. A funny incident happened: one of the Chinese soldiers tripped in front of the building where I was watching the parade, due to the unevenness of the street and the weight he had to carry, and before he could get up approximately a battalion of men walked over him. It brought gales of laughter.

On the 5th of July, my orders came through to proceed to Chungking. Elated I packed all my bags, and took off for the airfield with my orders and records in hand. It took me two days before I

Chungking is built on some of the most unlevel ground in the world for a city. And I had to ride on it. We arrived at a group of buildings known as Chiu Ching...which became my quarters, and which was also the headquarters of the American army in China. The Chinese coolies took my bags from the truck and directed me to my bed...second floor, back. I did expect to find a hotel, but it seems that this was newly built and so there were approximately twenty to the room, with one bed above the other, but it was much better than what we had in Kunming. There were plenty of houseboys here to shine shoes, fix bed, fill canteens with water, sweep, etc so that we were free of those details. The mess hall came next. It wasn't really a mess hall, but just a restaurant. Square tables with real chairs were novelties, but we were to have them from now on. They were still building when I arrived. Then the latrines. Fresh running water from the tap. Showers with hot and cold running water.....it was almost too much to believe. There was a library, red cross, movie house, and a proposed ball field which was finally finished about six weeks after I arrived. It was just about fine, and the city of Chungking was included with no extra charge. But the heat!!!!!! Most people insisted that the change from Kunming's 6500 ft altitude to the heat of Chungking made the latter's climate even more unbearable, but I can attest to the fact that some of those days and nights were the hottest I've ever spent in my whole life. But a cold shower in the morning would revive me. Most of us would wake up groggy and some almost half-unconscious...and I'm not exaggerating. But by now most of the heat had gone since the rains came everytime the temperature went too high. But every once in awhile there is a scorcher....like today.



MAP of
CITY of CHUNGKING
PROVINCE of SICHUAN
CHINA
CARTOMAP BY SGT. LEFFY BURGESS, USA

CHUNGKING IS
A CITY OF REFUGEES.
MANY PEOPLE HERE ARE
FROM SHANGHAI, PEIPING,
CANTON, AND OTHER CITIES.

POPULATION
OF CHUNGKING
1,000,000
CHINESE

POPULATION
OF CHUNGKING
1,000,000
CHINESE

POPULATION
OF CHUNGKING
1,000,000
CHINESE

We were living on Per Diem (getting paid a certain sum every day and we would pay for the food we eat) in Chungking, and so we had to buy Chinese money with which to pay for our food. The exchange rate had gone up to 2700 CN to 1 American dollar. Our mess bill was about \$120,000 a month. It was funny handling so much money.

The city of Chungking (eating, dancing, and drinking places) were off limits to everyone due to the cholera epidemic. Everyone refers to the Americans in uniform. It seems that the entire eastern world suffers from cholera during the summer months and so we were not allowed to eat or drink anything that was not prepared under army supervision. Not one case of American personnel contracted cholera as far as I know. We were inoculated against cholera, but that is only about 40% effective. Malaria was another nuisance. After 6:00 PM everyone had to apply mosquito repellent and sleep under nets every night, sleeves rolled down and pants tucked in the shoes...you could never enjoy a cool night with all that clothing and repellent on you. But it was better than catching malaria. But in Chungking we relaxed those measures quite a bit as we lived in screened houses.

One of the most shocking sights that I had seen in China was the bound feet of the women. Their feet are wrapped from birth so that their toes grow under the arch. This has been made unlawful during the modern generation, but wherever you go you are sure to see the old women with feet about three or four inches long. It was supposed to be a sign of beauty, but to us, it was nauseating. They were practically cripples. They had to use canes, and could never stand still for a minute or else they would fall over. To us it appeared rather stupid. The modern generation

couldn't afford such a luxury due to the fact that they all had to work to earn their living. I'm sure that in about 15 or 20 years there won't be anymore women with small feet in China. Talking about feet, we had more trouble trying to buy shoes in Chungking, due to the fact that our feet were too large. Practically nothing over a size six. The Chinese have small feet naturally. So we had to have shoes made to order. I had two pairs made at a total cost of \$26,000.00 What a sport I was. I made my own designs though and it was quite nice having a pair hand made and to order.

One afternoon (I had off Mondays, Thursdays and Sunday afternoons) I decided to take a trip across the Yangtze River to visit the south bank. We got a jeep and chinese driver after about 1½ hours of waiting for it, and finally went down to the river where we had to take the car ferry. The Yangtze was quite wide this time of the year. We finally reached the other side with the aid of a tug boat which pushed the ferry, and then started the long climb up the winding roads of the mountains. Then we reached the top and saw aerial views of the city since we were so high. We stopped and took pictures to record the trip. It was quite beautiful way up there. The roads were cut out of the mountain. The road that we took leads to Kweiyang which is an important stopping place along the Ledo road. It was quite a ride. We returned at about 5:30, crossed the Yangtze and went back to Chiu Ching, where we lived. It was quite a pleasant afternoon. We saw a candy merchant and gave him \$500.00 and told him to give candy to the children standing about. When the kids saw this, they almost mobbed the candy man. They took so much candy that we had to give him another \$500.00 in order to pacify him. They were all elated.

(SO 191 HQ, USF CT APO 879, 8 Sept 45 Contd)

TO BE TECHNICIAN THIRD GRADE

Tec 4	Robert N Heideman	18 117 179	CE	167
Sgt	M J Larie	33 719 268		055
Sgt	Joseph G Grossette	37 178 629		502
Sgt	Oscar Colchamiro	33 549 021		405

TO BE SERGEANT

Cpl	Robert H Alexander	39 117 738		405
Tec 5	Alvin Aloisi	31 270 661		
Cpl	Phillip G Seal	39 929 787		405

TO BE TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE

Tec 5	John E B Halse	17 129 315	CF	109
Tec 5	Andrew Lesko	35 526 711	CE	153
Tec 5	Donald E Smith	32 444 800	MD	
Tec 5	J L Savage	34 976 684		405
Tec 5	Earl K Moody	33 815 358		405

TO BE CORPORAL

Pvt	Bruce C Hanke	6 937 440		
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TO BE TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE

Pfc	William G Smock	33 874 460		
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BY COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL WEDEMEYER:

OFFICIAL:

Sylvio L Pousquin
SYLVIO L POUSQUIN
Lt. Col., A. G. D.
Asst. Adj. General

RAY T MADDOCKS
Maj. Gen., GSC
Chief of Staff

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

SPECIAL ORDERS)

AFG 879

NUMBER.....191)

8 Sept 45

E-N-T-R-A-N-C-E

* * *
19. PAC WD MIS Letter, file MID 220.3 dated 16 April 1945, Subj: "MIS Sub-
allotment #C-35 JICA, China Th," dtd 30 Aug 45 and UP AR 615-5 as amended,
announcement is made of the temp prom of the fol named EM JICA, China Th:

TO BE TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE

Pfc Manuel Peters 35 528 847 DEML

20. PAC WD Radio WARE 57947 and UP AR 615-5 as amended, announcement is
made of the temp prom of the fol named EM MIS WDGS atcd this Hq:

TO BE TECHNICAL SERGEANT

S Sgt Harlow P Andrews 11 082 535 Sig C
S Sgt John Coudeau 38 259 147

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt Allyn R Gerning 36 967 336 Sig C
Sgt C W Beskora 35 833 639

21. So much of par 14 SO 191 this Hq as reads:

"S Sgt John M Coudeau 38 259 147
S Sgt Harlow P Andrews 11 082 535"

is amended to read:

"T Sgt John M Coudeau 38 259 147
T Sgt Harlow P Andrews 11 082 535"

22. UP AR 615-5 as amended announcement is made of the temp prom of the
fol named EM this Hq:

TO BE TECHNICAL SERGEANT

Tec 3 Robert D Long 35 348 863 405
Tec 3 Warren Davis 33 345 275 GE 107
S Sgt Paul Grody 32 889 096 055
S Sgt John W Upham 39 199 058

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt Lloyd N Emerson 36 695 385 DEML

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

(CONTD)

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

Oscar Colchamiro
74 513

SPECIAL ORDERS)

NUMBER.....197)

APO 879
14 Sept 45

E-X-T-R-A-C-T

* * * * *
12. Under the prov of Executive Order No 3809 dtd 28 June 1941 as amended by Executive Order No 9323 dtd 31 March 1943 a Good Conduct Medal is awarded to the fol named EM who having served for a period of one or more years as EM in the AUS have displayed fully characteristics of exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity:

HEADQUARTERS USF CT APO 879

M Sgt	Raymond C Bell	13 010 142	MD
M Sgt	Edward M Hensley	35 265 180	AC
M Sgt	Calvin T Kobata	39 083 218	Inf
T Sgt	George S Chuzie	15 016 575	Ord
T Sgt	Paul E Deppen	35 345 138	AC
T Sgt	Hiroshi Kawamoto	30 102 852	Inf
T Sgt	John M Keith	38 069 225	AC
T Sgt	Ralph E Mason	14 072 136	BI
T Sgt	Roy H Matsumoto	18 184 261	BI
T Sgt	Alvin L Reed	6 865 296	MD
T Sgt	Earl S Spraker	33 322 945	AC
T Sgt	Melvin C Wiese	37 448 619	CE
S Sgt	Thomas D Griffith	35 217 925	AC
S Sgt	Albert J Markowitz	33 057 964	DEFL
T Sgt	John W Upham	39 199 058	TC
Tec 3	Satoru Inouye	30 106 574	BI
Tec 3	Joseph Kulikowski	33 177 407	DEFL
Tec 3	Cecil J Lowrance	18 179 213	MD
Sgt	David W Brooks	31 064 924	MD
Sgt	Anthony J Chiusano	31 261 596	DEFL
Sgt	Joseph F Circle	42 034 731	FD
Tec 3	Oscar Colchamiro	33 549 021	Sig C
Sgt	Robert J Doolan	33 182 771	MD
Sgt	William B Megary	33 105 226	DEFL
Sgt	Lovel D Stell	38 711 474	CAV
Tec 4	Frank E Agar Jr	32 311 281	BI
Tec 4	Max Bernstein	32 092 686	Ord
Tec 4	Howard M Brotz	31 405 823	DEFL
Tec 4	Richard T Corsa	33 776 918	CNC
Tec 4	Joseph M Gasparre	39 309 922	Inf
Tec 4	James H Graham	6 664 458	DEFL
Tec 4	James A Higdon	33 541 847	MD
Tec 4	Eugene W Humphrey	35 781 535	DEFL
Tec 4	Bernard A Kloehn	33 195 390	CE
Tec 4	Larry J Mackey	35 813 387	Sig C
Tec 4	John A Stellabotte	42 127 087	Sig C
Tec 5	Francis M Andras	36 951 213	CAV
Tec 5	Ernest W Atkinson	44 010 453	BI
Tec 5	Jack M Burbee	37 747 666	TC

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

(CONTB)

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

(SO 197 H. USE CT APO 879, dtd 14 Sept 45 Contd)

Tec 5	Donald E Bergerhouse	33 745 989	TC
Tec 5	John S Blew	39 344 095	Sig C
Tec 5	Curtis V Brough	35 931 681	CWS
Tec 5	Harry E Carpenter	36 972 991	CWS
Tec 5	Frank Cohen	17 074 095	CAV
Tec 5	Gordon E Drown	37 772 012	BI
Tec 5	Harry Cross	42 068 088	Sig C
Tec 4	Floyd R Gustafson	37 600 760	BI
Tec 5	Robert C Hall	39 934 164	DEML
Tec 5	Leon H Kriner	33 876 741	DEML
Tec 5	James H Lanier	34 948 387	TC
Tec 5	Clinton L Lewis	34 979 935	Ord
Tec 5	Isidore Lurie	33 700 558	Inf
Tec 5	Joseph V McGuire	32 327 498	BI
Tec 5	Harry E Mendenhall	35 905 766	DEML
Tec 5	John C Miller	35 849 391	DEML
Tec 4	Earl K Moody	33 815 558	BI
Tec 5	Jack F Rutland	34 838 939	BI
Tec 5	Fred F Rowley	34 975 986	FD
Tec 5	Harry E Sanchez	39 864 905	Ord
Tec 4	Joseph L Savage	34 976 684	TC
Sgt	John L Smith	37 744 788	TC
Tec 5	Angelo Turchet Jr	39 049 629	CAV
Tec 5	Walter H Zillessen	11 136 234	DEML
Pfc	Albert G Carter	34 934 195	BI
Pfc	Eugene C Gunther	36 845 915	BI
Tec 5	William G Smock	33 874 460	Inf
Tec 5	Robert L Snyder	33 924 752	DEML
Pvt	Jonathan Percal	42 135 142	MC
Tec 3	Joseph G Crossette	37 178 629	Sig C

ATCHD H. USE CT APO 879

Sgt Allyn R Corning 36 967 336 Sig C

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BY COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL WEDEMEYER:

RAY T MADDOCKS
Maj. Gen., GSC
Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:

Sylvio L. Boussuin
SYLVIO L BOUSSUIN
Lt. Col., A. G. D.
Asst. Adj. General

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

12 August at 8 PM I started on a drunk, the likes of which I had never before undergone. The cause was that news from somewhere had reported that Japan had given up. It later turned out to be untrue or rather premature. I was in the middle of a letter when I stopped everything, got dressed, and went to town with a few of my friends who had a jeep. The streets were crowded to capacity. We rode all through town watching the Chinese cheer and yell and shot off fire crackers. What a night that was. The funny part of it was that we were the celebrities that night. The crowd ding-hoed up, ran after the jeep, applauded us, threw fire crackers in front of the jeep, shook our hands, and made us feel like General Eisenhower during one of his receptions. We finally left the jeep and decided to walk a bit. We were carried by the Chinese and celebrated at our every step. Then we decided to buy some Hunter's Gin (the only kind you can get in Chungking) and celebrate. It was almost impossible for me to get up the next morning. What a hangover, but it was worth it as the war with the Japs was about to end. It was truly one night which I shall never forget. We were sure that it was about to be over due to the news of the atomic bomb. The next day, when I had gone to the headquarters building, I saw a group of GIs standing around with their cameras waiting for someone. I found out that they were waiting to take pictures of General Chiang Kai Shek (we used to call him Shanker Jack), and Ambassador Hurley who had come to visit General Wedemeyer. After about 10 minutes of waiting out they came. Chiang Kai Shek and Hurley came out all decked up in their fineries. Chiang who could speak no English just nodded with a big smile on his face, letting everyone take his photograph.

RADIOGRAM

WORLD WIDE SERVICE



CENTRAL GOVERNMENT OF INDIA



24 NOV 1954

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ALL LOVE AND SABB.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON.

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What I wouldn't have done for a camera at that time. I could have sworn I heard him say "ding hao" which was one of the few phrases I knew in Chinese (means Very Good). Ambassador Hurley stood around with his secretary, and I was right behind him. He is quite an impressive looking man even in civilian clothes. His remark to his secretary was "If you have everything then we can go back home". After they left, I had lunch and was sorry that I missed the opportunity of photographing them. Then V-J day was pronounced and the whole headquarters had a meeting at our theater at Chiu-Ching where we lived, and General Wedemeyer was there. He made a little talk on the cessation of hostilities, and reminded us that we were still "ambassadors" in China and that we should act accordingly. He thanked us for the wonderful job that we did in China and how we acted, etc. I was to see both Chiang and Wedemeyer at a later date. The Chinese prepared the city for their three day celebration. Green ferns were put all over the city with elaborate signs and decorations. Then on the 3rd of September, the parades began. I watched them from the office. They were parades like the ones we had back home. They were quite disorganized though. Anyone who wanted to celebrate could just join the parade. They had floats, Chinese bands, parading soldiers, civilians, etc. The dragons were the most interesting. The Chinese would do dances in the streets with these dragon costumes. The Chinese would applaud when the dancers went into a frenzy. A man with a rod would challenge the man holding the head of the dragon by waving his stick, and the man with the head of the dragon would try to follow the stick, the rest of the dragons body moving in rhythm back and forth. The celebrations kept on for three days. There was one small parade wherein the Chinese asked for money

China: Today's Bitter Fiasco, Tomorrow's Sure Battleground . . .

Harold Isaacs, NEWSWEEK war correspondent, has just returned to the United States on leave from China. He brings the following report and estimate of China's place in the Pacific war.

The big battles of the Pacific war are about to roll past China. With the swift development of the Pacific offensive and the virtual certainty of Russian entry into the war, no one counts any longer on any serious Chinese participation in the coming heavy blows against Japan. The target now is the Japanese homeland itself. In the next phase, operations in China, by Chinese or by Americans, will be token operations with strictly limited objectives.

But the Battle of Japan will not be enough. Japan has an army of more than a million men firmly entrenched on the Chinese continent. There they are capable of fighting a long and dogged fight. It may be the final battle of the war or the first battle of the "peace"—but the Battle of China will have to be fought.

Failure of a Hope: All the vague hopes of the past two years that Chinese manpower could be trained and equipped to fight and win the continental battles have proved vain. The American effort to create an effective anti-Japanese military force in China itself has failed. It broke down on Chinese war weariness, on the weakness of the Chungking government, on the limitations of Washington's China policy, and on the insufficiency of American material aid.

There were many reasons for this failure. China is a blockaded, impoverished, exhausted country, lashed for nearly eight years by harsh invasion, crushed for eighteen years under the semi-medieval tyranny of the Kuomintang militarist regime, and battered for more than a century by the political, economic, and military invasions of the Western powers and Japan.

There should be no surprise or chagrin or self-righteous disappointment at China's weakness, only wonder at the strength it still possesses. Its true fibers lie in its people, the ordinary, illiterate, hard-working *laopaihsing* or common folk, who endure despite all the pressures that would have long since devitalized most other peoples.

Hernism in Tatters: Americans in China, however, have had to deal with the regime, not with the people. The American theater commander, Lt. Gen. Albert Wedemeyer, has to try to cooperate, as an adviser, with a social system deeply corroded by medievalism and backwardness. He has to work in an area with no railroads, few highways,

and a line of supply that reaches back over the greatest mountain barrier in the world. He has to try to create an effective fighting force out of an army that for years has been systematically starved, abused, brutalized, and subjected to corruption, nepotism, and the hopelessly blundering incompetence of political generals.

The simple Chinese soldier has for the most part borne incomparably the blows of the invasion. He has paid heavily for the criminal ignorance and cupidity of his senior commanders. He endures, he sacrifices, and, given half a



Wedemeyer: Heir to Stilwell's troubles

chance, he fights heroically. But no man who is starving and unarmed is going to stand up long to a powerful enemy, and that has been the plight of most Chinese troops in the field.

It has been made too easy, however, for venal leaders, corrupt generals, and thieving politicians and bureaucrats to hide behind the ragged heroism of the Chinese soldier. The soldier, at his best, mirrors the people. The army mirrors the regime, and any regime capable of creating and perpetuating the conditions that exist in the Chinese Army is, by definition, incapable of marshaling a country's strength.

Muddled Policy?: Limited to airlift over the Hump and heavily preoccupied in Europe, the United States was able to send only the meagerest trickle of arms into China. The Fourteenth Air Force achieved remarkable results on a shoestring, but in the ground fighting, where Chungking was counted on to make the trickle effective, the effort was all but hopeless.

It is fashionable in China to speak of

the muddled confusion of American policy. Superficially, this often seems true enough. But at the root it is not true at all: Washington has a policy in China, a very determined policy which seriously affects the military situation. That policy is all-out support of the Chungking government headed by Chiang Kai-shek.

Certain of American support, Chungking has been able to persist in its policy of coasting along until the United States takes Japan off its back and of placing its own narrow interests above those of the common struggle against Japan.

Only recently has Chiang Kai-shek finally agreed to permit consolidation of some divisions, reorganization, intensive training, and creation of a new striking force. But this agreement came too late to affect immediate decisions of strategy. Difficulties of supply will limit the scope of the plan and the new force will undoubtedly weigh more in the domestic military balance of power than in the scales against the Japanese.

From the military point of view the American policy has had a still graver consequence: Support of the Kuomintang government has made it impossible to utilize the forces of the Communists. The Communists claim an army of 600,000. They occupy and operate in vast regions around and behind the Japanese lines of communications and carry on a constant, fluid guerrilla warfare. American military observers have reported with striking unanimity that these forces, modestly supplied and coordinated into a common strategy, could transform the military picture.

The only trouble is that the Kuomintang fears and hates the Communists as much as it does the Japanese and will never willingly allow them to grow any stronger, as they would if they benefited from American war supplies.

The key fact of present-day Chinese politics is this: After the heavy defeats in Central China last winter, the internal balance of power in China began to shift. The Communists, in possible combination with dissident militarists and politicians, are now potentially stronger than the Kuomintang. This explains in part Chiang's present greater willingness to let the Americans build a new army for him. It also explains the increased cockiness of the Communists, for time and circumstances are now working for them and not for Chungking.

Government-in-Exile: Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley made a clumsy attempt to bring about a Kuomintang-Communist agreement. Chiang insisted upon terms which meant virtual Communist surrender to Kuomintang mercies. The Communists on their part

... and a Problem That Must Be Solved Before World Peace Is Won

insisted upon terms which meant Kuomintang abdication of power. The result was stalemate.

The American decision in this situation is to keep all eggs in the Kuomintang basket. This may mean an investment in future Chinese civil war. If the Russians, entering the China picture, decide to back the Communists, the stage is set for the first obscure battles of the next world war. If in any case it is to be a question of jockeying, the Americans will at best find themselves backing a government with no real basis of power except American support. For the Chungking government is in many respects much like a government-in-exile in its own country.

The Chungking government is a single-party dictatorship which in essentials boils down to the one-man dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek. The party and government are controlled by a small group of trusted veteran bureaucrats divided into warring cliques and factions among whom Chiang skillfully holds the balance. They alone enjoy unqualified freedom of speech, press, and assembly in the areas they control. From its capital this government controls portions of the West China provinces. By far the greater portion of China proper is held either by the Japanese or by Communist or Communist-led guerrillas, by local puppets, or by independent warlords.

The government is cut off from the

great mass of the people, from the most populous valleys and cities. It is remote from their real problems and indifferent or impotent in the face of their hardships. It promises future democratic reforms but meanwhile refuses to opposition elements anything but token representation in the government. It clings to the shrinking forms and titles of power while the reality slips farther and farther from its grasp.

The 'Reds': The Communists are becoming the single most important political factor in China. They are shrewd, able, and ingenious organizers. They practice a program of mild agrarian reforms. They lighten the tax burden and reduce abuses. They allow a degree of self-government which may not cut very deep but which, compared with Kuomintang rule, is unbridled freedom. They know the secret of exploiting the mass power of the Chinese peasants and, by giving a modicum of relief, they have won a respectable degree of mass support. It is this support, which the Kuomintang lacks, that gives them their importance, present and potential.

On the other hand, the Communists are still a totalitarian party and moreover one which has cut loose from all principle. What is gospel to it today might be anathema tomorrow if it suits its purpose. The Communists are ready to accommodate themselves and their

program to any political tendencies more conservative than they, but it would be interesting to know how they would deal with tendencies more radical. This we may learn only when the Communists move from the scattered rural areas they now hold into the more complex political and economic spheres of the ruling urban centers.

Nevertheless, for better or worse, their methods are bringing the Communists closer to power and their future course will be determined in largest measure by the role that the Soviet Union decides to play in Asia. This is not to allege that the Chinese Communists are "alien" or "Russian." It is simply to state the fact that in Asia, as in Europe, the "Russian question" will become the No. 1 question on the national and international political agenda.

Of this the Chungking government is acutely aware. Chiang Kai-shek has been trying unsuccessfully for more than a year to get Stalin to receive an emissary. When T. V. Soong seeks a bid again after the San Francisco conference, he may not be again rebuffed. Whether he goes or not, however, Stalin may not want to show his hand in Asia until his armies are looking the situation over from the Great Wall on the southern borders of Manchuria or perhaps even from the banks of the Yellow River.

America's Choices: In the light of this prospect what would American intentions be? Will the United States undertake to send a major expeditionary force of its own into China or will it leave the big fighting there to the Russians? If American forces do eventually land in any strength on China's coast, what will be the policy on cooperation with Communist forces which offer to help? If the domestic issue in China is pushed to civil war, will the United States back the Kuomintang with arms and possibly even with men? If the Russians take a positive stand with regard to any special position they want in Manchuria, what will the American attitude be? How, in short, would the United States intend to regulate the new relations created in Asia by the defeat of Japan and the emergence of the Soviet Union as the world's other great power?

Thus already cradled in China are all the potential conflicts that cloud the future. It was in China that the war "began" in 1931 and it is there, apparently, that the war must "end," if end there is to be. For China is the crux of the Pacific war. Until its problems are solved there will be no peace in Asia, and while there is no peace in Asia there can be no peace in the world. That is how important China is to Americans.



The Chinese people: Suffering, sorrowing, enduring women and children ride the rods to escape from the Japanese on the eastern front

Army Weather Eye Covers Asia, Plots Data for Pacific Attacks

This exclusive dispatch, explaining the dependence of our Pacific actions on isolated meteorological observers in the interior of China, comes from Harold R. Isaacs, NEWSWEEK's correspondent in the China-Burma-India theater.

Weather is crucial, even decisive, in the Pacific war.

Storms sweeping eastward from the bare heights of the Central Asian plateau may affect next week's movements of the fleet in the Western Pacific. Speed and direction of bitter winds blowing across some arid, distant Mongolian steppe may fix a whole week's operation for bombers flying out of Saipan.

When Col. Richard E. Ellsworth, the 34-year-old West Pointer commanding the Blank* Weather Squadron, flew from China to Guam in January, he was told there: "If the Blank will deliver, the rest will be easy." The Weather Squadron has been delivering.

The Blank delivers from a vast chunk of the earth's surface and from the great layers of hitherto unexplored air that lie above it. It has 2,300 men spread thin—south, deep into the Indian Ocean far below the Equator; north, to the Siberian border; west, into Baluchistan and Sinkiang; and east, to the China Sea. They

work at some 100 stations, dotting a gigantic, rough parallelogram about 3,000 miles deep and 4,000 miles wide. They observe, plot, and forecast weather for all planes that fly in India and Burma, across the Hump, and in China.

The Weather Squadron's stations are located in some of the remotest spots in the world. The days roll into each other in an indistinguishable series of balloon runs, instrument readings, and radio reports.

Weather Airline: Moving personnel and weather and communications equipment into China was a difficult task at a time when every ounce flown over the Hump was questioned. Colonel Ellsworth finally acquired two C-47s of his own. These two ships, affectionately called "the Weather Airline," have carried most of the personnel and the great bulk of supplies to all corners of the beat.

This operation has involved grueling and spectacular flying. Ellsworth has flown the Hump more than 100 times and has piloted squadron ships to his farthest stations. Maj. Harry (Tex) Albaugh of San Antonio recently went home after completing some 1,300 hours of hazardous flying for the squadron. Last November, Albaugh and Maj. Joseph Dillow, Weather Squadron communications officer, flew from Peshawar in Northwestern

India across the high end of the Himalayas, direct to Tihwa in Sinkiang—the first time such a flight was ever made.

Dependent at first on a conglomeration of tactical radio networks and Chinese communications, the Weather Squadron has gradually taken over most of the job of insuring swift and regular dispatch of weather information.

Reports also come in from United States Army and other intelligence officers in all parts of China, from British and Russian* sources, and from pilots returning from missions over enemy territory.

Empty spaces on the meteorological map are often filled in by flying weather stations—specially equipped aircraft of a weather reconnaissance squadron, flown by skilled young pilots who make long, dangerous flights to take needed readings.

But increasingly the basic material from which weather maps are drawn is coming from the squadron's own stations, of which there are at present 36 in China alone.

The record of the Weather Squadron is highlighted with new techniques and improvisations, some of which have already become permanent contributions to the science and practice of meteorology.

☐ In the Assam Valley in Northeastern India, jumping-off place for all Hump flying, Capt. Donald E. Martin and M. Sgt. Paul Bauer worked out their own tricks (still secret) for forecasting when fog would come down and when it would lift.

☐ In East China a young forecaster, Lt. Lester Supiro, found a way of making hydrogen for inflating the balloons out of materials available in China. For ferrosilicon he substituted aluminum salvaged from wrecked planes and locally processed. This technique, which has saved up to 25,000 pounds of freight each month, has been adopted all over the world by the Army.

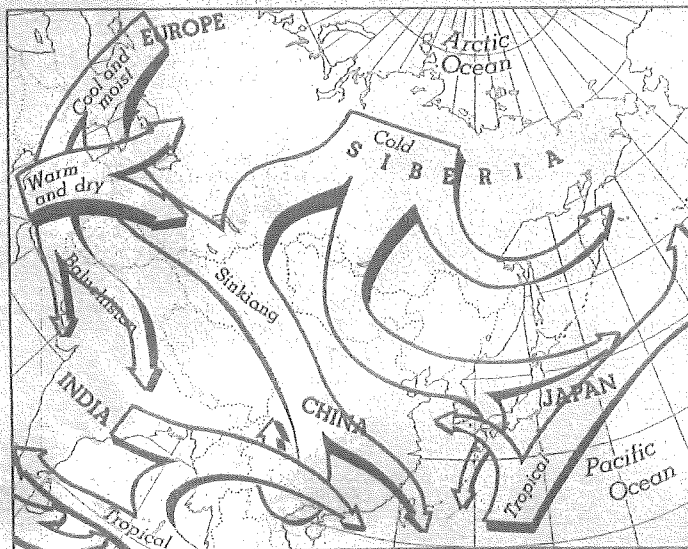
Storms Over Asia: But far more important than new methods are these new facts the squadron has discovered about Asiatic meteorology:

☐ It is now known that there are two tropical fronts, not one, in the vicinity of the Equator. If meetings of these fronts can be located accurately and in time, it may be possible to forecast hurricanes two or three days earlier than can now be done on the basis of observed pressures, clouds, winds, and sea swells.

☐ Work of the weather men has exploded the old notion that equatorial regions enjoy stable, unchanging seasonal conditions. They have learned that equatorial regions have moving weather or storm systems, as do higher latitudes.

☐ It was believed previously that the

*Name withheld for reasons of military security.



The Blank's new weather map of Asia upsets ancient, accepted wind theories.

*American radio monitors pick up Russian weather information from unceded broadcasts.



U.S. Army Air Forces
AMBASSADOR HURLEY

He delighted the Communists.

greatcoat over his woolen olive drab. General Hurley wore correct two-star uniform, complete with three rows of campaign ribbons, Mexican Aztec Eagle, White Eagle of Yugoslavia, D.S.C. (for gallantry in World War I) and U.S. Distinguished Service Medal with oak-leaf cluster. Cracked the Colonel: "General, you have got a ribbon there for everything but Shays's Rebellion."

Meeting in Yen-an. A rush phone call staff. . . . I saw what was more sinister—how the Gestapo would seize some man or



Dictator's Followers
"The studied destruction of"

TIME, JANUARY 1, 1945

Impasse. Having thus shattered the ice in a way more formalized diplomats would have disdained (or perhaps have been unable) to do, General Hurley hitched up his chair and took an earnest part in the serious talks that followed. Few days later he brought Chou En-lai south for more parleys in Chungking. Fortnight ago Chou returned to Yen-an with a proposal from Chiang Kai-shek for a Chinese united front (TIME, Dec. 13). For all Pat Hurley's war whoops, his easy jokes, his readiness to act as an intermediary, the gulf between the Communists and the Central Government was still unbridged.

Last week over the Yen-an radio Mao Tse-tung angrily spurned the Generalissimo's offer. Cried Mao: The Chungking Government is "defeatist. . . obstinate in holding to a one-party dictatorship." Recent parleys, he said, had not "attained the least result." China was still cleft.

Chungking WPB

Donald Marr Nelson, U.S. special envoy to China, was back in Washington after a strenuous month's trip around the globe. The ears of the ex-WPBoss still rang with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's encomium: "If it [the Nelson mission] had happened as much as one year ago, I believe the present situation would be far better." To Franklin Roosevelt, Don Nelson brought a heartening report. With the Generalissimo's full cooperation, the Nelson mission had launched at Chungking a Chinese WPB.

On his arrival in Chungking last November with a corps of American steel and alcohol experts, Don Nelson found the Generalissimo impatiently waiting.

Chiang had already begun organization of a War Production Board, had chosen as its boss honest, able Dr. Wong Wen-hao, renowned geologist and Minister of Economic Affairs. What he wanted the Americans to do was to buckle down at once to the details of the organization job. Their first chore: drafting an organic law for the Chinese WPB.

Don Nelson's assistant, tall, dapper Edwin Allen Locke, laid in a supply of head towels and midnight oil and set to work. Within four days & nights he produced the document. On the fifth day he and Don Nelson won Dr. Wong's and Generalissimo Chiang's approval.

From Trial & Error. The Chinese WPB takes advantage of the many trials & errors of the American war production system. By every device Nelson & Co. could conceive, the setup eliminates diffuse authority, parallel agencies, snafuing red tape, all other bureaucratic hindrances to efficient administration.

In one package are powers over production, priorities, allocation, exports & imports, transportation. It is a sort of combination WPB-OPA-FEA-ODT-WMC, responsible solely to Chiang Kai-shek as the all-powerful President of the Executive Yuan and chairman of the National Military Council.

In Chungking courtly Businessman Howard Coonley, onetime WPB Conservation Director, is now serving as chief adviser to Dr. Wong. American steel experts are in the field, trying to step up China's tiny steel industry (annual production: 10,000 tons), which operates at less than 20% capacity. Alcohol experts strive to increase the output of the country's main fuel. In



MAO TSE-TUNG
China was still cleft.

CHINA

The New Army (See Cover)

Nanking fell. Far south in China, Chinese armies snatched the railroad lifeline (now at last referred to as a line of retreat) for Japan's armies in Malaya, Thailand and Indo-China. Farther north, other Chinese armies hacked doggedly at the same strategic artery whose seizure by Japan a year ago brought China to the brink. On the central coast a third Chinese force, having dislodged the Japanese from the port of Foochow, fanned north and west, preparing a possible landing zone for U.S. forces.

It remained to be seen how much of their gains the Chinese could hold. But to China, after eight years of unrelieved defeat and retreat, the battle news last week came like the crash of a victory gong.

Behind the resurgent Chinese armies (U.S.-trained, U.S.-supplied, U.S.-supported) was the cool, clear organizing and strategic brain of a tall, tactful American, the commander of all the U.S. forces in China and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff—Lieut. General Albert Coady Wedemeyer. He was the youngest (48) of U.S. theater commanders and one of the least known to the U.S. public. But all of his past now seems like a long (sometimes circuitous) march toward his predestined task in China.

Marching through Georgia. Wedemeyer was born to soldiering and cradled to the strains of military music. His grandfather, a music master, emigrated from the politically seething Germany of 1840, organized a band for the Union Army and marched it through Georgia,



CHIANG KAI-SHEK

From him, unprecedented cooperation.

presumably with General William Tecumseh Sherman. His father, Captain Albert Anthony Wedemeyer, served as a U.S. Army bandmaster in the Spanish-American War.

Young Wedemeyer's real love was the Army. He was in grade school when he first announced that he was going to West Point. With the help of the popular Nebraska politician (who was to become the late great liberal Senator), George W. Norris (see Books), and some stiff boning for entrance exams, Wedemeyer got there

in 1917. Fifteen months later, the first of the 20th Century's world wars caused his bobtail graduation as a second lieutenant.

As a young officer he was not distinguished. In 1923 he was sent to the Philippines—an assignment memorable chiefly because on the way he met and (in Corregidor) married Dade Embick. (Her father, now Lieut. General Stanley D. Embick, is chairman of the Inter-American Defense Board.)

Marching through Berlin. Five years later Lieut. Wedemeyer was sent out to the 15th Infantry at Tientsin, China. The vast, stirring nation, slowly shaping from revolutionary chaos into a modern nation under the hand of young Chiang Kai-shek, fascinated the U.S. officer. He studied Chinese. But Wedemeyer turned down a chance for a career in the China service. In 1934 he was back in the U.S.

Somewhere along the routine line, something had happened to Wedemeyer. He began to study economics, foreign affairs, history and the new concept of air power. A mind that can be as cold and rigorous as a steel trap had found something to bite on. In 1936, Wedemeyer (now a captain after 15 years as lieutenant) graduated from the General Staff School at Leavenworth with such high honors that he was chosen to attend the German General Staff School, Berlin's famed *Kriegsakademie*.

The minds inside the bullet heads of the *Wehrmacht* officers hit the receptive mind of the U.S. captain with the impact of a robomb. German officers, he found, were less flexible than U.S. military men. But they lived, breathed and dreamed war. They understood war as politics and peace as politics.

Later the War Department frisked Wedemeyer's memory for tidbits about Hitler, Göring, Goebbels and other Nazis. It showed scant interest in his incisive opinions about the *Wehrmacht's* masterminds and master weapons. Only one man took the captain's technical report seriously—Brigadier General George Marshall, then assistant chief of staff of the War Plans Division. Marshall had a long talk with the military student from Germany. When he became Chief of Staff, he remembered Wedemeyer.

General's General. So in 1941, the year the *Wehrmacht* turned from its victories in the West to overrun the Balkans and penetrate Russia, Wedemeyer was assigned to the War Plans Division. His job was to draw up the first overall war plan for the U.S. After Pearl Harbor, his estimates became the basic pattern of the U.S. war effort. By 1942's end, Wedemeyer was a member of Marshall's inner group, a key figure in overall strategy. He

* One of them, Colonel General Alfred Jodl, now a war prisoner (see INTERNATIONAL), wrote Wedemeyer a long letter in 1940, explaining just how the German breakthrough in France was accomplished.



CHINA'S BURMA TROOPS

The battle news was like a victory gong.

U.S. Army Signal Corps-International

had become a general's general. He accompanied General Marshall on all the great conferences from Casablanca through Teheran. He had an important hand in Allied Mediterranean strategy and in the planning of the Normandy invasion.

When the Southeast Asia Command was set up (1943), Lord Louis Mountbatten chose Wedemeyer as his U.S. aide. At first the Southeast Asia Command looked like a dead end to Wedemeyer. Then one morning last October, he was handed a sealed envelope. He had been chosen U.S. Commander in Chief of the China Theater.

Moment of Destiny. Lieut. General Wedemeyer's directive from Washington was simple: help China forge an effective fighting force. In Chungking Wedemeyer faced a vortex of Chinese distrust, U.S. resentment, war weariness, political intrigue, near catastrophe. Two rare qualities were needed to cope with the problem—a mastery of soldiering in its highest reaches, and a talent for coalition war.

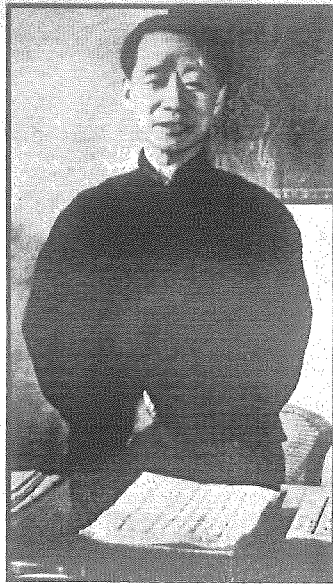
As staff general, Wedemeyer tirelessly studied China's beaten, war-weary, underfed, ill-armed, wretchedly conscripted army of 300 divisions which had to be whipped into shape. It was backed by a blockaded, withered economy producing some 10,000 tons of steel a year, supported by a transport system lacking a single effective railway, and equipped with less than 5,000 obsolescent trucks. It held a front almost 1,500 miles long. Its weapons were an international hodgepodge. But the invincible fact was that somehow this massive army existed, and somehow it fought on.

Wedemeyer began by amputation. He pointed out the absurdity of a nation of China's industrial weakness attempting to support 300 divisions (the U.S. maintains only about 100); China's able Minister of War, General Chen Cheng, saw the point. Within seven months, from the amorphous mass of the Chinese Army a hard core of elite troops began to take shape.

Army within Army. Wedemeyer's U.S. forces—only a few thousand—formed the nervous system of the new Chinese Army. The only combat Americans in China were the men of Major General Claire Chennault's redoubtable Fourteenth Air Force; their coordination was a key factor. Then U.S. ground troops, under Major General Robert ("Uncle Bob") McClure, a Guadalcanal veteran, were organized in a network of liaison units running like a stiffening spine through selected Chinese divisions.

A new Service of Supply was set up. Americans and Chinese determined what could be brought in by air over the Hump,* what by trucks over the Stilwell Road, what could be expected from Chinese war production, now rising smartly under

* Latest available figure: 50,000 tons a month, or three times more than the best tonnage of the old Burma Road.



DR. WONG WEN-HAO
Production rose.

U.S. guidance and the able direction of China's scholarly WFOSS Dr. Wong Wen-hao. Proper supplies were then carefully pumped out to field units. For the first time, China's armies were adequately fed, paid in hard cash, given ammunition and guns in a steady flow.

On the Chinese side, Generalissimo Chiang streamlined the command of his field forces, began to clean up the worst abuses of a chain-gang system of local conscription. Now, the Generalissimo works out basic strategy with Wedemeyer, transmits his orders directly to his field commanders. Wedemeyer informs McClure and McClure's network supervises the execution. But in action, Chinese officers are solely responsible. The result is that U.S. officers train and fight alongside Chinese infantrymen and artillerymen. The Americans have set up veterinary, signal corps, transport and general staff schools to teach U.S. techniques. These institutions were conceived by General Stilwell and were in existence when Wedemeyer arrived. But Wedemeyer welded them into a cohesive whole. Seldom had the traditional friendship of two great peoples been so tested and proved on the battlefields and in the headquarters which are the brains of battle.

Himalayan Headaches. The personal and technical difficulties which had to be surmounted to accomplish this job and keep it going were Himalayan. For Wedemeyer it meant a twelve-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week job. Paper work and conferences were endless. The stream of visitors at the General's Chungking head-

quarters includes diplomats and production experts as well as military personnel. But from 4 to 5 each afternoon is reserved for the Generalissimo—and often Wedemeyer uses the hour to call on Chiang.

Wedemeyer and his staff have received unprecedented cooperation from the Generalissimo. From the beginning, Chiang appreciated Wedemeyer's cordiality, recognized his brilliance. When the American, in a daring battle maneuver last fall, flew crack Chinese units from Burma* and the Chinese Communist border region (with Chiang's assent) to stop the Japanese advance in Kweichow, Chiang's opinion was confirmed. How well Lieut. General Wedemeyer has succeeded in the diplomatic part of his job was indicated last week when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek accepted an invitation to be Wedemeyer's guest at supper. Not since he became President of China has Chiang ever accepted such an invitation from a foreigner. But the Generalissimo has a good reason to be grateful. The new army forged by Wedemeyer is clearly superior to anything ever seen in China. Few can appreciate better than Chiang Kai-shek how much this new army will strengthen his Government for the internal and external trials that lie ahead for China.

Political Implications. To her allies (the U.S. and Britain), the Chinese successes meant that the advance units of China's potential military might were slowly, doggedly beginning to move forward along the long road to Tokyo. Politically, the Chinese successes foreshadowed the emergence of China as a Far Eastern power whose political destiny might well prove to be the political destiny of democracy in Asia and in the world.

Nothing in Lieut. General Wedemeyer's orders gives him franchise to interfere in China's internal and external affairs. But the organizer of China's dawning victory could not fail to be in some degree the architect of China's future. And China's internal and external problems could not fail to influence the organization of victory.

These problems were twofold: 1) internal political disunity (the Chinese Communists) and reform (at Chungking); 2) China's relations with Russia. The two problems were organically connected by many visible and invisible layers of ragged political nerves and morbid social tissue.

Reform advanced again last week. In Chungking the dominant Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) held an important Sixth National Congress. It re-elected the Generalissimo as its *Tsung-Tsai*—Director General. It passed resolutions calling for broad social reforms. It approved the *Tsung-Tsai's* proposal for a constitutional convention next November and for a limited withdrawal of Kuomintang influence from the Government. It held out China's

* Last week it was announced that an entire army (China's Sixth Army) has been flown in from Burma by U.S. transport planes.

hand to Russia and urged a continuation of "the policy of seeking a political solution of the Chinese Communist problem."

Nor in years had the Generalissimo and his one-party regime turned a more promising face toward liberalism and democracy. But from Yen-an's one-party regime came only snorts of doubt and disapproval. The Seventh Chinese Communist Congress had just met. Communist Boss Mao Tse-tung, Communist Chief of Staff General Chu Teh and other party leaders bravely flexed their political muscles and claimed that they commanded a regular army of 910,000 men (last fall it was 570,000), 2,200,000 partisans, 1,200,000 party members and territories inhabited by 95,000,000 Chinese. They called Chiang's proposed constitutional convention a "mockery of democracy," charged that it would be Kuomintang-packed, accused Chungking's "ruling clique" of preparing to launch a civil war.

The U.S., through the hearty and sensible good offices of Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley, had tried fervently to bring China's hostile factions together. But all of Pat Hurley's shrewd good nature and his Choctaw war whoops had failed to turn the trick. The Ambassador, after a report to Washington and a call at Moscow, was back in Chungking. He had conferred with Marshal Stalin, presumably on Russian intentions in East Asia. One report said that he had smoothed the way for a visit to the Kremlin by China's Acting Premier T. V. Soong and for a possible improvement in the increasingly chilly relations between Moscow and Chungking. Another report said Hurley was double-checking on Stalin's attitude toward the Chinese Communists. (Foreign Commissar Molotov is once supposed to have dismissed the Yen-an group as "margarine Communists").

Yen-an's stiffening attitude toward Chungking had its counterpart in Moscow. Where two years ago there was relative aloofness between Russia and Chungking, there is now undisguised hostility. Moscow's *War and the Working Class* has tossed epithets like "Mihailovich" and "Quisling" at Kuomintang leaders. *Izvestia* has belittled T. V. Soong's administrative reforms. *Bolshevik* has praised Yen-an's army and called Chiang's troops "passive spectators at best" in the fight against Japan. A Russian best-seller, Alexander Stepanov's novel *Port Arthur*, claimed Manchuria's key port as "Russian soil."

In the high political wind blowing across Asia's steppes, these might be no more than straws—but they were disturbing straws and they blew consistently in one direction. Nor could the men who are trying to hold together the pieces of China's political puzzle fail to be aware of the political pattern which Russia had imposed on Eastern Europe in the course of its liberation. To them the threat of a bloc of Soviet-dominated buffer-states, torn from

China, and extending from Manchuria to Sinkiang (see map) was very real. Should their fears be realized, a climactic change would have taken place in the pattern of contemporary history.

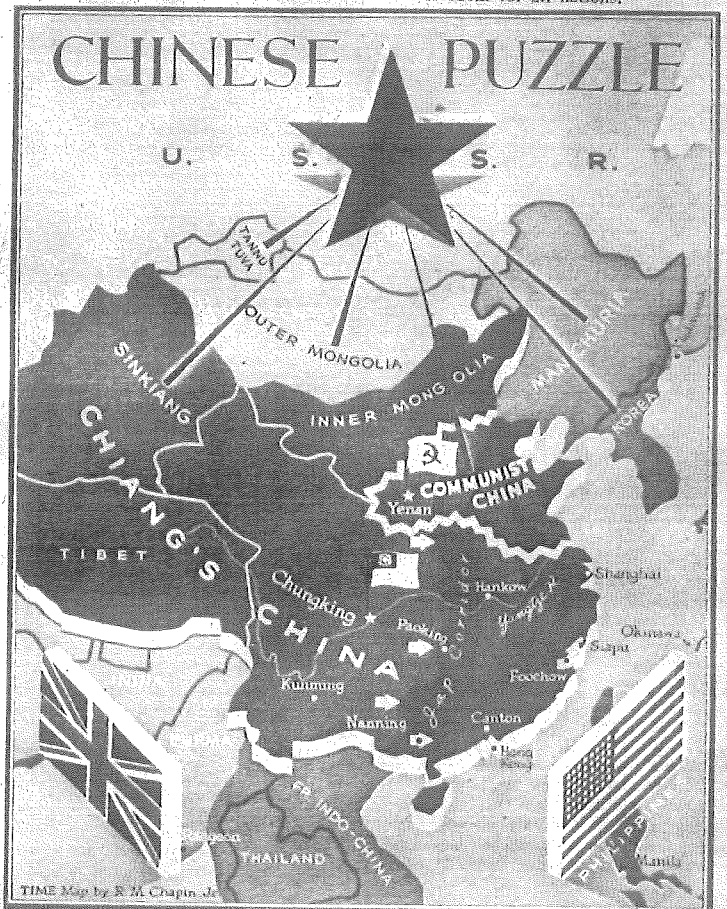
The Issue. These fears and those of many friends of China and of democracy were set forth last week by two students of Russian and Chinese affairs—Max Eastman, onetime Communist editor, and J. B. Powell, former editor of Shanghai's liberal *China Press*, who lost part of both feet as a result of mistreatment in a Japanese prison camp. In *Reader's Digest* they wrote:

"The question whether China goes democratic or totalitarian is the biggest political question of today. . . . American modes of influence are cultural persuasion, the example of prosperity, skilled technical assistance, capital investment, and above all, military and economic supplies. Russia's weapons are conspiratorial organization and party-controlled propaganda, leading to seizure of power and a liquidation of all democrats, and if necessity arises, mil-

itary invasion in the name of 'liberation'."

"Pro-Communists are playing the same game in Asia that succeeded so brilliantly in Eastern Europe. . . . But there is one big difference—that is the size of China. To sell out Chiang Kai-shek to the Chinese 'Tito' [Mao Tse-tung] will not add a paltry 13,000,000 to the totalitarian Colossus. It will bring under totalitarian regimentation 450,000,000 people. This vast population, united in their policy with the Soviet totalitarian empire of some 200,000,000, would certainly threaten the hope for a democratic world."

Whether these fears were exaggerated or groundless, history might soon tell. In any case, one deterrent to their realization might well be the new Chinese Army which Lieut. General Wedemeyer was forging. In this sense, last week's military successes might not only have started China down the hard road to Tokyo, but down the harder road to peace, justice and freedom for all nations.



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

CHINA

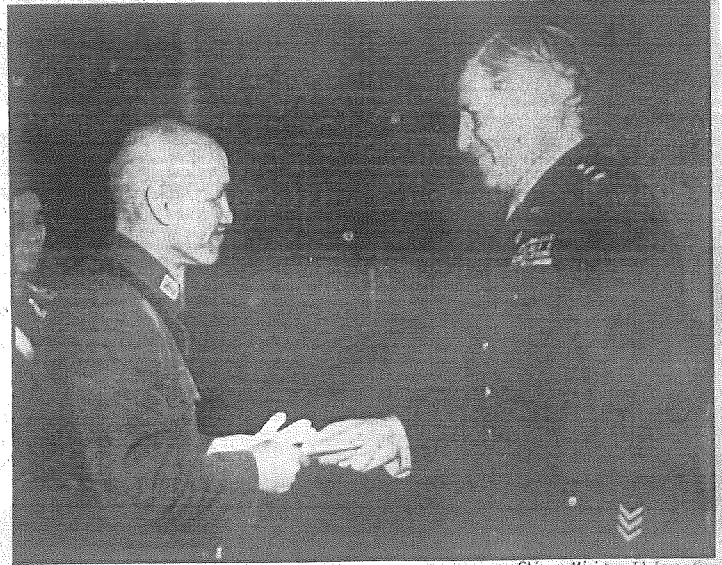
A Little Progress

Tired Chungking shook off winter's grey chill, admired the flowering plum and magnolia trees, found comfort in the promise of spring. In her eighth spring-time of war, China was bearing an accumulated burden of inflation, hunger, disease, political disunity and military retreat. But somehow the nation was still holding together, and the Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had come back—a little way—from last fall's near-collapse.

Toward Victory. A great gap had been torn in the Jap blockade. Supplies, flowing up the Ledo-Burma Road, were revitalizing Chungking's ragged riflemen. Not even

rounds on U.S.-Chinese business before returning to Chungking, and from his pep talks it seemed clear that the U.S. had made up its mind to give genuine support to the Generalissimo's Government. The Generalissimo, in turn, had heartened his American friends with a quiet profession: "If I die a dictator, I shall go down to oblivion as all other dictators have gone. But if before I die I manage to give back power to the people, I shall be remembered in every Chinese home. . . ."

Toward Stability. Last week, too, a new attack opened on China's desperate economic front. One evening a silvery Douglas transport came down at a Chungking airfield. Out stepped its chief passenger, the Generalissimo, and a bulky hitchhiker, onetime OPA Boss Leon Hen-



Chinese Ministry of Information
THE GENERALISSIMO & GENERAL HURLEY
The U.S. had made up its mind.

the Jap capture of Laohokow and its U.S. air base (see WORLD BATTLEFRONTS) could hide the overall fact that China's armed strength was increasing.

Toward Democracy. The Generalissimo was following up his historic New Year's pledge to lead China toward democracy and constitutional government. Last week his Government announced its delegation to the San Francisco security conference. Of ten delegates, only four, including Acting Premier T. V. Soong, were members of China's dominant Kuomintang. The remainder represented minority parties (including the Communists), independent liberals and intellectuals.

In selecting the delegation the Generalissimo apparently had cupped an ear toward friends and advisers in the U.S. A significant part of the credit for better U.S.-Chinese relations was given to shrewd, big-hearted Major General Patrick J. Hurley, now Ambassador to China. Last week he was in Washington, making his last

visit. The American, en route from Europe, had met the Generalissimo by chance in Kunming. But he was no chance visitor. The Generalissimo had asked him to study China's agonizing inflation.

Next day Leon Henderson plunged into the job. At a twelve-hour-a-day pace he conferred with Chinese experts, with American production men. Long into the night he pored over price and commodity charts. What he read was staggering.

Since the New Year, China's general price index had more than doubled. It stood approximately at 1,400 times the prewar level. In plain people's terms, one egg now cost 30 Chinese dollars, one pound of chicken 400, one man's suit (foreign style) \$35,000.

Leon Henderson probably would recommend more U.S. aid (civilian supplies, gold bullion) to bolster China's economy. Even if his counsel brought China scant immediate relief, it was another sign that hope had replaced despair.

to return to their own province. They didn't ask the Americans but wanted the Chinese to know that they thanked them for Chungking for their hospitality. It was quite a nice gesture on the part of these people. They will probably have to walk back to their own province due to the fact that they have no other means of transportation except the Yangtze and they couldn't afford boat travel. The Chinese have marched for the past seven or eight years and it seems that they will be marching still before they get home.

Well it seems that censorship ended officially on the 5th of September as far as we here in the China Theater were concerned. So from now on I'll enjoy the taste of glue on the envelopes for we will now be able to seal our envelopes. On the 4th all the American personnel who were here in Chungking working at the headquarters were invited to a gathering by General Chiang Kai Shek and Gen Wedemeyer celebrating the end of the war. So most of us got dressed and with a friend of mine and a jeep we went to the affair at about 7:30 PM. At 8:00 PM in walks Chiang Kai Shek and Wedemeyer, our Commanding General. Then the band started to play the Chinese and American national anthems. The Generalissimo got up and made a speech in Chinese with the interpreter translating. He thanked us all for our work here in the China Theater and congratulated us on our splendid work and cooperation. Then General Wedemeyer got up and thanked Chiang Kai Shek for his cooperation, etc etc and they were all friends. Then they showed us a command performance of a Chinese opera called "Little Sister Number 13". Chiang said to us that he told Gen Wedemeyer that when the war was over he would show us all a Chinese opera and it seemed the

Wideman



Chennault

CT-45-70,169

Stanley Ching Chennault



CT-45-70,171



CT-45-70,11

Chiving

Hammit

Hurley Chiving Hammit

Weldmeyer

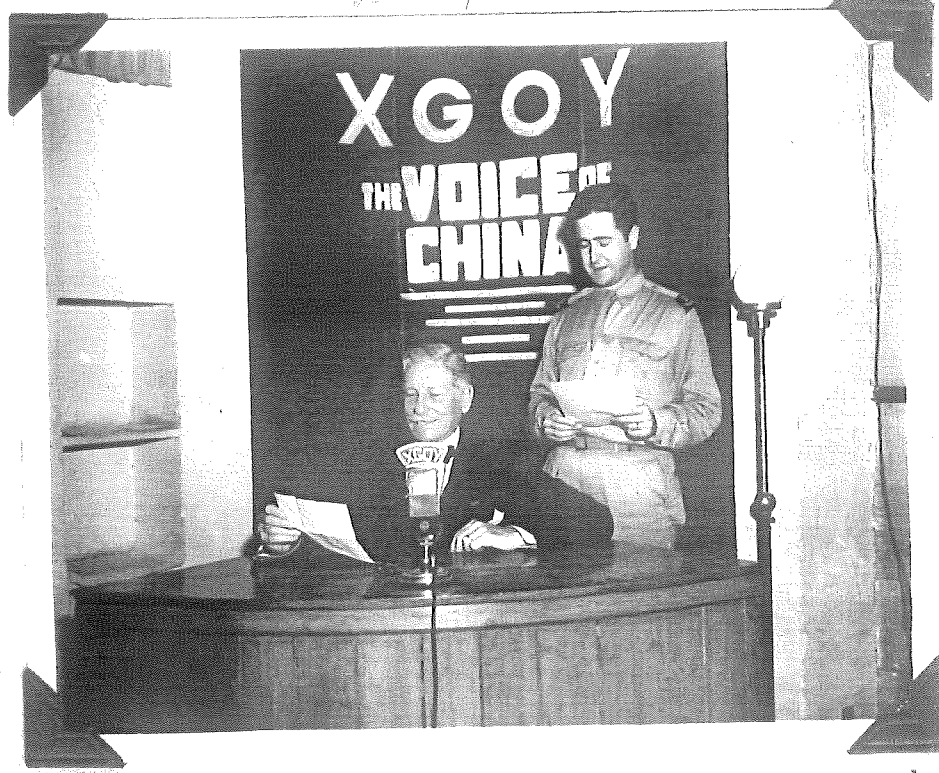


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Wedemeyer



Lawley

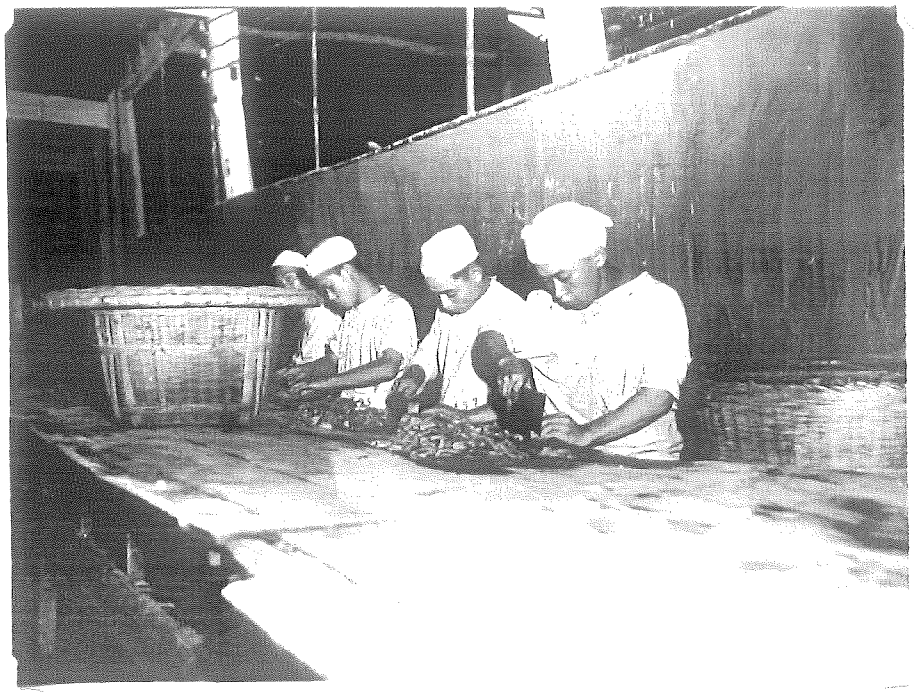




CT-46-701



CT-45-701



Personally
autographed
photo of
Chiang Kai-Shek
presented to
all American
military
personnel
in China
at end of
war

蔣中正贈

盟軍勝利紀念







CITATION

Technical Sergeant Oscar Colchamiro, 33549021, Signal Corps, Army of the United States, (then Sergeant and Technician 3rd Grade) is awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service as Chief Clerk, China Theater Signal Office, from 4 July 45 to 31 December 45. Technical Sergeant Colchamiro exhibited unusual initiative and organizational ability in the performance of his duties. Under the extremely heavy pressure of exacting work and despite a lack of sufficient qualified clerical assistance he displayed unfailing devotion to duty which contributed materially to the efficient functioning of his section. He voluntarily assumed and discharged with consistent success responsibilities far beyond the call of normal duty. Technical Sergeant Colchamiro was responsible for the organization and publication of the first complete telephone directory published for this Headquarters in Shanghai. This was completely separate from his normal functions, and it was only with the long hours given and arduous duty freely performed by Technical Sergeant Oscar Colchamiro that this publication was successfully completed. With complete disregard for himself, he cheerfully gave of his free time in order to maintain the superior caliber of his work. His accurate processing of pertinent records and his extremely efficient handling of administrative problems contributed appreciably to the advancement of China Theater Signal communication projects.

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER
OFFICE OF THE THEATER SIGNAL OFFICER

PTG/msr

APC 879
31 December 1945

AG 200.6
25

SUBJECT: Award of the Bronze Star Medal.

TO : Commanding General, U.S. Forces, China Theater,
APO 879.

1. Award recommended: Bronze Star Medal.

2. As Chief Clerk, China Theater Signal Office, from 4 July 45 to 31 December 45, this enlisted man exhibited unusual initiative and extraordinary organizational ability in the performance of his duties. Under the extremely heavy pressure of exacting work and despite a lack of sufficient qualified clerical assistance, he displayed unflinching devotion to duty which contributed materially to the efficient functioning of his section. He voluntarily assumed and discharged with consistent success, responsibilities far beyond the call of normal duty. He was responsible for the organization and publication of the first complete telephone directory published for this Headquarters in Shanghai. This was completely separate from his normal functions, and it was only with the long hours given and arduous duty freely performed by him that this publication was successfully completed. With complete disregard for himself, he cheerfully gave of his free time in order to maintain the superior caliber of his work. His accurate processing of pertinent records and his extremely efficient handling of administrative problems contributed appreciably to the advancement of China Theater Signal communication projects.

3.	<u>Oscar Colchamiro</u>	<u>T/Sgt</u>	<u>Signal Corps</u>
	(Name)	(Rank)	(Branch of Service)
	<u>33549021</u>	<u>30 October 1920</u>	<u>AUS</u>
	(Serial Number)	(Date of Birth)	(Component)

4. At the time of rendition of service on which this award is based, Oscar Colchamiro was a Sergeant, Technician 3rd Grade, and Technical Sergeant in the Army of the United States, serving with the Theater Signal Section, Headquarters, USF, CT, APO 827 and APO 879.

BSM awarded per GO

5. No other award has been received by this individual since 7 December 1941.

6. No other awards are pending.

7. The service of this enlisted man has been honorable since the rendition of service upon which this award is based.

8. Service upon which this recommendation is based is closed.

9. Home address: 3145 Brighton 4th St. Brooklyn, N.Y., N.
(Street & Number) (City and State)

10. Next of Kin: Mother Nancy Colchami
(Degree of relationship) (Name)

11. State from which called to active service: Maryland

12. General remarks: None.

F. T. GILLESPIE
Colonel, Sig C
Signal Officer

time had come. It was quite interesting and about 2½ hours long. Their operas are quite different from the ones we have home. This one was about a girl robin hood who rights all the wrong deeds of a rich chinese lord. She finally kills him and the lovers get married, etc etc. There are two prop men on the stage all the time, working on scenery. All the scenery they have is some chairs, tables, and sticks representing horses, and a few pillows. The costumes are the most beautiful part of the whole show. They have some very funny customs. When someone wants to show that he is going into a house he raises his foot as if walking over a threshold; when he wants to show that he is riding a horse, he picks up this special stick and raises his right foot which shows that he is mounting the horse. It is quite interesting, but of course we weren't used to their type of music and many parts of it were pretty boring. But the costumes, actions, etc always did keep our attention. They had a sword fight for us which was very exciting. It is a dance with swords, and let me tell you it is really exciting and fast. A very funny incident is the time two men brought a big ladder on the stage during the opera and disconnected a kerosine lamp which wasn't working too well. Of course this brought gales of laughter from all.....but even in China the show must go on.

About two weeks before we were to leave for Shanghai, we went on a Red Cross picnic out to a little town called Feipei. It is about 85 kilometers south of the city of Chungking and is noted for its hot limestone springs. We washed in the fast running hot water there and it was quite a novelty. We had lunch of broiled chicken and potato salad and tea and quite a nice time resting in the gardens there. It is situated on the Jarling River. The n

we went to a museum they had there in order to see a little copper pot about 2500 years old. The reason this pot was of such interest is that when you fill it with water and then rub your hands on the two copper handles, the pot vibrates to such an extent that the water starts shooting up and forms four little fountains and when the handles are rubbed a different way, the vibrations form six little spouts. It is just a plain round copper bowl constructed in such a way that the vibrations cause the water to spray up in the air. First they demonstrated and then they asked if anyone wanted to try it, so I went forward and tried to make the thing work, but with little success at first. After awhile, I caught on and made the bowl vibrate but couldn't get the water to go too high. We also went to see the Nankai University and there we were taken around the grounds. It is like most American colleges with lots of modern equipment (that is for China in war time). There we met the first and foremost educators of modern China. I don't remember his name but he is supposed to have started the whole idea of modern schools in China. He was a very sick man with dysentery, but we were allowed to go in and see him. We always visited a little cooperative which made canvas and towels. And lastly that day we saw a rehabilitation center for wounded Chinese soldiers. There they made umbrellas, wicker chairs, etc.

This is by no means a picture of China. It is one day's journey with some Chinese educators who tried to show us what they were doing in China. This is just a scratch. China is poor, undernourished and most of the people are pretty badly mis-handled. The rich get richer and the poor get poorer. There is an awful lot that I dislike about China and Chiang Kai Shek, but China is growing out of the

old oriental customs that he always was tied to. This is not due to Chiang Kai Shek, but to the people. They are proud and even the lowliest cooly holds his head up high.

We all heard of the closing of the Chungking headquarters and of the moving to Shanghai. We were all elated because the city of Shanghai was reported to be quite modern. Reports came back from the first contingent to arrive there that the city was almost "state-side" in all its appearances and social and recreational facilities. I was quite anxious to go. But we also heard that the Japs were causing some trouble there by throwing hand grenades in the heart of the town. But by the time we arrived there most of the Japs were sent out of China.

The 11 of September brought Tony Martin and a group of ATC entertainers. It was quite a nice evening of music. He can certainly sing. He's just an ordinary guy in khaki and the show was really good.

Most of the establishments in town were put "In Bounds" once more since the cholera epidemic was just about over. So we decided to go across the Yangtze and eat a real chinese meal. Went to a small restaurant and ordered some real chinese soup, sweet and sour pork, beef in their hot soy bean sauce, plenty of rice and tea... ..and that was really a meal. But the chinese think nothing of blowing ones nose with their hands right on the floor and then continue eating. One gets used to almost anything in China. The meal only cost about \$900. apiece...rather cheap we thought.

About this time we heard that there was trouble up in Kunming. Most of my friends from my old outfit were there. It seems that Governor Lung and Chiang were at it again. After about four days

days fighting it seemed that things quieted down once more and Chiang Kai Shek was in control of Yunnan Province. All the Americans were garrisoned in their camp and received most of their supplies by parachute. The Chinese were interested in high jacking the American trucks and arms and ammunitions. Only a few GIs got hurt.

Well I started closing all my accounts in Chungking and prepared for our eventually flight to Shanghai. The office was about all packed...typewriters, files, etc.....
.....we were to leave the interior of China and see what modern China looked like...I was more than game...I was very anxious and so.

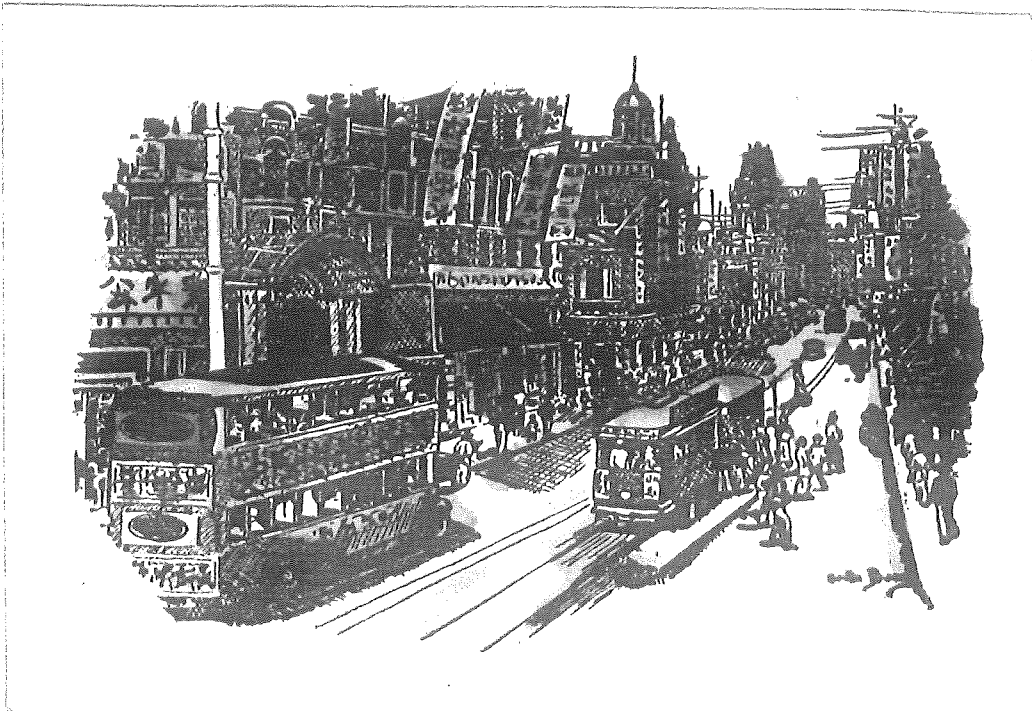
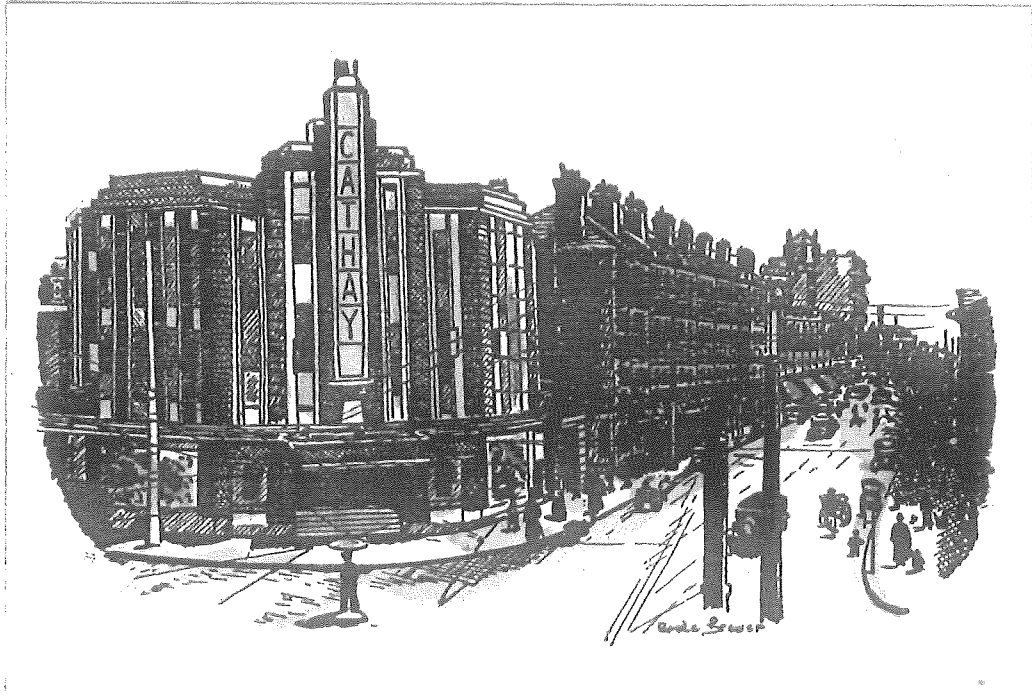
THAL'S
NIGHT CLUB

CHARMING HOSTESSES GOOD MUSIC
GENUINE DRINKS

315 WAYSIDE RD.

On the ninth of October we were to leave the city of Chungking in order to set up our headquarters in Shanghai. We heard a lot of Shanghai...that it was a modern city...that there were tall buildings...that it was a lot like the United States, etc....and so we were very anxious to go. The offices started making plans and we finally started to pack our files and typewriters, etc and whatever we had. We were pretty busy. I was to leave the 9th of October with the first shipment of headquarters personnel. We had to get up at 4:30 which was about six hours too early for me, and then breakfast at 5 AM. The trucks then took us from our compound at Chungking at about 5:30 AM to a city called Feishiyi which had quite a large airport. Of course the previous day kept me quite busy packing, weighing myself and dry baggage and getting ready for the trip. We saw China wake up that morning. We went high into the mountains. The fog was thick all over the country side but we went up so high that we went above the fog and looked down on the clouds covering China. It was very beautiful. People started to stir and the streets became more crowded after awhile. After approximately two hours we arrived at the airport and started to load our equipment onto the plane. It was a C-47 just like the one I rode from Kunming to Chungking. We were the fifth plane waiting to take off so we had to wait for about 1 hour before we could start, and then the take-off....there is nothing like it. We went higher and higher.....so high that we started to get real cold and I almost froze until I had the energy to pull my blanket from out of the bottom of my bag. We played some cards at first, then ate lunch at about 9:30, then read a magazine and then slept or watched the scenery. We were on the plane for six hours and it was a wonderful ride.

Somewhere around 3:30 PM of the 9th of October we landed at the Kiang Wan Airport, Shanghai, China. It was quite a large landing field....in fact it was a modern airport.....the first one that I had seen in China. It became warm once again and we removed our jackets in spite of a fairly fast wind blowing from the sea. Shanghai is situated on the Wang Foo River about twenty miles from the coast, but you could smell the salt air. Well the coolies took our bags off the plane and loaded them onto the waiting trucks. We hopped on and then the ride into Shanghai. We caught our first glimpses of the Japs, who were now doing "details", such as pulling carts, etc. We caught our first glimpses of paved roads and modern homes. We caught our first glimpses of electric traffic lights and saw for the first time in China, "tall buildings". We heard that they even had elevators in them. We finally arrived at a six story building which was the Navy YMCA at which place I was to be billeted. I got off the truck and went to the billeting office, whereupon they asked me what kind of a room did I want: single, double or triple. I was half stunned. Never having tested the benefits of a single hotel room while in the army, I decided to try one, and so up I went to 613 with the coolies carrying my bags. We even had an elevator. The room had a nice single iron bed, wash bowl, closet, dresser, and even a rug, but it had no mattress for the bed. The rumor was that the Japs had taken them. At any rate, I was supplied with a straw mat to ease the pain of the spring mattress. After unpacking, I went down to the restaurant and was supplied with a meal ticket. We ate



in a civilian restaurant, but the army paid for our meals. It was unlike anything we had before either in India or China or in the states. That was the entrance to Shanghai.

The first thing one confronts when in Shanghai is "SEX", in no uncertain terms. Everyone is trying to see it. Every rickshaw driver asks you when entering his rickshaw, "Want nice girl?". Every bar and night club has their taxi dancers which tell you how much they want for the night. The rest of this chapter remains closed to everyone except for whome I may choose to tell it....and it is quite interesting.

I met a new type of vehical in Shanghai...called the "Pedicab". It is a single or two seater affair somewhat like a rickshaw, but is mounted on a bicycle contraption and instead of having someone pull you down the street, the driver peddles along. It is much faster and the driver doesn't tire as much, but it is only good on level ground.

Went to the office the next day and found that we had the 13th and part of the 6th floor for the theater signal office. We had quite a lot of petty things that had to be taken care of but eventually everything worked out, and when our files arrived on the 12th everything was ready for work. We were very busy for about two weeks trying to keep things going smoothly.

Saw General Wedemeyer's flat on the 7th floor of the same building. They really fixed the place up with everything.

And then I looked for a camera...finally found what I was looking for, and "EXACTA" and it cost me \$68. which was quite cheap, I felt. Everyone was buying cameras, and everyone was

taking pictures. We hadn't taken pictures for a long time, at least I hadn't with my own camera. Bought some Japanese film, but that was almost useless and decided not to use it anymore if I could get American film.

Got to see a number of the night clubs, and started running around town so that I didn't have much time for writing home. But I figured that the war was over and now the folks wouldn't worry as much. Started to buy souvenirs, and spent almost \$100 on them, but those are the things I'll have to remember China by. Vases, silks, pictures, dolls, etc were all on my list. But then the prices in Shanghai started to go up, higher and higher until I've seen them more than double on every commodity here in the city. I've seen a real inflation take place in a period of two weeks.

We found good beer, good steaks, good food, etc and spent plenty of our money all around town. Heard of a very good place to eat: Fiakers...which is a little restaurant with a capacity of around 40 people. It is a little Hungarian-Viennese restaurant which really serves good food. We had the most delicious chicken soup, then fried mushrooms, cold cuts, and then the most delicious roast duck that you have ever eaten. The skin was crisp and melted in your mouth and the duck just fell apart when you touched it. With the duck, went cabbage in wine sauce and boiled potatoes. Then for desert we had a half peach, slice of pineapple, and one pear (all preserved) with whipped cream on top....out of this world. And then viennese coffee which is coffee with whipped cream on it. We couldn't walk after that.

This page follows the page after it. →

beginning of the trip. Well the usual washing dressing, etc took place and after some breakfast at around 6 AM I walked over to the New Asia Hotel, right across the creek, and waited for things to happen. At around 7 AM we all got on trucks and went out to the air port. It was cold but I came prepared for it and was bundled up. Well we boarded the plane, it was a C-46. The take off was fast and before we knew it we were up at around 7,000 feet. And then it started to get cold and bumpy. So I got into my sleeping back and tried to fall asleep. Well before I feel asleep, I ate some tuna fish sandwiches which I made the night before, and I can tell you that the fish and bumpy plane did me no good, but I didn't throw up and after awhile I was quite alright again, and fell asleep. Before I knew it we started circling the city of Peking and came in for a landing which was rather bumpy. But after two or three bounces we came down on the field and taxied in up to the airport. It was 12:30 when we landed, and then we boarded some old Jap trucks and took off for the city. It was cold, but nothing like the cold way up at 7 or 8 thousand feet. We arrived at our hotel (Central Hotel) washed up and then went out for some shopping, but we had only a few hours to do it in as we were suppose to be ready to go for a Mongolian dinner at 6 PM. So we did hardly more than look. Their bazaar is a market like the Red Market back at Calcutta.....you have to bargain for everything there. People were dressed more warmly up in Peking than in Shanghai and the animals were more hardy. There were camels, the first ones that I had seen outside the zoo at Prospect Park.

Russian Club

福 康 路 一〇五三

1053 Avenue Foch

Tel. 70924

Wednesday December 20th 1945

By special request

Grand-Ball Masquerade

Prizes will be given for best Costumes.

Members and their guests cordially invited

COMMITTEE.

There were some other good eating establishments in Shanghai, such as Senets which is a very good Italian restaurant. All the waiters cook, etc of this restaurant came from the Italian liner Lauratania which was sunk off the coast of China near Shanghai so they set up this restaurant and went right to work. We had some excellent spaghetti and meat balls there. Also ate at Sun Ya where we had a wonderful Chinese meal there including their famous sweet and sour pork.

Shanghai is so modern that there is little different to tell about and so you will probably find this chapter lacking in volume, but what fun it offered. For awhile prices went out of hand and a real inflation took place, but the army started controlling prices by placing many restaurants and night clubs off limits to all American military personnel.

Took a tour of the river and harbor of Shanghai one Sunday afternoon. Went all up and down the river and saw an extremely large amount of American and British boats in the harbor ranging from heavy cruisers to small landing craft.

And then I took advantage of a wonderful trip offered by the army for all those interested. It was a sight seeing tour of Peking, travel by air and lasting in total for four days. Well, when the work in the office started to slow down, the colonel let me go there and so one cold morning at 5:30 the houseboy came into my room and woke me up. That was the

The preceding page follows after this

SUN YA RESTAURANT, LTD.

719 NANKING ROAD, SHANGHAI

9 Blocks West of The Bund

Telephone No. 3626.

Bill of Fare of CHINESE DISHES

Abridged Translation of our Chinese Catalogue

All dishes are a la carte (individually cooked for each order, requiring 10 to 20 minutes for preparation)

PRICES SUBJECT TO FLUCTUATION WITHOUT NOTICE

新華飯店有限公司

簡譯英文菜譜

上海南京路七一九號

MISCELLANEOUS DISHES 雜類菜

Small order for party of 2 to 4 persons

Order No.	Description	Price
86.	Beef Curry	架厘蝦仁
87.	Beef with Oyster Sauce	清炒蝦仁
90.	Beef with Vegetable	青豆蝦仁
91.	Beef with Onion	涼拌蝦仁
96.	Beef with Bamboo Shoots	炸蝦仁
100.	Sweet and Sour Pork* (boneless)	蝦仁炒蛋
101.	Sweet and Sour Pork Ribs	什律蝦羹
102.	Shredded Pork with Vegetable	煎大蝦
103.	Shredded Pork with Salted Parsnips**	乾煎蝦
104.	Shredded Pork with Green Pepper	吉列大蝦
107.	Braised Pork with Bamboo Shoots***	炒大蝦片
108.	Sliced Pork, Fried with flour coating	鶴貼大蝦
109.	Sliced Roast Pork with Vegetable	寧公蝦碎
154.	Fresh Mushrooms, Pan-broiled	夾蓉
155.	Vegetarian's Dish De Luxe	炸脆
156.	Fresh Mushrooms with Bamboo Shoots	煎炒雞肝
157.	Bamboo Shoots with Dried Mushrooms	香脆雞肝
159.	The Vegetarian's Dish	肉蓉蒸腐
160.	Bean Sprouts—Plain Sauté	
161.	Vegetable with Cream Sauce	
163.	Soya Bean Curd with Mushrooms	
165.	Plain Green Vegetable in season	
166.	Bamboo Shoots with Brown Sauce***	

Variable

MISCELLANEOUS DISHES—Continued

Order No.	Description	Price
167.	Shrimp Curry	架厘蝦仁
168.	Shrimps—Plain Sauté	清炒蝦仁
169.	Shrimps with Green Peas	青豆蝦仁
170.	Shrimp and Potato Salad	涼拌蝦仁
171.	Fried Shrimp Balls	炸蝦仁
172.	Shrimps with Scrambled Eggs	蝦仁炒蛋
173.	Diced Kidney with Shrimps etc.	什律蝦羹
174.	Prawn in Sections, Brown Sauce	煎大蝦
175.	Prawn in Sections, Pan-broiled	乾煎蝦
176.	Fried Prawn Meat	吉列大蝦
177.	Sliced Prawn Meat Sauté	炒大蝦片
178.	Layer Prawns with Ham	鶴貼大蝦
180.	Chop Suey	寧公蝦碎
181.	Omelet with Bamboo Shoots etc.	夾蓉
183.	Fried Giblets (without flour coating)	炸脆
184.	Chicken Liver with Bamboo Shoots	煎炒雞肝
185.	Fried Chicken Liver	香脆雞肝
186.	Fried Chicken Liver with Ham	肉蓉蒸腐
203.	Minced Meat with Fried Bean Curd	

(Continued on next page)

*A very Popular Cantonese dish among foreigners.
 **Home style dishes which do very well with plain rice.
 ***This dish is best in Winter and Spring. Not recommended in Summer.

CHINA THEATER
EDUCATIONAL AND RECREATIONAL TOURS
APPLICATION FORM
Prepare in triplicate

Lat
1162

Part I. To be prepared by applicant.

Name OSCAR COLCHAMIRO Rank or Grade T/SGT ASN 33549021
Present Assignment and Organization: THEATER SIGNAL OFFICE

I wish to petition for the privilege of taking one of the following tours:

Peiping 1 Nanking _____ Hangchow _____
(Indicate first and second choice)

NOTE: DESIRE TO TAKE TRIP STARTING DEC 1945 Signature of Applicant Oscar Colchamiro

Part II. To be approved by section chief or CO.

This is to certify that the above applicant is eligible and may be released for one of the tours indicated above. It is recommended that his application be approved.

Name J. J. Sullivan Rank Capt. Organization Sig. Sect. Th.

NOTICE TO APPLICANT

This is to notify you that provisions have been made for you to take the following tour on the date indicated.

Peiping

31 DEC. 1945

DESTINATION Peiping DATE 31 DEC. 1945
You will report to New Asia Hotel on _____ at 0630
You will bring suitable clothing and equipment for _____ days.

Bring Canteen and 2 blankets.

R. K. ...
Education Branch, Theater I&E Off.

NOTICE TO ORGANIZATION PERSONNEL SECTION

Request issuance of Letter Orders for the TDY of the above applicant, as outlined in Section VI, Memorandum, HQ USF, CT dated 31 October 1945, Subject, China Theater Educational & Recreational Tours.

Education Branch, Theater I&E Off.

J. Chambers

LTR ORDERS NO. 22

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

Shanghai, China

29 Nov 45

AG 200.4

8

SUBJECT: Orders.

TO : Individuals Concerned.

1. The below named individuals are authorized to proceed on **1 Dec 45** TDY on Educational and Recreational Tours to **Peiping** China for approx **4** days under the provisions of Cir No 161 this Hq dtd 1 November 1945 and upon compl thereof to ret to their proper sta and orgn.

M/Sgt	Mann, Richard	36518102	Hq USF CT
E/Sgt	Colchamiro, Oscar	33549021	-do-
Sgt	Friedlander, H H	14190244	-do-
E/S	Lum, James	37659048	-do-
Pfc	Walsh, Peter C	31357709	-do-
Etc	Halls, W	11091992	-do-

2. Transportation by military aircraft is authorized, Government billets and subsistence will be furnished.

3. Officers will make deductions on their pay vouchers as for regular billets and messing at their assigned stations. Per diem or travel allowances not authorized.

BY COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL WEDEMEYER:

F. C. RAULIN
Capt., A.C.D.
Asst. Adj. Gen.

BF6

Well we got back at around 5:30 PM washed and got ready for the Mongolian dinner. It was just a short walk from the hotel but I couldn't find it again because we had to weave in and out of little narrow streets and go up and down stairs and through narrow corridors. We finally got there and I can only give the menu here, because I couldn't describe it again:

Fresh cabbage mixed with cherries and sugar
Jasmin tea
Roasted peanuts
Watermelon seeds
Fresh greens
Broiled steak in small pieces with onions
Warm rice wine

Then they brought a pot with fire and boiling water on the table and with that came 4 plates of cut raw mutton, noodles, cabbage, pickled garlic and sauce. You threw everything in the boiling water and after a few minutes take everything out and put it in little buns which had sesame seeds on top.

Then we went into another room where they had big fires going on with grills on top. Here there was more mutton and plates of vegetables in soy bean sauce. You deep the meat in the sauce and put it on the grill and put vegetables over it and let it barbeque for awhile and then into the buns again.

Well you can see that it was quite a meal. I was quite full when I finished it. Got back at the hotel at around 9 PM, and I was very grateful since the hotel was nice and warm. I slept like a log that night, no fooling.

Then up at 7:30, shaved, washed, breakfasted and then got ready for the tour at 8:30 AM. Got on these old Jap trucks and wrapped up in blankets as it was rather cold. And then we started. First to the Ying Chin University. I will not say over and over that everything was beautiful and peaceful so as not to take up too much space, but everything was beautiful.



Peking money

Then out to the Summer Palace and ran all over the place. Saw the Temple of the Flying Cloud and all the buildings and walks and little garden spots and walks and finally the Marble Boat where we had tea and lunch. Saw the Camel bridge from the distance. It was quite peaceful. The summer palace was built by the Empress Dowager at an inconceivable price. Then we were rushed off to the Jade Fountain Park with its beautiful Marble, Jade, Porcelain and Needle pagodes. Here the spring is so clear that you can drink the water, which we did. It fills many of the little lakes around the summer palace with crystal clear water. After rushing us around most everything it became around 3:30 and so we went back to the Hotel and got ready for some more shopping (about 1 hour of it) and then for the Peking Duck dinner. Again what a dinner. And here again is the menu:

Roasted pumpkin seed
Walnuts fried in duck oil
Sugar coated peanuts
Cabbage in oil
Pickled turnips
Jasmin tea
Baked Salt
Fried duck livers
Chinese potatoes fried in peanut oil (you have to dip the small pieces in cold water since they are hot and sticky)
Hot yellow rice wine (We had a Chinese colonel at our table and he made us "gan bei" before each course was brought to the table. Did I drink!)
Peking duck (roasted) cut in pieces
You wrap a piece with some onion and soy bean sauce in little pancakes and eat them.)
Egg custard with duck oil
Cabbage soup with duck ~~xxx~~ and rice
(We had two ducks for our table and after each duck they bring a plate signifying the end of the duck. On the plate are the ends and gizzards of the duck).

And then I got terribly nauseous, but that too passed over soon

And then to sleep, and what a sleep. I couldn't move in the bed I was so full. Oh yes, before the dinner I went for some shopping and ended up with some celsine ash trays, and I got stuck for around five dollars.

Up again at 7:45 - breakfast - on trucks at 8:30 A.M. and out we went to coal hill. The weather was beautiful and clear for all the time we were up at Peking and I was very thankful for that because I surely took plenty of pictures. We got a good view of the city from coal hill and saw some very pretty and pictureque pagodas and temples there, and also a tree where one of the Chinese emperors hung himself in ancient times...some deal. Then out to the Temple of Confucious. Bought jade ash tray there from one of the Chinese caretakers there. The ash tray wasn't really jade though. Then they rushed us back to the trucks and out we went to the Lama Temple, which wasn't too well kept but still in use by the people from Tibet. They had a Buddha in there carved out of a single tree and around 75 feet tall. In here we saw the "Passion Buddhas"...quite interesting. Burned incense to the God of Long Life here. Then out to the Temple of Heaven which was really beautiful...much more so than any of its pictures. Its surroundings were well planned. Bought a Buddha from some Chinese guy in the Temple. At the other end of a long white stone walk is the Altar of Heaven. Then back to lunch and at 1:30 PM we went out again to the Forbidden City surrounded by massive walls. It is now a national museum. Went all around the city and saw the beautiful treasure that are in the palace walls...beautiful ceramics,

tremendous pieces of jade, beautiful clocks, etc. Then the tour returned but I went with a friend of mine by rickshaw out to the winter palace and went to the top of the island that it is built on and took a last view of the place. Returned by pedicab, ate supper and went out for awhile in one of the market on Morrison Street and looked around a bit, but didn't buy anything. Then back to the hotel and then to bed. Up the next morning - breakfasted - packed - out to the airport by 10 AM. The plane didn't leave until 12:30 because they couldn't get the motors started - cold weather. But we finally got off the ground and after another four hours, was back again in Shanghai. It was a fast trip and I was rushed from one place to another. Sorry I couldn't get to see the Marco Polo bridge or the great wall, but I did see a glimpse of it from the distance. The city of Peking is different from the rest of China but I had seen in that it holds all the old culture of old China and all within a ten square mile radius. I'm glad I didn't miss it even though at times I was sorry I went due to the cold and the rushing we got from everyone, but saw most everything possible in those four days.....that is Peking.

Then from the airport back to Shanghai by truck. The elevator was broken again so I walked up six flights with all my junk, washed, ate supper and then to bed. I was dead tired. But after a good night's sleep, I was ready for work the next morning with Peking as a memory.....a very pleasant memory, since I started forgetting about the cold, and the nausea from the duck dinner. But the trip was really wonderful.

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

GENERAL ORDERS)
NUMBER.....19)

Shanghai, China
22 January 1946

AWARD OF THE LEGION OF MERIT.....I
AWARD OF THE LEGION OF MERIT (OAK LEAF CLUSTER).....II
AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL.....III
AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL (OAK LEAF CLUSTER).....IV
AMENDMENT TO GENERAL ORDERS.....V
REVOCATION OF GENERAL ORDERS.....VI

I. AWARD OF THE LEGION OF MERIT: Under authority contained in paragraph 8, AR 600-45, the LEGION OF MERIT is awarded by the Commanding General, U. S. Forces, China Theater to the following named officers. The citations are as follows:

REAR ADMIRAL MILTON EDWARD MITES, 5 76 77 United States Navy. For exceptionally meritorious service in the performance of duty during the period 1 March 1942 to 1 September 1945.

COLONEL LORAN J ANDERSON O 376 452 Air Corps, Army of the United States. For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services during the period 23 July 1945 to 30 November 1945.

COLONEL GABRIEL P DISOSWAY O19 156 Air Corps, Army of the United States. For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services during the period 24 May 1945 to 30 November 1945.

II. AWARD OF THE LEGION OF MERIT (OAK LEAF CLUSTER): Under authority contained in paragraph 8, AR 600-45, the LEGION OF MERIT (OAK LEAF CLUSTER) is awarded by the Commanding General, U. S. Forces, China Theater to the following named officer. The citation is as follows:

COLONEL HARRY A BERK O 921 292 General Staff Corps, Army of the United States, (then Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel). For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services during the period 28 March 1945 to 13 September 1945.

III. AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL: Under authority contained in paragraph 8, AR 600-45, the BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded by the Commanding General, U. S. Forces, China Theater to the following named officers and enlisted men. The citations are as follows:

COLONEL WILLIAM B OFFUTT O17 898 Air Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious achievements during the period 4 September 1945 to 15 December 1945.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES E STILSON O 503 996 Quartermaster Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 December 1944 to 29 September 1945.

MAJOR MAURICE R BRICE O 375 389 Quartermaster Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 23 October 1944 to 1 September 1945.

MAJOR CORNELIUS W GRAFTON O 275 748 Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 15 June 1945 to 15 October 1945.

MAJOR MONIE L OSPOWNE O1 301 025 Infantry, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 23 May 1945 to 17 September 1945.

MAJOR CLYDE P BURGES O 408 214 Infantry, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 March 1945 to 1 September 1945.

MAJOR FREDER A VANDENBOSCH O 505 605 Quartermaster Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 24 October 1944 to 1 September 1945.

CAPTAIN CHARLES J CALLAHAN JR O1 045 040 Coast Artillery Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 9 July 1945 to 24 October 1945.

CAPTAIN DARREL E GRISS O 514 826 Signal Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 June 1945 to 14 October 1945.

CAPTAIN CURT J HARRIS O1 645 154 Signal Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 3 June 1945 to 14 October 1945.

FIRST LIEUTENANT MELVIN R COLLIER O1 649 047 Signal Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 13 January 1945 to 15 September 1945.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN S RICE O1 113 908 Corps of Engineers, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 25 November 1944 to 15 March 1945.

FIRST LIEUTENANT HAROLD R FITCH O1 643 278 Signal Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 June 1945 to 14 October 1945.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WAYNE A LOR O 503 187 Signal Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 January 1945 to 20 August 1945.

SECOND LIEUTENANT ANTHONY J BABIRACKI O2 024 354 Quartermaster Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 8 November 1944 to 14 September 1945.

MASTER SERGEANT LEON P SETTELL 34 303 992 Detached Enlisted Men's List, Army of the United States. (Then Technician Fourth Grade, Staff Sergeant and Technical Sergeant). For meritorious service during the period 1 November 1944 to 1 December 1945.

MASTER SERGEANT EUGENE J VOTRUBA 35 262 964 Detached Enlisted Men's List, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 June 1945 to 7 December 1945.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT OSCAR COLCHAMERO 33 549 021 Signal Corps, Army of the United States, (then Sergeant and Technician Third Grade). For meritorious service during the period 4 July 1945 to 31 December 1945.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT CARL W FUHN 36 521 037 Corps of Military Police, Army of the United States, (then Staff Sergeant and Technical Sergeant). For meritorious service during the period 1 February 1945 to 12 September 1945.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT WILLIAM G MURDICK 37 622 439 Adjutant General's Department, Army of the United States, (then Staff Sergeant and Technical Sergeant). For meritorious service during the period 25 January 1945 to 25 December 1945.

STAFF SERGEANT RALPH V SWENDSEN 32 743 287 Air Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 1 September 1945 to 15 October 1945.

TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE JOHN M LEWIS 36 372 662 Cavalry, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 20 April 1945 to 31 December 1945.

IV. AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL (OAK LEAF CLUSTER): Under authority contained in paragraph 8, AR 600-45, The BRONZE STAR MEDAL (OAK LEAF CLUSTER) is awarded by the Commanding General, U. S. Forces, China Theater to the following named officer. The citation is as follows:

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN H SHARP O 219 789 Quartermaster Corps, Army of the United States. For meritorious service during the period 25 May 1945 to 31 December 1945.

V. AMENDMENT TO GENERAL ORDERS:

1. So much of Section III, General Orders No. 8, this Headquarters dated 9 January 1946 as pertains to COLONEL A GAVAN O17 169 FA and Col JAMES R WHISENAND as reads "is awarded the BRONZE STAR MEDAL (OAK LEAF CLUSTER)" is amended to read "is awarded the BRONZE STAR MEDAL (SECOND OAK LEAF CLUSTER)".

2. So much of Section IV General Orders No. 8, this Headquarters dated 9 January 1946 as reads "MAJOR JOSEF S TRESSIER" is amended to read "MAJOR JOSEF F TRESSLER".

3. So much of Section IV, General Orders No. 8, this Headquarters dated 9 January 1946 as pertains to Capt BROCKE DOLAN O 901 154 AC as reads "is awarded the BRONZE STAR MEDAL" is amended to read "is awarded the BRONZE STAR MEDAL (POSTHUMOUSLY)".

4. So much of Section IV, General Orders No. 8, this Headquarters, dated 9 January 1946 as reads "CAPTAIN FRED K LONDON O1 320 059" is amended to read "CAPTAIN FRED W LONDON O1 320 059".

5. So much of Section IV, General Orders No. 8, this Headquarters, dated 9 January 1946 as reads "SECOND LIEUTENANT NICOLAI I KEIKORIAN TZ-GRIGORIEFF" is amended to read "SECOND LIEUTENANT NICOLAI I KRIKORIAN TZ-GRIGORIEFF".

6. So much of Section I, General Orders No. 11, this Headquarters, dated 12 January 1946 as reads "CAPTAIN VERNON M EPPLEY OL 748 843" is amended to read "CAPTAIN VERNON M EPPLEY OL 174 843".

7. So much of Section II, General Orders No. 14, this Headquarters, dated 18 January 1946 as reads "TECHNICAL SERGEANT ROBERT H CASPERON 36 658 269" is amended to read "TECHNICAL SERGEANT ROBERT H CASPERSON 36 658 269".

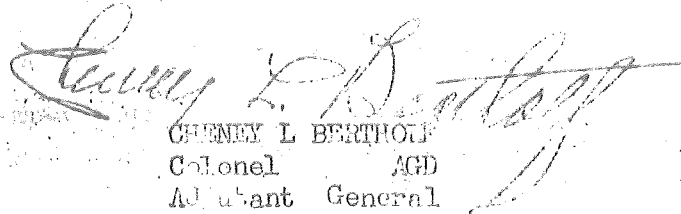
8. So much of Paragraph 1, Section VI, General Orders No. 14 this Headquarters, dated 18 January 1946 as reads "Ed Lt NICOLAI I KLIKORLINTZ-GRIGORIEFF" is amended to read "Ed Lt NICOLAI I KLIKORLINTZ-GRIGORIEFF".

VI. REVOCATION OF GENERAL ORDERS: General Orders No. 258, this Headquarters dated 1 December 1945, operating the Haiphong Liaison Group, is revoked.

BY COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL WEDEMEYER:

PAUL W CARAWAY
Brigadier General, GSC
Acting Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:


CHENEY L BERTHOLD
Colonel AGD
Adjutant General

HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS COMPANY
 UNITED STATES FORCES
 CHINA THEATER

SPECIAL ORDERS)

NUMBER.....8)

Shanghai, China
 29 January 1946

1. UP par 3b AR 35-320 Maj JUSTIN R BOYD O 142 733 Inf is aptd a Cl A Agent Fin O to Lt Col A E WILLIAMS O1 220 037 FD Disbursing O for the purpose of paying EM of this Hq for an indefinite period of time.

2. UP AR 615-5 as amended announcement is made of the temp prom of the fol named EM this Hq:

TO BE MASTER SERGEANT

T/Sgt	Oscar Colchamiro	33 549 021	SIG C
T/Sgt	Joe B Strayhorn	18 214 496	SIG C

TO BE TECHNICAL SERGEANT

S/Sgt	Francis M Andras	36 951 213	CAV
S/Sgt	Harry E Carpenter	36 972 994	CWS
S/Sgt	Eugene C Gunther	36 845 915	BI
Tec 3	Gary W Lee	12 187 325	MI
Tec 3	Lawrence L Lew	39 142 084	INF
Tec 3	Harry D Neill	12 149 214	SIG C

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt	Cletus F Geschwind	37 777 691	CMP
Sgt	Merton R Rosentreter	38 269 584	MD
Tec 4	Margaret M Flanagan	A 210 183	WAC
Tec 4	Russell S Madden Jr	31 130 196	DEML
Tec 4	Frank A Weber	36 638 036	MD
Tec 4	Dewey J Wilson	34 948 332	DEML

TO BE SERGEANT

Cpl	David I Bergum	36 487 575	CMP
Cpl	Robert L Boyce Jr	37 756 525	CMP
Cpl	Clifford E Gehrt	39 429 227	CMP
Cpl	Claude A Johnson	39 937 320	CMP
Cpl	Dick D McKinney	37 698 778	INF
Cpl	David T Northcutt	38 640 096	CMP
Cpl	Mildred R Parks	A 609 210	WAC
Cpl	Nolen E Puckett Jr	44 068 044	CMP
Cpl	Ellis K Skinner	37 714 686	CMP
Cpl	Douglas Tann	10 400 144	DEML

(SO 8 HQ & HQ CO Shanghai China 29 Jan 46 Contd)

TO BE TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE

Tec 5 Amy M Heaton A 810 587 WAC

BY ORDER OF COLONEL SCOTT:

HOWARD T LEE
1st Lt Inf
Adjutant

OFFICIAL:



HOWARD T LEE
1st Lt Inf
Adjutant

Decided one day to make the trip to Hong Kong and Canton and so put in my application. After being approved, I finally packed and was notified to be at the airport Monday morning at 6:30. It is pretty rough getting up early in the morning, since I've been used to getting up at 7:00AM and no earlier, but I made it that morning. At the airport, we were notified that the flight was cancelled and that we couldn't go again until Wednesday, 6 February, so we got on the trucks and returned to work. Wednesday morning came around and I repeated the routine of awakening at the early hour of 5:30. Went to the airport and then finally got off the runway at about 9AM. The plane was again a C-46. I never seem to try anything else. But they aren't too bad, especially when they are heated and this one was. Had plenty of film and my two cameras and was ready to go on a picture tour. At around 10AM I ate one of my K rations for breakfast (cheese, and very good). Saw some nice views from the air of the China Sea, farms built on the sides of mountains and a bunch of small villages, rivers and huts. We didn't fly too high and so got a good view of most everything. Finally landed at the Canton airport (which is nothing more than a very short landing strip) and loaded on trucks and took the ride into the city. The first impression of Canton is not too good. The city reminded me of Calcutta. Dirty, Smelly, narrow streets, and not a very beautiful place to live in. But we finally drove onto a little island called Shaamen where we lived during our stay there. After washing and having lunch, we took a jeep ride around the city and tried

to do some shopping, but the things I wanted to buy were so expensive that I just gave up hope of getting any jade there. So we just went looking around. Returned at around 5:30. Oh yes, we went out to a Japanese camp trying to get some swords, but to no avail. There were none to be had as the Chinese had taken everything. It was quite difficult getting into the camp especially with this Chinese guard who kept a loaded Thompson sub machine gun pointing at us constantly, but with a lot of yelling and showing of tickets and papers (which really meant nothing) we finally got in. Saw the Pearl River bridge on the way to the camp, in fact we had to cross it as the camp was on the other side of the city. Had supper and then listened to an American missionary who had been in China most all his life and he told us of some of the history concerning the city. It seems that the Cantonese are much more progressive than the rest of the people in China. It was in the south that the revolution gave birth. The city is open with no walls surrounding it. The people are short, very tiny and some are very good looking. But more of that later. We decided to go out for a walk and see what night life in Canton was like. Well there isn't much of it. The city is under martial law due to the trouble between the nationalists and the communists there and so the city is closed lock stock and barrel at 11 PM. But we did tour the streets until about 10 PM and buy bananas and more bananas which were delicious. The streets were filled with little stores selling mostly fruits of different varieties, mainly bananas and tangerines. And they were really good and large.

Walked back to Shaamen and finally had some coffee and cakes and then went to bed. Slept on an army cot under a mosquito net, but anything to see Canton and Hong Kong.

The initial preparations for the tour were made. Got my billet heard a lecture and rested that night on an army cot and under a mosquito bar. Up the next morning even though I was dead tired from the plane ride. Breakfasted and then we got into a jeep and started a tour of the city. We saw a very Chinese residential with courts and gardens and inner courts and more gardens and private rooms, etc. Then we were on the so-called ruins, bombed buildings, devastated homes, ransacked houses. But then we went to some of the nicer places. We went to the Sun Yat Sen memorial which is somewhat like the Washington monument in Washington except that it is taller. Took plenty of pictures there. Close by was the five storied pagoda. Then we entered and off to the city hall where we met the mayor of Canton. He shook hands with each of us and after getting a bright idea of taking pictures we entered his outside (he being crippled) and took some pictures of him with the crowd and some with just me. We then saw the smooth pagoda and I walked all the way up to the top...some trek. Then back to lunch. Oh yes, before lunch I did get around to buying some trinkets: vases, stone Buddha, carved rock, etc. That morning was a general tour of the city. After lunch which was too good, we went down to the dock at Shekwan and took a river boat to see the river life in Canton. They say that there are over 20,000 Chinese living in the Pearl River around Canton. The river boat went all the way down the river, under the Pearl River bridge and down to a university. Saw young college boys and girls being educated in quite a western atmosphere. Quite modern. Then back to the boat and up the river back to Shekwan where we disembarked. Walked back to the Hostel where some of us got a jeep and went touring the city again. Just saw some of the ordinary people in the ordinary

shops. Bought and ate plenty of bananas. Had loads of fun bargaining with them. Then back to Skereen where we washed, suppered, and rested. Out again that night. Was very tired when I got back, but knew that I had to get up early to get the plane for Hong Kong. Had to fight with myself that morning to get up because I was so tired, but I made it. We rode out to the airport in whatever vehicles we available there and got on the plane. A little after eight the landing wheels left the ground and we were out for Hong Kong. The went out to the ocean and after a half hour of flying over hilly country side, little rivers, farms, small towns and the rest that is Chinese. Finally came over a beautiful bay. On one side was Hong Kong and on the other side was the landing field (British) with plenty of big PBYS. After a bounce or two we landed and started piling out of the plane and walked over to the dock where the landing barge was waiting. Got in the barge and then took a beautiful trip across the bay to the island of Hong Kong. After the ride we all piled in trucks and went sightseeing around the island. The first thing was visiting the Tiger Pagoda. It was built by a man who sold drugs under the name Tiger. It was a beautiful group of building, pagodas, statues, carved staircases, carved tigers, dragons and phe nixs and with a beautiful view of the Bay. Took pictures there and so I didn't have much time to see the place. Then we mounted on the truck again and took a ride around the island which is a beautiful tropical island. Beaches, beautiful hills, a beautiful dam, modern homes (which were ransacked though), and a wonderful place to live. Then back to the docks and just about two hours for lunch during which time I had a letter to deliver for one of the women in the office. Went to eat dinner

Peak Tramway Co., Ltd.
Any 30 Distance
SERVICE FIRST CLASS

with some chinese man in a nice modern restaurant. Had some fish there which was very delicious. The food was very expensive though. The dinner cost us each around \$2500.00. Went to the docks at two at which time we all walked over to the Tram which takes you up the side of the mountain and at a very dangerous angle (around 45°). We finally got to the top and got off. Stayed up there for an hour taking pictures of a most beautiful view of the city down below and the harbor. Since it was getting late we r turned took the boat back to the airport and then the plane back to Canton. Sorry to leave the island as it was much more beautiful and refreshing than Canton. But we returned to Canton anyway and rode back to Chameen where we ate supper. Then we rested a bit, built a fire (since it gets very chilly at night down there) and rested a little more. I was dead tired and decided to stay in that night, but after awhile two of my friends came in and told me that they had some girls outside and that they wanted me to come along, so I shot up, forgot all my tiredness and what happened in a little auto surpan on the Pearl River one night in Canton can only be told. Cantonese girls are very cute. Went back to sleep at around 10:30 since we had to get up rather early the next morning again for the return to Shanghai. Tried to get a good night's rest, but creak you can't do it on an army cot. Up the next morning had an early breakfast and then drove out to the airport where we started down the field at 9 AM. The flight was the usual one, but when we got to Shanghai the pilots flew rather low over the city so we could get a good view of it. Then we landed and then back to the Navy Y at around 2 PM. I was tired, dirty and very happy that I went to these two cities of China. Showered, rested, ate supper, played some pool, and then went to bed. The next morning I went to work again..to the old grind.

LTR ORDERS NO. 94

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES FORCES
CHINA THEATER

Shanghai, China

2 Feb 46

AG 200.4
8

SUBJECT: Orders.

TO : Individuals Concerned.

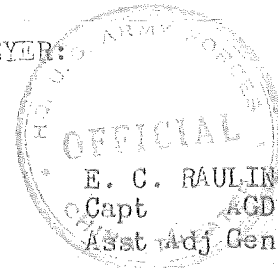
1. The below named individuals are authorized to proceed on **4 Feb 46** TDY on Educational and Recreational Tours to **Canton** China for approx **4** days under the provisions of Cir No 181 this Hq dtd 1 November 1945 and upon compl thereof to ret to their proper sta and orgn.

W/Sgt Colchemiro, Oscar 33549021 Hq USF CT

2. Transportation by military aircraft is authorized. Government billets and subsistence will be furnished.

3. Officers will make deductions on their pay vouchers as for regular billets and messing at their assigned stations. Per diem or travel allowances not authorized.

BY COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL WEDEMEYER:





OFFICE OF
THE ADMINISTRATOR OF
VETERANS AFFAIRS

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

DEAR FELLOW VETERAN:

I congratulate you upon completion of your service in the armed forces and for your part in bringing to a conclusion a two-front war which resulted in the unconditional surrender of the Axis Powers.

Having been appointed by the President as Administrator of Veterans Affairs, I want to state generally the provisions made by our Government for you and other veterans.

Among the benefits that you may be entitled to are compensation for disabilities, hospitalization, home, farm and business loan guarantee, readjustment allowances, insurance, rehabilitation and vocational training, educational courses, assistance in obtaining employment and provision for your dependents.

Eligibility for each one is dependent upon the facts in the individual case.

If you are interested in any of these provisions, you should write or contact the Veterans Administration office nearest your home. For your convenience, there is, on the reverse of this letter, a list of the Regional Offices with the address of each office.

I feel I should warn you the last deduction for your Government insurance premiums has been made from your service pay. This means from now on you must make these premium payments directly to the Collections division, Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

**DON'T LET YOUR INSURANCE LAPSE! YOU
OWE THIS TO YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY.**

I assure you that the Veterans Administration stands ready to serve you.

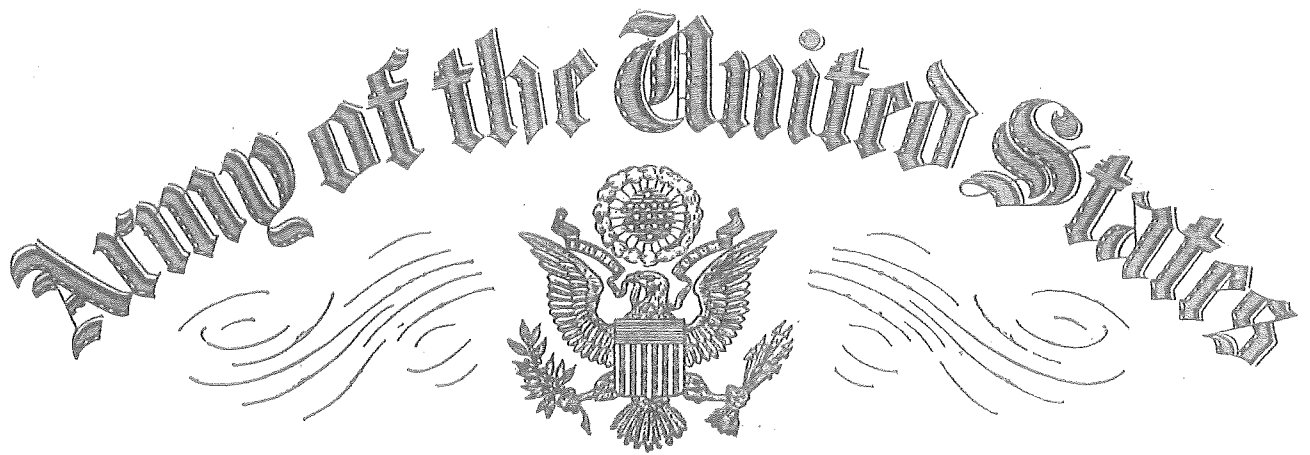
Sincerely yours,

Omar N. Bradley

OMAR N. BRADLEY,
General, U. S. Army,
Administrator,

REGIONAL OFFICES OF VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

<i>State</i>	<i>City</i>	<i>Address</i>
ALABAMA	Montgomery	None required
ARIZONA	Tucson	None required
ARKANSAS	Little Rock	Federal Bldg.
CALIFORNIA	Los Angeles 25	None required
	San Francisco 21	None required
COLORADO	Denver 2	Old Custom House
CONNECTICUT	Newington 11	None required
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	Washington 25	300 Indiana Ave. NW.
FLORIDA	Bay Pines (near St. Petersburg)	None required
GEORGIA	Atlanta	5998 Peachtree Rd. NE.
IDAHO	Boise	None required
ILLINOIS	Hines (near Maywood)	None required
INDIANA	Indianapolis 44	None required
IOWA	Des Moines 10	None required
KANSAS	Wichita 2	None required
KENTUCKY	Lexington	None required
LOUISIANA	New Orleans 12	333 St. Charles St.
MAINE	Togus (near Augusta)	None required
MARYLAND	Baltimore 2	1315 St. Paul St.
MASSACHUSETTS	Boston 9	Post Office Bldg.
MICHIGAN	Dearborn	None required
MINNESOTA	Minneapolis 6	None required
MISSISSIPPI	Jackson 107	Federal Bldg.
MISSOURI	Kansas City 6	1009 Wyandotte St.
	St. Louis 1	707 Market St.
MONTANA	Ft. Harrison (near Helena)	None required
NEBRASKA	Lincoln 1	None required
NEVADA	Reno	None required
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Manchester	Federal Bldg.
NEW JERSEY	Lyons (near Summit, Union County)	None required
NEW MEXICO	Albuquerque	None required
NEW YORK	Batavia	None required
	New York 11	215 W. 24th St.
NORTH CAROLINA	Fayetteville	None required
NORTH DAKOTA	Fargo	None required
OHIO	Brecksville	None required
	Dayton	None required
OKLAHOMA	Muskogee	None required
OREGON	Portland 7	None required
PENNSYLVANIA	Philadelphia 6	New Custom House
	Pittsburgh 22	1001 Liberty Ave.
	Wilkes-Barre	18 S. Franklin St.
	Providence 3	100 Fountain St.
RHODE ISLAND	Columbia	None required
SOUTH CAROLINA	Sioux Falls	None required
SOUTH DAKOTA	Sioux Falls	None required
TENNESSEE	Murfreesboro	None required
TEXAS	Waco	None required
UTAH	Salt Lake City 3	None required
VERMONT	White River Junction	None required
VIRGINIA	Roanoke 17	None required
WASHINGTON	Seattle 4	Federal Office Bldg.
WEST VIRGINIA	Huntington 1	None required
WISCONSIN	Wood (near Milwaukee)	None required
WYOMING	Cheyenne	None required



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

OSCAR COLCHAMIRO 33 549 021 MASTER SERGEANT
HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES CHINA THEATRE

Army of the United States

*is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military
service of the United States of America.*

*This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest
and Faithful Service to this country.*

Given at

SEPARATION CENTER
FORT DIX NEW JERSEY

Date

15 APRIL 1946

S. A. JOHNSTON
MAJOR INF.

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION

MC

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL COLCHAMIRO OSCAR		2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 33 549 021	3. GRADE M/SGT	4. ARM OR SERVICE SIG C	5. COMPONENT AUS
6. ORGANIZATION HQ US FORCES CHINA THEATRE		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 15 APR 46	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEP CTR FT DIX NJ		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES 3145 BRIGHTON 4TH ST BKLYN NY		10. DATE OF BIRTH 30 OCT 20	11. PLACE OF BIRTH NYC NY		
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT SEE 9		13. COLOR EYES BRN	14. COLOR HAIR BRN	15. HEIGHT 5-6	16. WEIGHT 175 LBS.
17. NO. DEPEND.		18. RACE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WHITE <input type="checkbox"/> REGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify)		19. MARITAL STATUS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SINGLE <input type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify)	
20. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. MACHINIST'S HELPER 4-75 010			

MILITARY HISTORY

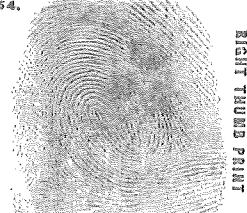
22. DATE OF INDUCTION 8 JAN 43		23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT	24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 15 JAN 43	25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE BALTIMORE MD	
SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	26. REGISTERED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	27. LOCAL S.S. BOARD NO. 25	28. COUNTY AND STATE BALTIMORE CO MD		29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE SEE 9
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. ADMINISTRATIVE NCO 502			31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (i.e., Infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) 17 RIFLE 30 CAL SS 167 13 APR 44		
32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS NONE					
33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS MEDAL AMERICAN CAMPAIGN MEDAL ASIATIC PACIFIC CAMPAIGN GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL BRONZE STAR MEDAL GO 19 22 JAN WORLD WAR II VICTORY MEDAL					
34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION NONE					
35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES					
SMALLPOX DEC 45	TYPHOID DEC 45	TETANUS APR 44	OTHER (specify) NONE		
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE			36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S. AND RETURN		
38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD M/SGT			DATE OF DEPARTURE 23 MAR 45	DESTINATION CB1	DATE OF ARRIVAL 28 APR 45
39. PRIOR SERVICE NONE			20 MAR 46	USA	7 APR 46
40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION CONVENIENCE OF THE GOVERNMENT AR 615-365 15 DEC 44 & RR 1-1 (DEMobilIZATION)					
41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED NONE					
42. EDUCATION (Years)					
Grammar 8		High School 4		College 4	

PAY DATA

43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES			44. MUSTERING OUT PAY		45. SOLDIER DEPOSITS	46. TRAVEL PAY	47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER	
YEARS 3	MONTHS 3	DAYS 8	TOTAL \$ 300	THIS PAYMENT \$ 100	NONE	\$ 7.45	339.43	J HARRIS COL FD

INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D.C.									
48. KIND OF INSURANCE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Nat. Serv. <input type="checkbox"/> U.S. Govl. <input type="checkbox"/> None			49. HOW PAID <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Allotment <input type="checkbox"/> Direct to V. A.		50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance 31 MAR 46	51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50) 30 APR 46	52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$ 6.60	53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Continue <input type="checkbox"/> Continue Only <input type="checkbox"/> Discontinue	

54.  RIGHT THUMB PRINT	55. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives) LAPEL BUTTON ISSUED INACTIVE ERC FROM 8 JAN 43 TO 14 JAN 43 ASR SCORE (2 SEP 45) 43	
	56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED Oscar Colchamiro	57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) H SILVERMAN 2ND LT SIG C

"PANORAMA OF CHINA"

IF I WERE AN ARTIST WITH NOTHING TO DO,
I'D PAINT A PICTURE, A COMPOSITE VIEW,
OF HISTORIC OLD CHINA, IN WHICH I'D SHOW,
VISIONS OF CONTRAST, THE HIGH AND THE LOW,
THERE'D BE TOWERING MOUNTAINS, A DEEP GREEN LEA,
FILTHY BRATS YELLING "DING HOW" AT ME.
HIGH PLUMED HORSES, AND COLORFUL CARTS,
TWO-TONED DRESSES ON HUSTLING TARTS,
I'D SHOW CHINESE COOLIES, SEEMINGLY MERRY,
DEJECTED OLD WOMEN, WITH TOO MUCH TO CARRY.
A DIGNIFIED OLD GOUT WITH A FU-MAN-CHU BEARD.
BARE BOTTOMED CHILDREN WITH BOTH ENDS SMEARED.
TEMPLES AND TOMBS AND MUD HOUSES TOO,
HOSTELS AND MOUNTAINS, AND MARVELOUS VIEWS,
HOUSES MADE OF WOOD, BRICKS AND OF MUD,
PEOPLE COVERED WITH SCABS, SCURVY AND CRUD,
POVERTY AND WANT, MAN CRAVING FOR FOOD,
PICKING THROUGH GARBAGE, PRACTICALLY NUDE.
STATELY TEMPLES, WITH HORRIBLE SMEEDS.
STONE FRONTED TOMBS, A PLACE FOR THE DEAD,
NOISY CIVILIANS CLAFORING FOR BREAD.
GRASS FRINGED PADDIES, SWEEP BY THE BREEZE,
PEASANTS WADING IN MUD UP TO THEIR KNEES.

ANCIENT IDOLS WITH LEGENDS REPLETE,
A SENSUAL LASS WITH SCARS ON HER FEET.
CREEPING ROADWAYS, WITH A SPANGLED THEME,
ALLEYS THAT WIND LIKE A DOPE FRIENDS DREAM.
RICE FIELDS SET ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL,
A SIDEWALK LATRINE WITH PRIVACY NIL.
TWO BY FOUR SHOPS WITH SHELVING BARE,
GESTURING MERCHANTS FILLING THE AIR.
NARR'W GAUGE SIDEWALKS, MORE LIKE A SHELF,
BUTTOPUFFING YOUNGSTER, SCRATCHING HIMSELF.
LUMBERING CARTS, HUGGING THE ROAD,
NON-DESCRIPT TRUCKS FREQUENTLY TOWED,
DIMINUTIVE DONKEYS LOADED FOR BEAR,
COOLIE DRAWN TAXIS, SOAKING FOR FARE.
DETERMINED PEDESTRIANS, COURTING DISASTER,
WALKING IN GUTTERS WHERE MOVEMENTS ARE FASTER,
CHINESE DRIVERS ALL ACCIDENT BOUND,
WEAVING AND TWISTING TO COVER THE GROUND.
HOME MADE BROOMS, REEDS TIED TO STICKS,
USED ON THE STREETS TO CLEAN OFF THE BRICKS.
RICKSHAWS AND PUSHCARTS, BLOCKING YOUR PATH,
STREET CORNER "SLOPIES" NEEDING A BATH.
SOLDIERS GALORE WITH MANNERS QUITE MILD,
PROFILE WOMAN, ALL HEAVY WITH CHILD.

ARROGANT WRETCHES, PICKING UP SNIPES,
MINIATURE APARTMENTS OF VARIOUS TYPES.
AN UGLY MAIDEN, A SMILE ON HER FACE,
BREATH SMELLING OF ONION, FOULING THE PLACE,
A LISTLESS HOUSEWIFE, WITH BOUND UP FEET,
WASHING AND COOKING RIGHT OUT IN THE STREET.
THE FAMILY WASH, A TATTLE-TALE GRAY,
HANGS FROM A CORD, BLOCKING THE WAY.
FAMILIES DINING FROM ONE COMMON BOWL,
NEXT TO A FISH STORE, A HORRIBLE HOLE.
CHINESE ZOOT-SUITERS, FLASHINGLY DRESSED,
BAREFOOTED BEGGARS LOOKING DEPRESSED.
MUD SMEARED CHILDREN, CLUSTERING ABOUT,
FILLING THEIR JUGS FROM A COMMUNITY SPOUT.
A DUTIFUL MOTHER, WITH A LOOK OF DESPAIR,
PICKING THE LICE FROM HER SMALL CHILD'S HAIR.
CAPABLE CRAFTSMEN, SKILLED IN THEIR ART,
DECREPIT OLD SHACKS, FALLING APART.
INTRICATE NEEDLEWORK, OUT ON DISPLAY,
SURROUNDED BY ROT, FILTH AND DECAY.
ELEGANT BASKETS, WEAVED OUT BY HAND,
ODOROUS SHOPS WHERE LEATHER IS TANNED.
AN ALLEY-WAY-SHOP---A BLACK MARKET STORE.
CRAWLING WITH VERMIN, NO SCREEN ON THE DOOR.

I'VE NEGLECTED THE WAR SCARS, VISIBLE YET,
BUT THOSE ARE THE THINGS WE WANT TO FORGET,
I'M GLAD I CAME, BUT DARNED ANXIOUS TO GO,
GIVE IT BACK TO THE "CHINKS", I'M READY TO BLOW:

FINI

Widemeyer



Chennault

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Stanley Chiang Chennault



CT-45-70,111



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Chiang

Chennault

Hurley Chiang Chennault

Wedemeyer

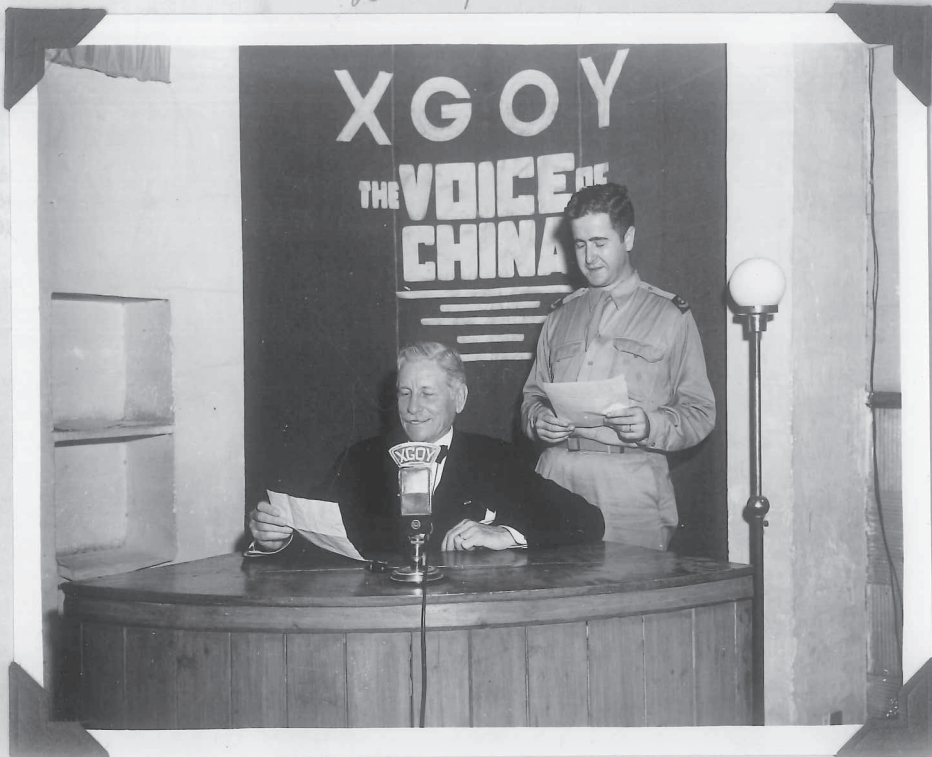


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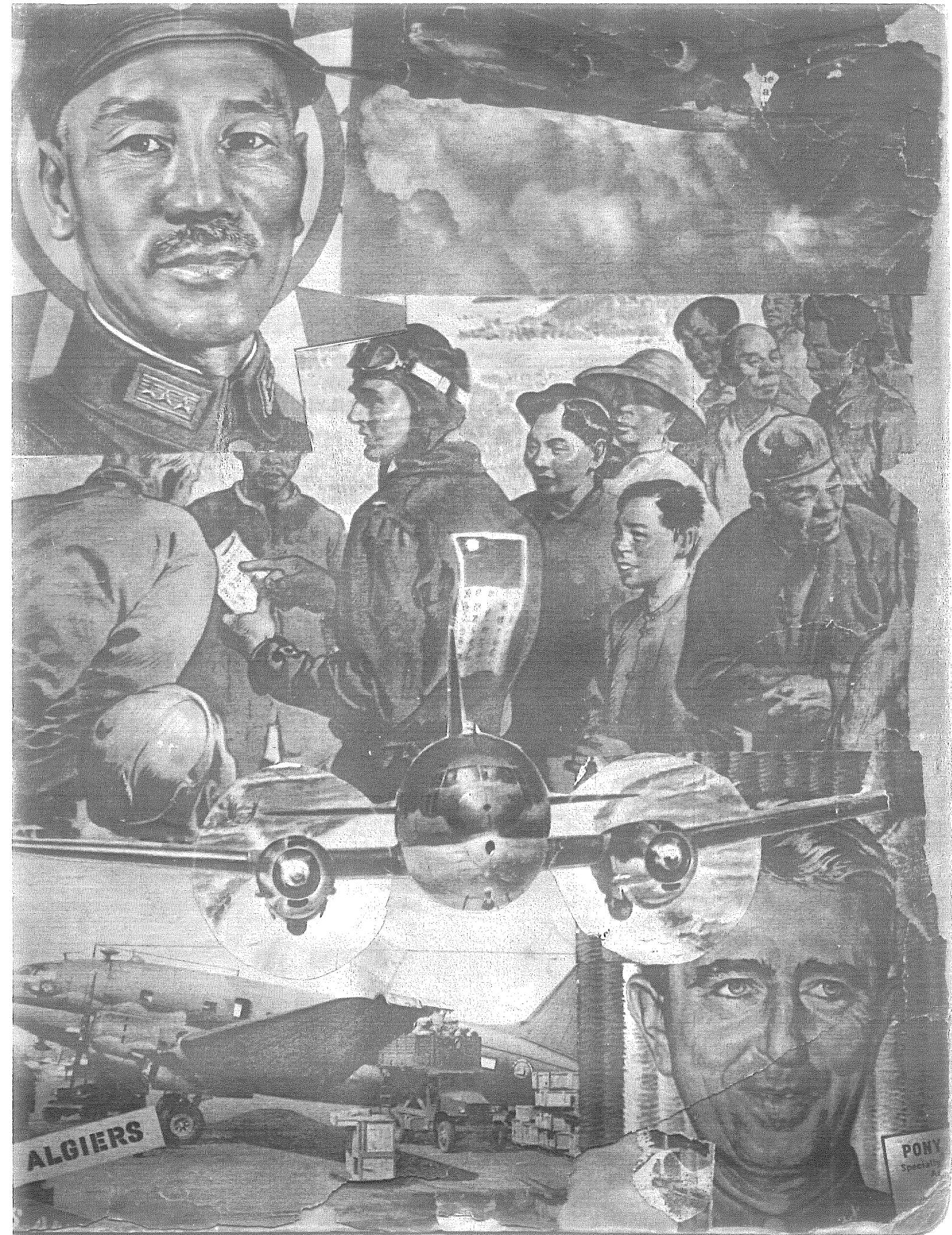
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A Note to Oscar Colchamiro's WWII Journal

As my family and I get ready to donate my father's Journal to the FDR Presidential Library, it is important to note certain things. My father was a man who respected all people—their religions, cultures, ethnicities and races. Prior to his death, in 2014, at 94, I read him parts of his journal. He was very upset at his use of the words: coolie, Chink and Jap. He, correctly, understood them to be highly offensive. While no justification, it should be recognized that during the early 20th century, these derogatory words were, sadly, part of the vernacular. My father, understandably, would not forgive himself the use of those "terrible words". Born into a Greek Jewish family, many of whom were killed by the Nazis, he was sadly aware of the damage of racial/cultural hate speech. Without this explanation of his dismay at having used these abhorrent terms and his sincere apology for doing so, he would have been upset to learn that others might one day view his writings. (April 2019)

Sincerely, Pearl Pappas

Donated by family members, Joan Langhamer, Julia Visgauss, Jane Pappas, Jason Smart, Emmeline Pappas & Pearl Pappas



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