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I'm going to attempt to do an audio-biography at the request of Don Sikkink, the retired Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. It's difficult to know where to start on this odyssey, but I suppose it starts in elementary school. My parents are already covered in a family genealogy which is on file with Isanti county.

My Education

Needless to say, I grew up in the very, very small town of Grandy, Minnesota. It had a two room school house. At that two room school house I probably got the very best education that anyone could get. I was active in many things during grade school and had many good friends in this small town. I participated in all the silly little programs that these small schools put on and, I suppose, I was the pride of my parents in the process. It's a long time ago and I really don't remember too much except that I had a teacher in my seventh grade and eighth grades and it was there that I became intensely interested in geography and history. And, I suppose that those two subjects proved helpful and useful in what followed in the rest of my life which was spent in many countries in Asia and in Europe.

High School

I graduated from this little country school of Grandy in 1936 and entered the brand new high school building at Cambridge High School. I was a good student and I received a university scholarship award, a super award, the American Legion scholarship and things of that sort, none of which are very important at this stage of

the game. I was on the debate team, the declamation team, I was editor of the school paper, The Hub, and I was assistant editor of the school annual which is known as the Nugget. I was in the two class plays and was deeply involved in everything that went on in high school. History was my favorite, and it was there that I was introduced to ancient history--the history of Rome and Egypt--and to this day, I think I know more about the history of that era than do most college graduates, all from high school history classes. I graduated from Cambridge High School in 1940 and my parents were most anxious that I go to Gustavus Adolphus College. I went to Gustavus Adolphus College for a couple of weeks, but I didn't like going to chapel every day of the week at 7:30 in the morning and I decided that I didn't want to go to college at all if I had to go to chapel every morning of my life. And so I came home with great tears and it was decided that I could go to the University of Minnesota which started its school year much later.

The University of Minnesota

At the University of Minnesota my first year, I was very naive, very innocent, I didn't know what it was all about. I worked my butt off because it was *different* from high school and I had vocabulary thrown at me that was sometimes beyond me so that I took up the habit of carrying a Webster Dictionary with me to every class that I went to. When I was a freshman, to help pay my way because my parents were not well off, I got a job at the University of Minnesota radio station. At that time it was radio station WLB--I think now it is KUOM. I worked at the radio station for three years and for one year, I put the radio station on the air at six o'clock in the morning. I earned money that way and I used to take the street car down to Lake Street and I worked at Sears Roebuck Friday afternoons, Friday nights, and all day Saturday and Saturday night--more ways to help pay my way.

I lived in boarding houses and the folks provided my tuition and clothing and books but anything and everything else was up to me because they couldn't afford to do much more than that. I used to hitch hike home, taking the street car to the end of the car line and hitchhiking the rest of the way. I used to bring my laundry and over the weekend, mother would do my laundry.

Joining a Fraternity

Thinking back, we all were very neatly, nicely dressed which seems to be not the case in this day and age of higher education. We always had shoes that were shined, or saddle shoes which were the popular dress. And, always a shirt and tie--always a tie. I made many friends there, they became close friends. Eventually, when I learned my way around the university a little bit better, I decided I wanted to join a fraternity. And, of course, fraternities were not cheap and my family could not support a fraternity, but I did pledge Sigma Nu fraternity, Gamma Tau chapter. I even became the assistant commander of Gamma Tau chapter of Sigma Nu fraternity. We had the most elegant house on campus right across the street from Falwell hall. There, I met some friends who have remained friends throughout my lifetime and therein lies a story which I will mention shortly.

Selecting a Major

I fumbled around trying to decide what I wanted to major in. First it was going to be law, and I did prelaw courses and then it was going to be business and I did business courses and, in the course of time, I took some fascinating *political science* courses in Far East Studies and I took some fascinating *history* courses in Far East

Studies. And, lo and behold, I became very interested in the far east. Now, what one does with history and political science in Far East Studies, I had no notion. But, it all wound up with a Bachelor of Arts degree with a double major—economics and political science and a minor in history and lots and lots and lots of the work had been in Far East Studies courses. I had some outstanding professors there. Harold Quigley who was world renowned as a Japanese expert and was on General MacArthur's staff in Tokyo after the war setting up the *new* Japanese government. I had Lenox A. Mills who was a little Englishman who wore his handkerchief up his sleeve and he knew the far east British colonies inside out and I knew all about Singapore and Hong Kong and India and so forth. Also, my favorite economics professor was Garver of the very famous economics team of Garver and Hansen who wrote an economics text book and they both ended up at Harvard University so they must both have been good.

Four Friends Make a Pledge

All right, the story that came out of my fraternity. At the fraternity, of course, we used to have lots of parties. By the time I was a junior, I knew all the tricks of the trade as far as studying goes and I would buy ponies from the local book store which were condensed versions of the great big heavy text books and the fraternity had an examination file and we had copies of examinations going back for 25 years and I don't know if it was a trick or I was smart or one or the other, probably it was a trick. I *did* extremely well academically in my junior and senior years in spite of the fact that I was extremely busy socially in the fraternity and of course I was busy in extracurricular activities at the University of Minnesota also.

Looking at the 1944 Gopher, which is the University of Minnesota school annual, I see that I got my BA, I was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity, a member of the Cosmopolitan Club, International Relations Club, the Radio Guild, the Post War Planning Committee, the Forum Board, and I was president of the Cosmopolitan Club that wasn't bad for a small town boy at a university that had 30 or 40 thousand students at the time.

We at Sigma Nu fraternity were 3 friends who seemed to do everything together. We would go out and raise Cain together, we would put on the dog beyond our means and wear tuxedos and go to the Minnesota Terrace and the Hotel Nicollet (and here I was a pauper) but we did it. And in order to impress all my friends with how sophisticated I was, I always drank French 75s. Now a French 75 was champagne and brandy and I really thought I was the most sophisticated individual the world has ever known when I was capable of ordering a French 75. Well, we 3 fraternity brothers all had the draft breathing down our necks. One of the fraternity brothers was a Canadian, Con Michas, from Regina, Saskatchewan. Another was Phil Ryan of, I think, Goodhue, Minnesota. And the third one was Tom Sollers. We made a pact among us that the first of we four (I included) who was drafted into the armed services, the other three would follow along. Canada had been in the Second World War since 1939 and Con Michas had gotten deferments to go to school. He was in engineering but he got the notice and was drafted. And so you have three Americans traipsing up to Canada and enlisting in the armed forces of Canada.

An American in the Canadian Armed Forces

Although we enlisted together none of us were sent to similar places and so we saw very little of each other thereafter. I was sent to Fort Gary, Manitoba, which turned out to be the University of Manitoba. And I was housed in the University of Manitoba dormitory and there I took my basic training. I subsequently was at Camp Borden which I think I remember was somewhere near Toronto and another place, Camp Brandon, which is at Brandon, Manitoba over on the Saskatchewan border. One of my buddies in Canada was a fellow by the name of High MacMillan and he seemed to be related to all sorts of important people and on weekends we would go to his house and to his uncle's house, Arnold Campbell. Arnold Campbell happened to be Secretary of the Liberal Party of Canada which was the political party in power in Canada. And so here I had in Canada, not knowing anybody ever until I got there, political influence. And, lo and behold, an early assignment of mine was being sent off to London where I worked in Bush House which was the British Broadcasting Corporations headquarters and I did broadcasts to Canadian armed forces who were stationed on the continent.

When the United States got pressed for manpower, they made a deal with the Canadian government that for any American citizen in the Canadian armed forces who agreed to transfer back to America, the American government would pay the Canadian government \$10,000.00 for the training that the Canadians had provided that American. There were over 10,000 Americans in the Canadian service so that it wasn't all that unusual that we three were in the Canadian services. Don't forget there was even the Eagle Squadron, the Royal Canadian Air Force very early on after 1939.

Phil Ryan

Well, Phil Ryan decided to transfer back to the United States which he did and he went into the Navy in the United States. He was sent off to Annapolis, he graduated from Annapolis. Incidentally, he was a football player. And he was a very bright fellow. And from Annapolis he was sent to Pensacola where he became a Naval pilot. Phil ultimately would up to be a Captain in the US Navy. He married an admiral's daughter. I don't know if that helped or not. Betts. But, when his ship, the USS Hancock, which was an aircraft carrier was part of the seventh fleet and I was in Hong Kong, anytime the fleet or his ship came into Hong Kong on a courtesy call or an R and R trip, I was always invited aboard the aircraft carrier for dinner with the captain. And it was quite a deal. The captain's gig would pull up to Queen's Pier and the captain was not on board his gig but cocktails and canapés were served as we cruised the harbor, liquor not being allowed on Naval ships but certainly on board the Captain's gig, it's permitted. And after the cocktails and so forth, we would pull up to the aircraft carrier and I would be piped aboard as though I were the President of the United States with all the sailors saluting as I came aboard. And the captain would be up at the head of the gangway to shake my hand and we would go down to his very luxurious quarters that consisted of his private kitchen, his private dining room, his private sitting room, his private bedroom, and there we would reminisce. It was great fun. His ship came into Hong Kong also on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the US Navy. It would have been back in 1972 or 1973, I think and he was the senior Naval man in Hong Kong and they rented the ballroom at the Hilton Hotel and every counsel general in Hong Kong and the governor of Hong Kong and anybody that was important in Hong Kong including me, attended this two hundredth anniversary of the US Navy with all the champagne and all the liquor and the huge huge huge cake brought in by smartly attired, smartly groomed Marines. It was a very impressive affair and of course it was strictly black tie. As I recall, the Crown Prince

of Sweden was also in attendance at that function. He was visiting Hong Kong. He is now King Gustav, Karl Gustav of Sweden. So I even met him. Phil and I are still in touch with each other –he's living near Annapolis. We correspond and we occasionally see each other when I am out east.

Tom Sollers

The other fraternity brother, Tom Sollers, the American, put in his time in the Canadian service and wound up working for the Boeing Company and he became a vice president of Boeing out in Seattle. And, again, Tom Sollers and I see each other when I travel out to Seattle or Spokane.

Con Michas

Con Michas, the Canadian, after the war, came back to the University of Minnesota to finish his degree. He moved out to Portland, Oregon, took American citizenship and became the senior representative for IBM corporation in Oregon. He did extremely well. If you would visit his home in Beaverton, you'd know that he was worth a million or two at least. And, so there you have three people who were in the Canadian Armed Service, who were Sigma Nus, and who as far as I can say, did very well.

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

We're going to leave things at entering the University of British Columbia for our Master's program and we're going to go back to the University of Minnesota for our summers of my four years at the University of Minnesota. After my first year that summer I got a job in Yellowstone National Park at Canyon working selling film and goodness knows what in the Canyon Hotel and of course, most of the people

working in the parks were college students from all over the United States and here a group of very good friends emerged and I remember one was from Creighton University in Omaha, another was from Wyoming, a gal was from Montana State University at Bozeman, and a girl by the name of Zoe Kjelljeck whose people are the Kjelljecks of the oriental rug business in Minneapolis. The son of the head of the department of natural resources for the State of Minnesota, Lew Farrel and I, we had great times in Yellowstone Park on our days off. We would hitchhike down to the Teton Mountains. Another of our group was a girl by the name of Mary Bray whose father was a Summit Avenue doctor.

It was great fun because, at this point in time, the draft was on and the military training was on, and there were military trucks roaming around with young soldiers on board and we used to get rides in these great big damn Army trucks down to the Tetons. One week when we were hitchhiking down to the Tetons-- Mary and I--we were picked up by Wallace Beery who had a ranch down in Jackson Hole and it was quite fascinating to be given a ride by this very, very famous Hollywood movie star.

Good Friends Make Plans for a Reunion

Well, we group of friends made a pact as it were that we were going to get together at the Hotel Nicollet Minnesota Terrace in a Black Tie affair at Christmas time. I immediately enrolled in a dance course from Arthur Murray and I would religiously go downtown twice a week to take dancing lessons. I learned to do the foxtrot so magnificently to Elmer's Tune that I could dance like nobody else in the world to Elmer's Tune. I learned a couple of tangos and waltz steps and so when

our rendezvous party came, there I was, decked out in tuxedo. We had dinner, and, again, I was being very sophisticated and I remember distinctly that I had frogs' legs and grilled bananas, neither of which had I ever eaten in my life, nor had I ever seen, but I was convinced that it was sophisticated.

After dinner was dance time and I got out onto the dance floor and I couldn't dance a step. And I have never been quite so mortified in my life. I have since learned how to dance a ballroom type foxtrot, but that's as far as my dancing talents go.

A Future in Retail

My second summer after my sophomore year, I worked the entire summer at Sears Roebuck Lake Street store from morning to closing time including Friday night that they stayed open until 9 or 10 o'clock and Saturday night that they stayed until 9 or 10 o'clock. That was how I earned pocket money to be able to do these things that one wants to do.

Corporate America

After my junior year, that summer, I got a job with General Mills Corporation and I became office boy for executive row. Executive row consisted of the Chairman of the Board of General Mills, the President of General Mills and a couple of Vice Presidents. The Chairman of the Board was James Ford Bell, the Bell Museum at the University of Minnesota is named after him. My chief responsibility with James Ford Bell was to carry coupons down to the bank to deposit into his account. Donald D. Davis was the President of General Mills at that time and he was drafted, as it were, by President Roosevelt to head the War Production Board in

Washington. He went to Washington as a dollar a year employee of the federal government. At the end of the summer, Donald Davis asked me what I intended to do and I said I would like to stay working here and then I'll get drafted. He said, "No, you are going back to school. You cannot work here and here's a check for two thousand dollars to help you with your education." A scholarship from General Mills, from Donald Davis. Two thousand dollars then--my goodness you could live like a maharajah. That enabled me to really live it up at my fraternity.

I had no summer job after my senior year because I was a soldier.

The War Ends

When the Second World War finished, and I believe it was the end of 1945, remember the Canadian government announced ways by which servicemen could be released from the service. They could be released by points, those who had served the longest would be the first out, but they could also get out of the service if their employer requested their services. Or if a serviceperson had an admittance to a university.

Graduate School

Well, I knew this was coming, because of my very good friend Mr. Arnold Campbell of the Queen's Council, Secretary of the Liberal Party of Canada. And, so I had university admittances from McGill University in Montreal, and from the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. And so immediately the regulations were promulgated, I put in my application for release from the services in order to go to school. I flew out to Vancouver and registered two or three days late, and entered a Master's program at the University of British Columbia.

I entered the University of British Columbia in September of 1945 and the University of British Columbia operated on the Cambridge University system of education where you read a course and most of the classes were very small seminar classes. The way it really operated was the professor would sit at the head of the table and you would do the pontificating and he would sit and see if you knew what you were talking about. I did very well. I got what are know as second class honors which were about 3 A's and a B, or some such thing.

Professor Henry Angus

My chief advisor was a Professor Henry Angus, an Oxford man, very famous in Canada because he was on every Royal commission that was ever appointed. It was the Angus family that were the largest shareholders in Canadian Pacific Railroad. Professor Henry Angus was an academic, not a businessman. He was my chief advisor. I had a couple of other economics professors, one in particular that I remember. He was a professor Doctor Drummond, a Scotsman with a Scots brogue from Edinburgh University. I had a semester of economics, Joe Robbins theory of economics competition. We had to get up at the blackboard and chart and chart and explain and explain and he sat there and he sat there and he sat there and he didn't say anything. I really didn't understand very much of it the whole time.

Defending My Thesis

I produced my thesis or dissertation (it had to do with Canada—the economic position in the United Nations) and then I had to sit for my master's examination on a little platform with all the professors sitting back and I had to defend my dissertation. Angus, who was my chief advisor, asked me questions and I pontificated very well and some of the other economics professors asked questions

that I handled with great aplomb. But, sitting back in the corner, with a Cheshire Cat grin on his face sat Professor Drummond who didn't open his mouth. This examination, incidentally, went on for four hours in the morning, four hours in the afternoon for two days. The last day I thought I had sailed through this examination, the last ten minutes Professor Drummond asked me a question about the theory of monopolistic competition. I was wordless. He knew damn well I didn't know the answer and he had sat through this whole thing where I was feeling so confident and he came up with this thing that sank me. Well, the results for the granting of master's degrees were posted three days later but, the day before, as I was walking the campus, Professor Angus met me and put out his hand and said, "Congratulations, you have your degree."

One of my classmates who was in several of my classes, was a pretty bright fellow. His name was Allen Ainsworth. He was from Vancouver. Did an honors in economics and English and, much to my chagrin, he was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship--why wasn't I? Obviously, I didn't know enough about the theory of monopolistic competition.

Greek Friends in Canada

My Canadian Army friend was from a rather wealthy family in Canada. His parents were Greek immigrants who made it big. They owned the major restaurant in practically every city in Western Canada. The best in Regina, it was the Nova. They had one in Lake Louise, they had one in Banff, they had one in Victoria.

Con was back in Minneapolis finishing up his bachelor's degree in engineering and his parents who spoke with a heavy Greek accent, and the Micas kids--Con, his brother Ernie, a couple sisters, had been given the world by their parents. They had

cars, they had money, they had beautiful clothes, but they were rather ashamed of their parents because they spoke with a Greek accent and were restauranteurs. But Con introduced me to his parents and they took me into the fold and I think I spent every Saturday night and Sunday with Con's parents—the sweetest mother, Christine and the greatest patriarch the world has ever seen, Chris Micas and I had dinner there every Sunday with them without fail. I went to Greek Orthodox church with them every Sunday and I became almost a Greek Orthodox.

But, by reason of this, I was brought into the entire Greek community of Vancouver. So, I went to all the young Hellenist club meetings, met all the young Greeks in town, went to all the Greek parties in town. It was rather embarrassing that I couldn't go into any restaurant in Vancouver and pay a bill. The word was out. When Vassili comes they had given me my Greek name Vassili instead of Bill. When Vassili comes, no bill. And I couldn't find many restaurants I could go to and I didn't want to sponge off the Greek community. The fascinating thing I thought was that when my graduation ceremony took place and the degree was granted much of the Greek community was there including the Greek Orthodox priest. Now, I really think that's something. Con Micas and I are still in contact and we see each other at least once every other year. We have been in contact throughout almost a lifetime. I know his kids, his son is named after me, which will give you an indication of how close we are and were.

Back to the USA and the World of Work

Having gotten my master's degree at UBC, it was time to move on. I bought a Canadian Pacific Railroad ticket to Winnipeg with stops in Lake Louise and Banff and my friends the Micas family wrote ahead and lots of restaurants in Lake Louise and Banff are owned by Greeks and I stopped off in Lake Louise for about a ~~week~~

and I couldn't pay for my meals. I stopped off in Banff for about a week and couldn't pay for my meals there either. I finally got to Winnipeg and I flew to Minneapolis. I spent a few days at my folks home, but I wasn't very happy. I was restless, so I went to start job hunting and it being summer holidays I was able to move into the fraternity house and I headquartered there. In order to earn money, I worked at Sears Roebuck in the store, men's furnishings, and went out for interviews and put out application blanks and as I remember now, the only two jobs that were career oriented jobs that were offered to me were one by Montgomery Wards to be a time and motion study person who walked around with a stopwatch and watched how people wrapped packages and tied bundles to try to determine how they could tie them faster or more efficiently. That sounded pretty deadly to me and the Sunlight Insurance Company offered me a job in their office in Minneapolis and I really didn't understand what insurance was all about and I sure didn't want to be an insurance salesman, if that's what they had in mind. And, so I didn't take that job either. I was getting a little bit desperate and I had GI benefits coming to me from either the American or the Canadian government because I qualified for one or the other but not both at the same time. I thought maybe I should go and take a PhD at the University of Minnesota and that didn't sound very exciting. I could have done that on the American GI Bill of Rights.

And then I thought, well, why don't I go overseas someplace? And I looked through university catalogs like crazy and I discovered that the easiest place to get a PhD was the University at Capetown in South Africa. I applied for admittance. I had intentions of sailing off to South Africa and coming back with a PhD. Please remember that this was 1946 or 47 and we didn't know anything about apartheid and all those things of which we are so terribly conscious today with regard to South Africa.

China Beckons

At a party at the fraternity house one night, sort of a reunion party, I encountered a fraternity brother whom I had never known well because he was a couple years older than I. I asked him what he was going to do now that the war was over. He had been in the Air Force. He said he was going to China and that picked up my ears. I had taken all these courses at the University of Minnesota in Far East Studies. China sounded exotic and I said "I think I too would like to go to China." So, I cornered him, his name was Jack Wolf, and said "What is the name of this company you're going to work for?" He said "Well, it's the California Texas Oil Company Limited, known as Caltex. It's a Bahama corporation. But, it's owned 50% by Texaco and 50% by Standard Oil Company of California. I am going to be a marketing assistant in China." Hmmm, yeah, "What's the address of this outfit?" So, he gave me the address in New York and I said, "Who did you talk to when you were there?" He said a guy by the name of Bill Murray.

Caltex

When the party was over and I had time I sat down and wrote a letter out to Caltex in New York and said I would be interested in joining them. A couple of weeks later I had a letter saying why don't you come out to New York – we'd like to talk to you. And, so I flew out to New York on a prop plane and was interviewed and spent about 5 days being interviewed by all sorts of people in Caltex. And, at the end of 5 days, "Will you report to work here in New York on the 10th or 11th of January, 1947 for a training program? When you finish your training program, we're assigning you to China."

I reported for work per my employment terms and entered a training program in the New York offices of the California Texas Oil Company, Limited. At the end of the training course, we were given our many, many, many immunizations including Bubonic Plague and Yellow Fever. We were seen by a psychiatrist and the corporation physician and we were ready to go our separate ways. I think there were twelve of us in the training class and two of us were going to China. Others were going to India, Korea, Malaysia, and places like that. Caltex had offices in 105 countries, so they had a lot of people they had to spread around quite broadly. I was booked to take a ship from the west coast, the USS General Gordon, which was trooping at the time, carrying American troops home from the Pacific area. I was supposed to go on this troop ship to Shanghai.

A Change in Plans

Training across America, somewhere around Chicago or thereafter, I received a telegram aboard the train, telling me to report back to New York immediately. No explanations given, so I got off the train and booked a ticket on the next train going back east to New York City. I reported to the office in New York and was told that the Chinese government had just passed some new laws and that it was impossible to bring automobiles into China except as personal property. The only way that the company could get automobiles into China therefore, was if they were brought in by an employee—if the automobiles were turned over to them legally. The company had a car aboard a ship which had already left New York Harbor and in a matter of three hours, the papers were transferred to my name. I became the owner of a car which I had never seen for one dollar and other considerations.

I was then told to board the train to Baltimore and pick up the ship that was carrying the automobile. The ship was stopping in Baltimore to load tobacco for the

China market. The name of the ship was the SS Waterman. It was the John Waterman. It was a twelve passenger freighter. The cabins were really very luxurious. We had our own private baths, not bunks, but real beds bolted to the floor, with our own portholes and so forth. We twelve passengers had a swimming pool and we ate with the officers in the officers dining room.

My Fellow Travelers

The other people aboard the SS Waterman--one other Caltex person going to China, Russ Miller, we shared a cabin. Another cabin was occupied by Eddie Tan and his sister Ellen. Eddie was a graduate of Yale University and because his father was a very important man, president of the Shanghai Telephone Company, and a very good friend of Generalissimo and Madame Chang Kai Shek. Eddie, upon graduating from Yale, was made a Naval Attaché at the Chinese Embassy in Washington, DC. And, thus, sat out the war in a very fancy Brooks Brothers uniform as a Naval Attaché, probably having never seen a naval ship in his life. One of the other passengers was Mrs. Wealthy Fisher, who was the wife of the Anglican Bishop of India. She used to get out on deck very early every morning and go through Yoga exercises and it was great fun to snicker around the corner as she went through her Yoga each and every morning. Another couple on board the ship were a fellow by the name of Reed something or other who was going to be Vice Consul in Canton, China and his wife who was an alcoholic and a very wealthy Bostonite. They were both constantly inebriated and she was a rather difficult person.

Panama

The ship went from Baltimore down to Panama and all the passengers got off the ship in Panama City and took a taxi to the best hotel, lunched in great style, and had a few absolutely wonderful Planter's Punches. I had never heard of a Planter's Punch, but they sure were good. And, of course, it didn't take much to get a high. We hired taxis and taxied across the Isthmus of Panama and boarded our ship at the Pacific side. I think it was Balboa. And then, from Balboa, we went on up to Long Beach, which is the harbor for Los Angeles, where more cargo was loaded. The new Vice Consul to Canton went around and asked if anyone wanted to buy a case of whiskey because we could get tax free whiskey delivered aboard the ship. Of course, most of us each bought a case of Scotch whiskey. I was not much of a drinker but I had been convinced that it was the thing to do. From Long Beach we headed straight to Shanghai. The journey from the day we boarded in Baltimore until the day we disembarked in Shanghai was 39 days.

I remember the date distinctly. We arrived in Shanghai on the 17th of June 1947. Caltex, our company, put we two employees up at the Metropole Hotel in Shanghai—one of the best hotels. I think I had never lived quite so elegantly in my life before. Unfortunately, naive country boy from Minnesota, I drank water out of the tap. Of course, I got Shanghai Belly. I got the worst case of diarrhea the world has ever known. One does not drink water out of the tap in China. One drinks boiled water. Every room has a thermos bottle of boiled water, but I didn't know these things. I was confronted by 3 quarters of a billion Chinese faces and not knowing what it was all about.

Shanghai

The offices of Caltex were not more than about six blocks away and so we two new Caltex employees, marketing assistants by title, would go off to the office every

morning and there we began a training course in what it was all about. Caltex in China was a huge organization with offices all over China. A white man was in charge of each office but the staff by and large was Chinese. Extremely competent people, but, it was still the day of the Raj—the white man who ran things.

The company put us up as members of the very exclusive Columbia Country Club in Shanghai and put us up as members of the Tiffin Club which was a businessman's club where you met all the white powers in Shanghai.

The Oil Business in China

Shanghai was a monstrous, monstrous city and of course it had a reputation of being the evil city of the far east. It had everything—marvelous restaurants, taxi dance joints, opium dens, magnificent palace-like cinema theaters. Shanghai had everything. It was quite overpowering. We were put through a training program to learn the business ropes of the oil business in China and naive, puritan, provincial fellow that I was, and I was very young, I didn't quite know what it was all about. But, every night, a Chinese agent of the company or a Chinese dealer of the company would invite us young new people out to dinner. They would invite us out to the taxi dance joints. They would buy us little gifts. They would host us and they are charmers. Well, China was in a wildly inflationary state at this time and Chinese currency depreciated daily. Anybody who had Chinese currency wanted to turn it into *commodities* the minute it came into their hands. And we people, we Caltex marketing assistants, had the power to sign delivery orders. And, a barrel of kerosene or 50 barrels of diesel oil, or a tank truck full of gasoline was worth lots and lots and lots of money. That's why they treated us so well. We had the power to sell it. Had we refused to sell it, they would be stuck with money that was worthless a month later.

Learning the Realities of Business

Now, people in the company who had been in China for a while and knew all these things were on the take. I know several people who made many tens of thousands of dollars as kickbacks for signing delivery orders. But, unfortunately, I was reared in a Lutheran family in a small town in Minnesota and I didn't know what kickbacks were and when I did find out what they were, I thought it the work of the devil. I never took advantage of the situation. Hence I never became a very rich person.

My First Assignment

Having met all the top managers of Caltex China Limited, and having been invited into their homes, having been entertained by them, having been taught the ropes as far as one could learn the ropes in a month or two, we were given our assignments. My first assignment was marketing assistant in Hong Kong.

Chinese Friends

The company booked me on the SS Sarpedan, a British flag ship which was plying between Shanghai and Liverpool. I boarded the ship in Shanghai, had my own first class cabin, and settled down to the five or six day ocean voyage to HongKong. It was a rather large ship and also in the first class section were a Chinese lady, one of the most beautiful women I had ever encountered and her two children, a daughter, Lillian about my age, and a son perhaps three or four years younger than I--no, he was younger than that, he was still in high school. In those four or five days, we became very good friends. We ate together. We played together. We talked together. And these were the first Chinese that I ever met.

It developed that Mr. Tsu, who was not on board, was a very prominent businessman in China. His father had the Shell Oil Agency for an entire province of China. They had that agency for over 50 years. Here were some of the people who were providing oil for the lamps of China. Mr. Tsu also owned a bank in Shanghai. He owned the Shanghai Scientific Instrument Company, who were the licensed manufacturers for Taylor Instruments and for Honeywell. He also owned Worldwide Spinning and Weaving Corporation. And also warehouses in the port area of Shanghai. This woman Dorothy Tsu and the two kids were extremely wealthy. We landed in Hong Kong and I was met and taken to the Caltex Offices in Hong Kong where I worked. I did my job. I was a marketing assistant in the sales department of Caltex China Limited.

Mrs. Dorothy Tsu

Mrs. Dorothy Tsu and her children Lillian and Johnnie moved into the Hong Kong Hotel, the best hotel in Hong Kong at the time. They took a very large suite. Mrs. Tsu spent her evenings playing Mah Johng with friends. It was not unusual for her to lose 10,000 dollars in an evening. She didn't bat an eyelash. The two kids and I would go to tea dances at the Hong Kong Hotel. We would go to the cinema together and went to the beach. They became very close friends of mine. Why were they in Hong Kong? They were in Hong Kong to buy British passports for the two children so that they could go to the United States to go to school. Mother and Daddy did not want their children to be traveling on Chinese passports because of the political situation that was going on in China. The Communist Nationalist Civil War.

The Shell Oil Company in Hong Kong of course, did everything to facilitate. Whatever Mrs. Tsu wanted. Mrs. Tsu had great influence in Hong Kong through the Shell Oil Company.

The College of Chinese Studies

After about three months, it was about September, I was told by my Hong Kong manager that I was to proceed to Shanghai immediately and from Shanghai I was to go to Peking where I was to be enrolled in the College of Chinese Studies at Peking University to learn the Chinese language. Well, I didn't want to learn the Chinese language. Peking, my God, that's way up north on the Manchurian border. Why?

Well, the reason was, that with the Communists gaining more and more territory and defeating Nationalist army after army, the company felt that "Yes, these Communists are nothing more than agrarian reformers, but they might be difficult people. And it might be necessary for us to start conducting our business in Chinese instead of in English and it would be useful to have some white faced employees who knew the Chinese language." And so the decision was made to pack off from all over China twelve young employees to go to school to learn the Chinese language.

I hated to leave my Chinese friends, Mrs. Tsu and Johnnie and Lillian. We had come very close to each other. And Hong Kong was a delightful place. At the time it only had a population of about a half million and they had magnificent beaches and there were wonderful British clubs that you could get into. And the company had a beautiful launch which we could take on weekends to the Portuguese colony of Macao where we could gamble at the roulette tables and even have an opium pipe if one wanted, and of course everyone had to try opium.

Besides, Hong Kong was very modern. Wonderful hotels, wonderful nightclubs, wonderful food, anything was available, it was a free port. Sunkist oranges, Rolls Royce automobiles, French perfume, it was all there. I was living quite luxuriously. After the second world war, the Japanese had destroyed much of the housing and in the few days between the Japanese surrender and by the time the British entered Hong Kong to take the surrender from the Japanese, the Chinese had looted the city. Buildings were without window frames. Plumbing had been ripped out and stolen. Housing was very short. I was living in the Peninsula Hotel at company expense. The Peninsula Hotel had been the headquarters of the Japanese in Hong Kong and today, the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong ranks among the top five hotels in the world. And, so here I was, living very, very well. And it was extremely difficult to give it all up.

A Small Favor for a Friend

Anyway, I flew to Shanghai on CNAC, China National Aviation Corporation and, in saying good-bye to my Chinese friends, Mrs. Tsu asked me if I would deliver a parcel to her husband in Shanghai since I was stopping off in Shanghai for a few days before proceeding on to Peking. Well, that was no problem. I put it into my bag, my heavy luggage was shipped by sea to Shanghai. When I got to Shanghai, the company had me booked into the Metropole Hotel again, because it was close by the offices. On the Bund. I had a mini-suite--a sitting room, bedroom, bath. A couple of very wonderful dining rooms in the hotel. I again was housed quite luxuriously.

When I checked into the hotel, I immediately telephoned the number which Mrs. Tsu had given me and talked to Mr. Tsu who spoke impeccable English. It turned out that he had a Bachelor's degree from Shanghai University and a Master's degree

from Tokyo University. Mr. Tsu said he would be at my hotel within the next hour to pick up the parcel. I suppose an hour later, the telephone rang and it was the desk downstairs saying that there is a Mr. Tsu here to see you Mr. Lindgren. And, I said, "Well please send him up."

He came up. Very elegantly attired, a smart Chinese gentleman. He looked around at what I thought was a very luxurious hotel suite and said "You can't stay here. You're coming out to my house." Coming out to your house? I didn't know if Chinese lived in bamboo shacks, I didn't know if Chinese lived in slums, I didn't know where Chinese lived or how they lived, and I sure as hell didn't want to go out and stay at Mr. Tsu's house. I was petrified. He said "You can't stay here. It's impossible. You must stay at my house." I said "Yes, but the company has put me up here and I have to go to the office every day." And he said, "I'll give you a car and chauffeur. He will wait for you. He will take you to and from your office." I still didn't want to go.

I was still frightened. A Chinese house. A Chinese house. Ooof. He picked up the telephone, called downstairs, and said "Send the boy up. Mr. Lindgren is checking out." There was nothing I could do. And the boy from downstairs came up and he packed my bags and we went out to the elevator and down into the lobby and I checked out and we went out and there was a gleaming Cadillac limousine with a white uniformed chauffeur and a white uniformed bodyguard carrying guns. And we climbed into the back seat of this Cadillac limo and sped through the streets of Shanghai to what had been the French Concession.

The French Concession

Now, if you know anything about your Chinese history, Shanghai was divided into several concessions. There was not an American concession, but there was an International concession, which the Americans seemed to run. There was a French concession. There was a German concession. There was a Japanese concession. There was an Italian concession. Within these concessions, the nationality ran the police and the courts and you were not subject to Chinese Law.

The Tsu's Compound

The compound which consisted of about half a city block with doors opened by two Kai Munda-door keepers. We drove in there, and in the center of a manicured lawn was a mansion like the world has never seen. Certainly not somebody from Minnesota. Swimming pool, tennis court, a garage along one wall that had eight or nine automobiles in it. We drove up to the front door. The Number One Boy came out, welcomed, bowed, and we walked into the formal sitting room and Mr. Tsu told the boy to take my bags up to my quarters.

My quarters consisted of a private sitting room, bedroom, and bath. Having settled in, I came back down and Mr. Tsu asked me: "Do you like foreign style food or Chinese style food?" I said, "Well, I think I like foreign style food." I didn't know what Chinese style food was. And he said, "Whatever you want, I've got both kinds of cooks. I've got a cook that does only European style and I've got a cook that does the best Chinese food you'll ever find. I have assigned a boy to you, tell him what you want and you'll get it."

The Marker

And then we went outside. He introduced me to the marker. The marker was an employee whose only function was to play tennis with members of the family. He was a tennis pro. I didn't play tennis, but I had the opportunity to take lessons in tennis if I wanted, or having my own marker to play with. Then there was the swimming pool and he said, "Use the pool whenever you want." Then we went over to the garage and there were half a dozen chauffeurs sitting around and he said, "You take the Buick." So I had a Buick and a uniformed chauffeur at my disposal to take me to work every morning and to take me home every evening.

I don't think it went over very well with the company. I'm not convinced that they liked the idea, but, nothing came of it. In the evening, Mr. Tsu entertained me at the Starlight Roof of the Cafe Hotel where they had a Viennese orchestra and you had marvelous French food and really it was quite delightful.

The Tsus, Mr. Tsu, the two children, and Mrs. Tsu, played an important part in my life until now, as a matter of fact, because I still talk to and see Johnnie and Lillian. Johnnie is now living in Pennsylvania and Lillian is in Maryland. We see each other occasionally.

A House in Peking

The company had bought a house in Peking to put up its students. It was a prince's house left over from the time of the empire. The address was San che San How, Dai Wan Foo Hootung. That translates to number 33 on the Street of the Big Prince. The house had been a palace. It occupied a city block and the landlord had divided it into four separate houses by putting out walls. Typical Chinese homes are wings and courtyards and wings and courtyards and flowers and things of that sort. The wings are connected down each end so you can get from one wing to another at the end of each wing. I think we were eight, maybe we were twelve students.

Mr. Hansen, who was the number two man of the China organization, came up from Shanghai to bring us to the university and to introduce us to the president of the university, Dr. Hoo Shir. He finally wound up at Princeton University, he was of course, President of Bai Da University, Peking University.

We Caltex students as well as students from Shell and Standard Vacuum Oil Company, each of whom had their own houses, plus lots and lots of students from Germany and Italy and all over Europe. Students who were interested in China and

were there to learn the Chinese language. Peking University had a college of Chinese Studies where they catered to foreigners who were there to learn the Chinese language and culture.

We were brought by Mr. Hansen to the university and introduced around and then we were settled into this house. We each had our own bedroom. The house was staffed by the company with nine or ten servants plus a Kai Munda, with a gardener to keep the courtyards manicured and with flowers. In the late fall we had the most magnificent chrysanthemums. And of course we had our Coolie to keep the furnace going during the wintertime. We had our own cook. We had our own Number One Boy, our own Number Two Boy, our own laundress, all laid on by the company.

The Protocol of Peking--Dropping Cards

It was very important that we learn the protocol of Peking and we were briefed deeply. A newcomer would never get an invitation to any function unless and except if that newcomer had first dropped his or her card on all the important people in the city. Each of us had perhaps 500 cards, Caltex up in the corner, your name, the address in Peking, and we were told, "You will drop your card on the British Consul General, on the American Consul General, on the Russian Consul General, on the German Consul General, on the Belgian Consul General, on the Mayor of Peking, on the Garrison Commander, and on and on and on. The Manager of National City Bank, the manager of Hong Kong Shanghai Bank Corporation, and you would drop your cards.

If you dropped your cards, and you were not received by the person when you came to drop it, you bent the corner of the card to indicate that you had personally

been there and dropped it. Otherwise, you were often invited in to meet the person you were calling on, and I remember one incident in particular. I dropped a card on the Russian Consul General and I was invited in and we were in this huge office and there was a picture of Lenin on one wall and there was a picture of Stalin on the other wall and I was led over to a little table and there was a big Russian Samovar and we sat and drank Russian tea out of glasses. And so, that was my first introduction to the Russians in Peking.

I was received by the British Consul General who became a very good friend of mine ultimately. The American didn't receive me. He was too busy, it was Edmund Oliver Clubb. He eventually became a very good friend of mine but he was drummed out of the state department by McCarthy of Wisconsin and he wound up as a professor at Columbia University and of course, has written numerous outstanding books on China. His daughter Zoe who I occasionally dated married one of the Service brothers who, if anybody is knowledgeable about the history of China, the Service brothers were missionary children. They had been born in China, they went to Chinese schools, they knew China inside out, and they joined the State Department and they knew Mao Tse Tung, they knew Cho En Lai. They were both destroyed by McCarthy. One of them wound up in Peru. I think the other is now back in the United States. Anyway, Edmund Oliver Clubb's daughter married one of the Service brothers.

The French were very charming and received me and served wine. The French Consul General was interesting because he was married to a Mongolian princess. They had twin boys fourteen, fifteen years old. They were just wonderful kids.

Parties in Peking

Well, having dropped cards, having done the protocol, one was invited to every party that ever went on in Peking. And so, you were at the British Consulate for black tie dinners and you were at the French for black tie cocktails, you were at the American for hot dogs and hamburgers barbecues and you were at the Russians for dancing and vodka and Zucchini. I won't go into the Russian protocol, but they were kind of interesting too. This is not zucchini the vegetable, it's zakouska. Zakouska, my Russian is very bad.

I think it is important to remember that Peking was not the capitol of China during this era, Nanking was the capital of China. But, the Consul Generalates were housed in what had been the embassies and therefore they were very, very grand diplomatic facilities. It's not just a little office building but a huge compound of embassy stature occupied by consulates since the embassy had been moved to the new capital of China, Nanking.

Peking was an extremely cosmopolitan city and I think everybody that was in Peking was a Sinofite, a lover of China. You found some of the most fascinating people in the world there. There were 40, 50 Germans and 20, 30 Belgians, and 75 Americans and 100 British and some Turks and Arabs and people who had been in China all their lives. The French bookstore in the Peking Hotel was run by a man whose obituary I saw in the Times of London only 5 or 6 years ago. A man by the name of Vetch who was one of the world authorities on China. He ran a bookstore which carried only books on China. My collection of over 600 books on China, many of them came from Mr. Vetch's Peking bookstore.

The Dukakis Family

I met a Greek family in Peking. The Dukakis family, Papa was Duke, Mama Elizabeth, and three daughters, Androniki, Andrumahi, and Trula. I dated Nicki the entire time I was in Peking and we would go to the best hotel, the Leo Gwo Fandian, the Wagon Lit Hotel, named after the famous Wagon Lit Carriage Company of Europe. They had balls there, they had wonderful food there, an Italian manager, a German housekeeper, a French chef, and that was pretty much the hangout. The only place, and, unfortunately Chinese weren't allowed to be members, was the Peking Club. It was extremely exclusive. Of course, the company insisted that we belong to the Peking Club.

The only way you could belong to the Peking Club was to be sponsored by two members of the Board of Directors. You had to go around and try to find somebody to sponsor you. You will never guess who my sponsors were. The Russian Consul General and the American Consul General. I became a member of the Peking Club. It had a wonderful dining room, a wonderful ballroom, a swimming pool, bowling alleys and it was the place to hang out.

We students moved about the international community and came to know many of the white Russians who had fled the Revolution back in 1917, and settled in North China. Thus, we were invited to many Russian parties. The Wagon Lit Hotel annually put on a costume ball and Nicki and I won the first prize. I wore a Greek Evson costume, the Greek military costume, a white skirt with about a thousand pleats in it, a lace shirt, a funny little cap with a tassel, long john leotards, and shoes with curled up toes. Nicki was dressed as a harem girl.

School Was Sheer Hell

It sounds as though all we did was party. Well, we did party on weekends, that was when the parties took place. But, we did go to school and school was sheer hell. We were divided into classes of six people to a class. We had a Chinese instructor who spoke not one word of English and we were drilled and each hour we moved to another class and another instructor and we were drilled and we learned conversational Chinese first, before we ever tackled the characters. And we had six hours of class a day, five days a week for ten months and in those classes, never was a word of English spoken. We had textbooks where the Romanized Chinese was given. We studied our lessons. We had private tutors for two hours a day after class and we studied every night until 10 or 11 o'clock. It was not fun and games in spite of all the wonderful parties that went on Peking. Remember, those parties basically went on Saturday nights. Most of my friends belonged to the Russian Orthodox Church and I would often go to the Russian Orthodox service.

Our grades, we were tested at least once every two weeks, were sent to Shanghai and New York and thus, our jobs depended on us becoming proficient in the Chinese language. It was in this ten month period that my hair turned from mouse brown to white. I was gray at the end of the course. We students didn't have automobiles. We each bought our own bicycles and we bicycled to school and if the weather was nasty, we would get a rickshaw and have a rickshaw puller pull us to school. That was our mode of transportation.

Christmas, 1947

I have a newspaper clipping in my hand right now. It brings to memory something which I did during our Christmas holidays in 1947. On December 21, 1947, Burr Crandl of the Standard Oil Company and I left on the 2 o'clock train, Sunday afternoon for a trip to Cal Gan in Mongolia. It was through the city walls of Peking,

through the Great Wall of China and on into Mongolia. We arrived after a very long and dreary trainride in Cal Gan at 9:30 that evening.

We headed for the best hotel in town. It was the Cha Gar Hotel. No beds, dirt floor, no running water, no toilet facilities. It was winter and we slept on a kong. A kong is a brick bench of sorts and they build a fire under it and you get into your sleeping bag and you crawl on top of this shelf six feet deep and you sleep with all the other guests in the hotel. This was my first experience with roughing it in Mongolia. I brushed my teeth with tea, I was afraid of the water, the only thing I would drink was tea.

Roughing It in Mongolia

It was very cold in Mongolia and you had sandstorms off the Gobi Desert. Monday morning we went to a Chinese restaurant for breakfast which consisted of eggs, rice, and tea. And then we went by rickshaw to the Caltex agents place of business where he had a little shop, sold soap, plaster, and kerosene by the quart bottle. No one spoke a word of English. We managed to converse in Chinese, but I must admit, it was very difficult. The Caltex agent in Cal Gan took us around to the yamen. The yamen is the residence and office headquarters of the chief magistrate in a territory.

General Fu Tsoi Yee

The chief magistrate of northwest China was General Fu Tsoi Yee, who comes into the picture later. He was a Chinese general. He was responsible for military affairs in that area of China. General Fu Tsoi Yee invited us to a luncheon party and we were taken to a Chinese restaurant with dirt floor, which was not unusual. I had eaten in many such Chinese restaurants in Peking. Wonderful Peking duck and

things of that sort. One particular restaurant in Peking had been going for 600 years. Best food in the world. And there we had a literal banquet. I sat next to the General and he had on each side of him a Dai Byau—a representative. He had some of his military staff with, the Caltex agent was there.

The Hazards of Bai Gar

China has a liquor which must be 180 proof called Bai Gar. It's made from millet and it is a very common practice to toast people with liquor during meals. The General would toast me and my colleague. They were just little thimble-sized porcelain cups and I would have to Gam Bay—look at the bottom, and then I would toast the General.

But, the General was very clever. He would hand his cup to his Dai Byau. The Dai Byau would drink and then I would be toasted again and I would have to drink and then I would toast back and the General would hand his cup to his other Dai Byau. And so, here I became so drunk that I couldn't stand up as did my friend. We did have a marvelous meal. The General called some soldiers and it was freezing cold outside and here we marched down the main street of Cal Gan, a soldier on each arm and we went into a Chinese bath house. I had never, never, never been in a Chinese bath house. I didn't know such things existed. There you had 30, 40, 50 naked soldiers around. There was a great big pool. The water was as close to boiling as you can believe and we were slowly, slowly, slowly immersed into this boiling water and we sat there and we sat there and the alcohol went out. After we had sat there long enough, we were taken up and laid down on a terry cloth towel and a blind masseur went at us. You got the best massage. They beat you. They rubbed you. They kneaded your muscles. It was absolutely delightful. When the whole session was over, we were stone sober and feeling very, very good.

A Pedicure

Looking at this newspaper clipping, I note also that after we were fully recovered, we had a pedicure of our toenails and green tea. I don't remember how many days we were in Cal Gan, several days. It was very interesting. Lots and lots of military movement going on and I got lots of interesting pictures of Chinese troops being loaded into freightcars at the rail yards together with hundreds of camels and horses and mules. I was certainly aware of the fact that you weren't allowed to take photographs of troop movements but I did take photographs of them.

Problems on the Train

We boarded our train back to Peking at noon and I can't tell you the date. Two or three days, I think we were aiming to get back for Christmas Eve. So, probably on the 23rd. And, about 7 o'clock that evening on the train, we were informed that we would have to spend the night on the train, as there was fighting going on ahead. The train could not proceed. It was not safe. We went into the diner to get some rice for dinner. It was the only thing they had on board the train.

The Nankow Pass

We were on the tracks at Nankow Pass--the pass from Mongolia into China through the Great Wall. And, we were in the middle of the battle of Nankow Pass, the battle which determined ultimately what happened in the war between the Communists and the Nationalists, the Civil War. One day the Communist troops would be in control of the railroad tracks and Chinese peasant boy soldiers, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old would come aboard the train and go through the train. And

we, of course, had a compartment. Simple peasants, they had never seen white people before in their lives.

We had some goodies with us, we had some nice fruit, we had foreign candy and things of that sort and so we offered it to these peasant soldiers. They would go away. One group came back an hour later with a live chicken--their gift to us. The next day the rail line was controlled by the Nationalists and the National troops came through. We had to answer questions and this and that. Well, I got lots and lots and lots of photographs of the battle that was taking place and the troop movements and the number of troops and the equipment and so forth. And, eventually, the Nationalists secured the line and the train was allowed to proceed and we got back to Peking after Christmas. We missed all our Christmas parties.

Photographs of a Civil War

These photographs were of great interest to the American government. At that time, the OSS, Office of Strategic Services, had people stationed in north China watching events as they unfolded, gathering intelligence, and it was then as a result of this experience on the train to Cal Gan and back and all the photographs that I had that I encountered the American intelligence service for the first time. My pictures were turned over to them. They developed them. They debriefed me. And, from there on, things developed. Leave it at that.

I think it's interesting to note that when I was there, Peking was a walled city with four gates into the city. The gates were closed every night. You couldn't get out of the city. Under the communists of course, because Peking grew and because of the Russian influence, they tore down the beautiful old walls that had been built 5 and 6 hundred years ago and ruined the city of Peking, which really was the Paris of Asia.

And now, is one of the ugliest cities in the world. Destroyed by the Communists because the old city walls impeded progress. What a pity. What a pity.

Mother Visits China

Well I graduated, got my degree in Chinese and my mother flew out to China to attend the graduation ceremony. And that was quite a thing because that was the day of propeller airplanes. The trip was eighty some hours. She flew from Minneapolis to Edmonton to Anchorage to Shimea and on to Tokyo where she changed planes. And wound up in Shanghai, somebody who had never been out of Minnesota in her life. A friend of mine in Shanghai met her at Shanghai Airport, put her up for the night, and put her aboard an airplane the next day to Peking. My friends in Peking put her up because I was still living in the company school dormitory, our fourteen room house with nine servants for however many students we happened to be.

All of my Peking friends, my Greek friends, my Russian friends, my American friends, my British friends, were very generous and kept Mother busy, took her shopping. I had hired a private rickshaw for her so she had her own rickshaw and her own rickshaw boy. She was always very embarrassed about having a human being pull her, but that was the way of transportation in Peking. Peking didn't have very many wide roads that would take an automobile. Yes, you had the huge, huge square in front of the forbidden city. But, all the streets were Hoo Tungs, they were literally alleys and you couldn't get automobiles through them so everybody traveled by rickshaw. And, so Mother had a rickshaw. I hired the rickshaw puller, he was from the Wagon Lit Hotel, he was the best puller there and I paid him handsomely by rickshaw standards. He worshipped my mother because she

always tipping the poor guy. She, with my friends was taken all over Peking shopping and had a wonderful time.

Manager of the Peking Office

When the class dispersed I fell heir to this fourteen room house that had been our class dormitory and so I moved Mother over to my house and my first job after graduating was manager of Peking. So there I was in Peking where I had lots of friends and it was absolutely marvelous. Now I was a big shot and I was invited to every important party that ever took place because I was the manager of an important international company. I was invited to every diplomatic function that took place whether it was Belgian or Russian or German or Italian or French or British or what have you.

The Shaguses

Some of my very good friends were the Shaguses, Brazilian, Mario Shagus was Brazilian, his wife Bertha was a Portuguese, my first contact with Portugal, and they owned a beautiful villa out in the Western Hills. We used to go out into the Western Hills, out in the summer palace grounds for weekends. It was great fun. There was a Buddhist monastery there and they took in guests. Very often I would spend two or three days in the Buddhist monastery living and eating the vegetarian food of the Buddhists and it was from there that I became very interested in Buddhism as a philosophy. I should mention that Mario Shagus was the Consul General for Brazil.

Lubricating Oil for Taiwan

As manager of Caltex Peking I received an order for a planeload of lubricating oil to be used in an armament factory in Taiwan. Taiwan is 5, 6 hundred miles from Peking. It was under siege by the Communist armies. It was the headquarters of

one of the very important Chinese warlords. He controlled this area of China. He ordered a planeload of lubricating oil for his munitions factory. No money came with the order and so I chartered an airplane from China National Aviation Corporation and we loaded it with the lubricating oils which he wanted and we flew in. The city was surrounded by Communist armies.

It was a walled city and they had leveled one end of the city and made a landing strip there. So, we flew right over the wall of the city and touched down on this landing strip inside the city wall. I was met at the airplane by a Mr. Unger. He was a German Nazi who had spent the war in China. He was an engineer and he was the man who was running the war lord's munitions factory. I didn't allow the lubricating oil to be unloaded until payment was made. Payment was made in gold bars because the Chinese currency was going to pieces and it was losing value by the minute. We accepted only gold in payment for product. We overnighted in Taiwan as guests of the General. He put on a very magnificent banquet. We left the next morning barely getting over the city walls with numerous bullet holes in the fuselage and wings of the airplane. It was an interesting experience. That warlord incidentally ultimately fled Taiwan and landed in Taipei with an airplane load of gold bars. He became Premier of Taiwan.

Diesel for Mukden

Another rather interesting incident. Angus Ward was the American Consul General in Mukden in Manchuria. We received a telegram from the American Consulate in Mukden that they needed diesel oil for their generators and lubricating oil as well. Again, I went out and chartered a plane from CNAC and flew up to Mukden. Mukden also was under siege. The plane that I chartered would not wait and returned to Peking immediately and I was left as the guest of the American Consul

General, Angus Ward. He became the American Ambassador to Afganistan. I spent 3 or 4 days in Mukden staying with the American Consul General and it was getting difficult to get out.

The city was completely under siege. Angus Ward was going to stay on as was his staff, but I had to get out. So, the American Consulate sent me out to the airport and with 3 gold bars, I bought a seat on a Chinese Air Force plane back to Peking. I did not fly commercial, but in a fighter plane. That was rather an interesting incident also up there in Mukden.

The Evacuation of Changchun

In supporting the Chinese Nationalists, the United States government was airlifting food, flour, ammunition to various places where the Nationalists were putting up a fight against the Communists. We had an air refueling facility in Changchun which is in northern Manchuria. We had a refueling truck up there. We had a depot with a couple thousand drums of aviation fuel and a Chinese crew of about 8 people to refuel these airplanes which the United States government was chartered to give aid to the Chinese Nationalists. On September 26, 1948, which happens to be my birthday, I was celebrating my birthday at the Peking Club with lots and lots and lots of friends, when a telegram was delivered to me at the Peking Club, "Evacuate us immediately. Changchun is under siege. The airport is under siege."

At midnight, I called up the manager of CNAC and said "I want a plane at dawn, and we are going to Changchun which is under siege by the Communist Armies because I have a crew of people up there and they must be evacuated." The manger of CNAC agreed to give me the plane and at dawn on the 27th of September, 1948 we flew up to Changchun. A good long five hour flight from Peking and we landed

as the airport was **under** bombardment. We taxied up to our refueling dump. We set fire to all the **aviation fuel**, the refueling truck. We loaded our Chinese crew on to the airplane and we **took** off as we were being shot at. We had many bullets in the plane but we got **the crew** back to Peking.

Colonel Maurice DePass

It seems that each of these incidents that I have related were of interest to Colonel Maurice DePass who was head of the OSS in Peking. Here again I was being debriefed constantly on matters which I was familiar with. As I have mentioned before, my crowd in Peking was very international. I stabled a horse at Shikens, white Russians who had come to Peking during the revolution. They had established a dairy and I had bought myself a horse that I stabled with them. They had a young son about my age. We became great friends. Colonel Maurice DePass of the United States Army was dating a Russian noble woman, Mrs. Karpinski. One went to the Russian Consul General for parties, every time they had a party, one went. Just as you went to the other consulates. The best bakery in town was the French bakery owned by a Greek family. They had a beautiful daughter, good friends of mine. The Fox movie representative in north China, was a good friend of mine. He and his wife. I met people that one would normally never meet.

Elizabeth Dukakis

I mentioned the Dukakis family, they come from the same island in Greece as Michael Dukakis. Mrs. Elizabeth Dukakis was an interesting woman. She was uneducated in terms of formal education. She was born in Greece. As a young girl they lived in Constantinople at the time and there she learned Turkish. Greek and Turkish for languages. As a teenager, she lived in Alexandria Egypt and learned Arabic. She went to a French school and learned French. She married a Greek who had a tobacco business in north China and as a young bride she went out to Manchuria. There she learned Chinese. During the Second World War, they weren't bothered so they lived in Da Rin which was controlled by the Japanese and she learned Japanese. They moved down to Peking and there she learned Russian

from the Russian community and she spoke eight languages. I have been at international parties where she turned from one person to the next to the next and spoke in any and all of these languages. It was quite mind boggling to me who had had two years of German and couldn't speak a word of German and ten months of Chinese which turned my hair white. Quite an incredible woman.

Just an aside. The youngest daughter, Andrumahi, was married in Peking to a Swedish fellow, Knut Sandel. The wedding took place in the Russian Orthodox Church and I was best man. The Dukakis family, I have remained in touch with them until one year ago. Papa and Mama died years ago, but I saw Nicki frequently in London. She lived in Australia, Melbourne. I saw her in Melbourne many times when I made trips down there. When her husband died, she made frequent trips to London to visit her sister Trula who had married a British diplomat and was with the British foreign office. The three Dukakis sisters and I have been friends and in correspondence with each other since 1947 until 1993. In 1992 I spent a month in Australia as the guest of the Dukakis girls. I know their children and grandchildren. The middle girl, Trula, I saw every time I went to London. I had gone to their wedding in Jerusalem. I had flown from Hong Kong just to attend their wedding. Friendships that have lasted half a lifetime.

The Foreign Community Begins to Evacuate

As the Communist Armies occupied more and more of north China, the evacuation of the foreign community was begun. It must have been the first week of December I received instructions to evacuate Peking and to proceed to Tien Sin, which is a river port where a US Navy ship was there to evacuate the American community. I packed up my household, left it in the Caltex office, and took the train down to Tien Sin to evacuate Peking.

I went aboard this naval ship which was supposed to evacuate the American community of north China. They were jamming 10 and 12 people to a cabin. It didn't look very inviting. I decided of my own accord that I would not leave north China aboard a US Navy vessel. I went back to the railroad station and bought a ticket back to Peking, thinking that I would fly out of Peking.

Stuck in Peking

I got to Peking. It was the last train that ran. The railroad line was cut by the Communist Army. There was no way to get out of Peking by train. There was no way to get back to Tien Sin. I went to my house, all the servants were gone. I couldn't live in a fourteen room house without a servant, the whole foreign community practically had evacuated Peking. So I went to the Wagon Lit Hotel. I saw the Italian manager and we were good friends. I said "I was supposed to go out on the navy ship out of Tien Sin but I didn't make it. So, I'm stuck here in Peking. Can I get a single room that doesn't cost too much money because I don't know if the company is going to pay for it or not?" He said, "Well, we only have eight guests. I will give you a suite and charge you a single room price." All of the staff of the Wagon Lit Hotel had left.

The hotel was being run by the Italian manager, the German housekeeper, the French chef, and a couple of other foreigners. We guests of the hotel ate at a common table, whatever the chef prepared, and we all went into the kitchen to help clean up. We all made our own rooms up each time. I had thought I was going to get out of Peking by air, but, the airlines had evacuated Peking the day I arrived in Peking and there was no way to get out by air. So, there I was. The city of Peking was completely surrounded by Communist troops and the Nationalist troops were

pouring in through the city gates by the tens of thousands. You couldn't even get close to the city gates to get out.

I had my company car. I tried to get out. There was a military airfield on the south of Peking, out through the south gate. I had heard that missionary planes were coming in to evacuate missionaries and that they were landing at this military field. Each day, led by Colonel David Barrett, who was a very good friend of mine and who was the military attache in Peking at the time and who was a good friend of Mao Tse Tung and Cho En Lai and who had every intention to stay in Peking. Colonel Barrett had been the American officer liasoning the Communists during the Second World War, when the Communists were holed up in Yunan, the place they moved out of and ultimately conquered all of China. David Barrett proceeded me with my car with a jeep each day to try and force our way through these thousands of Chinese troops that were pouring into the city. Ultimately on December 15, 1948, and I have the newspaper clipping from the North China Daily News, and from the New York Times, in my scrapbook right here, I got out the south gate and the missionary airplane St. Paul was on the ground. I abandoned the automobile and flew out of Peking to Tsingtao which was still in the hands of the Nationalist government.

Working as a Journalist

I got lots of photographs of all these troops pouring into the city of Peking and when I ultimately arrived in Shanghai, having caught a commercial airplane from Tsingtao to Shanghai, I was met at the airport by representatives of Reuters and the Associated Press and the Associated Press bought my photographs sight unseen because they weren't even developed. Those photographs appeared in the major press around the world.

Just reading from the article in my scrapbook, *Photos taken yesterday (and the story is dated December 16, 1948) show the excitement and confusion prevailing in beleaguered Peking as all troops from the environs were drawn into the city. The reds were yesterday reported slowly enveloping Peking and striking at points in the North and Northwestern outskirts. Top left photo shows troops in battle array slogging their way into the city as curious throngs lined the pavements. Bottom left photo shows confusion during a traffic jam in one of the streets caused by a troop convoy. Photo on the right shows Nationalist troops waiting outside the South gate, the only one still open, before entering the city.* I'll continue to read from this newspaper article. I see it is continued and I don't know if I've got the continued part. "*The people of beleaguered Peking are stunned by the rapid approach of the Communists and there is a general consensus of opinion that there is something phony about the war that is being fought there according to Mr. William M. Lindgren, an American who left the city yesterday morning by the St. Paul, the world Lutheran Mission chartered plane. The St. Paul left by the south airfield, the only escape route left. The Communists could easily close this escape route if they wished, but there is a strong suspicion that the Reds who have formed a horseshoe around the city prefer to keep this outlet open. Mr. Lindgren flew to Tsingtao on the St. Paul and from there took a plane to Shanghai. He understood that the St. Paul would make a second trip to Peking to try and take out more evacuees. Everywhere there are signs that everything is not on the up and up. The Reds, people believe, were keeping at a distance. They were making a feeble attempt at pretending battle, but there was unanimous belief in the town that something was going on behind the scenes and that something else, and not the war, would decide the fate of this historic capitol of China. There was, Mr. Lindgren said, only one gate open to traffic. This was the south gate. While hundreds of cars from within the city were waiting to pass through this only escape route, Nationalist troops poured in by the thousands. Truckloads of rice and flour, armored cars and troops, streamed into the city in an endless flood. Mr. Lindgren waited for three hours on Tuesday in a mile long line of cars which*

crawled through the main street of Peking, their occupants patiently waiting for a break in the incoming flood in order to get to the south airfield. But, it was hopeless. Curfew was advanced to 7 o'clock on Tuesday night. This cleared the streets of cars. Next morning he again rode toward the south gate. Again, the eternal stream of mustard colored uniforms and again the long lines of cars, whose occupants were desperately hoping that there would eventually be a break. Finally, the movement of troops stopped for a three minute period. The convoy of cars began to move in this short period and permitted them out. He managed to get out. In the city, thousands of curious Chinese came out in the streets to see the troops come in. The city was so full of troops, he said that you could hardly move. As he rode from the gate to the airfield, he was surprised to see that there were no troop concentrations nor artillery defenses, in short, nothing to suggest even faintly that the nationalists intended to hold the road to the south gate. Here and there were squads of soldiers but they were marching toward the city. When he arrived at the airfield, the same scene of desertion met his eye. There was absolutely no sign that the Nationalists would defend the airfield. Two Nationalist generals were trying to get into a CAT plane which landed there yesterday morning. There were otherwise few people at the airfield itself. The St. Paul and one CAT plane were the only two planes left on the field. All Chinese airforce personnel had left the city of Tuesday and Mrs. Fu Tsoi Yee, the wife of General Fu Tsoi Yee, who I had met in Cal Gan in Mongolia, flew from the Red threatened city together with them. There were absolutely no arms on the airfield, last CNAC and CAT planes officially left the airfield on Monday afternoon, on Tuesday afternoon three CAT planes buzzed the city but did not land. All CAT personnel were inside the city at a convoy of fifteen cars and were still there when Lindgren left. The CAT plane which landed yesterday morning was destined to fly them out of the city but until the time of his departure, the car covoy had not arrived at the airfield. Mr. Lindgren stated that the reports reached the town that the Reds had captured the Fung Tai Railway Yards, Peking's rail link with the south, but these reports could not be confirmed. The railway yards are situated to the southwest of the city. Mr. Lindgren

said that he left the town not because he wanted to get out because the Communists were coming in but merely because there was nothing for which to stay. The Communists he said had been outside the city for about three days shelling the deserted west airfield. He knew it was deserted because he motored out to the airfield on Tuesday morning and could not find a single soul. The Reds he said began shelling the airfield just after he left. Gunfire was heard for two consecutive days and nights but the city proper was not shelled at all. The suddenness of the whole operation which brought the war so near to the city, a city which General Fu Tsoi Yee said that he would hold, has aroused the curiosity of people there. The distant sound of gunfire which did not appear to increase in intensity and the unending movement of troops into the city have given rise to speculation that behind the scenes talks were being held between the two opposing forces. Mr. Lindgren concluded that there was nothing to interfere with plane movements into or out of the city and said that the CNAC authorities here are planning to fly there again.

Four bedsheets borrowed from the United States Consul General figured in the restoration of Peking's airlink with the outside world. The bedsheets were placed on south field seven miles from Peking as a signal to the airplane St. Paul, chartered by the Lutheran Mission that it was safe to land. The plane came and left safely taking aboard to Tsingtao six Americans, two Britons, one Swede, and nineteen Chinese. Another round trip by the St. Paul was scheduled. A plane belonging to General Shin Nao's Civil Air Transport also landed at the south field and pulled out with all remaining CAT personnel."

When I was in Peking and the Communists were taking over, I evacuated on the train on which the Chinese government was evacuated. Two private cars on the train carried Dr. Sun Fu who was the son of Dr. Sun Yat Sun the father of modern China. At that point in time, he was Prime Minister of China. Chang Kai Shek was the President of China. On board my train, was Dr. Sun Fu, the Prime Minister of China, and his entire entourage. The train was preceded by an armored, armed

locomotive and was followed by an armored, armed locomotive. Practically the entire Chinese army was riding on the roofs of all the cars. It was a rather interesting ride from Nanking to Shanghai. Nanking fell days later. Once again, I escaped. The Communist armies were rapidly enveloping all of China. I remember when I arrived in Shanghai from Nanking the rate of exchange for the Chinese yuan was 33 million yuan for one US dollar. If you wanted to pay cash for anything you handed it over in sealed bundles. You carried your sealed bundles in a very large suitcase. This of course, explains why business was carried on in gold bars and not in Chinese paper. I remember that the North American Bank Note Company representatives were in China buying up Chinese money because the paper was worth more as paper than as money. It was shipped back to the United States for repulping.

When I arrived in Shanghai in August my Chinese friend had already evacuated Shanghai. He had chartered a British Airlines aircraft and he had boarded his number two wife Julia Chu, his number one wife Dorothy Tsu was already in the United States. He had two of his concubines along and he abandoned all his properties in Shanghai and flew to Hong Kong. I no longer had that connection in Shanghai. I was once again put up at the Metropole Hotel.

Shanghai would shortly come under siege by the Communists and the company had already started disbursing its foreign personnel, certain of the staff were designated to remain in Shanghai even after the Communist takeover in order to try to protect company properties throughout China. Several of those people were there for almost two years before they were allowed to leave by the Communist government which was established in Peking in October of 1949.

On To Taiwan

What to do with me? It was decided that I would become manager of the Taiwan office of Caltex China Limited and so I flew over to Taipei, went to the Caltex office in Taipei, introduced myself to the Chinese staff. There was a Chinese manager there at the time because it had been a rather insignificant office in the past. I took control of the office. It would have been in August 1949. I rented a very nice house in Baidow, half way up Grass Mountain. Chang Kai Shek arrived about two months after I got to Taipei and he established himself in a very large compound at the top of Grass Mountain. It's an area perhaps ten miles out of Taipei. I had a very large compound. It had been (when Formosa was part of Japan) the residence of the Japanese manager of the railroad.

I had a very, very large garden, a walled compound, hot spring bath, (unfortunately it was sulphur water and the water was very hot so I really never did enjoy my baths) and unfortunately, the house was a Japanese house so tatami floors (woven straw mat floors) and you couldn't put ordinary furniture on it. I had furniture made with runners on it so that it wouldn't poke through the tatami.

It was about this time that the United States government published the white paper on China which totally discredited Chang Kai Shek and blamed him and his corrupt government for the fall of China. The Chinese government was desperate for friends. The top ranking American diplomat in Taiwan, which had become China, to all intents and purposes, was a consulate. The American ambassador had remained on in Nanking. If you remember, it was Dr. John Layden Stewart. He stayed on in China almost a year after the establishment of the Communist government. He had at one time been president of Yen Jing University and Mao Tse Tung in his youth had worked in the library at Yen Jing University. So, Dr. John Layden Stewart, our ambassador, knew Mao Tse Tung and when the new Communist government was inaugurated in Peking on the first of October in 1949

he was invited to attend the inauguration ceremonies. Washington refused him permission to go. I've always thought that was a tragic mistake because we perhaps could have established amicable relations with China much, much earlier than we did. Perhaps the Korean War and everything else could have been avoided.

General Fu Tsoi Yee

It is interesting that General Fu Tsoi Yee, a very respected general, free of corruption, which was not the case with most of the Chinese generals, dearly loved by his troops, surrendered the city of Peking to the Communists in order that it would not be destroyed by gunfire. General Fu Tsoi Yee eventually became a minister in the Chinese government. General Fu Tsoi Yee arranged to get my personal baggage shipped out of Peking and it arrived in Hong Kong six months later unopened, not one item missing.

Prince Poo

Just to go back to Peking and little incidents that might be of interest to the story. I knew quite well Prince Poo who was the older brother of the last emperor of China, Henry Poo Yi, and emperor of Mancho Ko during the Japanese occupation. Prince Poo was a professor of classical art at Fu Ren University, the Catholic university in Peking. Somewhere among my possessions I have a painting done by Prince Poo dedicated to me in Chinese characters and sealed with the official seal of Prince Poo.

In my time, the city of Peking was a walled city with only the four gates allowing entry and egress. All of that of course was torn down by the Communists in order to expand the city and to not have traffic impeded. It's a pity because Peking was really the Paris of Asia and to have all these magnificent walls torn down, to have

the pylos which memorialized events in Chinese history torn down in order to widen roads and so forth was a great pity. In my day, we used to walk on the top of the city wall in evenings. It was a pleasant walk. On top of the wall were the, at one site near the Imperial Palace, the forbidden city, were the astronomical instruments that were made by the Jesuits at the time of Kubla Khan. Those instruments were situated on top of the city wall. I have no idea what has become of them.

Becoming a Mason

I suppose I should mention that when I was in Peking also during my times as manager of Caltex China Limited Peking Office, I became a Mason. That's not the important thing. I think the important thing is that my installation into Masonry took place at the altar of Heaven near the Forbidden City in Peking. Of course, the Altar of Heaven now is one of the chief tourist sites in Peking.

Going back further, just to get the vocabulary straight, I mention that I flew lubricating oil into the city of Tai Yuan for the warlord to lubricate his arsenal. Now back to the narrative. I got out on the missionary plane St. Paul to Tsingtao which was still in the hands of the Nationalists and from Tsingtao got a commercial flight on CNAC to Shanghai.

Another Debriefing

There again in Shanghai, I was met by the American intelligence community, still the OSS, and I was again debriefed regarding events taking place in Peking, especially they wanted information related to troop movements and military equipment and so forth. I reported to the Caltex office in Shanghai and as was the

habit of the company, I was installed in the Metropole Hotel, which was convenient to the office.

The Tsus

I didn't stay there very long, my Chinese friend Mr. Franklin Tsu, I suppose I should mention his proper name, it is Tsu Ming Dong, insisted that I move to his home in the French Concession and again he laid on a car and chauffeur. His wife Dorothy and son Johnnie and daughter Lillian whom I had met on the ship between Shanghai and Hong Kong previously had already departed to the United States where Johnnie entered a private prep school in Terrytown, New York, and Lillian entered Bryn Mahr College. Dorothy Tsu took an apartment in midtown New York. They of course were traveling on British passports.

Frank Tsu wanted to sign all his properties over to me and I don't know if I've mentioned those properties or not. They were the Shell Warehouses and things of that sort, which as agent for Shell for the province, he owned, a bank, his house, his textile mills, his scientific instrument factory. He wanted to sign all these properties over to me, personally. It was his thought that as an American the properties would not be subject to confiscation by the Communists when they occupied Shanghai. Caltex management adamantly refused the suggestion and I did not come into possession of these properties.

Nanking

Within two weeks I was assigned to the Nanking Office as Assistant Manager. Nanking was the capitol of China at this time and hence all the foreign embassies were there. Though the Communist armies were not very far away, Nanking, being a diplomatic city was a city where parties went on night after night after

night. The Persian Embassy, the French Embassy, the German Embassy, the American Embassy, the British Embassy, take your pick.

There was always a black tie cocktail party or there was a black tie dinner party going. Part of the job was to attend these functions. I was fortunate that I was also allowed to be a member of the US Embassy Club. It was a club exclusively for members of the American Embassy. It was a wonderful place to hang out. They had American milkshakes, they had American hamburgers, they had good T-bones steaks and New York Strip steaks a couple times a week and they always had a little dance band there. So, if there was a diplomatic party that you didn't want to attend, you tended to go to the US Embassy Club. The younger embassy people tended to hang out. It was a great privilege for non American diplomats to be invited as a guest. I was able to invite some of my foreign diplomatic friends to the Club.

We did supply petroleum products to much of the diplomatic community because the electricity supply in Nanking was irregular and most of the embassies had electric generators. Of course there were sales through our Chinese agents and dealers out into the countryside. We also had gasoline filling stations around the city.

Another chief responsibility was to liason with the Chinese government. They were constantly letting very large contracts out for petroleum supplies for their army and other needs. All of these supplies were paid for by the American government because General Chang Kai Shek was a ward of the United States. We had on our staff in Nanking a Chinese gentleman who was a member of the executive Yuan. A member of the cabinet of General Chang Kai Shek. He was on the company payroll. He would come into the office once a month to collect his

pay. He was provided with an automobile and chauffeur by the company. It was through him that we were able to find out when contracts were going to be let and what competitors were bidding. It is the way business is done in a place like China.

Oftentimes, I would take the train from Nanking to Shanghai for the weekend. I would stay with my Chinese friend, Mr. Franklin Tsu who always saw to it that I was well entertained at the Starlight Roof of the Cafe Hotel. My favorite tune at that time was the French song, J'Attendre. I always carried a gun with me when I traveled by train between Nanking and Shanghai. I had a magnificent Belgian made Colt automatic which fit very nicely in my coat pocket. Othertimes when I traveled up country or out of the city on business or other errands, I carried a Canadian Army Browning 9mm automatic. Both of these weapons were licensed by the Chinese government.

I think it was about some time in August 1949 that the city of Nanking came under siege by the Communist armies and I was given orders to evacuate. Strange, I booked a ticket on a night train to Shanghai.

Leaving China

I want to go back to Peking because I have gotten the name of the Chinese warlord general. There are several books written about him. He was General Yen Hsi Shan. The man who ran the arsenal at Taiwan for General Yen Hsi Shan was a Mr. Unger, a Nazi refugee in the employ of the general. He was very good at munitions making.

As a result of the civil war, any losses would be compensated by the company. Just before I evacuated, all sorts of things came into the market in Peking. Oriental

carpets were 10 cents on the dollar. Furniture stolen out of the Imperial Palace. Bronzes--Tong, Ming, all became available on the market provided you were able to pay US dollars or gold. And I was in a position to pay US dollars via check or gold which I had access to. So, I went out on a spending spree and I bought 5 oriental carpets for very low prices and they are now worth 4 to 5 thousand dollars each. I bought bronzes, I bought jade, I bought Ming pottery. And I packed it all out and it is that that came safely out through Hong Kong six months later courtesy of my friend General Fu Tsoi Yee.

When I went to Taiwan I had all that shipped over and left it in crates. I left it in our Go Down which is a warehouse. When it came time for me to have my 3 month vacation after having spent 3 years in the field, I didn't know how I was going to get all this baggage home. Technically, it should have stayed with me in China and the company would ship it to me from post to post to post forever, but they weren't going to ship it back to the United States because I was not being transferred back. And so here I once again went to my British friends at Tate and Company who were the agents for Maresk, the Danish shipping company. I asked the manager (I had given his firm lots of business during the months I was there, bringing in drummed petroleum products from Port Arthur, Texas on Maresk lines) if he could find me a cheap rate to get all my possessions which included furniture (solid rosewood which had come out of the Imperial Palace in Peking) and he said-- give me two or three weeks and I'll see what I can scrape up. A couple of weeks later he telephoned me and said, Yes, I've got something. We've got a ship coming in. Get it down to the pier and we'll load it and ship it to New York for you.

This was done and a couple of weeks later I called up and asked where the bill was. I wanted to pay it because I wasn't coming back to Taiwan after my vacation. He said "I have gotten in touch with Mr. A. P. Moler who is the man who owns the

Maresk Lines. Mr. Moler would like the privilege of shipping your goods without cost." Well, that was fabulous. But, what really happened was that Mr. A.P. Moler shipped it to New York, forwarded it by rail to Minneapolis and put it into storage in Minneapolis all at his expense. And, all it took was for me to clear customs on it in Minneapolis and deliver it to my home here in the United States.

A Vacation

I departed from Taiwan on my 3 months vacation and did the grand tour of Europe. A very good friend of mine was the manager of Pan American in Hong Kong and in those days, still propeller airlines, I think Constellation, there was only one class and that was first class. He set up the arrangements because I wanted to see Bangkok, I wanted to see Damascus, I wanted to see Istanbul, I wanted to see Rome, Paris. He set up the itinerary for me, he issued the ticket, and he sent cables to each of the stations where I wanted to stop to see that I was well taken care of by the Pan American station manager.

When I came to London, it was rather interesting. I landed at London, went through customs and was met by the Pan American representative. He took me out and there was a chauffeured Rolls Royce waiting to take me to my hotel in London. When I left London a week or so later, the same chauffeured Rolls Royce delivered me to Heathrow Airport. At Heathrow, I was put into the VIP private lounge. The only other person in the lounge was Marlena Dietrich. We did not have to board the plane when it was called. Our hand baggage was taken aboard for us and we were driven out to the plane together. We were the last two passengers to board the plane for the transatlantic flight to New York.

So, having spent a month in Europe doing the Cooks tour--it was fascinating, Damascus was incredible, Istanbul was incredible--I saw every damn museum there was in Europe and I never again want to see a museum. The Prado in Madrid, the British Museum in London, the Louvre in Paris, I don't know what else. It was a fascinating month. I spent two months at home and New York assigned me to Hong Kong as my next tour of duty. I went to Hong Kong late in 1950.

Hong Kong

Hong Kong was still a relatively small city--half a million, three quarters of a million people. The big influx of refugees from communist China had not yet begun when I moved there. It was very much a British colonial city. Everything about the place was very, very British. The Governor's mansion, the governor driving around the streets in his Rolls Royce. Oftentimes dressed in these silly British colonial uniforms with plumed pith helmets. He was a very nice governor--Sir Alexander Grantham, married to an American woman who was a Christian Scientist. This bothered the entire community. The foreign community, in terms of Europeans was very small. It was the British who were the dominant foreigners in Hong Kong. Most of my friends were British. Most of the people who I met were British. People in the British government who became very close friends. People in the British Military and people in business in the British community.

Michael Tennison

One of my very close friends and a person who remains a friend until this very day, was a young major in the British army in Hong Kong. In fact, he was the youngest major in the British army, a fellow by the name of Michael Tennison. He had fought

in the India Burma campaign, he had been born in Ceylon. His father was with the British colonial service in Ceylon.

We met at a garden party at Government House, the governor's residence. Garden parties at Government House were notoriously dull and we decided that we would leave early and go down to the Parisian Grill--the finest restaurant in Hong Kong and have dinner together. He was outfitted in his very smart, colorful, British dress uniform with wide red stripes down his trousers and braid hanging off his shoulders and the medals he had been awarded during the Second World War, mostly during the India Burma campaigns.

After a few cocktails, before dinner (as I remember it, they were frozen daiquiris) which are notoriously dangerous things, we went off down the street to a bar and proceeded to get very drunk. I guess that bound our friendship because thereafter I was invited to practically all of the regimental dinner parties which his regiment gave. They were very, very formal affairs--all the officers of the regiment dressed in their dress uniforms, the elaborate silver decanters for the port or sherry.

And everybody was very proper until after the toast to the Queen. And then, of course, all hell broke loose and the parties went on and all of the British reserve fell away. They were great, great parties. Somehow because I had been in the Canadian service, I was allowed to join the British Officers' Club in Hong Kong. I was there often with Michael and I soon came to know all his friends, his commander, and his commanding general.

A Truck Driver--Me!

During the Korean War refugees started pouring in to Hong Kong from China. You had pro communist riots taking place in Hong Kong and the British government was hard pressed to control these riots. They had a regiment of Gherkas in Hong Kong--the Nepalese soldiers they had been recruiting as mercenaries for the past 100 years or so. I believe they still have one or two regiments of Gherkas based in England. One still based in Hong Kong. In order to control these riots which were communist inspired, the Hong Kong government drafted members of the foreign community to perform services in case things got particularly nasty. I was drafted as a petrol truck driver, being in the employ of an oil company, they assumed I would know how to drive a gasoline truck. My assignment in case things got out of hand was to deliver petroleum in an armored truck to the military forces. Of course, I couldn't drive a truck. I'd never driven a truck in my life. But, that was my duty. I think I still have the papers which were served on me saying I had been drafted into the Hong Kong defense corps.

The Company Launch

My company, Caltex, had a very luxurious launch which was used as a working launch when our oil tankers came into port to unload a million barrels of gasoline or diesel oil into the tanker terminals. This launch was at the disposal of the tanker captain and his crew because they had to go in and see ship's chandlers and get the ship re provisioned and things of that sort. But, we didn't have tank ships coming into the port every day. So, this very luxurious launch was at the disposal of the staff (the foreign staff) of Caltex. We used it often. Hong Kong has some of the most magnificent beaches in the world and there's much more to Hong Kong than

Kowloon and Victoria Island. There are literally hundreds of little, uninhabited islands with the most magnificent beaches in the world. We would use this launch for picnics on these isolated islands and beaches.

Macao

It was ocean going to a degree and we often took the Caltex launch to Macao which was the Portuguese Colony on the China coast. Macao was a wide open colony. Gambling, opium, prostitution, but, at the same time, a very delightful little city. It was like a little Mediterranean city, the housing was the type you find in the south of Portugal and historically it was fascinating. The first lighthouse on the China coast was in Macao and it was still there. The old Portuguese fortresses were still there. The facade of a cathedral that had been built back in the 1600s and had burned down. We went to Macao often and played roulette at two hotels that had gambling.

The Central Hotel catered to the Chinese especially and they had a game called FanTan which I don't think I can describe. You would guess the number of a fistful of ivory buttons. If you guessed the right number, you won. Oftentimes I had visitors and I was designated host from the United States.

One visitor was the daughter of the President of Standard Oil Company of California. A very attractive girl from Stanford University, her name was Dale Callahan. She insisted on trying opium. I looked up our Caltex agent in Macao and had him make the arrangements for us to have a pipe. She had her pipe and I had my pipe too. One doesn't get addicted to opium very easily. It's not a hard drug of the sort that you find today. You get a little dreamy smoking the pipe.

Basil and Christine Genders

Other good friends of mine were Basil and Christine Genders. British. Basil had been in the Royal Marines during the Second World War and was with the landing party that accepted the surrender of the Japanese in Hong Kong. He also was the one who released from Stanley Prison, Christine, who became his wife. We remained in contact throughout our lives. Basil passed away eight or nine years ago from kidney cancer.

I still see his widow in London every year. She's a very wealthy woman and has a magnificent estate in Sussex. Her parents were in business in Hong Kong. They operated a company called Filmo Depot. They were the agents for the entire far east for Polaroid. Now, Polaroid in those days was not very important in terms of the Land Camera, but, it was very important in terms of identification photographs. He sold the equipment to these companies that required ID badges. The most prestigious movie camera at the time was the Swiss made Bolex and he was also far east agent for Bolex and Bell and Howell. His company when he sold to a Chinese firm sold for the equivalent of 37 million US dollars. Christine and her twin brother inherited. My very dear friend Christine is lots of fun to be with because she knows her way around to the very best places. We do have a great time together when I see her in London.

The CIA

Because Hong Kong became the chief listening post for what was going on in China, the US consulate in Hong Kong became the largest consulate in the world. This in a city which was not terribly important, because, hitherto fore, the important city on the China coast had always been Shanghai. My company Caltex had a network of what had been agents and dealers throughout China from the North to the South

and the East to the West, literally hundreds of dealers and Asians. I was in contact with each of these as they came out as refugees. I became somewhat of a listening post also for what was now the CIA. I was given contracts as it were to search out specific information for the American intelligence agencies.

A Chinese Jury

One rather interesting thing was that I was called for jury duty. The case was a murder case, a Chinese peasant had chopped his wife to pieces with a chopper. A jury was assembled and I was called for jury duty. Nationality was not important in terms of the judicial system in Hong Kong. Command of the English language was the key to being eligible for jury duty. This case was heard by the supreme court of Hong Kong. The poor fellow was guilty and the judge (wearing a wig in the very British fashion) put a black handkerchief on top of his wig and pronounced the sentence that the prisoner was to be taken to Stanley Prison and hanged by the neck until he was dead.

As a result of having served on that capital punishment jury, I was given an exemption by the Hong Kong supreme court from ever having to again serve on a capital punishment case. It was an interesting experience. Our terms of duty with Caltex were that we worked three years in the field and then were given around-the-world first class airplane tickets for 3 months. We had lots of time during these 3 month vacations to do Europe in a rather grand manner because we were well taken care of by the company. Housing was provided. Car and chauffeur were provided. Utilities were provided.

More About Taiwan

Not too many months before I arrived in Taiwan, the nationalists started moving troops over to Taiwan as they tried to save what they could of their armies on the mainland. It was in this period of time that the Taiwanese people rebelled against the Nationalists and several thousand Taiwanese were slaughtered. So the relations between the native Taiwanese people and the nationalist government were never very cordial.

I ran into many problems with this regard, because we did have on our staff Taiwanese employees. In one particular incident, we had a fire out at our refueling station out at the Taipei airport and our airport manager was arrested for sabotage by the Nationalist authorities. A fellow by the name of Li from a very fine Taiwanese family. I was absolutely convinced that he had nothing to do with the fire that took place out at the airport. I went through the American Consul who would do nothing with regard to helping me. I finally went to the Governor of Taiwan and insisted that he be released immediately or I would report the incident directly to Washington DC. Our Li was released.

Very few foreign countries recognized Taiwan as being China. So, there were only half a dozen diplomatic posts established there. The Americans with a Consul MacDonald, the French had an embassy there headed by a fellow named Oviney. And they had a press secretary Georges LeDoux. The Phillipinos were there and a few Asian countries, but that was about it. The British had had a Vice Consul on Taiwan for 100 years and though the British very rapidly recognized the Communist government in Peking, their Vice Consul stayed on in Taiwan.

So, the social circle consisted of parties among these few Western diplomatic outposts. The Chinese government was very puritanical, the Generalissimo. You

had curfews, dancing was prohibited and so forth. A very good friend of many of us foreigners was the second son of Generalissimo Chang Kai Shek. He was a brigadier in the Chinese armored corps. He was a great fellow and used to throw the most marvelous parties at his house with dancing all night and all the liquor his guests could handle. It was great fun going to his house for these parties.

Officially a Spy

It was in Taiwan that I was officially requested to do some work for pay for an American intelligence agency and the first thing I had to do was to pinpoint every airstrip in Taiwan and measure them by driving my automobile from one end of the airstrip to the other. I reported this information to the appropriate authorities. By reason that I was in the oil business and by reason that we provided aviation refueling services, I didn't have any trouble getting from the Chinese authorities permission to inspect all the airstrips in Taiwan with the view to perhaps establishing air refueling services. This information was duly passed along. Of course, it was never put to use, but, it might have been had the Chinese Communists attempted to invade the island of Taiwan.

As I mentioned, the Chinese government didn't have many friends at this point in time. It took the Korean War to get friends. As soon as the Korean War came, the highest ranking post of the American official suddenly became Ambassador. The Chinese Nationalists became very good friends of ours suddenly. But, before the Korean War, one was invited by Madame Chang Kai Shek to have tea with her and I had tea with the Madame along with some of the other people in Taiwan.

Tamsui

The British Consulate was not in Taipei, it was out at Tamsui, about 30 miles from Taipei--a beautiful little inlet on the sea with the most magnificent beaches the world has ever known. They were housed in a fortress which had been built by the Dutch back in the 16th century. It was always great fun to be invited out to the British Consulate for dinner or for cocktails. Very charming.

The golf course was out at Tamsui. It was occupied by the Chinese Army. They were using it for a firing range and so forth. A few of us decided that the golf course should be retrieved as a golf course. I was one of those who worked on getting the Chinese Army out of the golf course and eventually we did get the golf course. I played golf and hated every minute of it because I was never any good. This was in 1949.

Looking at my scrapbook, there is a letter dated Taipei, the 27th of January, 1950 wherein a group of your fellow foreign residents of Taipei have secured from Civil Air Transport Incorporated, a preliminary agreement in principal looking toward immediate conversion of the former CNAC (China National Aviation Corporation) hostel here into a foreign community club which at the same time would facilitate pleasant social relations with your Chinese friends. A provisional constitution has been drafted. We are ready now to start organizing as the Friends of China Club.

I was an official, initial member. There were 10 people who organized the Friends of China Club. If you remember your history, the Friends of China Club became a lobbying organization supporting Generalissimo Chang Kai Shek. At the time it was organized, that was not its purpose. I was one of the founding fathers of the

Friends of China Club. The organization was ultimately overtaken by General Schnalt and his wife.

Taiwan was a beautiful island. In the center of the island, a place called Sun Moon Lake, I trained down to the city in central Taiwan and from there took a cog railway up into the mountains to Sun Moon Lake which is where the aborigines of Taiwan live. It was great fun roaming around these very primitive people. They were Malay people.

I had access to most of the factories in Taiwan. I had access to the China petroleum corporation's oil refinery in the south of the island. Of course, all this information was of interest to the American intelligence agencies and they received it.

Food in Taiwan

Excepting for the finest Chinese food in the world, perhaps, foreign style food was hard to come by. I remember that imported apples were about 5 dollars each. Meat was almost impossible. You couldn't get American cigarettes. I had a very good friend, Major James Galt, who was the United States Air attaché attached to the US consulate in Taipei. He had his own plane. He and I used to fly up to Okinawa and load up the plane with supplies and so I always had everything I wanted from T-bones steaks to apples and bananas and oranges and scotch whiskey and whatever one's heart desired. We used to fly up there about once a month and come back with our supplies. And so I lived a very good life and was able to give lots of parties at very little cost to the company or to me.

Because the foreign community was really rather small, there were lots of parties and the same people were at the parties all the time. Never black tie. It was a rather informal community. Lots and lots of liquor and lots of food all the time.

Certainly we did business. One piece of business which I remember, the Chinese government wanted 10,000 drums of lubricating oil and one tanker load of diesel fuel for their navy. They put the business out to bid, and the admiral, Admiral Kwai, was the one who was going to award the bid. I bid as did Shell as did Mobil Oil. But, we could never get a decision. The contract was never awarded. I called in our chief Chinese agent and asked him to try and find out what was going on. He had his connections into the Chinese government on Taiwan. A few days later, he came back to me and said "You can have the contract if you will arrange to deposit 100,000 dollars into a Swiss account secretly for Admiral Kwai". I couldn't write about this because mail was censored. I didn't dare telephone Hong Kong where our Shanghai office had established its headquarters and where the managing director was living.

And so I telephoned Hong Kong and said I had some news regarding the Chinese Navy contract and could I come over to Hong Kong for a day? Permission was given so I flew to Hong Kong and spent a few hours talking to the managing director of Caltex. Our bid was reviewed very carefully and the managing director said go ahead, we will deposit 100,000 dollars into whatever account is said. I went back to Taiwan, passed the word through our Chinese agent, the word reached Admiral Kwai, and the contract was awarded to Caltex China Limited. Corruption in China.

A Leper Colony in Taiwan

There was a leper colony in Taiwan. There were some Canadian missionary nurses who had spent many years working in the leper colony and these nurses were very good friends of mine. Oftentimes, I would go out to the leper colony and do work,

of course, leprosy is not terribly communicable. I never touched anyone who had the disease, but it was rather interesting.

Howard Yui

One of my brightest employees, a young fellow by the name of Howard Yui, from Shanghai, a refugee from the Communists, very young, smart as a whip, wanted desperately to go to the United States. He didn't have any money. He came to me one day with a proposition. Because, at that time in Taiwan, we shipped motor gasoline, kerosene, and aviation gasoline in 55 gallon drums. We did not have bulk storage established. We accumulated thousands and thousands of empty 55 gallon drums. It wasn't worthwhile shipping them back anywhere, because the freight would be too high. Howard said he wanted to go to the United States to go to the university and he thought he knew a way that he could raise the money. Will you sell me the drums? I can make a profit on them. Well, this wasn't quite cricket. I had been born and reared in central Minnesota in the Bible belt and it didn't sit very well with me. But, I thought about it a while and I said: "Howard, if you will pay whatever price I get on the highest bid when they are put out to tender for sale, I will let you have them for that price." And thus, he bought the drums, he sold them into the market, he made enough money, and then, he came to me and said: "How am I going to get this into United States dollars?" Well, there again, I had some friends, a British trading company that had been the tea business for a hundred years in Taiwan buying Chinese green tea. And shipping the green tea to their English markets. And I talked to him and said: "Is there any way, don't forget that you need local currency to buy your tea, that I can have somebody supply you with the local currency instead of your going to a bank and you give a dollar draft payable in the United States?" And because they also were shipping agents, and oftentimes our lubricating oil came in on their ships, Mersk Line ships, he said "Yes."

So, we turned over all this Chinese currency to this company, Tate and Company, and Howard got his US dollar draft and went off to the United States. He graduated from Stanford University. He joined Rockwell International and he worked on the space program the entire time until he retired about 2 years ago. We again, have been in contact with each other all these years since 1949.

The Genders

Christine Genders parents were British subjects and were in Hong Kong at the time of the Japanese conquest of Hong Kong. They had their son and daughter Christine with them. The family was interned in Stanley Prison in Hong Kong for the duration of the War. Thus, this is how it came to pass that Captain Basil Genders of the Royal Marine Corps released from prison Christine. He fell in love with her and married her. They stayed on in Hong Kong.

Social Life in Hong Kong

Some of the social events that went on in Hong Kong which everybody attended were the Saturday races at Happy Valley. The Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club was the place to be on Saturday afternoon. I was never particularly interested in watching a bunch of horses thunder down the way. I never knew when I did bet what I was betting on. One did bet. I think I never won, ever. But the American Club had a box at the Jockey Club, so the American Community pretty much congregated there every Saturday afternoon. They had their own small kitchen and small bar and it was possible to get in the American Club Box good Scotch whiskey and cocktails and hamburgers and hot dogs and things of that sort.

The American Club in Taiwan

There was of course also an American Club in Hong Kong and it was very much, as they say in Hong Kong, a Tiffin Club, translated a Tiffin Club means a luncheon club. It was on the eighth floor of the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank Building and there again it is where most of the American community went for their lunches and their drinks before lunch. They had a very nice bar and one always played poker dice in order to determine who was going to pick up the tab for drinks.

The American Club had special guests on occasion and pretty much the entire American community would attend these functions when there was a special guest there. I can remember two in particular. One was Cardinal Spellman of New York. He was very much involved in Korea, in support of the American military there and he was a good propagandist in Hong Kong for the war. I attended the reception for Cardinal Spellman, I suppose almost half of the guests at the function must have been Roman Catholics because they would genuflect and kiss the Cardinal's ring. I didn't know how to genuflect and I didn't know how to kiss a Cardinal's ring and I became more and more nervous and unsure of myself the line came closer and closer to the Cardinal. I saw that a few people did nothing more than shake his hand, so I shook his hand.

Eleanor Roosevelt

Another special guest I remember was Eleanor Roosevelt. Again, there was a receiving line and each person was introduced to Eleanor Roosevelt. And though I'm a great admirer of her and I think she was a great woman, I was terribly disappointed in her because when I was introduced she put out a very fishy hand.

It felt like a dishrag and said "How do you do?" and that was it. I didn't like Eleanor Roosevelt in spite of the fact that I do like Eleanor Roosevelt.

Indochina

Though we only a holiday once every three years for three months, we did have two weeks vacation locally in that 3 year period. In 1954, shortly before the battle of Diem Bien Fu, I decided to take my vacation in Indochina, now known as Viet Nam and Kampochia.

I flew Air France from Hong Kong down to Saigon. I had introductions to the Caltex office in Saigon and met a fellow who became a very good friend of mine, Bob Peterman, who was married to a French woman, Helene Satier. I checked in at the old and very famous French Colonial Hotel, the Continental in Saigon.

The war was on, the French were fighting their last battles against the Viet Kong and Viet Min and the city was teeming with French Foreign Legionnaires who were fascinating people to watch.

The Continental Hotel

At the Continental Hotel, I was very much a novice, the staff spoke only Vietnamese and French. I don't think I knew one word of French at that point. I would go in for lunch in the dining room and I would go in for dinner at night. Everybody had wine, I used to have a bottle of wine for lunch and a bottle of wine for dinner and it seemed that I was drunk all the time. Very tired and sleepy all the time.

Tricks I Learned

There were tricks that I didn't realize. Had I been much more observant I would have caught on. Most of the guests would put a mark on their bottle and put their name on their bottle and send it back. At the next meal their bottle of wine would be brought out. They weren't drinking a liter of wine per meal. They were drinking perhaps a quarter or half. Here I was thinking, "My God, I can't afford to leave wine", and so there I was drinking a liter of wine for dinner and a liter of wine for lunch.

I didn't know the French word for water. I desperately wanted water. Then I discovered they had Vichy water there and I could say Vichy. So, instead of ordering wine after a while, I was ordering Vichy, the closest I could come to water. I suppose it was two years before I new that water was a verre de l'eau. This is a sign of my innocence.

Bob Peterman

My friend Bob Peterman and his wife wined and dined and hosted me around, introduced me to many in the old French Colonial service there. And then, I went on up to Pnom Penh, the capitol of Cambodia and stayed at the grand old Grand Hotel, the French very colonial hotel. I spent a few days there and met the Caltex office manager, who became a longtime friend and his widow who I still see. She now lives in Nice, France. Jean LeGauff. He even took me to the Royal Palace and introduced me to the King of Cambodia at the time and that man is still famous, Prince Nuor Dom Siahannok. Way back in 1954, I met his royal highness.

Ankor Watt

From Pnom Penh, I flew to Sim Re Ep, the airport for the Khymer ruins at Ankor Watt. I stayed again at the old French colonial hotel in Sim Re Ep. I was the only guest in the hotel, after all, the war was going full blast. Here I was, an innocent in Indochina, paying little and no attention to the war. I hired a car and a driver and we did all of the ruins and I took many color slide photographs and they are now in the hands of St. Cloud State University. Most of those temples have been further destroyed by the war.

Hai Fong

Flying back to Saigon, I stopped off again for a few days, and then took a plane back to the job in Hong Kong. But, herein again lies an interesting story. The plane lost an engine just before we reached Hai Fong so we landed in Hai Fong with only one engine, a DC3 I think or a C47 plane.

The Races Are Treated Differently

The French government took the foreigners on board the plane and with a Legion escort in front and behind, we were driven to the Metropole Hotel in Hanoi. We were put up at Air France's expense. The Chinese passengers on board and the Vietnamese passengers were left to fend for themselves in Hai Fong. Air France had to fly a new engine up from Saigon. It was about three days before we were ready to take off. The French Foreign Legion again escorted us foreigners out to the airport. We took off, landed in Hai Fong to pick up the Chinese and Vietnamese passengers and flew on to Hong Kong.

Hai Nan Island

Hong Kong Airport in those days closed at sunset and we were running very late. Daredevils that Air France pilots are, the pilot announced that rather than going around Hai Nan Island, a Chinese Communist military air base, we had to overfly Hai Nan Island if we were going to get to Hong Kong before sunset when the airport closed. We looked down on the airfield and could see fighter planes down there, one plane did take off and buzz us but nothing came of it.

Back in Hong Kong

Getting back to Hong Kong I was contracted for pay to make some reports on what was going on in Cambodia and Vietnam. Vietnam was then divided into three separate states as I remember. They wanted to know what was going on up there in Hanoi, Hai Fong and down in Saigon because the battle of Diambianfoo was fast approaching and the loss of French Indochina by the French was very near and of course with the loss of French Indochina, the United States became involved in the war in what is now Vietnam that was then French Indochina.

Hong Kong, of course, by this point in time was the largest Consulate in the world and most of the personnel in the Consulate were engaged in intelligence work, listening posts for what was going on in China. Don't forget the Korean War was already on and we were very interested in what was going on. I, of course, made regular reports of information which came to me from our Caltex agents in mainland China, people who came out.

In terms of French Indochina the Americans were very interested in the type of manpower the French had there in Saigon, what was happening in Phnom Penh where we did not have significant representation and of course one of my friends

also in Saigon, who I met in Saigon for the first time but we are still in touch with each other, was a half Chinese half Belgian, who had worked with Larry Gored who is the head of the OSS in Hanoi during the Second World War and who worked with Ho Chi Minn during the Second World War because Ho Chi Minn was an ally of sorts because he was fighting the Japanese.

I was able to get through Simomyu information which the Americans wanted in terms of petroleum storage facilities in the country and of course that information was available to me through Simomyu and I was able to pass it on the appropriate authorities.

The Commonwealth Games

It must have been 1954 but the Commonwealth Games, the British equivalent of the Olympics, were being held in Vancouver British Colombia that year. That was the year I took my three month home leave. The Hong Kong government didn't have any money to send representatives to the games in Vancouver, they were sending a very small team of three swimmers, I think that was the total athletic team that Hong Kong put up.

An Official Delegate

But Government House put out a notice to the community in Hong Kong that if anyone was going to be in Vancouver between such and such and such and such would they get in touch with the Governor's secretary so they could be appointed an official delegate to the Commonwealth Games representing Hong Kong.

Vancouver, British Colombia had been my old stamping grounds. I had studied at the University of British Colombia and the Commonwealth Games were being held there, they had built a new swimming pool and stadium and so forth. So, I got in

touch with Government House and said that I would be in Vancouver during the period of the games, I hadn't planned this, but I was flying Northwest Airlines into Seattle and it's just a short hop from Vancouver to Seattle so I thought why not?

So I was appointed among two or three others as official delegates representing Hong Kong at the British Commonwealth Games in Vancouver. The grand reception for the games was held in the ballroom of the Hotel of Vancouver, one of the grand Canadian Pacific hotels and the patron of the games was his highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the husband of Queen Elizabeth the II so in going through the receiving line I shook hands with the Duke of Edinburgh as Patron of the games and I as a representative of Hong Kong at the games.

Next Stop, India

Well that ended another session as it were, and my next posting was India. Having lived in Peking and Nanking and Shanghai and Hong Kong and Taiwan for a total of 6 years I have become a Sinofite and dearly love the Chinese people. I enjoyed being with them, I enjoyed their sense of humor, I like their food, I liked them as a people.

In all of these places which I had lived, I had lived in rather grand style with big comfortable modern housing with servants, cooks, houseboys, chauffeurs, gardeners. So I learned a lifestyle which very few people from small town Minnesota would ever encounter.

Calcutta

Hence, the shock of my next assignment, Calcutta, India. I landed at DumDum Airport in Calcutta, the heat struck me, the place was filthy dirty, poverty stricken, cows roaming the streets and sidewalks. I hated it from the day I arrived. I was put

up initially at the Grand Hotel on Chorengy Street in Calcutta. Perhaps the best hotel in Calcutta certainly the next to the best.

There was another hotel run by an Indian by the name Billie Moory which was also very popular. I remember walking down the street, the office being 5-6 blocks away, walking on the sidewalk I stepped into a fresh cow pie, that turned me off to India forever, I just couldn't manage it.

The staff in our office were intelligent, nice people, but I could never become friends with them, the cultural difference between India and China was too great and I was suffering culture shock in the extreme.

There was a bar on Chorengy street which was the hangout for foreigners, a place called Furboughs. People went there for lunch at noon and a drink, it wasn't very exciting. The only club was a swimming club and a Saturday club. Again, neither interested me, the people were a lot of British old India hands who were Indianized and I found little in common with them.

When housing was found for me, it was rather grand, It was owned by the Maharaja Birdwon. It had imported crystal chandeliers, the floors were marble, it had a floral garden compound but wasn't happy there at all. I didn't like my servants, I had a dobi who was an outcast, a sweeper who was an outcast in the cast system of India. I didn't like the groveling that went on. I had a Christian cook from Goah, Indian, because being Christian he was not beneath cooking beef or pork both taboos, one with Hindus the other Moslems had a chauffeur, Ramen. I never was attracted to the servants. They did their job well, I just never attained the rapport that I had with my Chinese servants. Again, though the house was very grand, I was very unhappy. My only close friends were friends at the American consulate. Most of the junior staff were also very unhappy in Calcutta.

The Himalayan Foothills

I learned very soon that the Himalayan foothills were a fascinating area so as often as I could and certainly every other weekend I would fly Air India and rent a car or taxi and 5-6 would take it to Kalampalm. This was a fascinating city in the Himalayan foothills. It was the southern end of the Tibetan trade route and so it was crawling with Tibetans who to me were very fascinating people. It was on the border of Bouton so a lot of Boutonese were coming over to spend money and buy goods because it was a trading city in Calempalm. You also heard lots of Nepalese from Nepal here in Calempong.

Annie Perry

There was a very tiny hotel, tin roofed, no plumbing, the Himalayan Hotel. It was run by a very interesting woman, Annie Perry, she was half Tibetan half Scottish. Her father had been the first British trade representative in one of the cities in Tibet. He had married a Tibetan women. Mrs. Annie Perry was the child of this couple. She ran a fascinating establishment. You ate at a communal table and you never knew who you would sit with at this table. Wealthy Tibetan merchants, the very young King of Bouton, Nepalese traders, British who had turned Buddhist, a particular British trader had gone around the bend as they say and was a Buddhist was there quite often.

Prince Peter of Greece

Also at this time was Prince Peter the brother of King Paul of Greece who was married to Princess Helen. He was a world renowned anthropologist he has written the definitive study on Tibetan polyandry, the family system where you have 1 wife and 1 or 2 or 3 or 4 or 5 or 6 husbands. I am not going to go into the reasons for this

family system, there are good reasons for this family system as it developed, and I think it should be noted right away that the husbands are all brothers they are not strangers, you marry into a family and you marry all the brothers in the family.

There was a very wealthy wool trading family charming women, wealthy women, who had seven handsome husbands, and it was great fun having interaction with them. They did speak Mandarin Chinese as I did, so we communicated quite well.

Larry Tipton

Another good friend that I met at the Himalayan Hotel was a fellow by the name of Larry Tipton, he was the representative of the British / American Tobacco Company in India and he to was very fond of the Himalayan regions of India. He had been in China during the second world war and interned by the Japanese in China during the war and had written a book about his experience. I have the book on my shelf, autographed and dedicated to me. So I encountered Larry Tipton quite frequently at the Himalayan Hotel in Calempung.

China had invaded Tibet in 1949 or 50 and had conquered it. In this region of the Himalayas much to the unhappiness of the Indian government were hundreds of Chinese, roaming around, snooping around, floating around. Here again, I spoke Chinese so I was called upon to report upon what the Chinese were doing in the Himalayas why they were interested in that region of the world.

Sikkim

It developed that they had their eye on a little independent principality, Sikkim, a little area that sticks like a thumb into the underbelly of Tibet. The father of Annie Perry, who had great influence with the Tibetan community, arranged for me to go to Sikkim and arranged an introduction with the Maharaja of Sikkum. The

interesting thing about the Maharaja of Sikkim is that he is Buddhist, not Hindu, and he is Tibetan, not Indian. His name was Maharaja Thumdrump, it is he that married the American, Hope Cook. I remember seeing in the times of London that Thumdrump had died of cancer. Sikkim has now been incorporated into India and they did it as rapidly as they could because they were afraid the Chinese would snatch Sikkim because it really is a part of Tibet, not India, if you look at it on the map.

Darjeerling

I of course did the other trips around that area of the Himalayan region foothills of India, up to Darjeerling which was an old British Mountain spa, it had become quite downtrodden since the departure of the British in 1947 but the big Tea estates are also in this area.

Assam

I also made a trip for my company, Caltex, to Assam to spy out what the Assam oil company was doing with regard to oil exploration in Assam. So I flew up to the city of Shilong and hired a car and drive out to the Assam oil Company headquarters. They were very generous in showing me around and I was able to find out from various people in the area the number of oil wells that had been brought in up there and learned of the plans to lay a pipe line from Assam to a point where the oil could be gathered and transported.

The Naga Tribesmen

This area of Asam is very interesting, because I came into contact for the first time with the Naga tribesmen, I spent a few days just roaming around with them, nice people, very nice people. The American authorities were interested in the same

information that Caltex was interested in the petroleum resources and plans for development.

Kashmir

As I mentioned I was never very happy in Calcutta, we had parties, mostly American Consulate people, and there was a certain amount of liquor available though India was a dry country by reason that the consulate could get diplomatic alcohol. I took my 2 week vacation and flew to Kashmir. I had a wonderful time here, I stayed in a beautiful hotel, roamed Dahll lake with it's houseboats, I went way up into the mountains to the highest golf course in the world. From Kashmir you could see these magnificent Himalayan Mountain ranges, K2 the fishtail mountain and so forth, absolutely beautiful. Kashmir would be a place worth living, and I suppose I liked it because (perhaps this is racist) it's a Moslem society, I find them much more congenial, than the Hindu society in Calcutta.

Nepal

Also during my two years in India, I don't know how I managed it, maybe we got two weeks every year because Calcutta was such a miserable place, my next door neighbor in Calcutta was the Consulate General of Nepal and Nepal had not yet quite opened up to the world. It was still rather a closed country. I got to know the Nepalese consulate general and asked him if it would be possible to get a Visa to get into Nepal and I finally wangled a Visa and somehow I got my two weeks off and flew up on Air India to Potna, which is on the southern end of Nepal and then from Potna I flew Air Nepal in to Katmandu.

Katmandu

Katmandu is a fascinating city. Not very many foreigners around, I had an introduction to the British High Commissioner in Nepal so I was taken care of nicely by him, I also had an introduction to the Indian Consulate General in the Katmandu, no ambassador to Nepal, a relative of one of the employees at Caltex in Calcutta.

So I had entree to people who could help me out. I really did the grand tour of Katmandu, I was there during the Dualiy religious ceremonies and got some fascinating pictures of the gerkas beheading with their coocru knives a water buffalo with one stroke. All part of the sacrifice of the Dualiy religious ceremony. Went down to the burning Gates where the human bodies were burned I don't know if it's the Ganges or what that flows through Nepal at Katmandu. I went to the old ancient capital of Nepal and again got some marvelous photographs of the beautiful pagodas and temples of the old city.

Pokra

Then I flew from Katmandu to Pokra which is where the Shirpas come from. The Shirpas are the vicious fighters which the British recruit for their army. As I mentioned before they have two regiments of Shirpas from the Pokra area. Pokra is not very far from the base of Mt. Everest. So I hired a car and went as close as it was possible to get to the base of Mt. Everest. I did a little climb up to the first station of the Argentinean expedition to Mt. Everest, so I climbed Mt. Everest, maybe 3000 feet or so, so I can say I climbed Mt. Everest and never reached the top.

I found Nepal fascinating and I was there during the King's Birthday, I believe his name was King Mahindra, and so was in the audience sitting with the dignitaries, the British High commissioner, the Indian ambassador for the parade in honor of his highness.

After 2 weeks it was time to go back to Calcutta, I was very unhappy about the thought of going back. I think the company was pretty much aware of the fact that I was unhappy in Calcutta. Gail McClanahan, the daughter of the president of Standard Oil Company of California, whom I had hosted in Hong Kong and Macao, a few years previously were still in correspondence and I had let her know that I was terribly unhappy in Calcutta and was thinking of leaving the company, she apparently told Daddy and Daddy sent word to New York that I was not very happy in Calcutta.

Pakistan

So I was called into Bombay, which was the head office for India and was confronted with the fact that they had news from Standard Oil Company in California which they much rather not have, they didn't want the parent company interfering in anything, that I was unhappy in Calcutta so I was being transferred to Lahore Pakistan, as manager of the office there.

Lahore was wonderful. I had a magnificent house, a magnificent garden, the people were Muslim which I could understand, I could never understand the Hindu's culturally. My staff in the Caltex office was wonderful. All in all I was delighted with the new assignment. I had two cars for myself, a station wagon and a sedan. The station wagon was for when I went on tours of the market and I discovered that the most fascinating place in the world was the northwest territory and the Khyber Pass and that was my territory.

So very often I made official tours of my marketing area up into the Khyber pass up to Pisha up to Schwat and down to some of these old British fortresses that stood in the way of the Russian invasion of India. It was marvelous. I also had to tour to the south and the south Multan was nothing but desert and you stayed in Dak Bungalows which had been built by British as rest houses for traveling British government officials. So you carried your own sleeping paraphernalia and each Dak bungalow had a couple of staff there, your paid them to boil water for tea, to clean.

Going down south was never pleasant because of the dirt and sand and heat and I wasn't happy. I was truly always happy in the northwest frontier area of Pakistan. Lots of things happened in Pakistan. While I was there or shortly before I got there, Gary Powers, was shot down by the Russians in his U2 spy plane because he was based in Pishar, Pakistan. Eisenhower had to promise we would no longer overfly Russia. So something had to be done about it.

A Listening Post in Lahore

The American government set up a very secret facility in Lahore, just outside the city, a high powered listening post that monitored all the radio traffic that went on in central Asia. Banks and banks of tape recorders taping everything that went on in central Asia, both China and Russia, a very secret operation. It was run by a major, captain and a dozen technical sergeants. My very grand house became the hang out for the captain and the major and I always saw to it they were included in as many parties as I could include them in, my own, as well as introducing them in the community to a certain degree.

It was at this point that it became convenient that a couple solar powered Geiger counter radiation machine devices could be planted on the Chinese Russian borders

on the northern side of the Karakerm Mountains. I had reason to roam these places, we had agents in Swat near by in that region and one of my employees father was an important religious leader in Pakistan, he was an Ismalie, which is the sect headed by the Aga Khan. And the Muslims up in the Karakerm area in Pakistan are Indochina are Ismalies.

I Travel to Hunza

So this employee, his name was Zia Mohadeen, had his father communicate with the ruler of Hunza his highness Mir Jamal Khan and in about 1 months time I received through Zia's father and official invitation to come to Hunza as the guest of Mir Jamal Khan. That was only part of the battle, how do you get there. I had to go to the Pakistan government and with the invitation I was able to arrange a Pakistan Air Force plane to fly me to the nearest point possible on the south side of the karakerm mountains to the political agency of Gilget.

I went out to the airport in Royal Pinde on 3 successive mornings about 3:30 a.m. the flight had to leave very early to get through the mountain paces before the cloud cover came down. On the third try we took off and made it to Gilget. We landed going uphill in what appeared to be a cow pasture. I was deplaned courtesy the Pakistan Air Force. The Pakistan government had laid out all facilities for me. I stayed with the Pakistan governments representative in the Gilget agency, his official title was Political Agent, and he was a brigadier in the Pakistan army. So while my little caravan was being organized I was the guest of the Political Agent of Gilget. The Mir of Hunza maintained a staff in Gilget.

There were 5 jeeps in the Gilget agency, they had all been flown up from lower Pakistan in parts and were assembled there and so the Political Agent had one, the military commander had one the Mir or King of Hunza had one and there was a

telephone line which was strung from the capital of Hunza, a city called Balted which was more a place than a city, which was the seat of Mir of Hunza and it was strung out to Gilget from where of course he could communicate with anyone anywhere in the world. He was supported financially by the Autorcon and he was the representative for them in Asia.

Word was given to his staff to provide all facilities for me, so they hired guides a cook, arranged horses and eventually my caravan was brought together, I had my sleeping bag, I had food enough for a 3 week journey, I had a couple of instruments, pack horses, my riding horse. We drove the first 5 miles, there were only 5 miles of road in the Gilget agency out to the jumping off place for the journey to Hunza.

There is no way to describe the journey but I know we were doing this trip to Hunza to carry a couple of instruments down to the Russian Chinese borders of central Asia. The only journal I ever kept the entire time I was in Asia was a journal of my trip to Hunza and I have found it. One thing I found was my permit that was necessary to make the journey. The permit was made by the Ministry of Kashmir of Affairs by the government of Pakistan on June 13, 1956 and it was a permit whereby Mr. W.M. Lingren was permitted to visit Hunza, he may be afforded necessary airlift facilities on payment of usual air fare and freight charges, it signed by M. Fahim, deputy secretary to the government of Pakistan with a copy to the air transport officer at Royal Pende, a copy to the Political Agent in Gilget, and that was the basis for my being able to travel in the areas which were off limits to foreigners. The permit was gotten through influence, I suppose, in my office.

I had a young Pakistan Engineer, his father was a high ranking religious leader, the Mir of Hunza (Mir is a Moslem word for Prince) so the Prince of Hunza was the representative of the Aga Khan who is the world leader of the Ismalie sect of Islam,

he was the representative for Central Asia, reaching into China, Russia and the northern most regions of Azad Kashmir which was the Cashmeer area in the control of Pakistan.

Hunza is on the north side of the Carakurum Mountains so it was necessary to travel all the way through the mountains to reach this tiny principality. The nearest city on the Chinese side is the city of Keshkar, in Senga province. Apparently I began my journey on August 31, Friday, in 1956, and I note that there was a mad rush at the office to clear everything to get away at 1:00, I got home to find the air force awaiting me with flashlight and lunch.

I rushed over to some friends then to Zia's the young man who had arranged the permit. Then I was underway to Royal Pindi by 2:00p.m. arriving there at 6:30 p.m. That evening I had drinks and a paten diner with Mr. Faruk at Fleishmans Hotel in Royal Pindi. On Sept 1, Sat., I got up at 3:30 a.m. without breakfast and was to the airport by 4:45 a.m. to catch the plane.

The plane had to leave before sun up because it had to get between the mountain peaks before the cloud cover came down and they couldn't find their way through. I was not booked on the military plane, and there was a great to do about my baggage because I had about 150 pounds of it. Half went on the military plane and half on my freighter plane which was hauling supplies to Gilget.

There were 9 passengers, 3 were veiled women who were all sick. The plane left at 6:00 a.m. and arrived at Gilget, the northern most point in Pakistan at 7:30 a.m. It was a very beautiful flight, mother earth had convulsions, and you flew right up the Kogon Valley, between the mountain peaks and into the valley of Gilget. We landed on a grass field going up hill and I was met by the Northern Scouts, which were the military contingent in the Gilget territory.

The Political Agent for the Agency Brigadier General Kiani kindly sent his jeep for me and I arrived at his home at 8:30 that morning where I had breakfast of Kellogg Corn Flakes, scrambled eggs, toast and Maxwell House coffee, and Hunza fruit, grapes, apples and peaches. I had a modern room with bath, floors covered with Cahsgar carpets.

I went with the Political Agent's secretary, Mr. Baag, a native of Hunza who arranged a jeep and horses for the next morning leaving at 7:00 a.m. From there a walk to the bazaar with a man provided by the Political Agent. A lovely bazaar lined with trees on both sides of the road, and streams of clear mountain water from which villagers dipped their requirements.

Every description of people from Scardo, a Tibetan type, from Keshkan, Chinese Turkish type, Hunza people who claim to be of Greek lineage, more probably Arieans, I met one Kashkar who spoke Chinese that was very shy and reluctant to talk. Camels, donkeys, horses.

The Political Agent's home was very lovely. Built about 60 years ago with a wonderful garden in the distance and the Carakerum Mountain Range just beyond. The sitting room with 2 500 pound aerial bombs dropped on Gilget in August 1948 by the Indian Air force, were also in the garden something left over from the Cashmire war. I had body guards, Gilget scouts.

Gilget

There are some stories about Gilget that are interesting, the first jeep in Gilget came by Bristol freighter and people still tell the story of the big bird landing and giving birth to a child from it's mouth and the child walked immediately. Pakistan is trying to improve conditions in the Gilget agency, subsidizing food which is flown

in, trying to build roads, and irrigation works. There is electricity from 6:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. supplied by a hospital with a small diesel generator. There are a few places with electricity the hospital, the Political Agents house and the officers mess.

The Political Agent took me for a jeep ride up to a narrow valley with a fork flowing past the Gilget river, wonderful trout, had it for both lunch and dinner. Sunday, Sept. 2, left the Political Agent's house at 7:50 and went by jeep 17 miles to a place called Normal and from there on foot and horse. The Mir of Hunza maintains in Gilget a small staff to take care of his responsibilities with the Pakistan government and Hunza is connected by telephone so there is daily communication available.

The Mir of Hunza staff had hired for me a cook, and a guide. After we had crossed a suspension bridge we went down Marco Polo road where the horses were waiting. We saddled up and tied the baggage on the baggage carrying horses. And just looking up from our jumping off point was the magnificent mountain peak Roskiposhi, 25,550 feet, snow clad in August, one of the most beautiful mountains in the world completely clad in white. We crossed the bridge from Nagar across the Hunza river into Hunza. Our first stop was the village elders, they stopped us with grapes, apricots, and apples. From there we went along paths with rock walls on both sides sometimes high over the river sometimes at the rivers edge.

A Guest House Along the Way

The trail was lined with fruit trees and grape vines climbing the poplar trees. Hunza must have had it's own Johnny Appleseed because there were Apricot trees everywhere. At 2:00 we stopped at a guest house. All of the villages had a guest houses where I had my dinner of very bad chicken/rice soup and Heinz baked beans. I was exhausted having walked part of the way. The trail was too

dangerous at some points to ride horses. The next stop at 7:00 at was when we got into India.

The guest house is mud, not even a charpar to sleep on, but after having done at least 9 miles it's like heaven. It is dark now and I am writing by candlelight, it's a good thing I thought to pack candles. Dinner tonight was Campbell's Onion Soup, powdered milk, rye vita, and Australian tinned butter.

The second part of the trip was quite different. The valley widened out in places to about one mile on the Hunza side of the Hunza river. There were miniature fields of potatoes, alfalfa, barley, buckwheat. There were apricots, peaches, pears, apples, grapes. The journey in the afternoon was clinging by your toes to the edge of the cliff up and down. Some places the trail was 3 feet wide and in some places only 18 inches wide. There was nothing to hang onto, a 1,000 or more foot drop to the Hunza river, with brown rock cliffs towering 6-7,000 feet above.

It's no place for one like me, not even suitable for a mountain goat. Too dangerous to ride. At places the trail was built out over the river with nothing below, rock stuck into the side of the cliff with dirt over them. So tired, this filthy place, no feeling in seat, had been riding the horse too long, my legs shuffled one in front of the other with great effort. On the other side of the river were snow capped mountain visible the entire way. Went to bed at 9:00.

Sept. 3, Monday, I fell asleep last night on the verandah of a guest house with horses stopping just below, sprinkled all about me with gamekine to keep the bugs away, woke up at 5:00 a.m. still exhausted, still dark out, but it was light by 6:00 a.m., what a miserable place. Breakfast of corn flakes, powdered milk, coffee and sea ration biscuits and jam. Spent an hour photographing the women, very shy, reluctant to be photographed.

Left at 8:30 and after 2 miles on the trail we came to the toughest part of the trip, we had to unload the horses to get across, men carried my 150 pounds of baggage, the trail was beset with hazards, places had to run in case of an avalanche, mountains towering 1,000 of feet above and below to the river. Just a toe hold along the edge of the mountain. Had to dismount and walk most of the way. Don't know what is worse to ride or to walk. The most mileage it was possible to make in a day was 9 miles. It was all mountains and narrow trails. If you met someone coming from the other direction one or the other party had to back up to a niche in the trail where it was possible to pass each other.

I didn't think I could make another step, I did manage a sponge bath and got into my Jodphurs and sports shirt in preparation for my meeting with the Mir of Hunza at Balta the capital of Hunza 6 miles away. What beautiful country from high on the plateau down into the valley bottom where a river runs into the Hunza river up onto the plateau. The Mir's palace glistening white visible in the distance with the old palace, 800 years old, is no longer used except that his grandmother lives there. The Mir lives in the new palace built 2 years ago.

The last one and one half hour ride through some of the most beautiful countryside in the world. The bridle path walled with stone, fruit trees of all description shade the path and one only reaches up to have an apple or grape like one has never had before. Little terraces held up by rock walls of flowering buckwheat and potatoes. Rode up to the palace and dismounted to meet me at the door was the Mir's brother, His Excellency Iashkan, Prime Minister. He brought me into the sitting room, a long room perhaps 60 x 30 feet, where his brother His Highness Brigadier Mohammed Mir Jamal Khan of Hunza met me. He introduced his wife and his oldest son clad in a California sport shirt. A beautiful room covered by giant size

Cashgar carpets, walls hung with Chinese scrolls and pictures of the Mir's grandfather dressed as an oriental potentate, pictures of his father and himself.

About the room were bits of Chinese pottery, modern American doo dads, a cigarette box in the shape of a globe, when opened springs forth the spray of American cigarettes. A wonderful tea was served by the Rhoni, pound cake, cookies and tea. I should mention that all these foreign goodies were packed in human carriers. The Mir really only had to lift his telephone to telephone Gilget and from there get a radio connection to Karachi and from there could get a radio connection to London or anywhere else in the world.

The Mir's brother brought me to the guest house. I have the number one suite, a sitting room, bedroom and bath. Floors are carpeted with Cashgar carpets on the mantel, photos of His Highness, the Acurcaon and his bagen, the Mir in his full ceremonial robes. Wonderful. Dinner is called at 7:30 p.m. I am so stiff and tired but the bath helped. Furniture in my sitting room is covered with gold Chinese Silk brocade. 7:30 promptly, dressed in my best blue suit I stepped into the palace there being met by the Mir, his brother and his wife. Scotch and Hunza water, a very nice wine, somewhat like Champagne but without bubbles.

The Mir brought out his visitor's book which was first started by his grandfather dating back to 1915. A surprising number of visitors to Hunza over the years. Mostly coming from China and Kashmir. In all, about 40 American visitors over the years. So I am still among the elite. The Mir maintains telephone communication with all villages in his state. He runs the country that way. The telephone system was first installed in 1905 mostly as a means for the British mission in Cashgar to get messages out. Runners to the border, telephoned to Gilget and hence to the rest of the world.

An electric generator carried in two years ago on human backs so now there is electricity from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. for the palace and guest house. When the Urdu news program came on the air the Mir lifted the telephone receiver and set it against the radio loudspeaker. In this way the news of the world reaches each of the villages. The Mir brought out his sword of state, the scabbard seems to be new purple velvet encrusted with gold. But the blade must be hundreds of years old fine damaskan steel with gold inlaid, the handle all gold.

The people of Hunza are Ismalie, followers of the Aga Khan. The Mir is his representative in this area, reaching into China, Chitral, the frontier, Nagar and Afghanistan. The Mir often pays visits to Europe where he is the guest of the Aga Khan. Before the Communists took over, and before partition, Hunza was on the main trade route between China and Kashmir. Now very little trade, one caravan to Baltit only in 1956, the Cashgaries, Turkish Chinese, bring silk, china, matches and want in returned, die stuffs, bicycles and so forth which come in from Pakistan.

The Mir is very much concerned about proposals to put a road through to Baltit. The people will then become spoiled now they have virtually no conception of money. Every traveler has privilege of picking and eating fruit along the way without payment but cannot carry any away. Lights out at 10:00 p.m. and so sore I cannot move.

Sept 4, Awoke at 5:00 a.m., still dark, still stiff, breakfast to be served in my quarters at 7:30. I spent the day walking around the capital city of Baltit. There is no electricity, no police, no army, dozens of old swords and muskets available. One could probably make a fortune if you could get the collection out of the territory. There are no taxes in Hunza. The Mir's grandfather did away with them, and also distributed most of his land to the peasants who work it and give one third of the

produce to the Mir. The grain and fruit is stored in Baltit fort and is used to exchange for wood, etc. Much is also given to charity. No police or jail, the Mir holds court from 9:00 to 12:00 every week where all matters are settled.

The Mir has 9 children, 6 daughters, 3 sons. A custom of state is to farm the children out to foster parents who raise the children, a system begun hundreds of years ago to secure the loyalties of the chiefs to the village. Little or no rain in Hunza yet all the fields are green. The crops depend on the sunshine, without sun, there is no melting on snow from the mountains and glaciers to feed the thousands of streams and canals. The Mir performs a marriage ceremony once a year at Baltit fort and begins the planting season with sowing the first grain mixed with gold dust at Batit.

At lunch the Mir presented me with a copy of his grandfather's autobiography autographed by the Mir. An interesting side light, her highness sits at the head of the table with me on the right and the Mir on my left and across from me Prince Iosh. A different place setting every day, one day Wedgwood, one day Noritake, one day a beautiful Chinese hand painted China. The food sometimes European, sometimes Middle eastern. The people's main diet, fruit or dried fruit, a type of bread and wine, little meat.

At the Mir's suggestion we walked around one afternoon to Baltit fort, 1 1/2 miles away, the Mir is a good walker and soon tired me out, especially up the steep trail. This morning, Wally my cook, took a walk and photographed a woman who attacked me with her cycle, women don't like being photographed. Watched some school boys play soccer with a tennis ball on the polo field. Many people suffered from eye disease and malnutrition, probably too limited of a diet.

Before lunch, I doctored many of the locals, aspirin for headaches, mercurochrome for cuts and bruises, ointment for severe cuts or sunburn. I couldn't do anything for those suffering eye trouble. I sat in on the private class of his highness Shadadagazyfar the crown prince of Hunza. The crown prince is the only child receiving education and he speaks English as well as French and is a spoiled brat.

A Picnic

Sept. 6th at 8:00 a.m. the Mir, the Rani, Prince Iash and the Crown Prince donned their formal dress and I took photos. 9:00 a.m. we all went for a picnic, servants had been sent ahead. Upon arrival Persian carpets were spread under the trees, trays of fruit awaited us. We had a huge lunch and arrived back at the palace at 5:30. I spent the hour from 5:30 to 6:30 with Iub at the shop talked to the Cashgar trader about China, no interference with religion, no Russian goods coming into this area, and no Russians around, this government is popular with the poor. Prince Iub presented me with a Hunza cap and before dinner the Mir presented me with a hand knit sweater of Ivak wool and a silk embroidered pillow cover. I have been very sick today with diarrhea and stomach cramps. Leaving at 7:30 tomorrow for Nigar down at the border.

Sept. 7th I left Baltit at 9:00 a.m. to Genesh straight down to the river's edge and crossed the most treacherous foot bridge. Wire rope and rotten planks suspended 100 feet above the Hunza river. Then began the most awful climb about 10,000 feet at 60 degrees, didn't think I would ever make it. Three pack coolies made it perfectly, then across a wire suspension bridge of 4 inch wooden slats set 10 inches apart, it swayed in the wind the Nagar river swirling below.

We went over goat paths down to the Chinese Russian borders and the porters who were carrying my baggage were able to dislodge about 50 pounds of baggage down there. From there I went across to the neighboring state of Nagar where the Mir had a horse waiting for me at the end of the bridge. I rode the last 1 1/2 miles arriving at Nagar at 12:30.

Nagar

Nagar is not nearly so polished or gracious as the Mir. I was housed in a rather dreary dirty hut with no lights or water and a very uncomfortable charpoi, which is the string bed used by Indians. After a quick wash then change of clothes, I was summoned by the Emeer of Nagar who was awaiting me in his drawing room. The Emeer of Nagar is a Shite, his wife is strictly in perda. Lunch was served at 2:30. Immediately after the Emeer excused himself for his prayers. Dinner was at 7:30, no wine, after which I retired. Though I was up at 5:00 and expected to be on my way at 7:00 the Emeer didn't call breakfast till 8:00 where he presented me with a gift of walnut carved cigarette box.

While at breakfast he announced that all the horses were in the high pasture so I would have to use a donkey for my baggage and a rather decrepit looking horse to ride. It was 9:00 before my horse and donkey arrived and 9:30 before I was on my way. The road at first seemed to be easy, much more so than the road to Hunza, and before long my baggage donkey was left far behind. Donkeys are obstinent animals and mine was greatly overloaded. Donkeys in those parts normally only carry 50 pounds and mine was loaded with 150 pounds. As I drew out of site of the donkey I saw the baggage boy prodding and beating the poor beast.

The trail till noon was fairly easy and carefree and I thought I would make my 18 mile stage in easy time, but as the day drew on the road became more and more difficult. There had been innumerable land slides as a result of heavy rains something fairly unusual, and my progress was greatly slowed. At one point it was necessary to pick my way down to the river over rocks and debris which had fallen, it was impossible to ride the horse, and at the rivers edge the horse sank up to it's stomach and it was only with urging and prodding that he worked loose and we were able to get around the slide. It was necessary to attain the trail again about 5,000 feet above.

The mountain side was almost straight and it took all ones strength to crawl up to the trail, exhausted, panting and foot sore the trail was finally reached but night was approaching and there was still 5 miles to go. The baggage donkey was nowhere in site yet, and it was obvious that it would never make our destination overloaded as it was with a difficult land slide to cross. So after some serious consideration I decided to walk the last 5 miles and to send my cook Wally back along the trail with my horse to meet the donkey.

I didn't know what lay ahead of me but I was soon to discover. With darkness around me I followed the trail by moonlight. One mile from destination I encountered a crevice which had to be scaled to reach the plateau above, could I make it? I didn't know, but after another hour I had attained the top. Only one mile of level road ahead to the rest house which I reached at 9:30 p.m. My food and bedding was with the donkey miles behind so I lay down on the bare floor and slept. At 1:30 a.m. Wally arrived dead tired with the horse and donkey in tow and the baggage, he too lay down on the floor too exhausted to eat.

Sunday, Sept 9, we were up early the next morning still weary and but hungry and after a hearty breakfast of soup and boiled eggs we hit the trail at 7:00 this time with new horses hired at the local village no more donkeys and only 12 miles to Scindabad. A long easy trail, we arrived by noon, and the jeep which I had arranged to meet me put in by 2:00. Just 38 miles to Gilget by jeep but it took another 3 1/2 hours over a road which should have never been called a road. It was almost 6:00 when I was delivered back to the Political Agent's doorstep. A hot bath was waiting and a wonderful meal. I fell into my clean luxurious bed even though it was very hard at 9:00.

Sept. 10, I had planned on spending 1 or 2 days in Gilget on my return. The Political Agent had planned a bridge party for Monday night but the weather was changing and when I heard there might be a plane back to Pindi that same afternoon I made my apologies to the Political Agent I believe he was rather disappointed but at the same time I couldn't risk being stranded in Gilget for a week more so I made my rounds to say my thanks and good-byes to Mr. Baag the Mir's representative and the others who had been so kind, I took a few photos, packed my baggage, word came there would be a plane coming at 12:00 and the Political Agent kindly drove me out to the cow pasture airport.

Lahore Again

Back to the routine in Lahore Pakistan, which incidentally is a very magnificent city. If you know your English history that is where Rudyard Kipling came from. It was his father who was the curator of the museum in Lahore, Pakistan. The international community was rather small and so we knew each other whether we were British, German, French, Polish, or American or take your pick.

There was a good deal of partying in the area we lived most of the foreigners was also the area where the elite of Pakistan lived. Most of these people were educated in England. We had a very good social life in Pakistan. I was very fond of Lahore and enjoyed every minute of my stay there. It was a bit of old Britain, the clubhouse was a magnificent old building, the Gymkhanna club but it was run down and in pretty bad shape. It was the place to meet one's friends and have a peg, as they said, of scotch. So you went there to meet your friend's for a peg.

My Territory

My territory in terms of responsibility was all of northern Pakistan including the northwest frontier province the Khyber Pass area. All the regions up in the Karakerim mountains, the Hindu Kush mountains and the Pomiers which ran into Afghanistan and Russia. I made rather frequent trips to Kabuhl Afghanistan and it was always exciting going through the Khyber Pass, the road was treacherous and you often lost 1 or 2 tires making the journey but you always carried spare tires to take care of the eventuality.

In those days, 1956, Kabuhl, was a very primitive city. It had mud or dirt roads the best hotel was the Kabuhl Hotel which was pretty primitive, no private bathrooms or anything of the sort, fly specked and so forth. There was great competition between the Russians and Americans in gaining the affections of the Afghanis. On one occasion Bulganen and Khrushchev were there and they in a grand gesture of foreign aid to Afghanistan promised to pave the roads with asphalt and donate a fleet of city buses. This went over very well with the Afghanis.

The United States did some grand projects but they didn't do them in the centers of population. We did a multi million dollar irrigation project in the area of Kondihar.

Of course, no one was ever aware of it. So here you have the Russians giving relatively little and gaining a great deal of credit and we giving a great deal and gaining very little credit.

Something else rather interesting, the Russians built a flour mill in Kabuhl and the Americans were shipping in wheat to Karachi port, railing it up to Royal Pindi and trucking it in to Kabuhl and the wheat went into the Russian flour mill and came out as Russian flour in the eyes of the Afghans. So politically we were rather naive when it came to Afghanistan.

The Northwest Frontier

As I mentioned before, the northwest frontier fascinated me, these swaggering independent warriors all carrying bandoleers of ammunition, all carrying their rifle and it was great fun just mingling with these very brave, proud, but poor people. One of my very good friend in Lahore, was a royal Afghani whose father had been deposed so she was a had been royal. Her brother was the Political Agent of a place called Scardoo which is way up in the Himalayan mountains on the border of China. Princess Maboob, which is what her name was, made it possible for me to get up to Scardoo by Pakistan Air Force plane, so I spent some very interesting time up in those regions of the Himalayas.

The Horse Show

I suppose one of the biggest social events in Pakistan is the annual horse show. Pakistan has some of the most magnificent horses in the world. Its army is patterned on the British army so they have their kilts and their bands and fancy uniforms.

The national horse show takes place in Lahore each year and horse people from all over the world tend to attend this military horse affair. I suppose it was 1956 or 1957 when the horse show was on. Among the various people in town for the occasion was the Maharaja Kumar of Jaipur the present Maharaja of Jaipur who was a great polo player and was on the presidential body guard of the President of India at the time, a young charming fellow. The wife of the Shah of Iran was there, all the top government people of Pakistan, the President of Pakistan General Iucon, the supreme court, everyone who was anyone attended this national horse show.

On the eve of the horse show I put on a party, which was the party of all parties. Again, I have a clipping out of one of the slick social magazine, also a clipping out of the Pakistan Times, which might be of interest in terms of what the party was all about. The article in the Pakistan Times is from February 26, 1957, and is just a little item on the front page, *Lahore reception, Mr. W.M. Lingren of Lahore was host to the elite of the town on Sunday night at a reception at his residence in Gulberg. Among those who attended the reception was the Mir and Bagan of Hunza, Prince Ioash of Hunza, Maharaja Cumar, Captain Bilani Sing of Jaipur, the American counsel, the Deputy High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Lahore and high ranking civil and military officers. The slick society magazine, "on the eve of the horse show Mr. W.M. Lingren held a glittering reception which was certainly one of the most successful social affairs of the season. Among the 120 odd guests which included many of the elite of the city, were their Highness's the Mir and Rhani of Hunza, the Rhani dressed in beautiful white brocade chawarkamese and hand embroidered black cootie mixed freely with the guests and was being admired by everyone. The Maharaja Kumar of Jaipur, Captain Bilani Sing who was in town with the Indian polo team renewed old acquaintances. He was heard discussing polo with Prince Ioash of Hunza and Justice Rakubali of West Pakistan High Court. Mrs. Moyadene, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, dressed in a red net evening*

dress was her most charming self. She was overheard talking to the marintz of long evening dressed over the latest trend to short ones. Bagam Shalalagari in a black silk sari with an exquisite black and white stole was busy discussing art with Mrs. Talithamad and Mr. and Mrs. Otaolitsand. Mrs. Fisk the American consulate generals wife dressed in a beautiful evening dress was heard commenting to the host regarding the beautiful setting of the shamiana. In another group was Mrs. Nasrenaga, in a beautiful gray and gold sari with a red stole, Mrs. Mamood, the charming wife of our SSP (I don't know what the SSP is, possibly something to do with the police), Mrs. Suffulfarcon and the pretty Mrs. Tulitmulik. Bill Lingren, acting as the perfect host, looked after his guests extremely well. After dinner their was dancing to the police orchestra which switched from classical music to popular music. There is a photograph accompanying the story which is rather nice. This photograph taken on the occasion of a reception given by Mr. William M. Lingren recently shows, left to right, Mrs. Mumbi, the host, the Maharaja Kumar Captain Bilani Sing of Jaipur, Mrs. Smally, Her Highness the Rhani of Hunza, His Highness Prince Iash of Hunza, Mrs. Nazaremeaga, His Highness the Mir of Hunza, and Mr. R.M. Aga." So there you have social life in Lahore Pakistan.

This is an aside going back to India and my time spent up in the Himalayan regions of India shortly after the Dali Lama had fled Lhasa and the Chinese agents were roaming all over the region of Northern India and the principality of Sikkim, which is that little state that stuck like a thumb into the underbelly of Tibet. I had some involvement with the escape of the Dali Lama from Tibet and I had worked with his oldest brother, Duke Thorndrup and as a gift from the Duke I was given a Lhasa Apso dog. These were temple dogs and technically they were forbidden to be exported from Tibet and I received this female dog named MoMo, which apparently translate into Fiddle Dumpling or some such thing, and I subsequently acquired and male Apso whose name was Didi, which is Chinese for brother.

The pilot was anxious to get off the ground as soon as his cargo was unloaded so I tumbled in amongst the empty gasoline tins, apricot seed, etc. Thus I got back to Royal Pindi and ultimately to my office in Lahore, Pakistan. The plane ride back was bumpy. We flew dangerously close to Nanga Parvatt whose top is covered with black menacing clouds. We arrived safe and secure in Royal Pindi at 2:00 p.m. and drove back to Lahore the same day.

I brought these dogs down to Calcutta and arranged to ship the female back to the United States by KLM, who operated a monthly Noah's Ark animal flight from Asia into Europe and the United States basically carrying animals for zoos, so I booked MoMo all the way to Minneapolis, on KLM. I had to have all sorts of clearances, veterinary clearances from the royal whatever society it was, the British Dog Society and various permits that the dog was OK. The dog finally arrived safely in Minneapolis, and was transferred to a Greyhound bus in the cargo department and delivered to my parents in Cambridge, Minnesota.

The only thing unusual about this was at that time (1955 perhaps) there were only half a dozen Lhasa Apsos in the United States and they were all owned by Mr. Grovner, the president and chairman of the National Geographic Society. Since then the Lhasa Apso has become a rather popular breed in the United States. There was no animal to breed this dog with in Minnesota and so she was without litter her entire life, I think she lived till she was 13 years old. I brought the male, Didi, to Pakistan with me and unfortunately he was killed in a dog fight and so the male never reached the United States.

Saigon

My next assignment 1958, was to Saigon, Vietnam. I wasn't very enthusiastic about this assignment. In 1958 we had already stacked our chips to back President

Nudinzem. We, the Americans, were funding and training and outfitting the Vietnamese army. When I was there in 1958, Saigon was still a French colonial city, I think there were only about 3,000 American military people there as advisors to the Vietnamese government that we were backing. The head of the CIA at that time in Saigon was a fellow by the name of Andre Lang, an American of French extraction, and because of his French connections he knew the country intimately and was a very useful man for our purposes.

I lived in a very grand French Colonial Mansion, on Rue Champagne, next door to the American Ambassador who was a fellow by the name of Dubrow. By reason of the fact that I lived next door to him and because security was of some concern in terms of the American Ambassador I too had marines on my gate as part of his security not my security.

More Parties

Life in Saigon in those days was much a series of diplomatic parties, the British threw their parties, the French threw their parties, the Americans threw their parties, so one was constantly at some diplomatic function getting free booze and small chow which was rather nice. Notwithstanding, I was not very happy in Vietnam.

I traveled extensively in Vietnam, I had the most marvelous driver, he was Chinese/Vietnamese, spoke fluent French, Vietnamese, English and I had a Buick and we were able to race down roads which were blockaded at points and he had the guts to go through the blockades. So we did travel all of Vietnam and I often went by road also to Plampen, Cambodia, which was also my territory.

I was not responsible for Laos, that was handled out of Bangkok. The American build up became greater and greater as the Vietcong gained more influence in Vietnam. The officers club was on the top floor of the Caravel Hotel in Saigon, and one of the usual pastimes was to go up there for their steak dinners, they had magnificent New York cut steaks, perhaps directly from Kansas City, and the booze was cheap.

The Sergeant's Club

A better club in town was the Sergeants Club, they had better food and slot machines and the whole ball of wax and so between the two, when you didn't have much else to do you could go to one of these clubs to pass the time of day. Vietcong gained more and more power and the American build up began and from 3,000 it went to 5,000 then 6,000 then 9,000 then 10,000 and at that point the most influential man in Saigon in terms of the American community was a Colonel Lansdale who was teaching the Vietnamese torture tactics and so forth to get information out of the enemy. I found this very distasteful.

Richard Colby

Andre Lang, the head of the CIA, was replaced by Dick Colby who subsequently became the head of the CIA. When I knew him he was the CIA station chief in Saigon. The American's really didn't know how to fight guerrilla warfare. We shipped in huge monstrous artillery pieces and huge tanks. The bridges weren't able to hold them up so much of this equipment sat dormant and rusted.

Nudinzim was not popular as the president but he was our puppet. He was a Mandarin, Catholic in a Buddhist country and he had grand visions of grandeur,

everyone had to approach him as if he were an emperor or some sort thing, yet he was our man.

Michigan State University was over there training the police and so a good number of the Michigan State people became good friends of mine and of course I knew much of what was going on in the police sector of Vietnam.

Algeria

In these days (of jets) we were able to take vacations every year instead of every three years when we had propeller planes. So I decided I wanted to go to Algeria, which at this point of time was in the midst of a horrible civil war, the French were suspicious of foreigners roaming around in Algeria. They didn't want to give up Algeria, I wanted to go there because I had met some French Foreign Legionnaires way back in 1954 who were very good friends of mine and they were stationed in Sidibelabies in Algeria and I wanted to pay them a visit.

Andre Mompezante

One of my very good friends in Saigon was a young fellow in the French Embassy, I only knew him as Andre (Henry) Mompezante, and that was all I knew him by. He was swaggering around town a very beautiful half Vietnamese half Italian girl whose parents owned a rubber plantation and they were quite properous people. Andre was the third secretary of the Embassy in Saigon and I went to him and asked him if it would be possible for me to get visas to go to Algeria, he said it would be very difficult, that the French ministry of defense didn't like people roaming around during the Algerian War, but that he would see what he could do.

Six months later, Andre secured the permission of the French Ministry of Defense, for me to travel to Algeria and so I did just that. The thing that is interesting about

this is that Andre, is in fact, La Compte Andre de Laberday, now Prince Henrick of Denmark, I knew he was a count, and that counts come a dime a dozen so that didn't mean much, but when he had to do his military duty, France had a draft, he was sent back to Paris and he became an aid to General DeGalle as his military duty and his next assignment after having performed his year of military duty was third or fourth secretary of the French Embassy in London.

It was there in London that he started escorting crown Princess Margarita of Denmark when she came over to London on private visits. So he is now the Prince Consort of Denmark married to Queen Margarita of Denmark, so he is no longer Count Andre Mompezante.

Political News

I was able to know very much about what was going on in Vietnam because our company had dealers and agents in both Cambodia and Vietnam and so news of political and military interest reached my ears constantly and then that information was fed to the appropriate people in the American Embassy.

The problem with the Americans was they wanted reports that supported what they believed was true but that wasn't true. So the word from Washington was there is light at the end of the tunnel, we are winning the war, the body count is up, when in truth the Vietcong controlled the countryside at night, the Americans did during the day, but the night was much more important than the day. Washington didn't want to hear this.

The three oil companies had their major oil storage facilities about 20 miles out of Saigon at a place called Nabay and that area was completely controlled by the Vietcong during the night and the American government was not interested in even

knowing this. I got into some difficulty because there was a newspaperman snooping around Saigon trying to get the real story of what was going on, he invited several people and one day he invited me out. I told him things were not going well, I told him that large areas that we claimed to control we did not control and that I didn't see the long term prospects of being very good, especially because the President Nudonsing was not popular, the Vietnamese army was not well trained or devoted, and I suppose I shouldn't have said these things because the newspaperman carried the story out of Saigon where there was censorship to Hong Kong where there was no censorship and the shit hit the fan.

Washington was very upset when the story came through that there was not a light at the end of the tunnel, that large areas were controlled by the Vietcong at night and so forth. The search was on to try to find the source of the story, one day the American Ambassador called and asked me to his office. I went over to his office and was whisked in and there sitting behind the desk was the ambassador and the Station Chief of the CIA. They asked me if I knew this newspaper man and I said Yes I had met him. They asked me I had talked with him, and I said I had lunch with him one day and then they asked what we talked about and I said nothing much. They were determined to find out everyone with whom this newspaper man had talked with. I'm sure by the time they were through they knew everyone that he had talked to.

Washington was not very happy, so to counter the story they brought people from Vietnam to appear before a congressional committee to debunk the story and to prove that we were winning, which was not true at all. Nothing came of it, but I was getting pretty fed up with this business of telling lies all that time. I was also fed up with the Americans teaching the Vietnamese how to torture information out

of the enemy, we wouldn't dirty our hands but we taught others. So I became less and less happy in Vietnam.

I did travel often up to Cambodia. A very good friend of mine, John Lagoth, was our manager for Cambodia and his charming wife, Giselle I still see today; she lives in Nice, the southern part of France. Another friend of mine was a half Chinese half Belgian employee of the company, his father had been Chinese Ambassador to France many years before, and this Simonyu had worked with the OSS in Hanoi during the Japanese war, so Simonyu knew his way around Cambodia very well, and he had a private plane license and we would go out and fly around to see what was going on with this little Piper Cub.

I also made frequent trips to Simreupt, this is the city near which are the famous Keemar Ruins of Ankor Wat and I suppose I have a very fine collections of photographs of these fabulous Kemmar Ruins in the hands of the Anthropology unit of the St. Cloud State University, Richard Lang has been using them in his archeology classes.

Well, going to Algeria was just an aside. I had bought a car, a Carmen Ghia in 1959, and I picked it up in Stuttgart drove it to Marseilles and put it on a ship and went into the city of Oran where I was met by the French authorities and they put on a Foreign Legion escort to see that I didn't do things that an American wasn't supposed to do, again I emphasize that they were very suspicious of foreigners roaming around during the civil war, I suppose somewhat for protection too, because they didn't want an incident happening.

I drove from Aron down across the upper edges of the Sierra Desert along the Apas Mountains, stopped at Citibellabez, which was the headquarters for the French foreign Legion, and spent a week with my very good friends in the French foreign

legion, all sergeants, only Frenchmen were officers in the French Foreign Legion if you were non-French you could not be an officer. I was wined, dined, hosted, and grandly taken care off, and incidentally, made a patron of the Legion Etranger, the Foreign Legion of France, which is rather nice. Then on through Algeria again with the French escort the entire time to Algiers, where I again put the car on a ship with myself and sailed to Marseilles and then continued on my grand tour of Europe.

Back to Saigon

After my holiday I again went back to Saigon and by this time things were getting dicey. There was an attempted coup against the president and I remember machine gun nests in the buildings on either side of my residence and I heard machine guns bullets popping and I was down on the floor against the wall below the windows so I wouldn't catch a stray bullet. Nothing came of the coup.

Vice President Johnson

Sometime between this period 1958-1962 when I was in Vietnam, Vice President Lyndon Johnson came on an official trip and it was quite an expedition because a couple planes came in two weeks ahead with all the needs (soft toilet paper, whatever his favorite brand of whiskey was, and all the goodies of American food) to set up in the Vietnamese guest house facilities for him. All the embassy wives were very busy getting ready for the visit of Vice President Lyndon Johnson.

I received, as everyone of significant status did, an invitation to the reception at the presidential palace for Vice President Johnson and it was a very gala affair with lots of good champagne and other things from France. I remember I was standing with the British Ambassador and French Ambassador near the bottom of the grand

staircase coming down from the upper living quarters of the palace down to the large main reception hall.

Nudizine and Lyndon Johnson came walking down the stairs together, all eyes turned to them, at the bottom of the stairs Lyndon Johnson made a speech and you have to visualize his Texas accent but he made a statement something to the order of "I compare Nudizine to Abraham Lincoln, I compare Nudizine to Winston Churchill." Of course, Nedizine was one of the most corrupt dictators ever known and the French and British Ambassador turned white and I was very embarrassed by having Lyndon Johnson as our Vice President. The next day Lyndon Johnson worked the streets like an American political hack handing out ball point pens to the peasants along the street.

More Embarrassment

Another embarrassing episode. I reiterate that I was very unhappy in Vietnam, things were deteriorating, it had reached the point that the build-up had become significant and the Generals and Colonels where living the High Life in Saigon and the poor grunts were out in the jungle, training the Vietnamese and fighting with the Vietnamese, the grand build-up had not yet started but I determined I wanted out. So I put out feelers and I did have contacts pretty extensively. I let it be known in Hong Kong that I would like another position. I went up to Hong Kong to talk with some people and I was offered a position by Pfizer Pharmaceutical Company and as soon as I had that firm offer when I got back to Saigon I submitted my resignation effective in two weeks and flew directly from Saigon to Hong Kong to take up my position there.

Pfizer Pharmaceutical Company

The story with Pfizer is not particularly exciting or interesting. I did a training course of sorts in their Hong Kong office and then was posted to the Philippines where I became the manager of the Veterinary products division. After two years in Manila, I was transferred to Singapore and it was a very dull job and then at that point in time Pfizer bought Coty Cosmetics. Coty was a third class cosmetic company but they were doing a pretty good business in Japan through a distributor so I was detached from Singapore and sent to Tokyo and I can remember it was the year of the Tokyo Olympics where it was my job to try to detach Coty from the long time distributor and set it up as a direct subsidiary of the Pfizer company.

A Thankless Job

It was a thankless job working through Miti, the Japanese Ministry of International Trade. I didn't speak a word of Japanese, so I had a little shadow with me all the time to translate, and it almost reached the point where I didn't know what was happening, the translator was running the show and I was sitting there in sheer innocence not knowing what was going on, and so I determined I wanted no part of the cosmetic trade. I again did not like Tokyo,

The Japanese

I think if you are a sinofite and like the Chinese, it's nearly impossible to love Japanese. I found they were not the charming social animals of the Chinese breed but rather robotic people who keep you out in spite of the false courtesy which they pretend.

Return to the United States

So I submitted my resignation, came back to the United States and was very unhappy here. The reverse culture shock was more than I could handle until someone introduced me to a position at St. Cloud State University and I was hired there in what at the time was the Social Science Dept. by Hal Liebermann and Don Siikkink in the most part. I spent a year to a year and a quarter in St. Cloud but I wasn't earning much money. They needed Masters degrees because they didn't have enough PHD's and I had double masters, the Chinese plus the University of British Columbia, but I was always told if you want to get anywhere at St. Cloud you had to get your PHD. I wasn't enthusiastic about at my age going for a PHD. I did gain an acceptance at the University of Oregon where I was going to do a PHD specializing in East Asia Studies but in the field of Political Science.

Other Opportunities

But then a couple of opportunities arose. The Cintek Corporation, the people who made the pill, were looking for a manager for their far east operation and they found me, I was invited to be interviewed around the holidays, they took me out to Palo Alto, California, where they had a big lab and I was interviewed by the appropriate people there, then taken out to New York and interviews there, then down to Mexico City, which is where they have their headquarters for tax reasons only. The pill was synthesized by using the Mexican yam of all such things, so the big plant making the synthetic contraceptive was in Mexico, corporate headquarters somewhere in Panama, because it was a tax free site, so they brought me down to Mexico City and I spent about one week there looking it over.

No way could I live in Mexico City, I determined that very early on, but I didn't dare say no after all the expensive trips they laid out for me. I went back to St. Cloud and told them I would let them know my decision in a few days. They kept telephoning and upping the ante because they needed someone desperately. The problem was they wanted that person to headquarter in Mexico City and to commute to the markets in Hong Kong and India and Japan and that is killing.

Back to Hong Kong

So, I eventually said no thank you I would rather stay teaching. Then a man who I mentioned at the very beginning of this narrative, the Chinese who I first met, the very wealthy Chinese man with the wife and children, that I met on the ship between Shanghai and Hong Kong telephoned me and said I would like you to work for me. I wasn't making very much money in St. Cloud, he offered an awful lot of money, relative to everything else at the time, and I agreed and resigned from St. Cloud it must have been in 1967, and flew out to Hong Kong. He set me up in a

magnificent apartment, 3,000 square feet, a private beach, centrally air-conditioned, laid on a Mercedes Benz and chauffeur and I became the General Manager of R&D Products LTD.

R & D Products, Ltd.

He had a manufacturing operation going there, wigs were big business then, and he was the largest wig manufacturer of the world, we were turning out about 1,000,000 wigs per month and they were being sold in all the major department stores of America, Europe, we even sold to GUM the Russian department store in Moscow, we had the German chain stores, Harrod's of London, and we had between 3,000 and 5,000 employees in Hong Kong.

A White Face

I had tremendous authority, but in truth I was the front white face for a Chinese operation, and any time there was trouble, it was I who faced the trouble, if there were questions from the Hong Kong government, it was I who faced the government, it was I who flew off to Liechtenstein to incorporate companies, to England to incorporate companies, to New York to incorporate companies. It was a huge money making operation.

Literally, there was never any question, I charged my meal to the company at the best hotels and restaurants in Hong Kong. When I traveled I only traveled first class. I only stayed at Deluxe Hotels and there was never a question of cost. Remember that we had the Christian Dior Franchise and we had the Vidal Sassoon Franchise and each of these people got 50,000 a year plus a royalty for giving us the right to use their name.

I Retired to Portugal

I stayed with Mr. Franklin Tsu until 1974 when I retired to Portugal. He had, as bonuses, given me two condominiums in Portugal, it was I that was buying them, he found out and said why don't I give them to you so I got them as a bonus. I did retire to Portugal, they had had their revolution in 1974 and the country had changed dramatically from that so I wasn't very happy there. I came back to the United States and was miserable again. I reconnected myself to St. Cloud University where I spent 15 very delightful years, the money wasn't much, but I had already earned enough to take care of it but it provided me with pocket money that I needed.

Asides that may or may not fit:

Relating to my learning the Chinese language, Caltex the company, had chosen me to be one of the students to go to Peking to take the 10 month course. There were 8 of us chosen from the organization in China to be sent to this language school. It was a part of Peking University established as a separate college to cater to foreigners wanting to learn the Chinese language and culture. So our class mates in the most part consisted of British, French, German and American students.

We met as a group the first thing in the morning when the lesson of the day was explained in English then we broke into separate classes of 6-8 people, each with our own teacher. In these classes the teacher spoke no English so everything was done in Chinese. These individual classes were mixed classes and we 8 Caltex language students were not necessarily in any of the same classes. We all were broken down into units, my class may have had a Frenchmen, a couple Americans and a German or so forth.

So my eight Caltex colleagues and I seldom saw each other in the school. The way the courses were taught we started with Romanised Chinese, we didn't start with the classical Chinese written character. So the text books were using English letters with markings to indicate tone and the system was known as the Wade Jile System of Romanization. So we learned conversational Chinese this way which is based on French pronunciations not American or English pronunciations which perhaps made it a little more difficult for those of us who were not familiar with the French language. We shifted from classroom to classroom and instructor to instructor and we would be drilled by the instructor having to read the Romanized Chinese and translate it and after an hour or so we would switch to another room or a different instructor would come in.

It wasn't only learning the Chinese language because each lesson, though it was Chinese, had evolved from Chinese History of Geography, thus learning the language we also learned the Chinese culture as it were. These classes went six hours a day and then we packed off home and after a little rest, tutors would come in, the company had hired these to be sure we stuck to the books, and drill us again on the following day's assignment.

After dinner, we had this very huge house, with a full staff of servants, we would retire to our individual rooms and we would study and study our Chinese out loud, you couldn't mouth it you had to talk it. So really ten hours a day was Chinese language. It was very difficult, our grades were sent to Shanghai and then to New York so you had to keep on your toes and do well.

It was after three months of conversational Chinese that we started learning the characters, this was very difficult because it was sheer memory. One did these characters in a exercise book over and over again until one had them down pat.

Presumably, at the end of the course we all knew about 3,000 Chinese characters which was sufficient to read a newspaper. One didn't retain the Chinese characters, it would be something you needed to work with every day of your life or they disappeared from your mind.

At this point in time I am fairly fluent in Mandarin Chinese but I could never attempt to read Chinese characters. I may be able to pick out a few but never read them. Of we eight Caltex students one flunked out and was sent packing home to South Carolina, the rest got our diplomas and were scattered throughout the various parts of the company's organization in China.

I think I was the lucky one because I drew Manager of Peking. Peking was the Paris of Asia, it was a grand and glorious old fashioned city with all the graces of an old fashioned city. I was extremely happy there, especially because I knew the entire foreign community and much of the elite Chinese community until the end when the communist made it necessary to evacuate the city. Otherwise I would have been content to spend the rest of my life there, I was in love with the city and the Chinese people.

The Chinese people of Peking are a breed apart because it has always been an imperial city and so it had a certain charm about it and certain courtesy about it which you wouldn't find in most the other places in China. We practiced our Chinese out in the flea markets and bazaars and shops of Peking. I suppose the first months of Chinese the only things that would come out of my mouth was German because I had studied this in High School and College. No way could a word of Chinese come out of my mouth because the German suppressed the Chinese. Then suddenly I began speaking Chinese and no German could come out! I was too old to

learn six languages the way young kids could do, one suppressed the other and now I have no German and I have quite a bit of Chinese yet.

The company's plan for it's Chinese speakers came to naught because the Communists took power and wanted no part of a bunch of foreigners in the country. The fact that eight of us were rather fluent in the Chinese language never did anything for the company, except that it was a nice social grace to have when dealing with your contacts in China.

I don't know if knowing Chinese ever saved any of our lives except in the end in Peking there was a curfew and people were not allowed to be outside after 10:00. Often we had parties until quite late and we were never afraid of breaking the curfew because we sort of knew every policemen on every corner and we would enter into conversations with them in Chinese so I suppose in that sense rather than pulling the trigger the Chinese helped us to be able to move about the city when you were not permitted to.

Still speaking of Peking, among my earliest friends were the Dukakis family, Duke Dukakis the Greek tobacco merchant, and his very charming wife Mama Dukakis to me and his three daughters, Andruniki, Andrumahie, and Trula.

These three girls had been educated at a French Convent School. They were fluent in Greek, Chinese, Russian, French and Japanese. Basically because of the social environment in which they were reared. I still see these Dukakis sisters, two years ago I spent 3 weeks in Australia where Andruniki, whom I dated, is now a widow, her daughter is an anchor woman on Australian television. The youngest daughter

Andrumahia is married to a Swede, Knut Sandell, and I stayed with them. The middle daughter Trula is married to a British foreign service officer and I have seen them annually in London except in this year they moved to Australia. All of them are in Australia now.

When Michael Dukakis ran for president of the United States, Trula wrote to him and wondered if they were related. The letter was passed to his mother who responded and gave a background on their family. A correspondence grew up between Trula Talbot and Michael Dukakis' mother. When Michael Dukakis was in London after he had lost the election she was asked to have coffee with them. They have compared notes and the closest they can come is they came from the same island, they do spell their names differently One is Doucakis and the other is Douckis. I suppose that means nothing when you go from Greek to English.

Obituary of William Marcellous Lindgren

William Marcellous Lindgren of Cambridge, Minnesota, passed away on October 13, 1993, after a brief illness, at the age of 71.

Born September 26, 1922 at Braham, Minnesota. The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wm. Lindgren, who preceded him in death. He never married.

His early childhood spent in Grandy, Minnesota where he attended the Grandy Public School.

He attended Cambridge High School where he was active in student affairs, editor of the high school paper, and assistant editor of the school annual. He participated

in theater and debate and graduated with the class of 1940. He was the recipient of the American Legion Award that year.

He entered the University of Minnesota in 1940 and, during the next four years participated in numerous university student activities. He was president of the Cosmopolitan Club (the foreign student organization), president of the International Relations Club, a member of the Radio Guild, the University Forum Board, the Leaders Club and the Post-War Planning Committee. He pledged Sigma Nu Fraternity and became Vice Commander of the Gamma Tau Chapter at the University. In 1944, he graduated from the University of Minnesota with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Economics, with minors in Political Science and History, specializing in Asian Studies.

Upon graduation, together with two Sigma Nu fraternity brothers in search of adventure, Bill enlisted in the Canadian Army. Bill always maintained that this was not at all unusual as there were over 10,000 American citizens serving in various branches of the Canadian Armed Forces during World War II.

With the end of World War II, he was released from the Canadian Army in order to continue his education at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. In 1946, he was awarded a Master of Arts degree in Economics and Political Science.

Returning to the United States in the summer of 1946, Bill found life dull and unstimulating. An exciting opportunity soon developed, though, when he was offered the opportunity to put his interest in Asia to practical use by the California Texas Oil Co., Ltd. After a brief indoctrination program in New York City and Washington, D.C., he sailed for Shanghai, China, as a management trainee with Caltex.

Beginning with his arrival in Shanghai in June, 1947 events moved swiftly. China was experiencing a civil war which ultimately brought the downfall of the Kuomintang Nationalist Government and the ascendancy of the Communist Peoples Republic of China.

After a short familiarization program in Shanghai, Bill was transferred to Hong Kong where he remained for two months. In September, 1947, he was detached from his duties in Hong Kong and posted to Peking, China where he was enrolled in the College of Chinese Studies, Peking University, to study the Chinese language. In June, 1948, he was awarded a diploma in Mandarin Chinese by that institution.

Upon his graduation from Peking University, he was named manager of the Peking office of Caltex, with responsibility for Hopei Province, Manchuria, and Inner Mongolia. At this time, the Chinese Civil War was rapidly approaching a climax.

While on a trip to Inner Mongolia in January, 1948, he was caught and detained between the Communist and Nationalist Army lines during the Battle of Nankow Pass, the crucial strategic battle for control of North China. He was able to move freely between the Communist and Nationalist lines, and at the conclusion of the battle, returned to Peking with detailed information and photographs of the Communist Army's equipment and forces.

In September, 1948, he flew out of Changchun, Manchuria, by Chinese Nationalist Air Force plane while the airport was under Communist Army bombardment. The City of Changchun surrendered to the Communist Armies that same day.

He flew into the walled city of Taiyuan, seat of the Kuomintang warlord, Marshal Yen Hsi San, while that city was under Communist siege. Similarly, he was in

Mukden (now Shenyang), Manchuria for conferences with the then American Consul General Angus Ward, during the Communist siege of that city.

With the final collapse of the Nationalist Armies in North China, Peking came under Communist siege in February, 1949. Aided by General Fu Tsoi Yee, the Nationalist Garrison Commander of Peking (who subsequently became a Minister in the Communist Peoples Republic of China Government) and Col. David D. Barrett, U.S. Military Attache in Peking, Bill made his escape from Peking to Shanghai, via Tsingtao, bringing with him the first detailed information concerning the collapse of resistance by the Nationalist Government in the north.

His next posting was Nanking, capital of Nationalist China, where he remained until June, 1949 when he evacuated that city, along with the Nationalist Government, aboard the private armed train carrying the fleeing Prime Minister of China, Dr. Sun Fu, to Shanghai.

Bill was posted next to Taipei, Taiwan, where he remained until 1951. He was in Hong Kong from 1952 to 1955, being temporarily detached for a brief assignment in French IndoChina at the time of the Battle of Dien Bien Phu and the surrender of the French forces to the Viet Minh. During this brief assignment, he worked in Pnom Penh, Cambodia and Saigon, Hanoi, and Haiphong, Vietnam, before returning to his base in Hong Kong.

Next followed a two year posting to Calcutta, India with responsibility for the eastern Himalayan region of North India, Tibet, and Nepal. At the time of the Chinese Communist final subjugation of Tibet, Bill was able to arrange the almost impossible--to enter the long closed hermit kingdom of Tibet and to secure information on Chinese activities there. While in Tibet, he became a close friend of the Duke Thindrup, elder brother of the Dali Lama, God King of Tibet.

In 1956, Bill was posted to Lahore, Pakistan with responsibility for the Punjab, the Northwest Frontier Province, Afghanistan, and the Western Himalayan/Karakoram principalities of Swat, Chitral, Skardu, and Hunza. He made frequent journeys through the Khyber Pass to Jalalabad and Kabul, Afghanistan. There were numerous journeys, also, to the Central Asian borders of Chinese and Russian Turkistan, via horseback and foot through the Himalayan/Karakoram mountains. He spent a considerable amount of time in Hunza as a guest of H.H. Mir Jamal Khan, Ruler of Hunza. The royal guest book recorded only forty other Western visitors to that isolated principality during the previous one hundred years.

In 1958, Bill assumed new duties with Caltex in Saigon, Vietnam, with responsibilities for Vietnam and Cambodia. In 1962, because of his disillusionment with American policies in Vietnam, he resigned his position.

In search of a less political role, Bill joined the Pfizer Corporation in 1962 and subsequently worked in management positions with that firm in the Philippines, Malaysia, and Japan.

In 1966, after nineteen years in Asia, he decided to sever his connections and to return to the USA, where he joined the faculty of St. Cloud State University. But, Asia was still in his blood. In 1968, he resigned his position at St. Cloud State University to return, once again, to Asia. This time, for six and one-half years in Hong Kong as General Manager of R. & D. Products, Ltd. During these years, though based in Hong Kong, he was constantly on the move to business conferences in Asia, Europe, the USA, and Australia.

In mid-1974, Bill retired to Portugal, only to come face-to-face, again, with more political turmoil in the form of the Portuguese Revolution. In search of peace, he returned once again to his roots in Minnesota and, in 1975, rejoined the faculty of St.

Cloud State University. Bill taught at St. Cloud until his retirement in 1988. For his contributions to St. Cloud State University and the educational community, Bill was awarded the status of Professor Emeritus at St. Cloud State.

Never wanting to lose the friendships which he had established during his lifetime abroad, he continued to make annual visits to Europe, where many of his friends from Asia, of all nationalities, had settled.

Bill was an internationalist--a citizen of the world. But, hardly known to the Minnesota people from whom he had sprung.