

CNAC
ASSOCIATION



Double Ten Issue

October 1979 Reg Farrar, Editor 319 Euclid Ave Loch Arbour N J

Here we go again. I tried to give up but I find I have more friends than I anticipated. It was heartwarming to receive so many letters in response to the 25th anniversary issue of the Cannonball. Each of us is motivated differently. I'm not just sure what motivates me but one of the greatest rewards I think is being appreciated. I felt that for the first time since we began 25 years ago.

There are many things which fashion our lives. Some of these were at work before we went to India and China. We were already pilots mechanics doctors and all. For me especially, as for many others, that brief time influences and colored my life forever after. As those days recede into the past our lives have diversified. We have made new friends, climbed a few mountains, raised our kids, lived and died, but that interlude flashes in my memory; ever more remote but like a distant beacon.

We came together there and then scattered to the 4 corners of the globe. This time we had in common remains. Someone said common tradition is the strongest link that binds people together.

To everyone who wrote me, thank you so very much.

Now to pick up some odds and ends.

MINUTES OF THE MEETING OF C.N.A.C. ASSOCIATION

JULY 6, 1979
OJAI, CALIFORNIA

THE PRESIDENT, JULES WATSON, CALLED THE MEETING TO ORDER.

IN THE ABSENCE OF THE SECRETARY, ROBBIE ROBERTS TOOK THE NOTES.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT WAS GIVEN BY THE TREASURER, BOB RENGO. HE REPORTED A BALANCE OF \$6,800 IN THE TREASURY AT THIS TIME. A TAX FREE PROGRAM IS BEING WORKED ON FOR USE BY THE MEMBERS.

FLETCHER HANKS REPORTED ON HIS TRIP TO MAINLAND CHINA. HE VISITED WITH EDDIE WOO, IN CHINA, AND REPORTED THAT HE IS DOING WELL.

LETTERS TO THE ASSOCIATION WERE READ FROM THE FOLLOWING:

WILLIAM BOND	VINCE BYRNE
JACK REID	CHARLIE ROUNDTREE
HANK LAMBERT	E.C. KIRKPATRICK
JIM MOORE	TOM SAILER
PETE GOITUERE	FLORENCE ALLISON

REPORTS WERE GIVEN ON BILL MCDONALD'S CONDITION.

JULES WATSON IS GOING TO MAIL A PROGRAM OF THIS REUNION TO ALL MEMBERS NOT ATTENDING.

IT WAS SUGGESTED THAT WE KEEP THE "CANNON BALL" GOING OUT TO THE MEMBERSHIP. MEMBERS ARE TO SEND REG FARRAR INFORMATION FOR THIS, SO HE CAN KEEP THE MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE. WE ARE GOING TO DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO PROMOTE MORE OF OUR MEMBERS COMING TO THE REUNIONS.

JIM DALBY REPORTED ON HIS WORK WITH THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE. HE REQUESTED MORE INFORMATION ON OUR MEMBERS. HE, ALSO, NEEDS ANYTHING THE MEMBERS WOULD LIKE TO DONATE TO BE SET UP IN THE MUSEUM IN SAN DIEGO. WE HAVE SPACE AVAILABLE FOR A C.N.A.C. DISPLAY.

A BEAUTIFUL LARGE OIL PAINTING OF BOB PRESCOTT, PAINTED BY CYNTHIA BOWLES, WAS ON DISPLAY. THIS PORTRAIT WILL BE ON DISPLAY IN THE SAN DIEGO MUSEUM. THE COST, INCLUDING FRAMING, WILL BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF \$3,000.00. BILL MAHER MADE A MOTION THAT C.N.A.C. ASSOCIATION CONTRIBUTE 1/3 OF THE COST OF THE PORTRAIT, NOT TO EXCEED \$1,000.00. ART KININMONTH SECONDED THE MOTION. IT WAS VOTED UNANIMOUSLY.

THERE WAS DISCUSSION ON PUBLISHING ANOTHER BOOK LIKE OUR "WINGS OVER ASIA". CHRISTY HANKS WAS APPOINTED EDITOR. HE REQUESTED THAT MEMBERS SEND IN STORIES TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE BOOK.



CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION

會社人同航中
CNAC ASSOCIATION

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

served with China National Aviation Corporation from _____ to _____

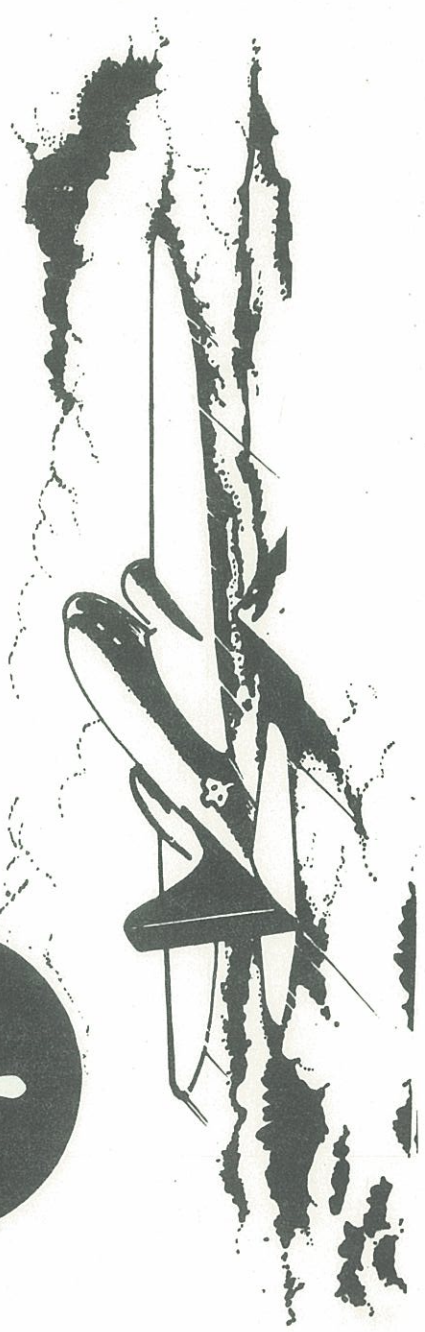
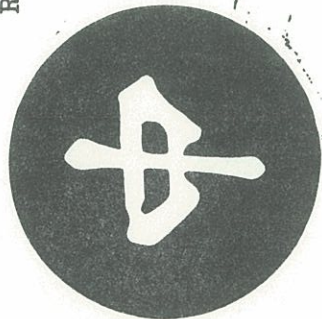
in China and India as _____

and is eligible for the CHINA WAR MEMORIAL MEDAL for meritorious aid given to the

Republic of China during World War II

date: _____

Reginald Farrar, Jr., Secretary



SEAN MACGREGOR WAS PRESENT AND DISCUSSED, WITH OUR GROUP, HIS NEW PROJECT. HE IS PRODUCING FOR TV A FEATURE FILM ON MAINLAND CHINA, FROM THE TIME THE GENERALISSIMO WAS BORN UP TO 1946. HE REQUESTED THAT WE GIVE HIM A LETTER OF MORAL SUPPORT AND THAT WE BACK THE PROJECT MORALLY. HE FELT THIS WOULD BE A WAY WE COULD EXPRESS, TO OUR GOVERNMENT, THE FEELING THAT THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT SHOULD NOT BE CUT OFF AND FORGOTTEN. IT WAS VOTED THAT THIS LETTER BE WRITTEN BY ROBBIE ROBERTS.

THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS WERE AS FOLLOWS:

PRESIDENT - DICK ROSSI NOMINATED CHRISTY HANKS FOR PRESIDENT. IT WAS SECONDED BY JEFF WEINER. UNANIMOUSLY VOTED UPON.

PERMANENT VICE CHAIRMAN - BILL MAHER MADE THE MOTION THAT ROBBIE ROBERTS BE VOTED PERMANENT VICE CHAIRMAN. IT WAS SECONDED BY ROCKY RONCAGLIONE AND SO VOTED.

BILL MC DONALD IS THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN.

SECRETARY - BOB RENGO NOMINATED ROCKY RONCAGLIONE AS SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION. SECONDED BY BOB SHERWOOD AND SO VOTED.

TREASURER - BOB RENGO WAS NOMINATED FOR TREASURER BY ERIC SHILLING. JIM DALBY SECONDED. VOTED UNANIMOUSLY.

VICE PRESIDENT - "DOC" RICHARDS NOMINATED BILL MAHER FOR VICE PRESIDENT. IT WAS SECONDED AND VOTED UNANIMOUSLY.

VICE PRESIDENT & COUNSELOR - BOB SHERWOOD WAS NOMINATED FOR VICE PRESIDENT AND COUNSELOR. IT WAS SECONDED AND SO VOTED.

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE - JIM DALBY WAS RENOMINATED TO HEAD THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE. IT WAS SECONDED AND SO VOTED.

PERMANENT CHAIRMAN & EDITOR OF THE "CANNON BALL"
REG FARRAR WAS NOMINATED BY DICK ROSSI TO BE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN AND EDITOR OF THE "CANNON BALL". THE MOTION WAS SECONDED BY ERIC SHILLING, AND SO VOTED.

VICE PRESIDENT - EAST COAST - JOE HARDIN WAS NOMINATED FOR VICE PRESIDENT OF THE EAST COAST. IT WAS SECONDED AND SO VOTED.

THE MEETING OF THE MEMBERSHIP WAS ADJOURNED.

cc: WATSON
HANKS
RONCAGLIONE

Hi Jules
Robbie
ROBBIE ROBERTS
ACTING SECRETARY

Don't give in Panamanian
Robbie

WAR MEMORIAL MEDALS

About the time we were involved with them I moved from Jersey City to Loch Arbour, N.J. and the correspondence got packed away and lost (temporarily). I have just found it and am answering some of those letters, two years late but better late than never.

I sent some medals and certificates to the Ojai Reunion in 1977 I never heard what happened to them. I trust they were distributed to those who went to that reunion. I sent out some medals and some certificates from here. Now I have no idea who received a medal or a certificate.

I still have certificates and I received a few more medals from the Chinese Government in Taiwan. As for the certificates, to make sure everyone has one who wants one (or two as it may turn out) I have printed a certificate and included it in this issue. I do not know the dates of service of most so I have left some blank spaces. The ink is so you can make them match. If you do not have a medal let me know and I'll send it forthwith.

IN MEMORIAM

This is the first issue in which I have no new names to add.

In every enterprise there are men who stand out from all others. This was true even in such a group as CNAC where all stood out. Among these were Scoff and Fuzzy Ball. They await us in Hoky Taw. There are some who are still with us. I am not sure how they survived but happily they have contributed to this issue of the Cannonball. We all know them, for the stories about them are protean and their names come up whenever two or more CNAC assemble. They are George "Robby" Robertson, and Richard "Indian Jim" Moore. Some of us had a year or two of excitement but they have been luminous all their lives. We often hear the expression "I could write a book". Well these guys could and I wish they would. Following are excerpts from these future tomes.

ROBERT JAMES MOORE
OR
HOW HE GOT HIS NAME

The following is a transcript of a tape made about 2 years ago at dinner in N.Y.C. Jeanne and Bus Loane, Mary and I and Jim Moore were there. There was someone else but I don't recognize the voices.

Following the tape is a story I wrote about an adventure in north China in October 1945 just after the war:—

When I was born, a small baby, my parents gave me the usual baby name, a baby name and for some reason it turned out to be Bob.

Now it comes time to go to school, so little Bob Moore goes to school.

They asked, "what's your name, son?"

"My name is Bob Moore."

"Oh, Robert."

"You know in those days in Texas, you could get by with this so they left it go ahead through school, and then into high school, they left it. Bob and then into college and its still Bob. Then along comes a time when you can do something for the America government. Among some of the things you need is a birth certificate. Then I found out my name wasn't Bob. I was named after my father Richard Arthur Moore. I get a social security card and other things. I go into the army air corps as Richard Arthur. So I go before my class mates as Richard but they say we've got all these Dicks and Richards before you got here so we are going to call you Indian Jim. You know how it is, when they start calling you something, you've got to take it.

So here I am Indian Jim. I'm in an aviation career, so I go over to England. My only one great claim to fame was that I was one of the 5 original Eagle Squadron in England in the RAF in 1940, and my only second claim to fame was when I came back, they wouldn't let me go out and join the Tigers in Burma. I fought with them here in N.Y.C. for months trying to get them to let me go. I had the qualifications, combat experience, but I had this sinus trouble that busted me out of the RAF. They said if you're not healthy for the RAF how can we let you go out there. So that lasted about 2 years, see.

So over there I was Indian Jim. So now I think again, I'll drop that crazy name and become Richard Arthur. So I get a job as a civilian at the old army air corps down at Hensley Field outside of Dallas. As I walk into the office, the first day I go to work, a guy jumped up and said "Indian Jim." So I'm known for another 18 months as Indian Jim.

Then, now I've got them beat. I'm going out to China. I'll get out to China, no one will know me and nobody will know what it is. I land there at Calcutta Woody and Mack. "Come on, lets go over to that mess there." I get over there and a guy jumps up from his chair and says, "My God Indian Jim." I don't remember who he was now, he didn't stay long after August 1943.

"Was he a Flight Engineer?"

"No, no, he wasn't a flight engineer, he was a pilot. So here we are. Half of my life at that time was Bob all through my education. I'm Richard Arthur just on passport and legal papers. Then as Indian Jim, I'm always

out there. Then I got married. We have a little deal on, me and my wife which is a little contradictory. We agreed that if it was a girl I would name it and if it was a boy she would name it. Now the 1st comes along. The 1st one was a girl my wife liked Patty Page, the singer. She asked what are you going to name her. Now Sallys chinese family name is very simple Dan. So what are we going to call the daughter Patti Dan, No other name like it anywhere in the world. It was beautiful till we went to Bereuit with that strong french influence and her name suddenly became Patricia Danielle. I'd lost again.

The second one came on and I was bound and determined I'd get this one right. Its a girl. Mei Ling. Beautiful flower. One of the Sung sisters was named that, Mei Ling. She was never anything all her life till she comes over here to go to school. In California she was always called Meiling in school but we always called her sugar.

So then the 3rd one comes along, and that happens to be Robert. Now somebody really fast talked me. You're the only one who can fly and has flown. We want you to go down to Africa. I don't want to go down there. you have to, you know they twisted my arm a little bit. I finally agreed yes, I'll go. Go to Lejfia and pick up an old C47 fly it down to a little place called Rio Munoz, Spanish enclave down there. Stayed down there about a month. When I got back my wife greeted me well "did we have the baby." "Yes, we did." "That's beautiful, What was it?"

"It was a boy." "Well what name did you give him??" She said I named him after his father - Robert James.

You know I went up to Vientiane Laos. I went up there 6 years and I was doing alright up there except I had a few houses. They were a little hard to put in your pocket and swim across the river with, they wouldn't let me put them on the back of my Volks Wagon pick up. I didn't have much choice but to give them to the communists. So I gave them all these houses and everything else. Then I went away but I came back. You know you've always got to go back. Then I stayed there 2 months. They didn't know about it. But 1 or 2 people knew about it. They were looking for a guy named Jim Moore. They were looking for a car he drove with a certain licence number on it. The day before I got ready to go I was living with a fella who got arrested by the communist soldiers. I was watching from a very safe distance which was down the street several blocks. I was watching with my glasses to make sure they were looking for him and not me. I wasn't sure actually they were after both of us but since I wasn't there, they took him. The next day, I was about to leave. There was a little opposition. . . I went up to the house to get my clothes and my bowling ball - you know you always have to have something and my brief case. There were 2 of these little guys with their AK47s looking out the window at me. You can't run. You can't beat those little bullets that come out of there so I didn't know what to do I just stood there and smiled at them. Eventually I went into the house to get my clothes out. They still pointed those guns at me. They inferred you can't do that, so in the end I left. Then I had a little trouble because I had to go through 2 big road blocks. In the meantime when I left the house till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I got ready to really leave the country.

I had become the No. 1 sought after man in town. No doubt they were after me, I headed the whole list. So when I get down to that 1st road block I pull up in the Volks Wagon not this old Holden. By now I got my passport which says I'm Richard Arthur, not Jim Moore. When I have to clear out and I can prove I'm Richard Arthur and not Jim Moore. I don't drive a Holden, I drive a Volks Wagon I got through and got out of there under this alias name of mine Richard Arthur which I had never used before, ever.

"That was wonderful. I'm glad I asked the question."

"Trouble is it takes me too long to get to the point, now what was the question?"



Bob Indian Jim Richard Arthur Moore

Indian Jim And Me

by Reg Farrar

Since I was not a pilot I didn't get a chance to travel much on CNAC equipment. Through some friends I learned how to bum a ride on US Aircorps Staff planes. If the highest ranking officer on the flight did not object I could go along with them. I went to Agra, Ceylon, Chungking, and finally Shanghai.

While I was in Shanghai just after the end of the War, I had left CNAC and probably was the first unaffiliated foreigner in Shanghai after the war. Well I had decided to take advantage of the differences in exchange rates between Peking and Shanghai. Both gold bars and US currency were cheaper in Peking, so I took two suitcases of Chinese money and found out where staff planes left Shanghai. I ran into Indian Jim the night before and since I was an expert in obtaining this type of transportation, I generously offered him a ride also.

With the usual ease we were both off to Peking in the morning. Landing in Peking we registered at the Wagon Lits Hotel and went looking for gold bars. To our surprise we couldn't find any, at least at a rate we could pay. It was December and cold. We had four suitcases full of money, but no clothes. I was wearing suntans. For three days we looked but couldn't make the right connection. Then we heard that there was a lot of gold in Tsinan, the capital of Shandong province to the South. The only trouble was that it was surrounded by Communists. We decided to go there, but there was one small detail: US planes never stopped there. Chinese planes did. They did not have staff planes that we could get on, so we took the next most practical way. We attempted to bribe a Chinese Aircorps Officer to take us. This was unsuccessful so we offered a bribe to a US Aircorps pilot. This wasn't too hard but he wanted \$1000 for this short trip. As you can see we were getting desperate (really desperate). We got our trip but we never did pay him. The US Aircorps pilot did all right for we introduced him to opium smugglers and he made a lot of money after that.

We got off at Tsinan. To our surprise there was a US Weather Team there in residence. We rode into the city past lush gardens of Chinese cabbages and arrived at the one western hotel in the city. It wasn't large but they had a room so Indian Jim and I checked into the Stein Hotel. We still had no personal baggage, only 4 suitcases full of Chinese currency. We threw them into a corner and set out sightseeing and looking for gold bars. The city was held by a contingent of Nationalist troops, aided by 25,000 Japanese troops still under arms. There were armed Japanese guards at railroad crossings and trucks filled with armed Japanese were continuously seen on the streets. When they saw us, obviously American, they snapped to attention and saluted. A couple of months earlier and their attitude would have been different.

We visited the gold shops but our approach was still wrong. It was cheaper but they would only sell us 2 ounces. We were

in a hole, but the food was good, people cordial, the hotel good enough, and we had lots of money. We were not there on vacation so we checked with the weather group who said that American planes did drop in from time to time, so we waited. I bought two scrolls. (I still have one framed in my office) I am told now that the artist is famous. It cost 15¢. If we had bought a few more we would have done well in Tsinan.

After waiting 4-5 days a US Marine fighter-bomber landed. He said he could not take passengers. We must have looked pitiable or he had pity for he risked taking us. We squeezed into a belly seat and we took off. It was dusk, as we landed in Tientsin. We went into the International section to find a hotel. None of them had any rooms. Making an inquiry of a French jeweler we found that he might be able to help us. He referred us to the Daladie Hotel. They didn't have any room either but I engaged the Sigh guard in Hindi and he interceded for us and we were able to sleep in the dining room. Using our suitcases as pillows we managed to survive the night.

The next day we went back to the jeweler and he bought gold bars for us. I'm sure he made a good commission but we did alright too. Rid of our suitcases of money, heavy with 10 ounce gold bars we caught the train to Peking.

Back at the Wagon Lits Hotel we made plans to bum a ride back to Shanghai. After dinner I met a white Russian fur dealer. He had a small shop in the hotel. He sold furs as a sideline I think for we mostly discussed the gold market. He knew all the gold shops and through him I made contact. How easy it was after that. I made 3-4 phone calls and waited. The gold bars were brought to my room and the money counted. The whole transaction took about two hours.

Indian Jim went down country to Shanghai and Calcutta to look for some money that had mysteriously disappeared and I lingered in Peking. Temporarily diverted into a new business which I now call Broker: Gold and International currency. It was not so considered then but that was another time.

270 Patrick Avenue
Merritt Island, Fla 32952
May 25, 1979

Dr. Reginald Farrar
132 Gifford Avenue
Jersey City, N.J. 07304

Dear Reggie:

Medal received Wednesday and thanks a million, by now you must have received my last communication with the gambling story.

You requested in our conversation a few days ago that you would like must information on the Hemi run. Here goes. Hemi is located in Sinxiang Province in North West China, it is 2250 statute miles due north of Cal-

cutta, India and 110 miles South of the outer Mongolian border, the coordinates are 42:50N 93:35E. The trips originated in Chungking every two weeks, and flown via Lanchow, Kiuchan (Suchow) and Ansi from Chungking to Lanchow, it is 523 miles via Paoki. Leaving Lanchow you parallel the Great Wall crossing the Yellow River at Lanchow flying a heading of 341 degrees to Wuwei thence still parallelling the Wall fly 300 degrees to Kiuchan a distance of 455 miles from Lanchow, thence via Ansi to Hami 313 degrees 402 miles and below there is the great city of Hami about six mud huts and a sand strip that is about 2500 feet long. We always used to have to spend the night there as the terrain was abit rugged on the side of the course and alot of unchartered Nts and Radio was non existent or at its best unreliable, we used to leave Chungking in the early hours and arrive Hami just before dark stopping at Lanchow to take on a couple of barrels of gas extra as there was no fuel in Hami. There was a hut about ten feet square with a stove in the middle of it, we would sleep on the floor, and in the winter months it was quite chilly sometimes 60 degrees below zero then we slept with all our clothes on and a face mask when we landed in the cold months, the mechanics drained the oil from the engines immediately and put it on the stove to keep warm, covered up the engines with tarpaulins and we would spend the night praying they would start in the morning.

One day in January of 1945 Ray Allen and myself went up to Hami on the usual trip, it was as cold as a mother-in-laws love, 58 below zero. I forgot to mention that the Russians had a detachment there of about six men headed by a civilian official named Mr. Barinoff and a colonel from the Russian Army, this day that Ray and I landed they were out at the air strip. Barinoff spoke fairly good english. he invited us to their quarters that evening for dinner; being cold and hungry we gladly accepted.

Dinner consisted of Black Tea, salted beef roasted and huge chunks of black bread along with cabbage. The salt beef was real tasty. After we had dinner Mr. Barioff asked us if we would like to see the newsreel pictures of the recapture of Leningrad. So we all sat down at the table and he brought out a two gallon jug and a bunch of big coffee mugs. He poured out full cups for everybody and told us it was Vodka, and wanted to drink a toast to President Roosevelt, I have made it an ironclad rule to never drink when I had to fly the next day but this was a matter of international courtest so Ray and I raised our cups and sipped the vodka, It was pure dynamite at least 200 proof and I nearly strangled on one swallow, Ray looked at me and winked, I winked back, meanwhile across the table Barinoff and the other officers had bottomed up their drinks and poured seconds, so immediately, Ray and I not to be outdone bottomed up ours shouting long live Roosevelt, I grabbed a piece of black bread and started chewing on it so that the Russians wouldn't see me gasping for breath, meanwhile I could feel the tears coming in my eyes. We had no more finished, Roosevelt, then the Colonel moved on to Churchill. this is all within a space of five minutes, so right on the heels of Churchill, I said to Ray, lets propose a toast to Stalin I'm already on cloud nine and the room is turning, so we all bottomed up to Joe Stalin, now remember the big coffee mugs is damn near a pint and we had consumed them in less than fifteen minutes. The tears were flowing rapidly down my cheeks, and Ray looked

like he was at a funeral, I thought to myself, these Russians are rough as hell to consume this stuff, when I happened to look across the table and tears were streaming down the colonel's cheeks, so I knew right then and there that they didn't drink like this every day, made me feel more masculine. Meanwhile we were watching the battle of Stalingrad and eating black bread to keep from vomiting. This party went on for two more hours Ray had got drunk as a billy goat, and was getting meaner than a rattlesnake, we wanted to fight with Barinoff and I remember telling Ray lets go back to the field, have got to hit it at first light of day, well we shook hands, toasted Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill again and reeled out the door, when we struck that 58 below temperature it was like a cold shower in less than 200 feet I could see and another quarter mile, could walk fairly straight. The next morning my head was as big as the Groff Zeppelin. and Ray was the same way, we made it down to Lanchow on instinct alone.

About once a month we had flight that continued on from Hami to Tihwa (Urumchi) that is 410 miles further on west via the Turfan depression (505 feet below sea level) will tell you about that sometime, the airport or clear spot sits at the base of a 21,000 ft hill and you land up the Mt. and takeoff down degree of the slope is 30 degrees. Tihwa is 260 miles from the Russian border. Both Tihwa and Hami, Ansi, Suchow, Wuwei, Lanchow are located on the Old Silk trail from Alma Ater Russia to Peking.

Will write and tell you more next letter, about the Gobi and the sand storms, also the miles of coal that stick up thru the desert also the outline of cities long ago destroyed. Puddles of oil miles from nowhere.

Well Reggie, have got to hit the sack now, and thanks again for the medal give my best wishes to your family, and if you ever write to Mr. Bons give him my regards, I respected that man more than any man I've ever known, he would have made a damn good president of this nation, Adios, amigo, and Ding How

Best Wishes

(George Robertson)

Robby

May 20, 1979

Dear Reggie:

Was sure pleased and more than surprised to receive your recent phone call, it brought back a lot of memories to hear from one of the old gang, have been jogging my memory to dig up some of the info that you requested. Am not much of a typist so please excuse the mistakes.

Gambling amongst that august body of individuals known as CNAC was quite diversified the two main categories were Poker and Crap shooting, next came Red Dog and Black Jack and anything that the individual decided to bet on at the time or incident as shooting, etc.

The dean of all poker players was none other than Robert W. Pottschmitt, he was as cool as a cucumber and to my knowledge and regret won every hand that he stayed in. he took me for about \$5000 in Chinese War Bonds. He would never bluff and had an uncanny sense of knowing when the other players were

Number two on the list of great players was Privial but Priy would bluff once in a while. he was tops in target shooting having been a Camp Perry champion prior to coming over with us. it cost me five shots at 1000 rupees a shot to find out.

Arnold Weir, Frank Myers, Moose Moss Red Holmes, Jimmy Foxx, Skippy Lane, Dick Snell, Ray Allen, Bob Prescott Rameses Nicks our distinguished radio man incidently he was the best radio man in the whole damn world the only man that Woody would let carry a bottle ob Jing Bow Juice on the job. Rey Farrell, Dicky Strafford, Ridge Mamel Julious Petach they were the regulars of course including yours truly Another great player was Carl Wiss better known as Candy Wiss, Allen Wright used to play once in a while but he played close to his belly. Charles Sharkey was also one of the regulars in Poken. we used to have some fairly large pots sometimes \$3 or \$4 thousand, Poker games and Crap games were all cash no IOUs in the pot. Bob Prescott was one of the gamblers who liked to Tap the Red Dog Pot with IOUs. When the gange was up at Dinjan or Kumming, all there was to do for recreation was play poker or shoot crap, Cliff Groh used to play once in a while but didn't have much luck Bitching Boyd used to play once in a while, his name was really Casy but, he was always bitching about something, but he was a damn good pilot. God Rest His Soul, he went to Mawgy Taw about three years ago.

When it came to Crap those games continued in Calcutta. Fuzzy Ball used to play in those games either at Mooses place, Arnolds place or Roy Farrells Place, or out at the Radio Shack with John Hicks presiding. I remember one game up at Althea's Place, Moose, Red Holmes Dicky Bird Stratford and myself there was about seventy thousand rupees in the pot and I won it all, the game turned right around and I lost nearly all of it

We used to have games at Bus Loanes and Van Sheppards apartment, Van used to play but didn't the average crap game always had at least ten or 20 thousand chps in it. Frank Meyers loved to shoot but he was a bit unilucky. Arnold Weir was a good sport when he was sober but mean as HELL when he was drinking I would not play in a game with him then I thought a lot of Arnold as a friend but not when he was boozed up. Moose Moss was as cool gambling as he was flying, he was damn good at both activities, Moose was not a "Shoe Clerk" and would not assccite with anyone that was.

Roy Farrell was adam good Poker player he amd I buncked heads in his Apt. For 36 Hourse, playing stud seven and five cards. At the end of the session when we both fell asleep he had won rupess 68.000 from Me. I understand he is as good as oil man in Vernon Texas as he was at Poker.

The Chronic Gamblers were as Follows, Red Holmes, Moose Moss, Arnold weir, John Hicks Frank Meyers, Dicky Stratford, George Robertson Wally Worth, Chuck Sharkey, Jimmy Foxx. All you had to do was take out apair of dice and they were all on their knees. I forgot to mention Carl Wiss in this crowd.

Reggie will close this letter now as I have to go to the store for my wife. Will give you the infoabout the Mami trips next letter in a couple of days, give my best wishes to your wife and family, and Reggie thanks a million for calling me the other day, and please excuse the typing, have had this typewriter since 1939, and i'm half blind so please forgive me, Salaam Saab and Ding Now

Best Wishes

Robby

Letters of Paul Laube

Few of us have the honor of having our letters published even post-humously. At great effort I have collected those of Paul Laube M.D. To be exact - two. Who does he think he is anyway.)Actually I'd like to tell you but it would take too much space) and it is not my policy to flatter anybody. The letters are dated and each tell a story

Telephones : { SHOP CAL 2399
FARM PARK 385
" Keventer, Lindsay Street, Calcutta. "

MEMORANDUM

Ref : No. _____

To _____

From _____

Edward Keventer, Ltd.,
11-3, Lindsay Street,
CALCUTTA.

L.De.Lambe Esq.,
2, Rainey Park,
Ballygunge.

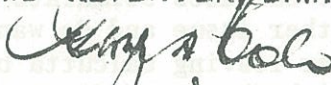
Dated ~~2nd~~ **2nd September, 44**

Dear Sir,

We draw attention to the fact that our deliveryman has not received coupons from you in respect of milk supplied since the 18th August. We have maintained supply meanwhile and sent you two reminders regarding this. We must now discontinue supply as from tomorrow pending settlement. Will you kindly give this matter your kind attention please?

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD KEVENTER LIMITED



General Manager, Calcutta Branch

In spite of an insecure milk supply I gress the kids did not turn out any the worse for it.Or maybe he did give the matter his kind attention.

PAUL J. LAUBE, M. D.

1340 DODGE STREET
DUBUQUE, IOWA 52001

TELEPHONE AREA CODE 319
OFFICE 582-7289
HOME 583-4563

PRACTICE LIMITED TO SURGERY
CONSULTATIONS BY APPOINTMENT

April 5, 1979

Reginald Farrar, M. D.
132 Gifford Avenue
Jersey City, New Jersey 07304

Dear Reg:

Your 25th anniversary issue of The Cannonball was most interesting but I was somewhat distressed to read the first paragraph. A major concern is your statement that you are no longer able to go to reunions. I certainly have no right to comment whatsoever on reunions because I only made one in all these years, namely the one in Mallorca. My concern is whether this implies a physical disability or whether there are other problems precluding your going. Whatever the cause, which of course is really none of my business, I am sorry to hear this and just wish to express my concern.

My second concern is your frustration in trying to get information, etc. to include in The Cannonball and the apparent apathy on the part of many in the group. Again as I say, who am I to comment on this because I have submitted probably nothing in terms of information for your publication but I have tried to support it whenever dues have come due. There are a variety of reasons why we haven't attended the reunions, but one of them has been the fact that they occur in July. July is the best time to be around Dubuque. We have a marvelous river, have a nice houseboat, and ordinarily simply do not leave town during the late spring, summer, and early fall because it is so much fun to be right here. We do a lot of boating, entertaining local and out of town friends on the boat, and just haven't felt like breaking away at one of the prime times in the boating season here. Were the reunions to be in mid winter we would be more tempted to try to get out there, or perhaps even if they were as late as February or March when the winters do get a little long here in the midwest. This is particularly true of our last winter when we broke practically every existing record for length of cold, severity of cold, amount of snow, etc., etc.

These are but excuses I realize. But we did want you to know that this last issue was particularly interesting in that you had perceptions concerning so many of our friends, quite a number of whom lived at Rainey Castle with us as you well know.

If this last issue that you sent out does stimulate any interest in the group and if you do come out with another issue and do want a little filler you might include the fact that after leaving Calcutta back in I guess it was 1944 we spent two years in Chengtu with Cheeloo Medical School and then in 1946 went to Tsinan with ^{the} medical college. At those two places CNAC people frequently visited us, often overnighting. One of our favorite scrapbook collections is a radiogram received in Tsinan in early spring of 1948

Reginald Farrar, M. D.

(2)

April 5, 1979

when the Commies were pushing hard: "Evacuate all personnel, radio equipment, and the Laubes". This message came from the Shanghai headquarters of CNAC and reflected the wonderful personal concerns for the welfare of the CNAC family even though we had not been employed by CNAC at that point for four years. This was a most heartwarming radiogram. Our last year in China was down in Foochow where we didn't see so much of the CNAC people.

Since coming back to Dubuque we have had occasional visits. A former co-pilot out of Calcutta who entered medical school at the same time I started teaching there has become a famous neurosurgeon in Hong Kong. In those days he was known as Boone but his Chinese name was Wen Hsiang-Lai. He has visited in Dubuque a number of times. Other former CNAC visitors have included the Kusaks and Rosberts who came through in about 1962 with two Volkswagen campers, the parents and three kids in each camper. On that occasion the Ubans were over from Waterloo and several times have come back particularly when the Kusaks have returned which they have done twice in recent years.

As for yours truly, I am still actively practicing surgery and keeping very busy despite being well into the Medicare years. During these years apart from professional activities at various times I have been president of the Dubuque Area Chamber of Commerce, vice president of the Iowa State Board of Health, president of the Iowa Academy of Surgery, and for 27 years have been a member of the board of directors of the University of Dubuque of which I am an alumnus and where my father taught for many years.

If any of the above Reg looks like it might be of any interest to anyone else and if you do come out with another edition of the Cannonball, use it as you wish and edit it as freely as you like. You might add that we have really enjoyed receiving any information that has been forthcoming about former associates in CNAC and look back on those days with fond nostalgia. When you talk about the cashmere bear, the horse and garry, and the snake charmer, all of those showed up at I believe it was #4 Rainey Park if I remember the address right. We cherish these memories and have never worked with any group which had a finer esprit de corps. Blessings on all those who are left whatever they may be doing.

Sincerely,



Paul

PJL:ow

P.S.: By the way, the blond blue-eyed baby boy born in Calcutta -- conceived in Chuck Sharp's marble palace -- and nurtured by the Rainey Castle gang, is now assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology, College of Medicine, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa. Some of the old timers might be interested in that.

PL

Oct. 30 1948

Dear Friends,

We have just received a letter from America which has enclosed clippings about the fall of Tsinan. Lest some of you read and fear for our safety let us assure you that all six of us are well and safe. The events of the past ten months, climaxed by the fall of Tsinan prompt us to get off this letter to you now rather than to wait until Christmas as has been our custom.

The headlines in our clippings state: "Tsinan Falls to Communists - Chinese Stunned by Latest Turn of Events." We are stunned, it is true, but we really aren't surprised. Tsinan has been on the Consul's black list ever since the Japanese left in 1945. From the time we arrived July 13, 1946 until we left July 8, 1948 we had received a total of 7 "orders" to leave:

August, 1946 - "All foreigners get out at once" - we couldn't leave because little Bonnie was due to be born any minute, and besides, we had only arrived a month before.

December 1946 - "Evacuate all foreigners" - but it's too close to Christmas.

March 12, 1947 - "All non essential personnel must leave Tsinan at once" UNRRA people left but with a hospital full of sick patients we decided we were essential.

March 14, 1947 - CNAC headquarters in Shanghai radioed to their Tsinan airport "Evacuate all personnel, planes, radio equipment and the Laubes." We appreciated the thoughtfulness of old friends and airline colleagues but our friend Governor Wang Yao-wu, commanding general told us there was no particular danger, that he would personally let us know when and if there was real danger that he would not alarm us unnecessarily and until we heard from him not to worry. We had learned to trust and respect this fine general so settled back to work.

Sept. 20 1947 - More Consular advice to leave, but the work is really just getting well under way school again open, and we love the place.

March 7, 1948 - General Wang Yao-wu Governor: "All foreigners leave at once." Well, this looked like the real thing at last. The news came during a dinner party. Conferences ensued until late into that Saturday night and after some reassurances we decided to wait a bit. But the next day at church - urgent messages from the Governor! Go don't delay, perhaps the last train out, the Communists ten li (3½ miles) away. So we went

Foochow is beautiful and ugly at the same time. It is a lush, semitropical plain along the Min River. There are lovely mountains all around and the people are among the friendliest we have ever met. On the other hand those of you who have been in the tropics, or near tropics, will know what we mean when we say it is ugly. Things grow all year, so much of it is overgrown. The trees, huge one, are old and gnarled, twisted into grotesque shapes.

Many are festooned with cob-web like mosses which hang dank and Poe-like. Flowers are luxuriant and many have the almost overpowering scent of a tropical bloom. At night, when a huge nicotinia outside our bedroom opens its flowers, the smell is almost too much. Of course, we who have been living in semi-arid Tsinan for two years are not very good judges of this lush vegetation. Oranges, lemons, bananas and most fruits are abundant. Last year an orange, flown into Tsinan, was about 40¢, here they are bought by the basket cheaply. The only bananas we had last year were brought to Tsinan from Formosa by a friend. Here we have them every day.

Our house is on Black Rock Hill famous in Chinese history. We are the only "high noses" as foreigners are sometimes called, on the hill. Near us are numerous temples, monasteries and a nunnery. Bells of all sorts start ringing at 5 a.m. and keep it up off and on all day and into the night. The house is a fine large comfortable one, though old and lacking in modern conveniences, with ample room for our not so small family. Our own compound is large enough for the children to do exploring. We even have two "caves" - air shelters apparently built by Japanese, on the property.

We had been in Foochow only twenty four hours when our three smallest were covered with prickly heat. Even stooping over to tie a shoe was enough exertion to cause one to become drenched with sweat. We had to fan ourselves to sleep. When the opportunity came to go to Kuliang Mountain, a short distance away, we were most eager to get away for part of the summer. Going to Kuliang is quite a complicated procedure. One must take everything one needs including beds, furniture dishes and much of the food. All of this is carried up the mountain by coolies who are for the most part women. Each coolie carries a load of 80 lbs. The mountain is very steep and the ascent difficult, the top being about 2000 feet above the plain. How they do it is a source of wonder, for even to walk up with no load is a real task.

The morning that a family as large as our departs is not exactly a peaceful and quiet one. The carriers arrive very early - before dawn and there is a tremendous babel about getting the loads weighed, adjusted, and finally on the way. Then come the chair coolies - the gentlemen of the lot - narrow hipped, but well built with the largest calf muscles I have ever seen. They carried us up the mountain. We were seated comfortably on wicker chairs fastened to two large bamboo poles. Although it was hot when we left the

plain every rest house on the way up became cooler and cooler. We sang and joked, calling from chair to chair, and Paul endeared himself to the chair men by singing in rhythm with them as they strained over the difficult places.

Our home on the mountain was an unused nursing home - we had ample room, and were quite comfortable in spite of no electricity and no running water. The air was invigorating and a great relief after Foochow. Not the least of Kuliang's blessings was the fact that there were 40 children there ranging from 3 months to 17 years of age. Our family had playmates in abundance for the first time in years. We had two swimming pools and several tennis courts. The mountain trails were most inviting. We enjoyed several all day hikes. David became so enthusiastic that he and some friends arose at 3:00 a.m. one day in order to get to a favorite high peak by sunrise. Paul spent his summer between our two homes. He came to the mountain on weekends until the rest of the medical school arrived and then was able to stay continuously for several weeks except for occasional trips back down to Foochow.

Kuliang for the most part was calm and peaceful. One misfortune occurred in August when little Bonnie fell from a table and broke her arm, which required an emergency trip to the hospital by chair.

we had another minor scare when we found a cobra in our house one night Paul, who spotted it, called to me to bring an umbrella as it was the only weapon he could think of, while he kept an eye on the snake. In wifely service I brought two, and handed them both to him, but he managed to kill it nevertheless. We were reminded of the old Scotch prayer, "From gillies and ghosties and four legged beasties, and things that go boomp in the night. dear Lord, deliver us."

Now we are again in Foochow. It is still quite hot but we are not uncomfortable. We had to start out from scratch to furnish the house. We have done so, and are now settled again. We have surely set up housekeeping often enough since we left America over 5 years ago - Calcutta Chengtu Tsingtao Tsinan, and now Foochow. We'll have to do it again next year when we come back to America. As yet we don't know where it will be, but we have a strong leaning toward Boston for a year of surgery there. We hope to see at least some of you then.

Sincerely,

Lavan and Paul Laube

P.S. A brief affendum especially to our medical friends may be in order. We left behind in Tsinan eight foreigners and a group of Chinese who elected to stay and face whatever the future might bring. They have kept the University Hospital going, and took in a group of high school students

What a sad group! we left our houses as they were in charge of our cooks and the few who chose to remain under the Communists, and we piled into the "Evacuation Special" to Nanking. It was a 24 hour journey. Ten of us, 5 children, were packed into a 4 bunk compartment. The rest of the train was equally crowded. One of our group was an invalid just out of the hospital, and little Bonnie developed croup that night. The water supply gave out after only a couple of hours and we could buy only an occasional thermos of boiled water along the way. The children and their parents got dirtier and dirtier, and thirstier and thirstier; the pile of dirty diapers mounted; there was no food on the train. We became gloomy when we thought of our snug homes, and all the important work we had left behind, but at all times the entire train was cheerful and helpful. I can still remember gratefully the dear soul who shared her precious Nescafe with me when I awakened (she had enough for two cups). And how delightedly we tore into a brilliant red boiled chicken and some rice that Paul was lucky enough to get at one of our stops. The presence of two P-51s which constantly zoomed over us late that evening was a source of comfort, although the train crew told us it was because of the close presence of Communists. The scenery was pathetic - beautiful bridges bombed to a mass of twisted steel and piles of stone (we crossed on temporary bridges); towns with a mass of lone walls standing, gaping windows, rubble everywhere from which crawled emaciated ragged human beings who were living in the ruins.

In Nanking numb, weary, bedraggled, we were taken in by kindly souls whose houses were already overcrowded. And there we stayed for three weeks until the "all clear" sounded from Tsinan - the Communists had been pushed back again. We entrained happily for home. This time in comparative comfort. I, for one, was ready to embrace the dirty cinders at the Tsinan railway station. Our house and garden had never looked so beautiful. Our faithful Amah and Cook greeted us with tears, hot baths, a good dinner, help with the small fry, and a shinningly scrubbed house. Life was again wonderful. We thanked a merciful Father that we had again been safely brought home. The next few days we planted more of our garden, laid out a tennis court, bought and planted some new trees, continued David's schooling, received calls from our old friends, and began again work in the hospital and medical school. This time we said it was for good - we would not be budged until 1949 when we were due for furlough but in our hearts we knew we were not secure.

The Tsinan spring was superb. We went on numerous cycle trips (no one had a car on the Cheeloo campus), and climbed the nearby mountains, had houseboat picnics on the lake, worked very hard, and the children seemed to grow by inches every week. This continued until June when the American Consul came to Tsinan. Previously he had written this time he came, surveyed for a week, and then said there was no longer any doubt - the Communists were coming, they would take the city in August (he was a month off). Meetings to discuss the possibility of moving the University had been held, and this precipitated more. It was no longer a question of "Should we go", but of where and when. There was no place large enough, or well enough equipped to take the whole University. The medical school sent out scouts to survey

the promised land as did the arts and science colleges. Our scouts came back bearing real grapes, and said that Foochow was the land of milk and honey, and very eager to have Cheeloo Medical School in their midst.

The Laubes began to pack. As the railroad had by now been cut, we had to leave by air and planes were beginning to be cut from Tsinan schedules due to military needs elsewhere. The major air lines didn't want to lose any planes if the Communists should decide upon a surprise attack on the airport. Aviation gasoline was diverted to military uses only. Everything had to be weighed. When we finally toted our weights we found we had 6000 lbs., what we considered essential equipment for 6 people, including medical books and journals. And then all the airlines trebled their fares, and halved their planes into Tsinan again. We cut the 6000 to 3000, and continued at work waiting for a plane. We lived from suitcases in the barren house for 4 weeks. It was a round of wear, wash, and iron quickly, then wear again. Fortunately it was warm and winter clothes could be packed. We were notified one afternoon at 5 that our plane would be available the next morning at 5:30.

The children were eager and wide-eyes the next morning as we climbed onto the truck with our baggage. Our plane, a C-46 of Civil Air Transport was just tuning up as we arrived, and we were delighted to see an old friend Roger Fay, an excellent pilot, at the controls. After our baggage was aboard we climbed in, sat on trunks labelled Laube-Cheeloo Foochow, and took off for Tsingtao, waving goodbye to our old friends, Dr. H.P. Lair, Cheeloo's Associate President, Treasurer, University pastor, baseball and tennis fan, and baggage smasher par excellence. Our trip was a bit bumpy, for we were in a couple of squalls, and Doug kept saying after each bump, "Tell Uncle Roger Fay not to do that!" Oh, the wonderful faith of a small boy who believes his pilot is master not only of his machine but of the elements! We had time in Tsingtao for lunch, and a sleep, a good swim in the ocean before our night take-off for Shanghai.

When we came back to the field refreshed, we were in time to see a plane taxi up the field toward our baggage which had been off-loaded awaiting trans-shipment, and bite into the pile with one of its propellers. The pilot had been poorly directed by the ground man. Two trunks were chopped up by the huge egg beater, but nothing of real value was ruined. Clothes were tossed about, and a gallon thermos jug given to us just two years previously in Tsingtao, was wrecked. Everything else was salvaged and repacked in a wooden box and the trunks discarded as junk.

Our trip to Shanghai was bumpy, and punctuated with frequent squalls. We were glad to get on the ground, even if that ground was in a humid, muddy, muggy Shanghai only long enough to get passage to Foochow, a matter of 5 days, and then we took off on our final lap. We landed on the Foochow airport, of which Paul has this to say: "I've landed in only one worse - and that was in Tibet, at 11,500 feet altitude!"

to keep the campus occupied. Recent word indicates that they are all safe, that classes and hospital work are progressing that there was no significant damage to the University Campus or Hospital during the fighting, and that none of our group was killed. The Communists have promised freedom of religious worship and education and thus far have been cooperative. Whether this indicates a real change of policy on the part of the Communists or is merely a temporary expedient, time alone will tell.

Our group here consists of the remainder of the staff plus a number of valuable new additions either from abroad from elsewhere in China, or from the group already located in Foochow long before Cheeloo's arrival. We are working here in three hospitals, the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital (Union Hospital was the old and still commonly used name) a combined Methodist and American Board institution; Christ's Hospital, an Anglican Hospital at the other end of the city; and Tak Ting Hospital a communist hospital with a very strong Anglican background and tradition. We have 450 hospital beds available for teaching and in general can do a much better job here that was possible previously in Tsinan. The clinical years are chiefly at the hospitals, with dormitories adjacent to our house not far from Union Hospital. The basic years are 3 miles away in another part of the city located on an Island. There they are housed in parts of the Theological Seminary. This set-up keeps all of us busy but is surprisingly satisfactory, partly due to the splendid cooperation shown by everyone here in Foochow. The province is coastal and mountainous, and has long been quite isolated. Medical work is in its beginnings here and the opportunities for development are great. Travel within the province is largely by way of the rivers, and to some extent by the poor roads.

The Arts and Sciences Colleges are in Hangchown near Shanghai, located in a large Temple, and no doubt like ourselves faced with many adjustments. And as mentioned above a small group remains in Tsinan. There are thus three sites of Cheeloo work at the moment, although what can be carried on in Tsinan remains uncertain.

The story of the exodus of the medical school staff and student body, by plane to Tsingtao, then by chartered LST to Foochow, is itself an epic. Three hundred tons of equipment and 105 people made the trip, including some of our foreign staff. The transition has been smoothly made, thanks in large part to splendid cooperation and an excellent esprit de corps on the part of the students. It was they who largely handled the freight and baggage. Here in new surroundings with everyone facing similar problems the same spirit engendered is evident and gratifying. We have 101 students in the medical school proper, 40 of them women. There are classes, conferences, rounds, OPDs, and laboratories daily. Our medical library is largely here intact located in the Union Hospital where much of the clinical work centers.

The major costs of our move have been provided by the United Board of Christian Colleges in China, and the various cooperating missions who have been taxed to the limit to make this possible. We still find many occasions to aid students separated from their homes in North China, to care for indigent patients, and to get occasional special items of equipment. To those of you who may be interested, the Cheeloo Surgical Fund Second National Bank, New Haven, Connecticut, is a channel through which help can easily be made available to us here for these various special purposes.

In these days when the lines between two worlds are being ever more clearly delimited, let us who belong to the Free World not forget that only by active participation on all fronts on behalf of a better world can we justify our right to remain free and not slave.

-PJJ



CNAC Association
 319 Euclid Ave
 Loch Arbour N J
 07711

1st Class

Address Correction
 Requested

Joe Michels
 5515 Woodington Dr
 Lancaster
 Calif 93534