

CNAC ASSOCIATION



CANNON BALL

New Year Edition

March 1, 1981 Reg Farrar, Editor 319 Euclid Ave Loch Arbour
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Welcome to the New Year. It is a time of squaring the books and starting off fresh. I hope it will be a great year for everyone.

This issue takes us back to some of the interesting things that happened and some of the worst. It seemed appropriate to print a list of the crashes at some point

Shanghai Tiffen Club

This club organized in the 20's to bring together people who had lived and worked in Shanghai and China meets every month in New York City. It is open to membership for such people which would include all of CNAC. They have speakers and have an active interest in the Republic of China on Taiwan. Many of the prewar Shanghai people are still active including Rev Ralph Mortenson who was a speaker at one of the Reunions in Ojai. I have enjoyed all of the meetings that I have been able to attend. They are now held at a Chinese restaurant in New York and usually on Saturday. Now many of the new members did not live there but it is still an interesting group. There are many Chinese members including Kon Sin Shah the representative of the Republic of China in the U S A. He was once a guest at one of our reunions

Lost Members

The list of lost members grows longer and longer and our list of members grows shorter. Each mailing has returns, No forwarding address, unable to deliver etc. Further the list grows shorter as we age and pass on to Hogy Taw. The following list includes names of members who were with CNAC. Some have never been found while many have dropped out of sight. If we could find a few of them it would help rejuvenate our list. If anyone knows anything about them let us know, even if they are dead. Any lead would be appreciated. You might start by looking in your phone book esp if you live in southern California, Southern Florida or anywhere.

Wilmer Akin
 Lucy Hsieh Altree
 Carl Amato
 Homer Anderson
 Laverne Beeles
 Robert Blair
 Raymond Bowes
 Robert Blair
 Raymond B
 Lewis Bishop
 J.J. Byrne
 Bakey
 Baird
 Bolerton
 Boisseau
 Ralph Boyer
 Bules
 E. Bussell
 Rus Bivens
 Bemis
 Daniel Chako
 Beatrice Chan
 Robert T Chang
 Franklin Chiang
 Ray Christian
 Gordon Chun
 Cunningham
 Gerald Costello
 William Carter Dill
 Joe Dionne
 William Dudding
 Marge Durran
 James Floyd
 Stanley Fong
 Miriam Forbes
 Dave Gluskin
 Hugh Grundy
 Lerter Hall

Charles Harris
 Frank Havelick
 Dan Frost
 Gen Genovese
 Maurice Crenier
 Byron Harris
 Frank Havelick
 Elliot Hazzard
 Neese Hicks
 Fred Hickman
 Charles Histed
 J Duncan Hunter
 Babs Huang
 Kirk Hill
 Art Hing
 Munn Hinds
 Owen Johnson
 H L King
 Robert Kashower
 Jean Kennedy
 Raymond Layer
 Francis Tong Lee
 Max Lessner
 M S Lliang
 Loy Lock
 Lyle Malone
 Foster Mc Edward
 Venus Lu Ling
 Harry Kasin
 Clair Mc Edwards
 Larry Meine
 Jacob Meyer
 Frank Micka
 Todd Morgan
 Robert Murray
 James Muff
 Kiwie Moeller
 Alfred Moore

Sam Miller
 Robert Miller
 Jor Miller
 Stanley Miller
 Floyd Nelson
 Thomas Nowling
 Ray Ott
 William Price
 Cyril Pinkava
 James Pelegrin
 John Reiner
 Mel Richardson
 Howard Ross
 Edward Russell
 Ray Saliba
 William Saltz
 Satoris
 Tom Sailer
 Thomas Schall
 Perry Shriner
 Richard Snell
 Roger Schreffler
 Grover Schuler
 S W Seamster
 G V Smith
 Nelson Stewart
 Carol Sten
 Fred Stinson
 William Sturgess
 E J Turney
 C K Tseng
 Guy Tomberlin
 Jack Yule
 Bruce Tsai
 Mina Karst Watt
 Virginia Walker
 James Red Wyber
 Carl Wiss

Blackie Wong
 Art Wilson
 Allan Wueste

Regina Yap

Dr Samuel Yen
 C J Young
 Jack and Suin Young

Robert Blair is an attorney and should be in New York. Franklin Chiang is an electrical engineer. Some of the Chinese members should be known and there are some Chinese who are in The Peoples Republic of China. They may be available now. Gerald Costello shows up now and then. There must be a lot of members in Hong Kong if anyone there would think about it. Some of the early CNAC are listed here. Many of them may be gone but we have no record. Maybe they were members of the Quiet Birdmen or similar organization.

Crashes

The list of crashes is incomplete in many regards. It does not always list the number of the plane or its type. Sometimes we do not know who was so callous with company property. Some lived to fly again and some planes flew again too. Additions and corrections will be appreciated.

Paul Bear	pilot		Loening Dec 9, 1930
C K Pan	copilot		
-	pilot	killed	Stinson Nov 18, 1931
-	copilot	killies	into Tai Shan mountain
-			2 Stinsons Dec 1, 1931
Geo Rummel	pilot	all OK	Sikorskii Oct 24, 1933 near Shanghai
Robert Gast	pilot	all killed	Sikorski in Hangkow bay
James Frick			
Ivan Carlson			
Byron o'Hara		OK	March 1936 on mountain top near near Teng Yu, Yunan
Charles Sharp	pilot	OK	March 1936 burned at Nanking
Hugh Woods	pilot (he was only survivor)		DC2 in river Aug 24, 1938
Walter "Foxy" Kent	pilot	killed by 20 mm shell	DC3 on ground at Chang Yi Oct 29, 1940
Bernard Wong	pilot	killed	DC2/DC3/DC4/DC5/DC6/DC7/DC8/DC9/DC10/DC11/DC12/DC13/DC14/DC15/DC16/DC17/DC18/DC19/DC20/DC21/DC22/DC23/DC24/DC25/DC26/DC27/DC28/DC29/DC30/DC31/DC32/DC33/DC34/DC35/DC36/DC37/DC38/DC39/DC40/DC41/DC42/DC43/DC44/DC45/DC46/DC47/DC48/DC49/DC50/DC51/DC52/DC53/DC54/DC55/DC56/DC57/DC58/DC59/DC60/DC61/DC62/DC63/DC64/DC65/DC66/DC67/DC68/DC69/DC70/DC71/DC72/DC73/DC74/DC75/DC76/DC77/DC78/DC79/DC80/DC81/DC82/DC83/DC84/DC85/DC86/DC87/DC88/DC89/DC90/DC91/DC92/DC93/DC94/DC95/DC96/DC97/DC98/DC99/DC100/DC101/DC102/DC103/DC104/DC105/DC106/DC107/DC108/DC109/DC110/DC111/DC112/DC113/DC114/DC115/DC116/DC117/DC118/DC119/DC120/DC121/DC122/DC123/DC124/DC125/DC126/DC127/DC128/DC129/DC130/DC131/DC132/DC133/DC134/DC135/DC136/DC137/DC138/DC139/DC140/DC141/DC142/DC143/DC144/DC145/DC146/DC147/DC148/DC149/DC150/DC151/DC152/DC153/DC154/DC155/DC156/DC157/DC158/DC159/DC160/DC161/DC162/DC163/DC164/DC165/DC166/DC167/DC168/DC169/DC170/DC171/DC172/DC173/DC174/DC175/DC176/DC177/DC178/DC179/DC180/DC181/DC182/DC183/DC184/DC185/DC186/DC187/DC188/DC189/DC190/DC191/DC192/DC193/DC194/DC195/DC196/DC197/DC198/DC199/DC200/DC201/DC202/DC203/DC204/DC205/DC206/DC207/DC208/DC209/DC210/DC211/DC212/DC213/DC214/DC215/DC216/DC217/DC218/DC219/DC220/DC221/DC222/DC223/DC224/DC225/DC226/DC227/DC228/DC229/DC230/DC231/DC232/DC233/DC234/DC235/DC236/DC237/DC238/DC239/DC240/DC241/DC242/DC243/DC244/DC245/DC246/DC247/DC248/DC249/DC250/DC251/DC252/DC253/DC254/DC255/DC256/DC257/DC258/DC259/DC260/DC261/DC262/DC263/DC264/DC265/DC266/DC267/DC268/DC269/DC270/DC271/DC272/DC273/DC274/DC275/DC276/DC277/DC278/DC279/DC280/DC281/DC282/DC283/DC284/DC285/DC286/DC287/DC288/DC289/DC290/DC291/DC292/DC293/DC294/DC295/DC296/DC297/DC298/DC299/DC300/DC301/DC302/DC303/DC304/DC305/DC306/DC307/DC308/DC309/DC310/DC311/DC312/DC313/DC314/DC315/DC316/DC317/DC318/DC319/DC320/DC321/DC322/DC323/DC324/DC325/DC326/DC327/DC328/DC329/DC330/DC331/DC332/DC333/DC334/DC335/DC336/DC337/DC338/DC339/DC340/DC341/DC342/DC343/DC344/DC345/DC346/DC347/DC348/DC349/DC350/DC351/DC352/DC353/DC354/DC355/DC356/DC357/DC358/DC359/DC360/DC361/DC362/DC363/DC364/DC365/DC366/DC367/DC368/DC369/DC370/DC371/DC372/DC373/DC374/DC375/DC376/DC377/DC378/DC379/DC380/DC381/DC382/DC383/DC384/DC385/DC386/DC387/DC388/DC389/DC390/DC391/DC392/DC393/DC394/DC395/DC396/DC397/DC398/DC399/DC400/DC401/DC402/DC403/DC404/DC405/DC406/DC407/DC408/DC409/DC410/DC411/DC412/DC413/DC414/DC415/DC416/DC417/DC418/DC419/DC420/DC421/DC422/DC423/DC424/DC425/DC426/DC427/DC428/DC429/DC430/DC431/DC432/DC433/DC434/DC435/DC436/DC437/DC438/DC439/DC440/DC441/DC442/DC443/DC444/DC445/DC446/DC447/DC448/DC449/DC450/DC451/DC452/DC453/DC454/DC455/DC456/DC457/DC458/DC459/DC460/DC461/DC462/DC463/DC464/DC465/DC466/DC467/DC468/DC469/DC470/DC471/DC472/DC473/DC474/DC475/DC476/DC477/DC478/DC479/DC480/DC481/DC482/DC483/DC484/DC485/DC486/DC487/DC488/DC489/DC490/DC491/DC492/DC493/DC494/DC495/DC496/DC497/DC498/DC499/DC500/DC501/DC502/DC503/DC504/DC505/DC506/DC507/DC508/DC509/DC510/DC511/DC512/DC513/DC514/DC515/DC516/DC517/DC518/DC519/DC520/DC521/DC522/DC523/DC524/DC525/DC526/DC527/DC528/DC529/DC530/DC531/DC532/DC533/DC534/DC535/DC536/DC537/DC538/DC539/DC540/DC541/DC542/DC543/DC544/DC545/DC546/DC547/DC548/DC549/DC550/DC551/DC552/DC553/DC554/DC555/DC556/DC557/DC558/DC559/DC560/DC561/DC562/DC563/DC564/DC565/DC566/DC567/DC568/DC569/DC570/DC571/DC572/DC573/DC574/DC575/DC576/DC577/DC578/DC579/DC580/DC581/DC582/DC583/DC584/DC585/DC586/DC587/DC588/DC589/DC590/DC591/DC592/DC593/DC594/DC595/DC596/DC597/DC598/DC599/DC600/DC601/DC602/DC603/DC604/DC605/DC606/DC607/DC608/DC609/DC610/DC611/DC612/DC613/DC614/DC615/DC616/DC617/DC618/DC619/DC620/DC621/DC622/DC623/DC624/DC625/DC626/DC627/DC628/DC629/DC630/DC631/DC632/DC633/DC634/DC635/DC636/DC637/DC638/DC639/DC640/DC641/DC642/DC643/DC644/DC645/DC646/DC647/DC648/DC649/DC650/DC651/DC652/DC653/DC654/DC655/DC656/DC657/DC658/DC659/DC660/DC661/DC662/DC663/DC664/DC665/DC666/DC667/DC668/DC669/DC670/DC671/DC672/DC673/DC674/DC675/DC676/DC677/DC678/DC679/DC680/DC681/DC682/DC683/DC684/DC685/DC686/DC687/DC688/DC689/DC690/DC691/DC692/DC693/DC694/DC695/DC696/DC697/DC698/DC699/DC700/DC701/DC702/DC703/DC704/DC705/DC706/DC707/DC708/DC709/DC710/DC711/DC712/DC713/DC714/DC715/DC716/DC717/DC718/DC719/DC720/DC721/DC722/DC723/DC724/DC725/DC726/DC727/DC728/DC729/DC730/DC731/DC732/DC733/DC734/DC735/DC736/DC737/DC738/DC739/DC740/DC741/DC742/DC743/DC744/DC745/DC746/DC747/DC748/DC749/DC750/DC751/DC752/DC753/DC754/DC755/DC756/DC757/DC758/DC759/DC760/DC761/DC762/DC763/DC764/DC765/DC766/DC767/DC768/DC769/DC770/DC771/DC772/DC773/DC774/DC775/DC776/DC777/DC778/DC779/DC780/DC781/DC782/DC783/DC784/DC785/DC786/DC787/DC788/DC789/DC790/DC791/DC792/DC793/DC794/DC795/DC796/DC797/DC798/DC799/DC800/DC801/DC802/DC803/DC804/DC805/DC806/DC807/DC808/DC809/DC810/DC811/DC812/DC813/DC814/DC815/DC816/DC817/DC818/DC819/DC820/DC821/DC822/DC823/DC824/DC825/DC826/DC827/DC828/DC829/DC830/DC831/DC832/DC833/DC834/DC835/DC836/DC837/DC838/DC839/DC840/DC841/DC842/DC843/DC844/DC845/DC846/DC847/DC848/DC849/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#60	J Dean pilot	all lost	Hump due to ice	Nov 17, 1942
	Brown copilot			
	Young radio operator			
#53	James Fox pilot	all lost	on Fox's Pass on the Hump	
			March 11, 1943	
#49	Welch pilot	all lost	Hump thunder storm	Mar 13, 1943
#58	Rosbert pilot	all Ok except	R/O Hump due to ice	April 7, 1943
	Hammell		in Naga hills	
#46	DeKantzo pilot	all ok	Chungking (T/O)	April 7, 43
#48	Anglin pilot	all lost	Hump fire	Aug 11, 43
#69	Robertson pilot	all OK	Kunming on landing	Oct 6, 43
	Charville			
#72	Schroeder pilot	all lost	Hump Japs	Oct 13, 43
#84	Petack	all OK	Kunming	Oct 17, 43
#61	Kirkpatrick	all OK	Dinjan	Oct 23, 43
#78	Hochswinder	all OK	Soukriting landing	Oct 26, 43
#79	Wright, Al	all lost	Suifu letdown	Dec 18, 43
	Cookie Cook			
#83	M K Loh	all lost	Suifu letdown	Dec 18, 43
#59	Privensal	all lost	Kunming let down	Nov 19, 43
#63	Charville	all lost	Kunming letdown	Nov 19, 43
#88	G A Robertson			Jan 10, 44
#57	Loux	all OK	Dinjan landing	Feb 17, 44
#75	Mickelson	all lost	Hump (w/x)	Feb 20, 44
--	Tutweiler	all lost	Cuba (t/o)	Mar 8, 44
#86	Glen Carroll	all OK	west of Tezpur	Mar 11, 44
#51	Jimmy Scoff	all OK OK	Chungtu (Army d.f. snafu)	Mar 23, 44
#90	Atwater	all OK	Naga Hills bailed out	May 15, 44
			they walked out	
--	Moose Moss	all OK	on ferry	July or Aug 44
#82	Marchant	all lost	90 mi on 100 degrees from	
			Lamrahat	May 26, 1944
#85	Loomis	all lost	Kunming letdown	June 7, 44
#73	K L Mah	all lost	Kunming t/o on Old Baldy	Aug 1, 44
#97	Coulson		Shimbiyang (out of gas)	Aug 31, 44
#101	Jim Scoff	all lost	Dinjan to Suifu	Oct 7 or 8, 44
#71	Pop Kessler	all OK		June 16, 44
#106	McClellan	OK		Nov 24, 44
#56	Anderson	lost		Nov 30, 44
#80	Dpn Codrea	OK		Nov 4, 44
#74	Warren	lost		Jan 6, 45
#77	Coldren	lost		Jan 6, 45
#102	Fuzzy Ball	lost		Jan 7, 45
#70	Thorwaldson	lost		Jan 14, 45
#93	George Wong	lost	on letdown at Dinjan	Jan 16, 45
#105	H E Anderson	OK		Feb, 16, 45
#96	Mulloy	OK		Mar 18, 45
#88	W H Smith	lost		Apr 10, 45
#94	Hammell	lost		May 9, 45
#13	P L Green	lost		Sept 11, 45
#104	Higgs	lost	in China after the War	Oct 20, 45
#96	Y G Wong	OK		Nov 30, 45
#139	McCracken	lost		1946

Crashes after base returned to Shanghai, sites and dates unknown

Sundby	lost
Sharkey	lost
Blackmore	lost
Greenwood	lost
Preus	
Papajik	lost
Longbotham	lost
Wiss	
T Y Chen	lost

Pappy

We do't mention Pappy much now. It is not a bad idea to remember this departed friend. Pappy Quinn lived CNAC as no other, at least the Association. Pappy was loud, brash, too short, drank too much: all of those things, I guess. But Pappy worked hard every day as a waiter. He was good at it too. He made no pretense about it or anything. He loved our association and he lived and worked for it harder than anyone else. At the reunions others took the limelight; they made the speeches but when they went home they went back to work. It was Pappy who wrote the letters made the phone calls, collected the dues and enlarged the membership.

Pappy, Walter Quinn was a steward for Pan Am before the War. No glamorous job. Where he got the nerve or the idea I'll never know but he signed up with CNAC as a pilot. He had never flown a plane in his life as far as I know. He was discovered but rather than sending him home he succeeded Rockey as hostel manager. Later he moved to Shanghai. What a magnificent attempt. I wish he had made it. In truth were it known a good many CNAC who we reverse learned to fly after they came to CNAC. Nothing wrong in that..

Pappy came home and took a job as a waiter in the best restaurant in Newark New Jersey and worked in the best until he became ill that last time. Pappy never missed a reunion until the end when he was too ill dying of cancer to come to Ojai.

As we went home after the War our priorities changed. We had businesses, families and other responsibilities. In spite of our professed intentions to keep those friendships alive we gradually left them behind. In spite of this Pappy kept them going for a lot of us even if it were only a few days every other year. Pappy overlived those days but we were the recipients of that zeal. Pappy worked hard to preserve those dreams of long ago. I dare say that when we arrive in Hogs Bay there we will find Pappy front row in the center. He will be listing to one side a little bit but he will be there and the first one up to greet you.

CHINA LETTER



Write them if you would like to receive this interesting letter.

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CONTRAST BETWEEN TAIPEI AND PEKING

DEMOCRATIC ELECTIONS VS. SHOW TRIAL

The most recent news has contrasted the extraordinary differences between life in the Republic of China on Taiwan and in the People's Republic of China on the mainland.

On Taiwan, parliamentary elections were held and at least 7 millions of the 9.9 million eligible voters cast ballots, a percentage much higher than the participation in the recent U.S. elections for President and Congress. While the incumbent Kuomintang won 56 of the 70 seats at stake in the Legislative Yuan and 63 of the 76 contested in the National Assembly, the opposition won significant results. Most striking were the victories of Chou Ching-yu, wife of Yao Chia-wen, an imprisoned politician for an Assembly seat and of Hsu Jung-shu, wife of the jailed dissenter Chang Chun-hung for membership in the Legislative Yuan. The world's press was free to observe and report on the elections.

Concurrently, the "Show Trial" of the "Gang of Four" was proceeding on the mainland. Significantly, the press has been excluded from these trials. As a justification, Teng Hsiao-ping stated that the trial touches on "state secrets" and only those excerpts will be revealed to the media which do not touch on "state secrets", including the "mistakes" of Chairman Mao. The purpose of the trial, accordingly, is to deal only with the criminal acts of the "gang of four" and not with any mistakes of Mao which are in a "difference category".

PROGRESS CALLS FOR PEDICAB RETURN!

During the "cultural revolution" of the 1960's, Mao Tse-tung's followers abolished the rickshaw and pedicab business in Peking.

They did so on grounds that for a man or woman to walk, run or pedal in order to pull another human being was demeaning. It was also deemed to be reminiscent of the days when Westerners from Europe and America engaged in imperialism and colonialism and often treated the Chinese coolie as little more than a beast of burden.

At the time, the announcement was appropriately greeted with some derision since rickshaws had long since been outlawed in capitalist Taiwan - the Republic of China - and it seemed a wonder that the Communists on the China mainland were so late in doing away with the practice.

Now, however, Peking has authorized up to 100 pedicabs (no rickshaws - yet!) to (1) provide economical transportation, (2) help to alleviate the unemployment crisis for young people and (3) make up for the absence of taxicabs at train stations, hospitals, etc.

The pedicab revival requires that they stay on back or side streets - not main thoroughfares. Peking officials tend to apologize for the decision to revive pedicabs but freely admit Mao's decrees against rickshaws and pedicabs never did apply, in fact or in force, beyond the environs of Peking. In the other cities of China and out in the countryside life is little changed when it comes to coolie labor. (See Asia Magazine reference in lead to this issue.)

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA - Charles Louis Schafer (Chuck) Wife: Violet Schafer (Vi)
P.O. Box 493, Corte Madera, California 94925

Although we have no children of our own, the young people that my wife taught in high school and college in Wisconsin, Missouri and California have kept in touch with us over the years and now their children come to visit, too.

My first real job after graduation from Stanford in 1938 was as Traffic Representative at Pan Am's "Airline Under Glass" exhibit on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. Later I became Airport Traffic Manager in charge of the exhibit and airport staff. Then I served in Reservations Control and Air Express offices. In April, 1941, I was transferred to Manila as Airport Traffic Manager and in May replaced Owen F. Johnson as District Traffic Manager (acting) in Hong Kong. The office had a mind-boggling sales territory that included China, Indochina, Burma, India, The Near East and Africa! CNAC was General Agent for Pan Am in Hong Kong and China and supplied by business staff - M.S. Hwang, T.T. Chen, Fatty Woo, and Philip Chai. The only other Pan Am employees besides me were Max Lessner, Operations, and Mary Nedjedly, my secretary. P.Y. Wong approved my sales promotion publicity and advertising program for CNAC/PAA. During the six months before the war I got to know many of the CNAC personnel.

The war completely disrupted normal operations. There was great confusion. No one called me that fatal day. I heard about Pearl Harbor on Radio Shanghai at 7 a.m. I immediately told Major Clarkson of the Royal Engineers who lived in the same house I did. He refused to believe me until he got the same news on a British station a little later. He rushed to call headquarters. No one there had gotten around to informing him although he, too, held a key post.

Although I was scheduled for evacuation on CNAC with Clipper Capt. Ralph and his crew, I agreed to W.L. Bond's request to remain and supervise the final evacuation.

Bond explained to P.Y. that I was to have complete authority to carry out his (Bond's) orders. He introduced me to several people on his evacuation list.

I stayed at the airport Tuesday night long enough to help weigh in the Kung family. My baggage went along since I expected to be in Chungking the next day. Woody - Hugh L. Woods - gave me the keys to his Mercury which he had left parked in front of the Peninsula Hotel.

Wednesday morning when I arrived at the airport, Lt. Moss, Director of Civil Aviation there, looked at the sky and said that the weather was too good to allow any planes to land that night. He showed me a cable from Bond warning me not to make any substitutions on his list except to include whatever CNAC personnel there was room for.

While we talked, Vanness and Ski Sydlowski, CNAC mechanics, arrived to work on the condor. They complained that they and other CNAC airport employees had not

(MORE)

received their salaries. They talked of quitting. I assured them I would see that they got paid that evening. P.Y., informed of the problem, got Stanley Ho to get money from the bank in Hong Kong. Stanley either didn't have a pass to get into the airport, or P.Y. wanted me to handle the payments.

So I wound up in a little office lit only by a lantern in the hangar that night with several thousand Hong Kong dollars in big bills. There were a couple dozen men - mechanics and coolies - crowding about. Payments were made most haphazardly, as I had no idea what the various salaries were. I had each man sign a receipt. At the time it seemed important to insure their continued cooperation and to pay them only what they had earned, even if they would lose a big percentage when they went to change the big bills into small money.

I was told the Condor was ready to fly that night, that the bum engine had been replaced. The plane had been loaded with two DC-3 engines and an enormous amount of radio equipment which had been dumped in the cabin. Oh, how I wished I had learned to fly!

Even though the British decided to halt further flights into and out of Kaitak, I stood by until Thursday afternoon when Kaitak was abandoned to the Japanese troops. Then I left for Hong Kong where I remained as a member of Dr. Selwyn-Clarke's motor corps until repatriation on the Gripsholm in August, 1942.

In 1946 I returned to work for CNAC in China with the late Andy Leros for six months as Assistants to the Business Manager, Alfred Kao. Andy and I visited 16 cities and advised on business personnel, passenger handling facilities, personnel recruitment and selection methods, training and uniform policies. Our major accomplishment was a system for unloading passengers at Chungking General Shen, managing director, had okayed it but it succeeded only because of pilot cooperation. We handled ground arrangements for PAA's UNNRA Charter Flight and left on the last one.

My wife, who is an editor, and I are now retired as conference consultants but have been busy writing food biographies: Herbcraft, Wokcraft, Teacraft, Breadcraft, Eggcraft and Coffee. They are distributed nationally and internationally by Random House. Four each have been translated into Dutch and Japanese. One, Herbcraft, is also reproduced in Braille.

XXXXXX

6415 Victoria ave.
Montreal, Canada, H3W 2S9
January 8, 1981

Dear Reg,

It's about time to write something for the Cannonball. But first I'd like to say that it was uplifting to read Bob Heilig's recounting, after so many years, cherished memories of our youthful capers during "hump" days. Likewise the other's who have contributed. They'll always be heartfelt recollections - unique, irreplaceable.

Second, re your request on my trip into occupied China Feb.-Mar. 1944, the story is too long and for fear of causing the reader undue boredom, I'll try a brief summary which may at certain points seem cryptic. Please excuse omissions which result in disjunctions. Anachronisms are inevitable due to substantial lapse of time, but they're slight and unimportant.

I was fifteen in the mid 30's when our family brought my father's body from Canada to Toyshan county, China, to be buried. He'd been a merchant in Prince Rupert, British Columbia. A year later, 2 sisters, Cedric and I returned to North America leaving behind our mother and three younger sisters for an extended visit. They were subsequently trapped in the ensuing Japanese invasion.

Shortly after the outset of World War II, I returned to Canada from Mines Field (Now called Los Angeles International Airport) where I'd learned to fly, then taught instruments in a Cabin Waco C-2 to test pilots hired by the Douglas and North American plants flanking Imperial Highway.

My dad's friend Wilfred (Wop) May, manager of Canadian Airways (now called Canadian Pacific Airlines) in Edmonton had sent for me to fly for him. Wop was famous and I was elated, having read about how he and Brown had incessantly schemed their tactics during World War I until they finally manoeuvred the destruction of Baron Von Rittchtofen. Wop saw to it that I had a quick check out - then on to Quebec City.

In Quebec, a number of American pilots joined us, among them Al Oldenberg, Hank Smith, Tom Applegate, Doug Cunningham. And there was an inexperienced Charlie Sharkey who was my age, 20, with whom I became close friends teaching him instruments.. Within a year after Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941 most Americans had left for U.S. services or airlines. Sharkey went with CNAC.

Late 1942: Owen Johnson (PAA) phoned to say Sharkey wanted me to join him flying the "hump". I declined pointing out that the Canadian War Mobilization Board had frozen most flying staff to their posts.

Early 1943: A sister managed to relay a message from Tomshan, China saying value of money sent from our family business in Prince Rupert at the official rate 20 CNC to 1 Can., was consumed by swift inflation (the open market rate in China was near 100 to 1). She said they were near starvation. Johnson's offer now became an opportunity which could accomodate importunity. My family needed urgent help. After

prolongued hassling with the War Mobilization Board, with which PAA, N.Y. became involved, I was granted leave of absence from both Canadian Pacific Airlines and Canada.

June 1943: Moon Chin and I wafted an overloaded C47 to the orient via South America, Africa, Persia, arriving in Calcutta on a Sunday during a conspicuous absence of customs officers.

Then, Assam-China-Assam - back and forth, up and down, over and under a welter of jagged snow-capped peaks. We felt like a shuttlecock caught between flawless players.

Feb. 1944: After more than a hundred round trips, surely chief pilot Pottschmidt couldn't deny my request for leave of absence. Moon Chin and Freda (Wong) Chen) advised as to how to activate my plans.

To Kweilin by CNAC passenger plane. That night - had a party with some members of the Chinese American Composite Wing (a fighter group). We became euphoric on some Yunnan Wine I'd brought.

To Liuchow next day, first by train then the remainder by boat. In Liuchow, I looked up Jane (a young Chinese from San Francisco) whose address was given me in India. Her hair was in a permanent wave, and her domicile in a secluded barrio surrounded by dense growth. She warned that the Japanese and helots came in and out of the city and that I should get out of the CNAC uniform. I insisted that the uniform made me look officious and might appear scary to bandits whom I feared as much as the Japanese. Besides, a uniform boosted a young man's vanity which at times waxes stronger than life itself. After having black eels in garlic oil and pork liver in oyster sauce, she booked my passage for next morning on the Wuchow-bound junk.

It was a prodigious junk, its huge square stern reaching majestically up toward craggy canyons; such a contrast to the tiny tugboat ahead, its towline flexing now and then as it hooted upon encountering a sharp bend or veering from treacherous rocks. We slithered quietly downstream toward the Pacific.

Men and women, unseparated, slept in a large common stateroom on straw matted beds and wooden pillows. A girl in western dress was placed next to me. Having gone to a New York university, she was the only other passenger who spoke English. She was sympathetic upon learning of my family problems. Some elderly men were cooking sukiyaki in the center of the room and we went to join them.

Before we parted in Wuchow next day, Elsa handed me a letter to her uncle, a wine and rice merchant in Kongmoon "Hell help you".

Late that night in Wuchow, a slick dancing girl became obsessed with my corpulent money belt. In midst of our dinner, an excited waiter told us the gendarmes were coming and for me to escape out the rear door. Leaving behind a wad of CNC, I raced down to one of the river boats - hid under soft quilts until the gendarmes left. (The boat was impeccably kept). After the excitement, the boat-family offered to send for a certain, somewhat incontinent but pretty girl. I settled for listening to a six year old daughter singing lustily while she played on an ancient lyre with two skinny bamboo sticks.

Another day - another night, downstream on the junk to Kongmoon located 70 air kilometres south of Canton.

Elsa's uncle was elderly affable empathetic. He was amazed that I'd come all the way to the seacoast unarmed and in a CNAC uniform. He placed me in some obscure pension promising to arrange for my overland journey south next morning. The coolies would cost \$2000 CNC per day, he told me.

That night - a banging on the door, strident altercations in the foyer. An officer in a green uniform entered my bedroom as I sat up rubbing my eyes. He talked to me for five minutes in a dialect I couldn't understand - then switched to fluent English "You're a hell of a Chinese." He said he was working with the Chinese Communist Army, then warned against my flashing the bankroll. He suggested that the dancing girl back in Wuchow "who is friendly with the Japanese" could be diseased. (Wow! The grapevine conveyed gossip quicker than any telegram)

Next day, after walking for hours out from Kongmoon with the two coolies, came the realization why the mosquito boots bought in Natal, Brazil were ridiculously reasonable. I virtually became a barefoot. On the second day my bicycle chain kept slipping off and we discarded the wheels, hiring a coffin to sneak my carcass through a rice paddy skirting an enemy outpost (it nearly suffocated me). On the last day, we rented a sedan chair from the pension where I'd slept (the coolies invariably slept outside on the earth). By now, though unknown to them, their Toyshanese dialect was becoming slightly familiar to me and it was possible to grasp the gist of their conversation. As they carried me over a narrow footbridge spanning a tall canyon, they spoke of murdering me. Upon reaching the other side, I jumped out of the chair and pretended there was a gun under my jacket. Their voices subsided into a low quaver. (This may sound like banal corn, but it actually happened. It was doubtful they'd ever seen a class B western and they were scared out of their skins). They began a steady trot and at times it was necessary to sprint in order to catch up to them.

With our surprise arrival at Flying Goose Village (that's the real name) near Pak Sha, my family and relatives leaped with excitement. The coolies contended for more money but were dismissed upon payment of the agreed \$2000 per day. My mother and 3 sisters accepted the bulk of my entire payroll from flying the "hump".

The economic situation is pathetic - the trees eaten bare of leaves. There have been murders, a son having drowned his mother in a pool of human excrement in an outhouse. At least one tiny child has been cannibalized by its own family. Bandits prowl the village aisles and rooftops. But the populace remains industrious, effervescent, optimistic. My mother has sold nearly all the soft gold jewellery given me at birth - I'm neither angry nor disappointed. Toughs have taken away her rice but Japanese troops came and forced them to give it back. Yet they're despised. They used to patrol the area with two or three troops and the peasants would slaughter them. Then they'd increase their numbers with no better results. Finally they stopped patrolling.

Nine days visit with the family! I go to place some food on our father's grave overlooking the once luxuriant valley (the location, said to be ho fung suey, auspicious wind and water, had been chosen by our grandmother who died on her 100th birthday when a Japanese bomb exploded on impact). My mind reflects the words of nearly a decade ago:

"Goodbye daddy. Being the oldest son, I'll be sure to look after the family the best I can."

The promise knaws acutely at my conscience. During past years of hectic cavorting, I've given little consideration to their desperate straits. Once a sister had written "Although we are starving we're not demanding money. We merely want you to at least correspond." Yet now, I feel I'd do anything for them regardless of personal consequences. Is it because of physical proximity? My mind recalls a Canadian tale which tells of a squaw who cuts flesh from her arm to use as fishbait so that her infant son wouldn't starve to death. Would she have had commensurate inclination had her son been far away? Who knows? The psychic pit of self-motivation is unfathomable.

It would be too dangerous to leave with the entire family, so my 12 year old sister, Bernice, would accompany me (minus guides). She's forgotten most of her English and I, my Chinese, so we'll converse in pigeon Chinese. We promise to send for the family at war's end.

Enroute back to the Pearl River, we visited a relative in Sunchong who kept us hidden. He said that boats laden with commodities left local docks each night for Japanese positions. He revealed that a Captain Bright (not his real name) of British Intelligence, who was in the area, had been trying to contact me. But rumors purporting to the presence of enemy troops nearby impelled us to flee next morning without trying to see him.

With the help of peasants and money we meticulously circumvented enemy garrisons at night; stayed in sordid out-of-the-way bordels permeated with the redolence of cheap perfumes, garlic & opium. Bernice gorged herself in roast duck, fried shrimps, Chinese sausages, the best comestibles money could buy, all of which gave her perpetual night-mares. Then during the days, she kept tumbling off her bicycle along the narrow, snaky, rice-paddy paths.

In Kongmoon, our gigantic junk and minikin tug were feverously sounding their imminent departure. But in the wine-shop, Elsa's uncle (shaken upon learning of the coolies' murder-intentions) kept insisting I sample the three remaining vats (of progressively diminishing sizes) containing rice wine which inevitably became more and more revivifying. Bernice shot reproachful expressions at me as we raced in rickshaws toward the ship at the far end of the stone bund.

In Wuchow a friend kept Bernice sheltered in a mist-shrouded monastery, while I stayed in a world far below, in a houseboat.

Upriver next day, we were strafed by one of several Zeros. Both tugboat and junk promptly beached themselves in orange clay. Later searching among casualties, I couldn't find my sister. The crew and passengers, chanting rhythmically, were already pushing the vessels afloat with scores of bamboo poles. Then we saw a familiar configuration dashing frantically down toward us from a cave in a cliff. In Liuchow, Jane looked after Bernice while I quaffed a few in town.

Enroute Kweilin, the overpacked train (a 1903 model imported from South America) failed to negotiate a slight grade. We (hundreds of passengers) got out and pushed it along while apprehensively scanning the sky for Jap planes. (Strange how spurious images invade the mind at most unlikely times. Harold Chinn had been shot in the nates seated in a cockpit thousands of feet high, I thought. A bearah was plugged in the belly by one of the pilots via a heavy door the former refused to open at Karaya Road, Calcutta. And now - here we were in no-man's-land - and in mortal fear of being pelted in the noddle, straining a hernia to push some obdurate monstrosity, which couldn't chug its

way out of a thin paper bag, over a miniscule inclination one could hardly call a hill). At times, we emerged from tunnels black with soot.

In Kweilin, Bernice and Elsie (Kwok) Woo (remember the Kwoks of Wing On Co. Shanghai?) found shelter in a limestone cave of a grotesque crag during an air raid while I was absent in town with the CNAC staff.

When Hugh Chen arrived with the CNAC passenger plane, he said he'd be overloaded and wouldn't be able to take my sister. This urinated me off no end, but after the SM Robert Niu persuaded him otherwise, the intuent CNAC affinity between us once again emerged. (Kweilin fell to the Japanese shortly after our departure).

In Chungking, I left my sister with Frances Tong (Mrs. Herbert Tong), to squat on the doorsteps of the Minister of Finance until he finally capitulated in giving us several thousand U.S. \$'s at no less than the official rate 20 to 1, to send her back to America. Moon Chin and the Chungking SM P.C. Hong helped me place an investment whereby my family in Toyshan might receive a small but regular income (indexed to inflation) through circuitous channels prearranged by friends. Later Frank Higgs brought Bernice to Calcutta.

In Kunming, I filled out some technical information for the U.S. 14th Air Force Intelligence.

The sun seemed to beam with cordiality that autumn day, 1944. At the Dover Park mansion in Calcutta, where I'd lived permanently with Moon Chin and his family, the Chins had the servants (all nine of them) plus five frisky puppies line up to bid Bernice farewell. Through past months everyone in the household had been kind to her. They'd made silk dresses for her, sought friends her age, brought her shopping at the central market. As our command car pulled quietly past gardens of flowers, tall palms, then through the heavy iron gates, she burst into muffled sobs.

We went Calcutta-Bombay by train (the ones you can't walk through). Enroute I was accidentally entrapped in a wrong stateroom during a brief visit when the train departed unexpectedly, with the station attendant on the platform flailing his arms belligerently at me, and had no choice but to overnight in the company of its only occupants: a young friendly blond English nurse, and my sister who kept tossing glances of reproof all night. Sometimes the younger generation were almost as critical as the older ones, thought I.

In Bombay, the U.S. Navy said they weren't authorized to take my sister aboard the U.S. bound troopship because the U.S. Army had chartered it. The army in turn refused her on the grounds that the Navy owned the ship. For days we shuttled back and forth between the two insisting that the other had unequivocally OK'd her passage, until finally both reluctantly agreed to take her on an already overbooked vessel.

At the waterfront, to our surprise, the guards prohibited my accompanying Bernice onto the pier. I was spirited out of our taxi which shot through the gates which slammed in my face. Yipes! I'd forgotten to place a puppy tag on her as to destination, Prince Rupert, Canada. She had no passport - only a few questionable documents.

As the ship's masts disappeared over the horizon, I rushed to telegraph a message to my friend Col. Joe Brooks in New York "My 12 year

old sister Bernice arriving U.S. by surface transport stop don't know where stop military secret stop please take care of her".

I suppose this is the end of the summary which isn't very brief. If the narration is crappy or boring, don't hesitate to cut out half or deposit its entirety into the nearest trash basket.

All the best.

P.S. Because it might be feasible to make photocopies directly from this original summary, I've tried to correct a few mistakes from my bullheaded tyewriter which seems to have a dialuct all its own.

Old friend,



Al Mah

(La Ham spelled backwards)

In retrospect. A sequel is herewith added should the reader be curious as to what happened to Bernice and the family.

For weeks, Joe Brooks had prodded his father in law (Capt. Joe Patterson, owner of the N.Y. Daily News) and our friend Dome Harwood (eastern director of the Civil Aeronautics Administration) into dispatching frenetic messages up and down the eastern seaboard in search of a missing lady. Where the hell could she be?

Bernice had landed in the immigration jail at San Pedro, California. Before sifting enough information to send her to Canada, the immigration officials chipped in to buy her a long dress, then brought her to Earl Carrol's nightclub in Los Angeles for her 13th birthday.

Although her children, all born in Canada, would have no problem re-entering the country, our mother who was not a naturalized citizen, was deprived of her Canadian residence after an absence exceeding a two year limit. Despite my close friendships with the highest Canadian Legation representatives in post World War II China, I failed for years to obtain permission for her return. It was mortifying - remember in a Chinese family, the oldest son is charged with the solving of family problems.

Here's the irony: In late 1948, my younger brother Cedric left Hong Kong and went to Vancouver Canada for a gallstone operation, much to the displeasure of his airline superiors who wanted him to have his operation in Hong Kong after which he could return quickly to his flying where he was desperately needed.

While he was in Canada, and unknown to me and my family, he'd worked with Wop May and cabinet ministers to have the Canadian parliament pass an Order-in-Council (similar to an Act of Congress) which permitted our mother's re-entry.

My mother and two sisters flew Hong Kong-Vancouver in the summer of 1949, at the time mainland China toppled.

FIN

R. DIXON SPEAS ASSOCIATES, INC.

Aviation Consultants

MANHASSET, NEW YORK 11030 - 516 627-7460

CABLE-SPEASAV MANHASSET NY

Ben E. Brierton
1135 N. W. 122 St.
Miami, Fla. 33168

January 03, 1977

CNAC Cannonball
132 Gifford Ave.,
Jersey City, N.J. 07304

Dear Reg Farrar:

You are doing an excellent job with the CANNON BALL, Thanks! Of course, no one ever writes unless they want something. It appears that I am in that category. WAR MEMORIAL MEDALS, I may have missed the prelude to them. However, when I recall a few of the battles in Calcutta and Shanghai to keep CNAC flying, it was a great WAR.

The Japs were still doing GUARD DUTY in Shanghai and the Lungwa airport when I was sent over from Calcutta to open CNAC operation again. I may have an unofficial record for RETURNING JAPANESE OFFICERS SALUTES, and unflinchingly facing Jap, then later, Chinese Machine GUNS at Lungwa and Curfew Road Blocks. I can't prove my record on these items, however I can furnish CNAC service dates from my PAA John Doe Files. It is brief, and leaves out the many GOOD TIMES, and wonderful FRIENDS I was honored with in India & China.

- Aug. 1945. Transferred from PAA to CNAC as Assistant to the Chief Engineer at Calcutta, India.
- Jan. 1946. Transferred to Shanghai, China to reopen CNAC Operation there, pending transfer of Shops from Calcutta, India.
- July, '46 Assigned Chief Engineer of CNAC.
- Dec., '46 Authorized by the Minister of Communications, of the Republic of China, to issue: Mechanics Licenses, Aircraft & Engine International Certificates. Airworthiness certificates & Chinese Registration Certificates for CNAC Aircraft.
- Jan. 1947. Made Survey Flight to SFX- starting China's entry into International Aviation. Prepared A/C for Flt.
- Sept. '47. Returned to PAA, LAD as DC-4 Project Engineer.

My war effort prior to CNAC, was with PAA. I represented PAA Training Section for military training of Pilots, Flight Engineers and Mechanics, by the Airlines, at the Air Transport Commands Meetings at Kansas City & Chicago.

1942-1943, held Captains rating, Air Transport Command, during PAA's training of military Personnel. 1945-46, this rating was also held with CNAC in India & China. This, as you may recall, gave us access to the Officers Club at Dum Dum airport in Calcutta, where we were billeted. Remember how the British Officers argued how they were doing more for the war effort than the Americans, because their pay was less; and if there was three or more of them, they would prove it by a demonstration of Force.

Memories: who was it that bought an Elephant one drunk night, from a Calcutta traveling circus, then had to buy the former owner to take it back? How could you forecast Chicken stew at the Dum Dum CNAC mess hall? Also remember the roasted suckling pig dinners.

Frank MICKA is no longer Lost & Strayed, regardless of whether it was by design or accident. During one of my assignments with R. Dixon SPEAS for the account of BEE WEE (British West Indies Airline, Trinidad) to inspect for purchase & finally the overhaul & delivery of five 707's from Braniff, Dallas, Texas, I had considerable association with Chief of Engineering, Frank Micka. It was refreshing to work with Frank again, especially from the other side of the fence. We of R. Dixon SPEAS, work very hard to insure the best deal for our clients, whether they be buying from PAA, or the purchase of water BOMBERS by the Province of Quebec in behalf of her Majesty the Queen.


Frank Micka
11239 Park Central
Dallas, Tex. 75230

214-363-5565

Frank retires in one more year, so bring him back into the fold, before he decides retirement is too much work.

As you probably have already guessed, I have kept busy as an Aviation Consultant since retiring from PAA in 1968, at the age of 67, after 32 years of service covering aircraft from the Flying Boats through the first part of the Boeing ~~747's~~ 747's. As Asst. Engineering Supt. I was kept over two years, because I had been the DC-6 Project Engineer, and the DC-6B's were vital in the Vietnam War, Rest & Recreation Service out of Saigon. I regret that I have missed quite ~~quite a few~~ a few CNAC Reunions, but my blessings have been with you.

Best regards to you Reg,


Ben E. Brierton

Cliff Groh

Probably the youngest of the Flying Tigers, the Peter Pan of CNAC, I'm not sure he ever grew up. That may have been his charm, an unbridled spirit who flew with the AVG CNAC and later with the Flying Tiger Air Line. He and Steve Kusak introduced me to Calcutta when I arrived there fresh from internship. We started at the B-A Club, went from there to the Hawaiian Club then the Puerto Rican Club and last to Kariah Road and a nice lady named Carmen where we had a few more drinks (That's all, I swear). This went on until Doc Rich heard about it and said it set a poor record or image for one of the company doctors to be seen in these places. For what he was and maybe for what he was not, Cliff Groh earned his stripes. Likable, colorful, fencer, pilot, we will miss him.

William Bartling

Hale and harty the last time I saw him, William, "Bill" Bartling has gone on to Hogey Taw to meet Scoff, Fussy Ball and the others. It was he who flying over Burmas spotted a hill top village with a strange name that looked as though it should have been pronounced Hogy ~~Hogy~~ Taw. He was sure that this was where CNAC went when they took that final trip west. Little did he know at the time that he had had a glimpse through that veil that separates us. Now he has gone to join our comrades in that quiet village on the hill top. It will be a little less quiet now.

Bart was one of the AVG. He flew for CNAV and after the war he was one of the founders of the Flying Tiger Line. He had a dry sense of humor that every one will miss.

At press time I was informed that Dr W E Terry has passed on to Hogy Taw. I have no details. Lloyd McClelland is presumed lost on a charter flight to Columbia South America.

Martin Garrott

Martin was chief engineer for CNAC in 1944 and 1945. He was on the second trip after the War with Chuck Sharp via Suifu. After the War he was with Pan Am in Miami where we saw him every time we were in Miami. He was in quality control. He retired and continued to live there.



CA

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