

CNAC CANNON BALL

ASSOCIATION



July 1993

REUNION ISSUE

Reginald Farrar, Editor
319 Euclid Avenue,
Loch Arbour, N.J. 07711

The reunion in San Antonio was not our largest but still one of the best. Quite a few came for the first time or came after a long absence. Candy Wiss, Hank Smith, Howard Dean, Kenehan. The list below names most of them. It was decided to organize a trip to Hongkong for one last look before it reverts to China in October of this year. Roy Farrell got a price of \$1100 from the West Coast for 5 or 6 days with hotel and airfare. You have received a notice. It is open to members and friends.

In 1994 we propose to meet in Las Vegas. That should be interesting, exciting and cheap. Some of our high rolling friends are behind it.

Doc Rich passed on to Hoky Taw. We missed him at the reunion. Little did we realize that a few days late he would pass on at 87 years of age. He was in active practice almost to the end.

This issue may be called the over due issue. I have a lot of good material that deserves to be published. I wish I could put it all in this issue but this is devoted to the rest of Maupin's story. It was part of the experience. I wish Donald Wong, or Art Chinn or maybe Al Mahould write their experiences. Donald may be our senior pilot and of all the stories his would be one of the best and maybe the best. If you don't want to write it tape it and I will transcribe it. It was a pleasure to visit with old acquaintances from CAT. This was our last combined reunion. Although relations remain cordial it seemed better that we hold separate reunions in the future.

Glen Carrol

Those of us who make many of the Reunions especially the last 3 (San Antonio, and the 2 San Francisco) knew him. He was the organizer. He made them go. Glen was usually at Ojai. On May 14, 1993 Glen passed away. He had been under treatment for cancer and this spring it took off and spread rapidly. No one will be more missed.

*My photography isn't as good as yours
The sentiment was there.*

Reg

Reg and Mary Farrar
Oldenburg
Don McBride
Chuck Sims
Henry Schaus
Clifford Gibson
Dick Rossi
Hank Smith
Bob Rengo
Jim Dalby
Carey Bowles
Fred Pittenger
Jacob Fasset
Bob Sherwood
Robbi Roberts and Lucille
Jules and Peggy Watson

John Kenehan
Bill Maher
Roy Farrell
Eric and Elsa Shilling
Carl Wiss
Sid Wilson
Dick Stuelke
Oakly Smith
Glen Carroll
Felix Smith
Joe Brower
Jack Folz
Frank Roth
Mary Ann Micka

DOC RICH

Doc Rich expired on San Antonio when he didn't show up. He always did. Little did we know that a couple of weeks later he would make the last flight west to Hogy Taw. We were indeed fortunate that he was in San Francisco last year. He looked great, as jovial as ever. Doc Richards was to my knowledge never known as Lewis Richards, M.D. It was always Doc Rich. That seemed to fit him and I guess he liked it. I don't know how he came to AVG. Some of you may know.

We were disappointed in

I think he came from Nebraska. I don't know when or where he went to College and Medical School. He served with the AVG and then came to CNAC where he seemed to be happily seated. He did it all for a while and then recruited Paul Laube, Reg Farrar and later Dr. Hoey. He returned to the U.S. where he began a General Practice in Daley City near San Francisco. I believe he had his mother with him and he brought her to some of the reunions. He never married but he brought his girlfriend Sue. Three or four years ago he retired from Daley City and moved to where he continued to practice. I wouldn't doubt that he had appointments the day he passed away,

Doc Rich made no pretensions he was what he was. As a flight surgeon for CNAC he was as good as any. He was a good practitioner. Doc Rich was well up in his 80s.

I particularly remember when Cliff Groh and Steve Kusak were introducing the new doctor to Calcutta's night life. He called me aside and admonished me. "It doesn't look good for the pilots to see their doctor on Kariyah Road. We should set a good example". Doc Rich was a hypnotist. I never thought much of this phase of medicine when he assisted an Orthopedist in Ojai to set a trimaleolar fracture. He was superb. After that I was a believer.

We will all miss him!



San Diego Aerospace Museum

2001 PAN AMERICAN PLAZA, BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO, CA 92101
(619) 234-8291 FAX: (619) 233-4526

May 18, 1993

Mrs. Glenn H. Carroll
1315 Bel Aire Rd.
San Mateo, CA 94002



James Dalby



Glenn Carroll

Dear Mrs. Carroll:

As the director of San Diego's Aerospace Museum, I hasten to extend to you my condolences over the death of your husband.

I learned of your husband's passing from your close friends, Jim and Peggy Dalby, who have generously donated one thousand dollars to the museum in honor of your husband, Captain Glenn H. Carroll.

You may be interested to know that the Dalby's donation will be used to enhance the CNAC Exhibit at the museum. The exhibit memorializes the invaluable contributions that were made during World War II by your husband and others who served with him in the China, Burma, India theater of operations during the war. The war material that was flown over the "Hump" by these valiant flyers contributed measurably to the Allied victory.

Again, I extend my regrets to you on the passing of your husband, Glenn.

Most sincerely,


Edwin D. McKellar, Jr.
Executive Director

EMcK/mbh

Jim Dalby is to be the next president of the San Diego Aerospace Museum. They could not have made a better choice.

Rej

CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION

January 4, 1945

Mrs. Mary Anderson
50 Stoney Brook Avenue
San Francisco, California
U.S.A.

Dear Mrs. Anderson:

I know that Pan American Airways has already written you regarding the death of your son, George H. Anderson. Nevertheless, I will try at this time to give you a complete account of the accident in order that you may be fully informed.

On November 30, 1944, George was piloting one of the CNAC freight planes on a routine flight from Dinjan, India, to Kunming, China. The plane took off from Dinjan at 1005 GMT and the last reported radio contact was at 1047 GMT. Shortly thereafter, the plane crashed in the jungle. The only first hand report we have is from natives in the neighborhood who stated that they had seen the plane spinning into the jungle.

The plane was thoroughly tested before leaving Dinjan and was in good order. Every possible check has been made to determine the cause of the crash but so far we have been totally unable to reconstruct what happened. I am afraid that this is one of those tragic things which happens in war times for which we will never have a full explanation.

On December 1st, 1944, our ground search party identified the wreckage and reported the death of your son and the members of his crew. George was buried beside the wreckage on a jungle hill some thirty miles from Dinjan, approximately longitude $96^{\circ}15'$ East and latitude $27^{\circ}15'$ North on the westerly side of the crest of a ridge (approximate elevation 1,500') which runs NE-SW and is approximately four miles south from the Ledo Road.

George was a fine boy, worked hard, was courageous and well liked by all who knew him, and in the performance of his duties of flying vital material and supplies across the "Hump" from India into China, he was truly a soldier in every sense of the word.

It has been difficult for me to write this letter, but I did want you to have all the facts.

On behalf of the Company and all our staff, as well as myself personally, I wish to express again our deepest sympathy in your loss, a loss which is shared by us all.

Yours very truly,


Gordon B. Tweedy

GBT.fwc



PAN AM HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

NEWS RELEASE

New York Office:
230 Park Avenue
Suite 1450
New York, NY 10169

Directors:

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Howard W. Ashcraft
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James Montgomery
Elihu Schott
Charles W. Trippe
William Witherspoon

Pan Am Archives and Memorabilia

The primary goal of the Foundation in 1992 was the preservation of the archives and other historic memorabilia of Pan Am. The goal has been substantially achieved through support from friends and former employees of the Company, and significant financial contributions from the University of Miami, the Boeing Company and Miami Aware, Inc.

Miami Office:
1901 Brickell Ave.
Suite B-2401
Miami, FL 33129

The archives have been transferred to the Library of the University of Miami to be included in their historic collection of aviation records. Among the archives acquired by the Foundation are the original handwritten letters from Charles Lindbergh to Juan Trippe reporting on his survey expeditions to develop routes to South America and across the Pacific and Atlantic and the collection of First Flight Covers. In all, the University received some seven and a half tons of Pan Am documents and more than 10,000 photographs.

Pan Am Historical Foundation Membership

In 1993, the Foundation intends both to expand its activities and its membership and to eventually grow with a membership constituency in all major areas of the world served by Pan Am. Membership subscriptions will be offered at \$25.00 per annum. A membership campaign is planned for the Fall of this year. In the meantime if friends and former employees of the Company wish to become members of the Foundation, they should send their contributions to the Foundation's New York office as follows:

Pan Am Historical Foundation
230 Park Avenue, Suite 1450
New York, NY 10169

Foundation Goals

The Foundation's objectives include the creation of a documentary film on the history of the Company and the establishment of an aviation museum. The Foundation has had encouraging discussions with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. regarding the documentary film and anticipates moving ahead with this project in the Fall.

Museum Memorabilia

The Foundation continues to work towards its long term goal of establishing an aviation museum and has been cooperating with the Historical Association of Southern Florida for this purpose. Examples of the memorabilia collection on loan to the Historical Association include Juan Trippe's roll-top desk, his famous globe on which he mapped the Airline's routes, log books of the early Clippers, and many models of Pan Am aircraft.

In addition to its plans for a permanent aviation museum, the Foundation is loaning its memorabilia collection to institutions for temporary exhibitions.

o San Francisco

The Foundation is presently supporting with the loan of photographs, documents and artifacts, an exhibition sponsored by the San Francisco Airports Commission. The exhibition, entitled "A Salute to Pan American World Airways in the Pacific 1935-51", is being shown in the International Terminal at San Francisco Airport. The exhibition has met with tremendous success and will be extended through July 31. Plans are also being discussed to move the exhibition to the Honolulu International Airport later in the year.

o Miami

The Foundation is cooperating with the new operator of the Pan Am International Flight Academy at Miami Airport to create a small exhibition commemorating the Airline which will be located in the lobby of the building. In addition, Miami Aware has reopened a shop in the Flight Academy. The new operator of the Flight Academy is a Pan Am enthusiast and plans to retain the Pan Am name on the building.

o Honolulu

In mid-May, the 2200-member Pacific Asia Travel Association honored Juan T. Trippe by making him the first inductee into its Gallery of Legends situated at Honolulu International Airport. The Foundation is supporting this ceremony with photographic material on Mr. Trippe.

o Port Washington

The Village of Manorhaven, NY has recently acquired property on the Port Washington waterfront and proposes developing the site as a public park and marina. The site is located on the bay where the early Clippers made their first departures to Europe. The Village hopes to create a small museum as part of the redevelopment plan which would include a Pan Am exhibition.

Pan Am Building Signs

Through the good graces of Metropolitan Life, the Foundation was able to acquire certain signs from the Pan Am Building. Two "Pan Am" signs from the Vanderbilt Avenue ticket office and the 30-foot "Pan American Airways Building" sign from the 45th Street entrance to the Building have been secured and are now in a warehouse in Miami.

Pan Am Calendars

The Foundation has been provided access to the photographic collection of the late Luis Villota, whose work was featured on the famed Pan Am calendars. PanAware Inc., working with Jackie Fagan, who produced such memorable calendars in the past, will publish these classic calendars in the future. The 1994 calendar will be available through Aware Inc. stores beginning in November.

June, 1993

END

EX CBI Roundup

13⁰⁰/yr POBox 2665
LA HABRA CALIF
90631

China National Aviation Corporation

CNAC

Long before the men who came to be known as the Flying Tigers reached Rangoon, a small group of experienced transport pilots were flying a commercial operation in China which had been established several years before the start of World War II by Pan American World Airways.

When the World War spread to China, CNAC personnel were pressed into service to fly supplies and personnel to areas cut off by the enemy from land routes.

Many Tigers and their supplies were flown to Claire Lee Chennault's bases during the days of the American Volunteer Group's service in 1941-42 as CNAC and its men became the lifeline for the AVG.

Early in 1942, CNAC pilots pioneered the world-famous "Hump" route, the last link the world's longest military supply line, which extended from India to China.

It was the world's first major airlift, and it was a pilot's nightmare.

The 500-mile route traversed some of the most treacherous country in the world. Flying with few or no radio aids over inadequately charted areas, under constant harassment from enemy fighters, CNAC pilots had not even the satisfaction of being able to shoot back. Their C-47s and later C-46s were unarmed.

In addition to its regular commercial operations, CNAC carried military supplies between India and China under a Chinese Government contract arranged in 1942 with the U.S. Army, which supplied Douglas C-47 and C-53 planes and, later, Curtiss C-46 transports. During the war, CNAC and the U.S. Army Air Transport Command carried approximately 10 and 90 percent respectively of the total amount of lend-lease supplies flown across the Hump. From April 1942, when the Burma Road was lost, to April 1945, CNAC made more than 35,000 trips over the Hump. In 1944 it flew almost 9,000 round trips, or 10,000,000 miles, over this route, transporting approximately 35,000 tons of lend-lease, and also strategic materials. During the war it also transported to Northwest China considerable amounts of strategic

materials destined for Russia. Carrying 38 percent of all strategic air cargoes on world routes in 1944, CNAC ranked second only to the Air Transport Command, which carried 57 percent. CNAC also played an important role in the Burma campaign by dropping food to Chinese expeditionary forces, evacuating besieged Chinese and British troops, and supplying the Ledo Road project with men, equipment, medical supplies, and food. Between October 22, 1944, and January 21, 1945, it made 523 trips, dropping 1,836,970 pounds of rice to road-builders.

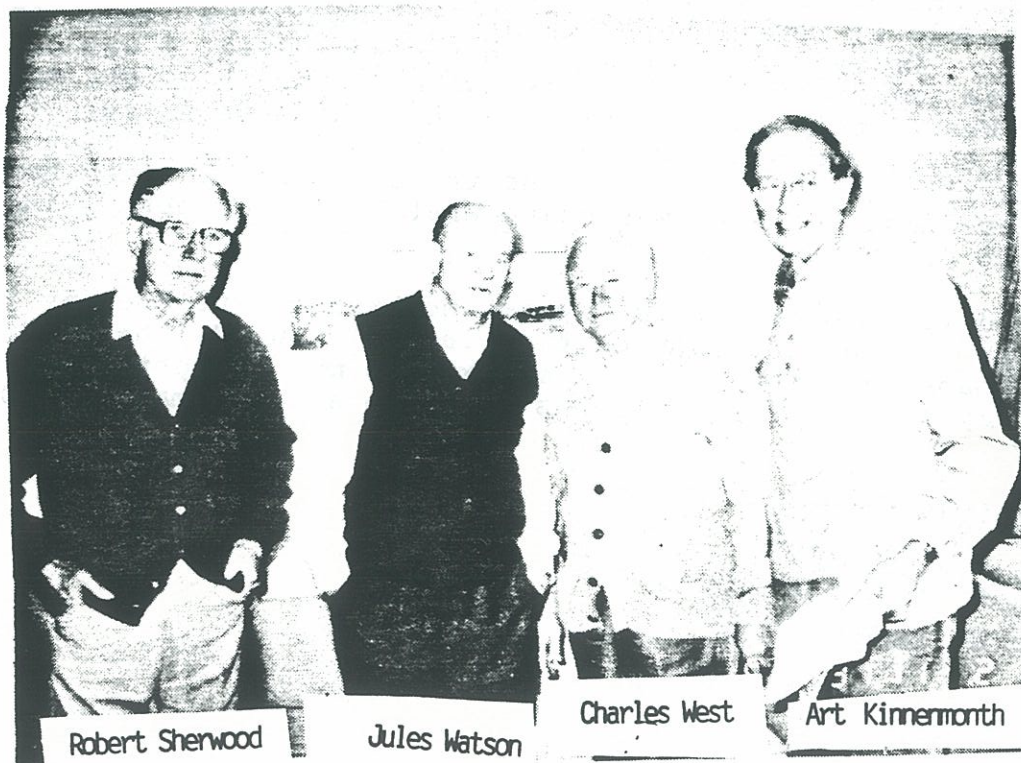
To fill their ranks, CNAC added many Tiger pilots to their number when the AVG was disbanded, as well as other commercial pilots recruited in the United States and China. Some of the new pilots never had flown anything bigger than a Cub. Most of them never had been at the controls of multi-engine equipment nor were they familiar with instrument flying.

Now they were called upon to fly day and night over the world's roughest and highest terrain in all kinds of weather 16 to 20 hours daily. A trip and a half a day was not uncommon for the men. Many of the pilots — the ones who came back — returned from the war years with 500 trip records — and some with as many as 700 trips.

It was a cruel and demanding operation, from which many CNAC crews and their planes never returned.

"I'll tell you one thing," one former Tiger remarked, "those guys had guts, flying unarmed planes across enemy territory, over some of the roughest country in the world in lousy weather, with none of the modern navigational aids we rely on today.

"Without CNAC there would have been no Flying Tigers . . . and maybe no China!"



Robert Sherwood

Jules Watson

Charles West

Art Kinnermonth

October 16, 1991

Dr. Reginald Farrar
319 Euclid Avenue
Loch Arbour (Allenhurst), NJ 07713

Dear Dr. Farrar:

I finally just finished reading 'Around the Japs Over the Hump' by Royal Leonard, and enjoyed it thoroughly. On the following page of the CNAC Cannon Ball postmarked Aug 25, 1991, is the 'In Memorium' page, and that is why I am writing. Close to the bottom of that page is the listing regarding the death of my father, Sam Terry. The 1st anniversary of his death, was only five days ago, making it even more fitting that I finished the article I spoke of, after starting it well over a month ago, to then see his name.

I think flying was my Dad's whole life. He was, I think, very sad when he had to retire like all good pilots at age 60, well before he was ready. He never spoke much about his time flying the Hump, or any of his 35 years as a commercial pilot, but then he never spoke much about anything, except those few subjects that really interested him, and only when prompted. That doesn't mean flying didn't interest him, but flying was his job, it was what he did. My Dad died on October 11, 1991, a victim of cancer. He was quite ill for roughly four months, and during the last couple of weeks, was very unaware of who we were, and where he was. One night in the week before he died, I was out at the house to help care for him, he awoke during the night and called out. When I got next to his bed, he asked for a cup of coffee. I said there was none, so he said tea would do just fine. I know he was flying, and thought I was the stewardess. I am happy that in those last weeks he was doing what he loved best, being in the cockpit of an airplane.

I would love to hear from anyone who happened to know my Dad, and if you can reprint any of this letter towards that end, please do. Thank you for letting me express my thoughts and helping with my grief over the loss of such a good man, my Dad, Sam Terry.

Very truly yours,

Julia E. Terry
Julia E. Terry

MAUPIN

Maupin has written a long article that covers his experiences in the Orient including CNAC and beyond Indonesia. It starts with a night flight. It is longer than one issue can handle so it has been serialized. It is good enough and long enough and intriguing enough to deserve an issue of Wings Over China but this may not be possible but for now here is a preview. It speaks for itself - one of our best.

(Prologue)

I. NIGHT TAKEOFF

For at least the last 100,000 years, the monsoon season in Southeast Asia has meant life itself. From May to October, from Karachi in Pakistan, to the Southern Philippines, even a brief failure of the monsoon would turn that world into a desert.

Occasionally late, sometimes early, but always there, the monsoon season brings rain; all day, all night, sometimes torrential, sometimes mist, but continuous rain.

If you're a blockade runner as I was in 1948, the monsoon is your friend.

Of course it was raining when the car picked me up about 10:00 p.m. at a little thatch-roofed hotel for the ride to the airport at Kotaraja on the northwest tip of Sumatra, and I planned to fly in radio silence non-stop to Jogjakarta in central Java, arriving just at daybreak. I was running the Dutch blockade for the Republic of Indonesia in their war for independence from the Dutch and the year was 1947. The flight looked like out eight hours, 1450 miles, all on instruments and no radio aids to navigation. All dead reckoning, with hopefully an occasional hole in the clouds and maybe a helpful river. There was a string of volcanos on my right, and the jungle below.

On arrival at the airport, the crew was just finishing refueling my DC-3. The fuel came from 50-gallon drums of leftover Japanese gasoline, and when I asked the octane, I got a shrug: "Who knows?"

A group of soldiers with rifles were just staring down the runway to place a row of kerosene lanterns which would be my only guide for takeoff. My Indonesian co-pilot and I paced off down the row, estimating at which lantern we must be airborne in order to clear the trees at the end of the runway. When I asked why all the ordinance just to put out a row of lanterns, he said a Sumatran tiger had bothered the lamplighters last time.

We preflighted the airplane with flashlights and started the engines. I had a gimmick to deal with that Japanese gasoline, too. The DC-3 has four 200-gallon tanks, and I had kept the left auxiliary full on the flight down from Rangoon, Burma to Atchi. I would take off and climb out on that tank, then switch over to other tanks at cruising altitude and reduced power settings.

At the end of the runway I started through the cockpit check for takeoff. I used no written checklist. With over two thousand hours of flying "the Hump" in these airplanes, I knew the checks like the back of my hand. I could do it in my sleep. Almost through the list, I reached the magneto check on each engine. I decided not to do it. I was going anyway, and the nearest spare was 1000 miles away. If one was a little off I didn't want to know.

I lined up and waited for any possible slack in the rain. My co-pilot was to monitor the engine instruments and Sumarno, my radio operator, was standing in the middle to call off the lantern numbers as we passed them.

We got a slight break in the rain and I smoothly ran up takeoff power and we accelerated down the wet gravel runway, lanterns clicking by. When we lifted off, I called for gear up and sucked that DC-3 into as steep a climb as I have ever made on an instrument takeoff. The height of tree canopy in a tropical rain forest is beyond belief, and I didn't plan to click my propellor tips through any of them.

The climb out was smooth and uneventful. At 12,000 feet we leveled off, reduced power and switched to the local gasoline. No problems. As we droned on through the night, I turned the airplane over to the co-pilot and studied the map, noting the higher volcanos and one or two major rivers we might be lucky enough to spot through a hole in the weather.

We were maintaining strict radio silence but could pick up incoming messages, and Sumarno handed me one. "Beware of Dutch B-25s who are wearing small radar sets. Air Commodore Suradarma." Well, good luck to them. I reckoned the odds were mine. They had the speed and their radar, but I had the night, and more importantly, I had my friend, the monsoon. I'd just worry about navigation; to hell with their small radar sets. I changed course a few degrees to hug the mountains, and figured again our drift and groundspeed.

After 300 years of Dutch rule, the literacy rate in Indonesia was seven percent. The official Dutch position was that Indonesia wasn't ready yet for independence. To hell with that, too: "Merdeka!" (Freedom!) On to Jogja!

II. BEGINNINGS

I cannot remember a time when I was not interested in aviation. One of my earliest memories as a pre-school child is nailing scraps of old shingles together and calling them airplanes. The big ones were bombers in my imagination, and the small one fighters. I couldn't wait for my father to come home from work and admire my air force. I later built balsa and tissue models powered by rubberbands, and one Christmas, to my great delight, I was given a small gasoline engine. It must have been some strain on the family budget. This was the height of the Great Depression and it must have cost about \$7.00. In those days, a good used bicycle could be had for \$4.00, and my father was supporting a family of five on about \$50.00 a week. I built a model for it, which I named the Texas Ranger, and it flew great. I improved my reading skills on endless hours with "Flying Aces" magazines, etc.

In high school in my hometown of Gainesville, Texas, I met Charlie Dobkins and Howard Collier and with plans from a 15-cent Popular Mechanics magazine, we built a full-size primary glider. The plans called for spruce, but we used east Texas yellow pine, and covered it with unbleached muslin at six cents a yard. Charlie found nitrate dope somewhere so we could shrink the muslin tight. My guess is the whole thing cost about \$30.00. We flew it all one summer, towing it behind an old Star automobile. We "taught ourselves to fly," if you could call it that. We were terrified we would spin it in, so we just towed up and landed straight ahead – maybe made a few gentle S-turns. I don't remember anyone making a "180".

Later, still in high school, the Gilmore brothers and I started building an airplane. We built the fuselage, got it on the gear and installed a Henderson motorcycle engine. It had straight stacks, and when we practiced taxiing it up and down the street, you could hear the noise for miles. Mr. Gilmore, undoubtedly under pressure from the neighbors, but paid to that project.

In the late 1930's, President Roosevelt was in a squeeze play. While talking about peace, he needed to get the country ready for war. Two of his more clever moves were the Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.) and the Civilian Pilot Training Program (C.P.T.). The C.C.C. took thousands of boys and young men into the forests and national parks, and under military supervision, put them to work. A major percentage of our non-commissioned officers in the early days of World War II came from this corps.

There was no way in which Roosevelt could get a bill through Congress to quadruple our tiny Army Air Corps. But he did get through a civilian pilot training program. Administrative costs were minimal, as these programs were run by colleges and junior colleges nationwide. Some math or science teacher taught the ground school, keeping one chapter ahead of the students, and flight training was by some local airport operator with three or four Cubs or Aeroncas.

Gainesville, Texas had a junior college, in the high school building, and a Frenchman named Eugene Debullette set up a flight training program at the local airport. With a school enrollment of 95 from which to draw, they were not overwhelmed with applicants, and I got in the first class of ten. Knowing the rules, when asked my age, I told them 18. No one asked for proof. I was in. We got ground school, 35 hours of flight training and a private pilot's license if we could pass the written and flight tests. I received "100" on the written, and the flight tests were scheduled with an inspector from the Civil Aeronautics Administration coming up from Fort Worth.

When the news arrived, we all got frantic phone calls from the field to all show up for an extra half-hour's training. The panic was valid. The inspector coming to test us was the infamous "Suicide Glide" McCurdy. Known all over north Texas for his insistence that base and final legs of traffic into landing be flown at a hair's breath above stall speed. Well, we practiced such hair-raising land approaches, and the fateful day came.

Among other maneuvers, we were required to do two turn precision spins. That means enter the spin flying down a road or section line. Spin two turns exactly, and recover, flying exactly down the same line.

We had to wear parachutes doing spins. We were flying 50 HP Aeroncas. With two pilots and two parachutes on a hot August afternoon in north Texas, you could spend the springtime of youth getting to 2000 feet to start a spin. We were all delighted when the dour Mr. McCurdy told us to go solo, two at a time, on north of the field and one south, and each perform one right spin and one left. Mr. McCurdy sat in the shade making marks on his grading charts and no comment.

After that, he flew with each of us through the other required maneuvers. We all tried to slow that Aeronca down on base and final as much as we dared. McCurdy just shook his head. One student so infuriated him that he took over himself to show how it should be done. Bob Smith said he was terrified the last 100 feet into landing. It seemed to Smith that the airplane was so far into stall he wondered if it was really under control.

Later we heard Mr. McCurdy congratulating Mr. DeBullette on a fine group of pilots: "Just please try, Mr. DeBullette, to teach them not to dive around the traffic pattern at terminal velocity." We all passed!

C.P.T. was a success and expanded. We got 40 hours of training in aerobatics in suitable trainers; ours were WACO UPP-7's. Then 50 hours cross-country, then back in the Cub-Aeronca for training to be commercial pilots and instructors.

I got this training in Wichita Falls, Texas and just as I passed the written and flight tests, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and all civilian pilots were required to report to the C.A.A. with proof of American Citizenship. That was okay; a birth certificate was all that was required, except the age on all my flying records was not exactly in accord with my birth certificate and they pulled my license.

I was devastated. I could see myself spending the war with a rifle over my shoulder, and the country would lose the skills of a great pilot. I went home to Gainesville and my dad suggested we go have a talk with the local newspaper publisher. Small town newspaper publishers are known to be active in politics and Mr. _____ was no exception. He sent a telegram to Congressman Conley, and we got a return telegram saying the C.A.A. had assured the congressman they would reissue my licenses. My first experience in one-on-one politics. I became a lifelong Democrat.

My father and I had agonized over what to say, and finally agreed on total honesty. "In his eagerness to fly, Maupin misrepresented his age in order to get started.

This type of honesty was typical of my father. I remember years earlier when Texas, in its wisdom, had decided that you needed a license to drive a car. There was a Grandfather Clause stipulating that if you were already a driver, the license was free and no test was required. If you were a new driver, the fee was \$1.00 and you had to pass a test. My father sat at his typewriter filling out the forms for my driver's license. He came to a question that bothered him, sat for a moment in thought, then got up and said, "Come on." We went into the backyard and he put me behind the wheel of our old Studebaker car. He had me start it, put it in reverse and let out the clutch. It bucked twice and stalled. Start again, put in low, let out the clutch, bucked twice and stalled. Back to the typewriter. The question asked, "How long have you been driving?" My dad typed in, "Short time."

III. I'M A PRO!

I worked as an instructor for a few months in Wichita Falls, then went to Bonham, Texas and applied for a job as a civilian instructor for the Army Air Corps.

A gifted promoter named Charlie Graham had set up this school. With no money, but a great idea, he went to Dallas, Texas and signed a contract to buy \$50,000 worth of kitchen equipment to feed 300 cadets. He took the signed contract to Bonham, Texas showed it to all the city fathers and pointed out to them how great it was going to be to have a primary flight school at their town. Then we went to Washington for a chat with Mr. Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House. Bonham was Mr. Rayburn's home town. Mr. Rayburn was furious at this behind-the-back approach, but what could he do? Bonham got the school.

By now I was shaving fairly regularly, and when I applied at Bonham, the chief instructor filling out the forms looked up very briefly and said "You're 21, aren't you?" What would you have done? I said yes.

I qualified on the new equipment, Fairchild PT-19's and Army-style flying, and got my first cadets. Day one on the flight line saw a row of instructors lined up along the dispatch building and cadets in formation across from them. The Dispatcher would call out the name of an instructor who would step forward, then the names of five cadets. They would meet, shake hands and then walk off to an assigned airplane. In

1942 cadet ages ranged from 19 to 27. It was not uninteresting to see the shock on a few faces when a cadet met an instructor who looked like his youngest brother. The problem completely disappeared somewhere during the first introductory ride.

In the summer of 1942 we had a group of cadets from West Point. They were great to work with – highly motivated and after the book grind at West Point, the ground school was like a vacation for them.

My greatest disappointment was a young second lieutenant who had applied and been accepted for flight training. I worked my heart out trying to make a pilot out of him, and with great regret told him I would have to recommend him for elimination. He said that was okay, he didn't want to fly, he just wanted to get home from Alaska. I was furious. In my callow youth, I couldn't imagine someone not wanting to fly.

After chandelles, lazy 8's and loops, the next item on the syllabus was slow rolls. This would be the first time a cadet had actually hung upside-down from a seat belt. My procedure was to discuss the maneuver on the ground, then in the air ask the cadet if his seat belt was tight. They always nodded yes, then, roll, over inverted, hold it there a few seconds then roll back upright, and look back in the mirror. I never once failed to see the cadet busily finding he could tighten that little old seat belt some more.

In my second flight of cadets I went through this scenario on day, and was no sooner right-side up than I saw a parachute open below us. I pointed it out to the cadet and circled around the descending 'chute looking for a burning or crashing airplane. I finally looked in the mirror and - you guessed it - no cadet back there. I went in and landed, and with some difficulty filled out the flight form. Forty minutes airplane time, only 25 minutes cadet time.

I got a lot of flack in the ready room: "Hey Maupin, how can you teach 'em to fly, if your can't keep 'em in the airplane?", etc.

Later I heard said cadet won over \$50.00 in bets on that caper. I took him aside and quietly told him I didn't want to know what really happened, but to get his buddies to shut it up. If the Army found out the would wash him out as an example.

There were about 100 instructors at Bonham and a few of us wanted to get an instrument rating. It meant driving to Fort Worth on weekends, flying a Link trainer and later an instrument-equipped airplane, then driving back to Bonham in time to fly Monday. The Link trainer operated 24 hours out of 24 and your :30 flight might well be 2:00 to 2:30 a.m. Saturday or Sunday. I didn't own a car and rode back and forth with the others. Well, Ft. Worth has a lot of pretty girls, and it wasn't too long until I was the only one still gung ho for that instrument rating. The other had found far more interesting diversions in the big city. I stuck to it, spending many weekends riding rickety Trailway buses back and forth. Before I had been at Bonham six months, I was the only instructor who still didn't own a car, but I was also the only pilot on the field who held an instrument rating.

IV. THE DRAGON'S WINGS

With the instrument rating in hand, I wrote to the New York office of Pan American-Grace Airline in Lima, Peru, applying for a job and was told I had to be fluent in Spanish. I wasn't. Fortune Magazine ran a cover story called "China's Last Lifeline" about the China National Aviation Corporation. It sounded dangerous, exciting and the pay was fantastic. I applied for a job and was accepted, subject to an interview with Captain Frank Higgs in Fort Worth in ten days. It was a nerve-racking ten days. How do you prepare for an interview with a major airline and with a world-famous pilot? Frank Higgs was portrayed in Terry and the Pirates, a comic strip by Milt Cannif. He was an afraid-of-nothing, go-anywhere, any time, always-get-through transport pilot, flying the most difficult routes in the world.

I tried to figure out how to get ready for such an interview – trick questions?, psychological views?, minute scrutiny of logbooks and letters of recommendations?

I arrived at Captain Higgs' hotel, and on the dot at the appointed time called his room number and was told to come on up. There were three of us and we went up and knocked. Higgs called "Come on in." We did and Capt. Higgs was standing in the bathroom in jockey shorts shaving. "Sitdown," he called, "have a drink, there's scotch and ice on the table." We declined and he began to dress in a gorgeous gabardine uniform with the CNAC dragon's wings on the chest. He was an unfairly handsome man with the famous single dark eyebrow portrayed by Cannif.

"You guys coming out to fly for us?" he asked. "We need you." We said we hoped so. Did he want to see our logbooks, etc? "No," he said, "The New York office can handle all the paper stuff. What can you tell me about Fort Worth girls? I have a date in a half hour with a

beautiful girl I just met last night." I let the others field that one. I doubt if the handsome, dashing captain needed any advice. We asked if he wanted to give us a check ride. "What would I learn in a flight around Forth Worth on a nice sunny afternoon? No, you come on out. We put you in the co-pilot's seat flying the Hump. If the Hump itself doesn't scare you, we see how you handle icing conditions, violent thunderstorms, 80 mph crosswinds, instrument takeoffs with 100 yards visibility, Japanese bombing attacks, false radio signals, etc. See how you get along with Chinese flight crews, the monsoon, dengue fever and local girls. See if you are temperamentally fit for this kind of work. In 60 to 90 days we will either check you out as captain, or send you home. Any other questions?" We had none. "Well, come on then, tell me about Fort Worth girls!"

I left in a daze. What kind of interview is that? I guess as a little country boy from Texas I still had a lot to learn. One of those three at that interview made one terrifying trip across the Hump, refused to go again and went straight home. In December 1943 I checked out as captain. I was not only an airline captain, I was also, finally, legally an adult.

Frank Higgs came to China with Claire L. Chennault in 1938 as an air instructor with the Chinese Air Force. He died in China in an airplane crash in 1945.

The leisurely trip from Miami to Calcutta created if not jet lag, at least profound cultural and emotional shock. Natal is a backwater of Brazil; it's only importance being its nearness to Africa. The language is Portugese. Except for Ascension Island, our next stop was the Gold Coast of Africa. I was born and raised in a Texas town where 20% of the population was black. I knew how black people dressed, looked and talked. The men who examined my luggage and stamped my passport were so black they had almost a purple sheen. They had tribal scars on their cheeks, dressed in crisp British uniforms, and spoke like any Englishman. A layover in Ft. Lamy in Chad saw us among Berber tribesmen who spoke French. Saudi Arabia dropped us in the Arab world. At least in India, English was the second language. We stopped over in Agra and I got to see the most beautiful building built by man - the Taj Mahal.

When my employment with China National Air Corps (CNAC) was confirmed, I was ordered to report to Miami, Florida. Other than my short interview with Capt. Frank Higgs, I had no face-to-face meeting with anyone else. All my travel arrangements, etc., were handled by correspondence. In Miami, I was issued No. 2 priority transportation papers for travel by military air transportation. We flew by DC-3 Southeast to Natal on the eastern-most point in Brazil. There was a week or so delay for the ride across the South Atlantic, by DC-4, via Ascension Island to the Gold Coast. Then back in DC-3's again, flying across central Africa, Saudi Arabia, and India to Calcutta, where I reported to CNAC.

Once with CNAC, I never received any training as such. I flew co-pilot Calcutta to Dinjan, in the Upper Assam Valley, then as co-pilot over the Hump.

I flew with some ten different captains, some expected his co-pilot to just put the gear up and down and otherwise mind his own business. Other pilots would split takeoff and landing with the co-pilot, weather permitting.

Tutweiler put me in the left seat and kept me there. He taught me everything he could and I flew with him every chance I could. In March 1944, flying a new airplane out from Miami, he was killed on takeoff from Camegui, Cuba. My only "training" flight was an instrument check ride with Capt. Pottschmidt and I was scheduled out as captain with no particular ceremony.

From April 1942 through September 1945, we lost or seriously damaged 47 aircraft. Some were rebuilt and returned to service. Schroeder was definitely shot down by the Japanese, Loomis' airplane exploded in mid-air, Thorwaldson was lost on a rice dropping mission, Scoff tore a wing off in turbulence. Of the 47 airplanes lost, 23 crews were lost; in the others crews survived. Most losses were attributable to weather - thunderstorms, recorded 125 mph winds, etc.

Pay

CNAC paid foreign pilots \$400.00 a month while flying as co-pilot, but you were expected to check out as captain in 90 days or less. DC-3 pilots did this easily. I had never sat in the cockpit of a multi-engine airplane till I went to China, and I flew about three months as co-pilot.

For 70 hours, captains were paid \$800.00 the first month, \$900.00 the second, and \$1,000.00 per month thereafter. For hours in excess of 70 per month, pilots drew 20 Rupees the first three months, then "went on gold," meaning they drew \$20.00 per hour over 70. For the

most part, I could live comfortably in Calcutta, on my overtime check, and send my base pay home. Today it doesn't sound like much, but in the early 1940's a new Buick cost \$800.00 and in Gainesville, Texas you could buy a new three-bedroom house for \$3,000.00.

Our flight crews were all Chinese and consisted of co-pilot, radio operator, and occasionally, especially into airports where we had no facilities, a crew chief. Co-pilots' skills varied from considerable to non-existent. I have had co-pilots whose first trip with me was the first time they ever sat in an airplane. Flights with no co-pilot at all were fairly routine, and I ferried empty airplanes many times alone in the airplane.

Luggage problems varied. I have had Chinese crews from Fukien and North China who could not even talk to each other, the dialects were so different.

Our base in Assam was Dinjan Airport; the tower was staffed by U.S. Air Force personnel. We shared the base with a single fighter squadron. We had an auxiliary field called Balijan, but it was unsurfaced, and used only as a dispersal field when air attacks were expected. It was solid dust in the dry season and solid mud during monsoon. Dinjan had an ADF station off the end of the runway. Both of these fields were located in the middle of a tea plantation of about 3000 acres. They were managed by a few Englishmen, and staffed by some thousands of Indian workers. The acreage was 75% tea, with shade trees planted among the tea plants. The other 25% was devoted to growing food for the workers, roads, drying sheds, etc.

Logistics

The logistics of supplies for China was probably the longest in the world at that time. Supplies to keep China in the war, and tie down several divisions of Japanese troops came from the USA by ship. Sometimes around Africa, sometimes via the Suez, perhaps occasionally via the South Pacific. Offloaded in Calcutta, it came by narrow gauge railway to the CNAC and ATC bases in the Assam Valley. From there it was loaded on airplanes for the flight to China.

During the late 1930's it came by ship to Rangoon and thence by truck over the Burma Road. The fall of Rangoon in early 1942 closed the Burma Road and left the Hump as "China's last lifeline."

Air Raids

My first air raid was in Dinjan, and I was in a car enroute from our bungalow to the airport. In the car were several ex-avg pilots, and I was astonished at the speed they used to stop the car and dive into the roadside ditch. The drone of 100 radial engines, at high altitude, is a never-to-be-forgotten sound. The Japanese dropped their bombs from very high. There was lots of scatter and little damage, except for the Customs shack.

In my second experience, I was in the cockpit of my DC-3 preparing for takeoff in Kunming. The three-ball alert was followed almost immediately by explosions. I raced down the cabin and outside, and crawled under the biggest thing in sight the all-clear sounded. There was a string of craters down the main runway as I came out from under my protection. It proved to be a tank truck full of 100 octane gasoline. I'm a slow learner.

There were more than a few poker games "up country" to while away free time, but I seldom joined. Acceptable stakes were cash, either U.S. dollars or Indian rupees, and IOU's. These latter varied in value depending on age and signer. I sat in one night in Chungking when the weather had us all grounded. Arnold Wier, one of our best mechanics, was in the game. A lot of liquor had been around and Arnold was pretty drunk. A pretty big pot grew, I had a month's pay in it, and Arnold wrote an IOU for \$2,000.00 and threw it in. I had, 99% sure, the winning cards. I thought a long time, then folded and left the game. I've never played poker since that night.

Weather Report

Our scattered weather stations on the Hump were manned by skilled Chinese radio technicians who could, one way or another, keep the station on the air. Their meteorological training was a half-hour lecture. If you can see that tree, visibility was 1/2 mile, that rock, one mile, that range of hills, unlimited.

One night my operator handed me a report, "ceiling unlimited, visibility zero." I told him to ask why; the answer came "black darkness."

Through the good offices of Pete Gutiere I was invited on a tiger hunt at the principality of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, a small estate in the northwest corner of Assam. Someone brought a record of the song "Lillie Marlane" and we played it over and over. That evening at dinner the regimental band played outside the window during dinner. Baya, the maharaja, gave the record and a hand-wound gramophone to the band director and asked him to play that the next night. They did, and it was great.

For the tiger shoot, we went by truck several miles away from the palace. Many natives were gathered as beaters. The Maharaja's sister stood on the hood of a jeep and talked to them. Among other things, she asked what they wanted most. They said they wanted Baya to marry and have son. He never did – he died single and childless. Perhaps he saw the future of India's politics better than the villagers.

The tiger hunt was a typical 19th Century affair. Six "guns" lined up along a draw and a dozen beater elephants and hundreds of villagers with pans, sticks, whistles and bells driving through the jungle making lots of noise to drive the tiger towards the "guns." The "guns" were each an elephant with a howdah on his back, a mahoot on his neck and a shooter in the howdah. I had no rifle of my own, and was issued one from the palace gun room. It was a double barrel 450-500; very heavy with tremendous kick.

With generations of experience at this sort of thing, Baya and the beaters could almost control where the tiger would cross the draw. I had been placed next to a general, and the tiger was supposed to come out there. He came out in front of me, three of us fired in close order, and I was awarded the skin. The general fired straight up!

Six months later, when Margaret and I were in Burma, I was notified I could pick up the skin from the taxidermist in Calcutta. We were with a great friend, an Indian, Dr. Sekran, when word came. I told them I was going to have the tiger standing with a monkey on his back holding a lamp. Dr. Sekran thought it was great, and Margaret said "You do, it'll never come in that door."

Howard Dean came to CNAC from Pan-Am Africa. He speaks French which he learned in childhood, and while in Africa he spent two weeks leave (either official or unofficial) with the French Camel Corps in Chad. He was one of two operations officers working under Woodie at Dinjan. They found the transfer of authority at work a problem, and finally settled on a system with Woods' approval, of working 24 hours on and 24 hours off. Both avid tennis players, they arranged for the most experienced Chinese operations man to cover for them, then one quit a half-hour early and the other reported a half-hour late. About dusk they could get in an hour's tennis. Woodie found out, and hanging on the wall in Howard's Wall Street brokerage office for years was Woodie's letter, ticking him for not working 24 hours out of 24.

Howard dearly loved ice cream, but of course it was unobtainable in Assam. One night Jimmie Scoff came wandering out of the kitchen with two big scoops covered with chocolate sauce. Howard demanded some and was told that was all there was; it had just been flown up from Calcutta. Howard bitched so much, Jimmie finally said, "Here, you have it." Howard dug in with gusto. It was mashed potatoes.

The ingenuity of American GI's is legend. I brought a few cases of beer up for the guys who supervised the loading of our airplanes. The nearest ice was 600 miles away, but they said "Not to worry, Captain." They cut the top off a 50-gallon drum, dumped in two cases of beer cans, then covered it with 100 octane gasoline. Then they pumped compressed air through the gasoline, and bingo, frozen beer. Don't ask about the fire hazard.

In 1944 Dick Rossi, Charlie Uban and I went on a walking trip to Tibet. We all got a month's flying in early, permission for three weeks off, and got back in time to put in a month's flying in the last half of the next month. We were dropped off in a huge field at the foot of Likiang Mountain. The field is at about the 9000 foot altitude, and we walked 135 miles up into Tibet. We followed the Upper Yangsee River for the most part. An American missionary went with us and we had about 20 tough little ponies carrying our gear and food. On flat ground we walked or sometimes rode. Downhill we always walked. Uphill we would hold on to the tail of a pony and let him pull us. Most of the whole hike was altitudes from 11,000 to 13,000 feet altitude.

Seniority

Seniority is always important to airline pilots. It determines who checks out on new equipment. Senior pilots also get their choice of runs. Only three CNAC pilots had seniority with Pan American: Hugh Woods, Chuck Sharp and Frank Higgs. We would all have preferred to, but just accepted this. The DC-4's were another story.

In 1946 CNAC took delivery of six newly-overhauled and refurbished DC-4's. One was given immediately to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, and the other five put into service throughout China. Plus, scheduled weekly service was inaugurated from Shang-hai to San Francisco, via Wake, Guam, Midway and Honolulu. Highly experienced ex-military pilots with lots of four-engine experience were hired by CNAC to fly these new aircraft. From a company standpoint it may have made sense, but it shattered pilot morale.

I had moved steadily up the list through normal attrition. At the end of the war many pilots went home. They had bought farms, ranches and businesses with their savings, or wanted to pursue other careers. I had no other skills: with the world awash with surplus military pilots, chances of a job with a domestic airline were about nil. I liked the orient, I liked the work and I liked the pay, so I stayed in the East. In fairness, CNAC hired a minimum of DC-4 pilots and started fairly quickly moving senior CNAC pilots on to the new airplanes. I had just started check-out on them when I left CNAC.

V. FLYING THE HUMP

CNAC's pilots in those days were as mixed a bag as you could imagine. Charley Sundby was Danish, with a thick accent; Eric Just German; "Uncle Rafe" McKinney had flown biplanes against the Luftwaffe's finest in the Spanish Civil War. He was tall and thin, with a long black beard and the nickname was from a hillbilly character in a cartoon in Esquire magazine. Moon Chin was American-Chinese from Baltimore, Maryland; Al and Cedric were Canadian-Chinese. M.K. Loh and K.L. Mah were mainland Chinese. Sid Dekanso, Australian; and Pete Gutiere was a British subject, of English and French descent, born and raised on an indigo plantation in India.

A.R. "Gibby" Gibson had a seventh grade education when he quit school to work in a casket factory. He came to us via the R.A.F. Ferry Command, where he had flown just about every single and twin the R.A.F. had. He was very intelligent and taught himself celestial navigation while shipboard from England to the U.S. If we all had anything in common, it must have been the challenge of the work, the pride in CNAC and delight with the pay scale.

Billie McDonald was one of Claire Chennault's wing men in his famous flying trapeze. Today, every country in the world has a team of precision aerobatic pilots. We expect such a demonstration at every air show. How many realize that Chennault originated this kind of flying and taught Avg pilots to utilize it? Jimmie Scott's family owned a steel mill in Ohio. "Moose" Moss worked his way through school in Georgia selling bibles door to door. "Duke" Hedman was one of several ex-A.V.G. pilots.

The A.V.G.'s first taste of combat was a Japanese air raid on Rangoon. They arrived with 100 bombers and fighters and were all met by all the R.A.F.'s Brewster's Buffalo Fighters and every P-40 the A.V.G.'s could get in the air. Duke Hedman joined that wild melee, never fired his guns in anger. He landed an hour later an ace, having shot down five bombers. Lot of Japanese airplanes were downed, but half the wharfs along the river in Rangoon were in flames, and many tons of supplies destined for the Burma Road to China were gone.

The A.V.G. was disbanded on July 4, 1942, after seven months combat and Chennault was given command of the 14th Air Force. Some A.V.G. pilots joined with Chennault, some went straight home, quite a few joined CNAC. As an inducement to join, they were told that as soon as they checked out as captain, they would be sent home for a month's leave at a time in seniority rotation.

Pan-American Africa ran a scheduled contract service across Central Africa and in 1943 the Army heavy-handedly tried to induct the whole operation into the military. Many of the pilots resisted and several joined CNAC. Joe Rosbert and Ridge Hammel were two of these. Flying together they flew smack into a mountain on the northern Hump route at 16000 feet. They saw the mountain just before impact and sucked back on the yoke. Both had injured ankles and the radio operator was killed on impact.

Their buddies mourned them a few days, moved in on their girlfriends, drank their whiskey and sent their personal effects home. Forty-six days later they limped out of the jungle. They had been rolled up in parachutes for a few days. Ate all the chocolate bars; they pulled up floor boards and made toboggans and slid to the bottom of the snow line. They were found by some hill tribesmen. Carried out on their backs, and given locally-grown opium every evening. They were delivered to British jungle fighters and finally arrived back in the Assam Valley. Robert went home for medical attention and Ridge returned to flying the Hump.

All the various squadrons flying the Hump were assigned code names in 1943. Ours to our amusement was "Rifraf." Ridge Hammel had a small pet Himalayan bear he took back and forth across the Hump. Occasionally, as we overflew Yunanyee, a couple of Army P-40's would drop their flaps and pull up into formation with us. One day, as he saw a pair pulling in, Ridge got out of the seat, put the bear in his place with his cap on the bear's head. The P-40 pulled in close, took a good look, and peeled away. The last thing Ridge heard on the radio was, "I knew it, I knew it!"

One of the reasons CNAC was so much more successful flying the Hump compared to the military was the living conditions. Pilots lived in Calcutta, a big cosmopolitan city. Two or three pilots shared an apartment, sometimes a pilot share housing with a more congenial companion. He was scheduled to go "up country" and flew up to Dinjan where he was housed in a thatched roof bungalow on a tea plantation about five miles from the airfield. The bungalow was about 50 feet by 100 feet with verandas around four sides. Upstairs there were bunkbeds for 30 or 40 pilots. Downstairs were a dining room, recreation room with ping pong table and two hand-wound gramophones, kitchen and servants' quarters.

We sort of flew eight hours, were off ten or twelve, and flew another trip. In ten to 20 days we would get in a month's flying, then back to Calcutta for about two weeks free. Base time was 70 hours and we got \$20 an hour for anything over 70 hours a month. My best month when we were short of pilots was 142 hours.

In contrast, military pilots just lived in the Assam Valley. The food, housing and weather were lousy and diversion nonexistent. They would fly a Hump trip, then sweat it out for days until they had to make another. What quickly became routine flying for us was an occasional hair-raising experience for them. I met young 2nd Lieutenants who sewed a small leather triangle on their jackets for each successful Hump trip. In early days, a military pilot got the D.E.C. for 300 hours and was sent home on R & R after 600 hours. They never really learned how to do it. In contrast, I flew over 2000 hours on the Hump and Dick Rossi over 3500.

In Calcutta you could plan tennis on the Maidan, billiards at the Grand Hotel, take in a dinner dance at the Great Eastern, or just go drinking at the British-American Club. Earthier pleasures could be found on Kariah Road.

Jimmie Scoff bailed out one night north of Kunming when West China was full of thunderstorms, and he had homed-in on several of them and was totally lost. When he got back to Kinming we asked him at dinner what he was thinking just before he jumped. He said, "I had two paychecks in my pocket I hadn't spent, and I'll never let that happen again." True to his word, he went down to Calcutta, got drunk, bought \$2000 worth of jewelry, took it down and gave it to all the girls on Kariah Road.

On May 8, 1944, Jimmie's brakes locked on landing and he ground-looped into General Old's personal B-25. On October 7, 1944, we lost Jimmie when he pulled a wing off a DC-3 on the Hump in severe turbulence. I've never heard of that happening to a DC-3 before or since.

The worst turbulence I've ever seen was coming back from China with a load of tin bars one night in August 1944. I had by then seen a lot of rough air, but nothing like this. I put the gear down to try to stabilize the wildly-fluctuating air speed. I reckoned my only hope was just to keep the airplane right-side-up, and speed between 90 and 150. I put on all the cockpit lights so I wouldn't be blinded by a flash on lightning. A fraction of a second would have lost us. It was so wild I couldn't trust the gyros and just flew the needle and ball. I was blown out the top of that thunderstorm at something over 30,000 feet. Three of us flew into that storm that night and one was never heard from again. Colson landed after I did, and his airplane looked like a dill pickle. The tin bars had come loose and bounced all around the cabin, punching dents in the skin.

When it came to losing airplanes, the weather had it ten to one over the Japanese.

MAINTENANCE AND A FEW VIGNETTES

If pilot morale was high during those years, much of the credit should go to our maintenance personnel, American and Chinese, whose dedication and resourcefulness were superb.

Glen Carrol gets the credit for skillfully landing his airplane in a river, at night, gear up when his only alternative was to bail out over the jungle. Billie McDonald flew it out off a 300-foot sandbar a month later. But the real credit should go to Art Prendergast and his crew, when, with local labor and elephants, towed the airplane to a river bank sandbar, got it up on the gear, and replaced an engine and propeller. Art lost one Chinese mechanic who fell out of a rubber raft and was killed by a crocodile.

The story of the DC-2-1/2 is too well-know to repeat here. Suffice it to say that I think the flying of the DC-2 wing from Hong Kong to Suifu under the belly of another DC-3 is the greatest part of the story.

The Japanese caught one our DC-3's on the ground at Nanshiung, and while the crew watched helplessly, spent the morning leisurely strafing it. Both tires were flat and all fuel and oil tanks punctured. For some reason, the only fire was the left engine, which was destroyed.

Soldinsky and his crews patched it up, replaced all the instruments, and looked for a spare engine. The only thing available was 950 h.p. fighter engine and prop. Typically, "Sol" Soldinsky said if that's all that was available, then that's what we'd use. The 3200 bullet holes in the skin were patched with mattress ticking and local glue. Chuck Sharp flew it out and in the rain, all the patches blew off. Chuck refueled in Bhamo, North Burma. The ground crew said they could hear him coming for 50 miles. He picked up a full load of refugees for the flight to Calcutta. The wind screamed, shrieked and howled through all those open bullet holes, and it was named the Burma Banshee. The Japanese announced over Radio Tokyo that they were not afraid of this new Allied weapon.

H.L. Woods in Kinjan hired a local Indian snake charmer when our living quarters became infested with cobras. He decided to hide the cost elsewhere. (How would the New York office look at a snake charmer on the payroll?)

General Jimmie Doolittle was flown out of China by CNAC Capt. Moon Chin after his famous raid over Tokyo. At Mitkyina they picked up 64 refugees, mostly women and children, including four stowaways in the baggage compartment. When Doolittle questions the gross weight, Moon Chin told him "Refugees don't weigh much General."

Students of Chinese history will remember the Boxer Rebellion early in this century. Around five p.m. every evening, CNAC personnel and visiting foreigners would gather in the Hong Kong Hotel for drinks and chatting. One afternoon, Emily "Mickey" Hahn, a writer for the New Yorker magazine, did not join the group. She was involved at the time with a British officer named Major Boxer. During a pause, Ernest Hemingway said, "I expect she's busy putting down a Boxer uprising." Of course the gang couldn't wait to relay this quip to Mickey, whose answer was, "You can tell Ernest he need not be concerned. I had the situation well in hand."

Link Laughlin compared transition from PEA Forties to the DC-3 to going from a sports car to a Farmall tractor. He tells of the trials and tribulations of trying to absorb the kind of professionalism CNAC wanted from PEA Forty pilots. He claims he had more trouble with syntax than flying. Pottschnaidt wanted him to "assume the decent configuration" instead of "poke the nose down." His first trip as captain over the Hump saw the left head temperature at 175 degrees, right at 215 degrees, left oil at 25 degrees and right at 80 degrees. The Crew Chief said, "Don't mean a goddamn thing, just fly the airplane, Captain." Link decided it was just colder on the north side of the airplane. These twin engines, you know, and soldiered on.

More than other pilots, Dick Rossi resented it when the Army Signal Corps put their girlfriends on the payroll as stenos and file clerks. "Hell," Rossi complained, "they can't even read." Perhaps they had other qualifications.

Ex-Navy Pilot Hockswender, on a foggy night in driving rain, flew down the runway at Calcutta, but his gear was still up. On his second pass gear down, he mistook reflected runway lights in a shallow river and landed in it. He picked up the mike and yelled, "Up periscope!" and the Chinese radio operator succinctly reported, "First time, field, no wheels. Second time wheels, not field."

VI. EQUIPMENT

CNAC, in its operations from the 1920's until its demise in 1949, flew a variety of equipment, from the Stinson Detroiter, which carried four passengers, through Leening amphibious bi-planes, the Curtis Condor, Ford Trimotor, DC-2, -3 and -4. The workhorse was the DC-3 and I admit a prejudice for this airplane as I'm sure many other pilots of my generation do.

In 1945 we took delivery of a few Curtis C-46's. They carried a larger payload but the pilots never liked them. They were blind in rain, the electric props ran away occasionally, and the head temperatures dropped to zero in heavy rain. H.L. "Duffy" Buller, in a great show of cool skill, landed on with the trim tab alone when he lost all elevator control.

To my knowledge, Chuck Sharp's hauling 74 passengers in a DC-3 out of Burma holds the record. Today when there is no DC-3 under 50 years old, and some are approaching 60, in the niches where they fit, they are still carrying on.

Over the years, builders have announced many new airplanes as the replacement for the DC-3, but the definitive statement still stands: The only replacement for the DC-3 is another DC-3.

VII. CARGOS

Cargos coming out of China were limited to five – woolfram, which is concentrated tungston ore, tin bars, hog bristles used to make paint brushes, Chinese recruits to join Stilwell's army, and rice, which was air-dropped to Wingate's troops and Merrill's marauders operating behind Japanese lines in North Burma.

Cargos going into China could be anything you can imagine. An airplane load of CNC (China National Currency) was common. The printing presses were always running.

One night I flew through storm of moderate turbulence, but great electrical activity. There were great fire rings around the props and we turned off all radios for fear of damage. Saint Elmo's Fire was dancing out my wings. Two balls of fire would form at the wing roots, dance out to the wing tips and fly off as new ones formed at the roots. We watched with awe, and it lasted about half an hour before we flew out of it. In the back I had a full load of wooden tent stakes.

One clear, nice day I was scheduled to Suifu. When I signed the manifest, it listed gold bars, 4700 lbs. Consignee was the Central Bank of China in ChungKing, China's wartime capitol. It was loaded and tied down like any other cargo in wooden boxes and the only noticeable difference was the small volume. Gold is very dense. There was no special guard at either end, and in Suifu the load disappeared in two trucks down a dusty road.

CNAC crews were always prepared to jettison cargo in case of engine failure. A fully-loaded DC-3 could not hold those altitudes on single engine, and I would have thrown out a load of CNC without the slightest hesitation if need be.

I wonder what would have happened to a pilot if he arrived at his destination and, when asked where his cargo of 4700 lbs. of gold, he replied, "Oh, I had a little engine trouble, so threw it out." I don't know what would have happened to me, but a mainland Chinese would have surely been shot.

Occasionally, on a return flight from China we would have full load of rice and three G.I. "rice kickers." One would have an ordinance map of an area in North Burma, and we would find the target area. White cloth panels would be spread out in a big X. I got pretty good at this work. Rice sacks would be stacked up in the open door about five feet high, and two G.I.'s on the floor with their feet against the bottom sack. I would drop down on the target with gear and flaps down, ring the jump bell, and the whole stack of rice would go out as I roared up at full power for another go-around. In four or five passes at the target we would unload a whole plae load of rice.

By the time I was doing this, techniques had been perfected. The right was in tight 100 lb. sacks, but around these were two more loose sacks. On impact, the inner sack burst, but the loose sacks contained the rice.

We supplied Wingate's troops, Merrill's Marauders, and perhaps some clever Japanese who also had a big white X. Who's to say?

One night in Kunming I had a wee drop too much with a group of G.I.'s who wanted to hurry up the war. They stole a hundred-pound bomb and loaded it on my plane. On their return flight to India, I detoured via Mitkyina in North Burma, and rolled it out the door.

Such is war.

VIII. SMUGGLING

In every age and place when communications are difficult and dangerous, the question of smuggling rears its lovely head.

The possibilities of smuggling from India to China were almost limitless. Any brief list of contraband would include booze, cigarettes, Parker fountain pens, Rolex watches, sulfa tablets and almost any toilet articles.

Amateur smugglers moved all these. The mark-up was probably 300% to 500%. Serious smugglers; and cliques of CNAC radio operators were probably the most professional around; they moved only two things – gold bars and currency. With a system and organization, \$10,000 in capital could be moved back and forth smoothly, three to five round trips a month. At 25% to 40% profit, each trip, after all expenses, their capital doubled in a month.

To the best of my knowledge, their activities never interfered with their efficient performance of their duties. The job was more important than any one load of contraband. No job, job loot. Occasionally, the company dismissed one, but he was usually stupid and foolish and had it coming.

For the most part, they could ignore Customs on the India side, and pay off when necessary on the Chinese side. With the operation of a Chinese crew chief, loading "pigeon cargo" was a snap. Not only safe from discovery, but safe from danger to the v.

Smuggling from India to China was controlled (and I use the term lightly) by Smitty, a tall, gangly Anglo-Indian of considerable charm, and as foul a mouth as I have ever heard.

The Custom office was a bamboo shack near our operations building, and we were required to check through Customs on each arrival and departure. If one of the flight crew was asked to open a sealed envelope, and it contained a dozen fountain pens, the stock reply was, "I had no idea, I was just taking it over for a friend." This got loud guffaws from everyone, Smitty confiscated the pens, the offender hoped for better luck next time, and life went on. The whole thing was carried on with a certain amount of panache on either side. Occasionally the radio operator syndicate would arrange for Smitty to "find" a few gold bars, or an envelope full of 100 Rupee notes. Smitty would dance around with glee. The guilty radio operator would put on an act of great sadness and contrition and the show would go on.

The "sanction" against smuggling was loss of the contraband. There was never any question of arrest, trial or jail. When we asked Smitty what percent of contraband he got to keep personally, he said, "Bloody f ____ all."

No doubt an occasional bottle of whiskey dropped off the official list.

A minor Japanese air raid on Dinjan saw neither the runway nor any airplanes damaged, but to our great delight, Smitty's Customs building took a direct hit from a 50-lb. bomb. He quickly got a double-walled Army tent set up and was back in business.

A few days later, Link Laughlin finished his last Hump trip before going on home leave. He was flying an airplane down to Calcutta. We watched him start up, and to our great pleasure, he taxied over in front of the Customs tent and put full power on both engines. He blew the front of the tent in, the back out, and hundreds of documents all over the airport.

We laughingly helped Smitty collect papers returning half and throwing half away. When Smitty demanded to know who the pilot was, there was a great deal of confusion in the office and no one could figure it out.

It takes but the briefest reflection to realize there is a distinction between what's illegal and what's immoral. Driving on the left in the U.S. is illegal; the English drive on the left side of the road all the time.

Was I a smuggler? The answer is an unequivocal and unrepentant yes.

If I could take my \$1000 paycheck, change it in Calcutta to Rupees, fly these to China and buy a Chinese government bond valued at \$1200 to \$1400 and have it telegraphed to my bank at home, I did. If you preferred to mail your check home, I have no quarrel with you.

IX. POSTWAR AIRPLANE FLYING IN CHINA

Except for the question of the communists, the problems of postwar aviation in China seemed pressing but solvable. Demand was cheaply available, and pilots were easy to find. On the negative side, inflation was roaring and morale was down. The cost of living in Shanghai spiraled upward, and pilot morale took a dive when CNAC hired ex-military pilots to fly our six new DC-4's. We had done the tough work all those years, and thought we ought to get the gravy now, like scheduled transpac service from Shanghai to San Francisco.

In 1945 I flew into about every airport all over China from Urumtchi and Hami in the Gobi Desert to Peking in North China, to Amoy and Swatow along China's south coast. It is a humbling experience to take off in the morning and fly all day long down the Great Wall of China. For 2000 years, until the invention of the telegraph, the fastest communication in the world was smoke of fire signals along this wall. It is also the ultimate example of what Will Durant called "The cheapness of labor and the insecurity of kings."

Hami and Urumtchi are Chinese cities near the Russian and Afghan border. They are in the great Gobi Desert, and on the ancient silk route from China to the Mediterranean travelled by Marco Polo. In 1946 they were more important for strategic and political reasons than commercial. Flights there were infrequent and I made only one which was uneventful. The weather across the Gobi Desert offered only on hazard - giant dust storms - and I was lucky enough not to encounter one. One of our pilots caught in such a storm landed in the desert and waited for it to blow itself out - a matter of two days.

In a matter of time, the longest trade route in history is the Spanish Galleon route from Acapulco in Mexico to Manila and South China coast. For over 200 years this fleet of clumsy Spanish galleons sailed once a year. The cargo case was silver coins, and the return voyage brought tea, spices, lace, jade, carved ivory, etc. This cargo travelled over land across Mexico then by ship to Spain. Besides the king's cargo, each sailor was allowed one chest on the return voyage. If he survived, he might retire after one trip. The greatest threat to his life was scurvy, if the fleet was delayed making landfall on the coast in California, where fresh fruit and vegetables saved his life.

As a consequence of this trade, the coastal cities of China were flooded with silver coins. In 1932, when Pottschmidt came to China, his pay was in Mexican silver dollars.

In 1946 I flew into these coastal cities of Amoy, Swatow and Foochow, and on the occasions when I could get into town from the airport, I bought lace, jade, etc. Payment even then was still in Mexican silver dollars.

Dicky Stratford was a soft-spoken pilot from Virginia. He attracted girls like flies. When I first met him, he was going with a demure young English girl. At a Christmas party in Calcutta, she brought his Christmas present to the party, and insisted he open it in front of all of us. She had knitted him socks. Three of them. The third one was smaller than the other two, had a puch near the cuff, and a pink ribbon to tie it on. There could be only one place to wear it, and while Dicky turned brick red, she explained that she didn't want Dicky getting cold up on that nasty old Hump.

In 1946 I got two weeks leave and flew down to Hanoi, French Indo China. We had just inaugurated a weekly flight there from Kunming. In Hanoi I met the most beautiful girl I've ever known. She was partly French and part Vietnamese, and until recently had been the great good friend of a Japanese colonel. About the time she decided the Japanese were not the winners, and maybe the Americans were, who should walk into her life but smiling Capt. Maupin.

We hired an open top car - old French Citroen - and driver, and she showed me all the sights in and around Hanoi. We visited the port city of Haiphong and watched the junks unloading. We visited Buddhist temples and Catholic churches and cathedrals. We had fabulous meals in Chinese, French and Vietnamese restaurants. We drove out into the countryside where the Emperor Bao Dai shot tigers for sport. We sat on the hotel veranda in the evenings with cool, tall drinks and took in the sights, sounds and smells of Hanoi. At the end of my week in Hanoi, I gave her all the Piasters I had left "to keep for me till I came back," but we both knew I wasn't coming back.

When I arrived back in Shanghai I switched my flying schedule to get as much free time in Shanghai as possible. I had met a Canadian girl named Margaret White on a return trip from home leave. I had decided that what I really wanted was to marry Margaret. I courted her in Shanghai until she went home to Winnipeg.

I continued with letters, cables and presents. The most beautiful piece of jewelry I ever saw was a gold bracelet. It was sort of filigree with two tiny elephant heads, and was encrusted with tiny seed pearls and rubies. I sent it to Margaret via a ship captain I met and she still has it.

I finally flew from Rangoon, Burma, where I was living, to Winnipeg to press my suit in person and was successful. Margaret was terrified of snakes, but I assured her that Burma had no snakes. "Everybody knows it's called the Ireland of the Orient!," I lied. In our first house in Rangoon we had a family of Hamadryad's living in a rock garden in the front yard. Too late; we were already married.

All's fair in love and war.

Management

CNAC's ownership was by a Chinese corporation. From 1933 until its demise in 1949, 55% was owned by the Chinese government and 45% by Pan American Airways! By agreement, the directors were divided the same percentage as the ownership. The managing director was always Chinese. Operations were always under an American director and vice president. During all the years I flew in China, Mr. William

Langhorne Bond held that position. He was a tall, courtly man of unfailing tact and courtesy. The pilots loved him. (I don't know how, but he knew them all by name.) Part of this probably came from the fact that he would climb aboard the next freight airplane going when he was ready to fly the Hump. He held a private pilot's license, and probably understood pilots' problems as much as any man not a professional pilot. We always put him in the co-pilot's seat, unless he preferred to sleep. He also had foresight and a sharp mind and succeeded as much as any westerner could in negotiations with the Chinese.

CNAC badly needed another DC-3 released from Hump duty to fly routes inside China, but General Stilwell was adamant, feeling it wouldn't serve the war effort. Bond met with him and was unsuccessful in his plea. When Bond left the meeting, Stilwell accompanied him to the door and said, "Always come and see me, Bond, whenever you can." "Why, General?" Bond replied, "I never get anywhere." Stilwell smiled. Bond went away thinking at least he had gotten a smile out of Vinegar Joe Stilwell.

When "Potty" Pottschmidt, our senior check pilot complained, he got a letter from Mr. Bond. "Woodie tells me that every time I write you, bawling you out, he gets a copy, but when I write Woodie bawling him out, you don't get a copy. I think you have a just complaint. The next time I write Woodie giving him hell, I'll send you a copy. If nothing happens in the near future requiring this, which I doubt, I'll write him a letter giving him hell on general principals." — W.L. Bond.

Woodie, in mid-August 1945, with the war over, asked Bond if he could declare a day's holiday. Bond wrote back a handwritten note; no secretary, no file copy, saying officially it was not a good idea: They might get flack from above. He suggested, however, that if all the planes needed service on the same day that might be fine. But, please get up a good story and stick to it. All the pilots got snake bite, dengue fever, whatever. — W.L. Bond.

Communist Victory

The relentless drive of the communists was viewed differently by Americans in China. Optimists held that the U.S. would never let Nationalist China fall. Pessimists thought communist success was inevitable. CNAC supplied beleaguered garrisons, evacuated falling cities, and tried to also fly scheduled passenger and freight runs. Inflation was astronomical. In July 1948 CNAC's daily revenue was CNAC \$500 billion, but a passenger could fly Shanghai to Nanking from the equivalent of one U.S. Dollar. To keep up, rates would have to be changed hourly, not daily.

I claim no great foresight, but in 1948 I left CNAC to start, with a partner named Lad Moore, an airline in Burma. Many friends who left too late, left all they owned but a suitcase, and at the airport handed their car keys to the nearest coolie, and flew out to Hong Kong. It was the end of an era for commercial aviation in China.

BOOK II

BURMA

Peacock Airlines

Even the name was a mistake. The Peacock has ambivalent connotations in Burma. In my continuing naivete, I thought that great skill as a pilot qualified me to own and manage an airline. My partner, Lad Moore, and I bought two surplus DC-3's for about \$50,000 and started a civil airline in Burma.

My lack of political and managerial skills were quickly apparent, and we decided to quietly fold our tent, fortuitously, before we ran up any great debt, or lost all our capital. The less said about Peacock Airlines the better. My partner left the disposal of our equipment to me.

The best market at the time was the many new airlines in India. Every inquiry I made produced the same reply. "What's the empty weight?" It took me some time to figure this out. It seemed the director of civil aviation in India had set the maximum gross weight for civil operations of the DC-3 at 25,000 lbs. It seemed to me ridiculous. We flew the Hump at a gross weight of 28,000 lbs.

I pondered the problem a day or two, then cabled an Australian friend who managed an overhaul shop in Hong Kong, explaining my problem. "Bring her to Hong Kong, Mate," he replied. "We'll see you right." I ferried the airplane alone to Hong Kong and settled in at the Peninsula Hotel to enjoy the pleasures of Hong Kong for a while. A few days later he called me to come to the airport. "Don't be ridiculous,"

I replied, "It's pouring rain, and the wind's howling. This is a day just made for a little serious drinking." He insisted, and I drove out to Kaitak Airport. There sat my DC-3 on the scales, faced into a 40-knot wind.

I was issued a brand new British certificate of airworthiness with an empty weight, the lowest of any Mr. Douglas ever built. I flew it to India and sold it for cash to the highest bidder. The Indian Airlines Management expected something odd, but they could operate it for a year before it was weighed again.

Selling the second airplane changed my life. A Burmese military friend asked if I would be willing to meet very quietly and in private with an Indonesian official. Interested, I agreed, and Wiweko¹ came to my hotel room in the Strand Hotel in Rangoon late one evening. He said he was a Major in the Indonesian Republic Air Force, and had been sent by his government to buy an airplane and arrange its delivery to Jogjakarta. I asked who would fly it after it was delivered, and he said an Indonesian pilot, as soon as one was qualified. Without being openly state, it became obvious that I was going to fly it for a long time. We discussed the details over several meetings. The price was agreed upon easily; terms were to be \$15,000 in advance, paid in gold, the balance after delivery "as soon as possible," whatever that meant.

Well, I was unemployed, had an airplane I didn't want and liked adventure. My partner agreed, and arrangements went forward. Wiweko brought me several rough gold bars almost the color of a new penny. All the gold I had ever handled had been .999 fine, a common commodity in India and China. The was fresh from a gold mine in Sumatra. I pointed out the problem to Wiweko. Somebody has to convert this raw gold into some negotiable form. Would he do it, or did he want me to? "You," he said. I took it to an Indian gold merchant and money changer I knew in Rangoon, and he took one look and said to come back that night at closing time.

I returned at sunset, he locked the shop and we retired to the back room where serious business was conducted. After the necessary formalities of tea and cigarettes, we got down to business. Using his scales, we quickly agreed on the weight. Now or the quality. He brought out a little teak wooden box. From it he produced a smooth, coal-black stone about the size of a baseball and looked as if it had come from a riverbed, and about two dozen small strips of gold about the size of a one-inch pencil. Each was a different shade of color, from pure copper to pure gold. He rubbed the Indonesian gold on the stone where it left a mark, then began working up and down the row of samples, until he got a perfect match for color. Then he read the percentage from the matching sample and arrived at the answer of 72%. As good as any laboratory could do. After the necessary haggling over the discount for raw gold, the deal was done.

Wiweko was somewhat disappointed at the final price and it seemed his embassy needed some of the funds for expenses. I would have to accept \$10,000 down instead of \$15,000. He never questioned my integrity then, and in 40 years of friendship he never has.

1. Indonesians have only one name. The idea of a family name is European, begun originally for tax and/or military conscription reasons.

We discussed the flight to Jogjakarta. We would fly to Singapore in a Burmese registered airplane, refuel, file a flight plan for return to Rangoon, take off, then just disappear from official contacts, and go to Jogjakarta, arriving at dusk. When I asked about the danger, he was very frank. If spotted by Dutch fighters, we would be shot out of the air, no possible doubt. Well, if you are going to do this sort of thing, it's best to get on with it and not spend a lot of time agonizing about it, so we went.

The day we left, I met my radio operator, Sumarno, another lifelong friend. The last time I met him was 1977 and he was a general and a member of Parliament.

Our trip was uneventful, except that Air Traffic Control was very unhappy at our "disappearance". We decided we would make no more trips through Singapore, Dutch-British relations being what they were.

I made three trips to Sumatra carrying various Republican officials and military personnel. On one trip I carried Dr. Hatta, the Vice President. Flying was always at night, to arrive at the destination just at daybreak, and the airplane was quickly camouflaged with tree limbs or bamboo.

On one trip to Bukittingi in lousy weather I got lost, and, running low on fuel, I spotted a deserted airstrip near the coast. It was not on any of our maps and we decided it was an abandoned Japanese field. I dragged the field twice and could see no obstructions on the runway; just beautiful waving grass. I made a great landing and we settled lower and lower into the grass. Lower and lower. Finally it topped the windshield. It was elephant grass 18 feet tall. We stayed there three days while the villagers cut the grass, my crew cleaned the carburetors and gas was brought by buffalo cart.

On my next trip I was to take a group of Indonesian officials to New Delhi in India. It would also give me a chance to get the airplane serviced. We would fly to Medan in Sumatra, then Rangoon, Burma, then Calcutta and New Delhi. Singapore was to be avoided.

While overnight at Medan, an Australian pilot came to see me to see if I could help him. His airplane was a PBY flying boat landed on the river. He had a bad ignition harness on one engine, but I had no spare. A day or two later, with the Dutch approaching Medan, he elected to try and take off with one engine, producing only partial power. He cleared the river, but not the trees, and was killed.

To my knowledge there were four pilots who ran the Dutch blockade and I was the only survivor. The Dutch shot down an Indian-registered airplane in the traffic pattern at Jogja with gear and flaps down.

Bob Freeberg flew into Indonesia from the Philippines. He was alone, and the only Indonesian word he knew was merdika (freedom). Lost and low on fuel, he landed on a beach on the south coast of Java. He was wined and dined a few days there while villagers wove bamboo mats and laid them out on the beach for his take-off. Later, he and his airplane just disappeared on a return flight from Sumatra. While my wife and I were on a nostalgic return visit to Indonesia in 1977, the wreckage of his airplane was found in the jungles of Sumatra. Some human bones were found, but there was no sign of the gold he had been carrying. It was exactly 30 years after his disappearance.

Over the years, I have had lots of opportunities to reflect on why I survived. The reasons are four: considerable skill, luck, the advice of a very shrewd friend and advisor, Wiweko, and the will of God. Others had equal skill. To some extent we make our own luck, but in this kind of work we assume we will be lucky; only a fool would try it assuming otherwise. Wiweko finished his career in aviation as the president and general manager of the largest airline in the southern hemisphere, and one of the ten largest in the free world. Finally, God must have other plans for me.

While I was in India, the Dutch landed in Jogja by paratrooper attack and captured all the Republican government leadership. President Sukarno and Vice President Dr. Hatta were taken as prisoners to Banka Island, and the Republic was somewhat rudderless. Wiweko ordered our airplane to Rangoon, Burma, and arranged to operate it on charter to the Burmese government, flying freight and military supplies all over Burma. We bought another DC-3 and I recruited a few more pilots, all ex-CNAC who were skilled in this kind of work. We ultimately acquired a third airplane and more crews.

Wiweko and the Indonesian Embassy handled all contractual and political arrangements. I handled all operations. I was continually in contact with the civil aviation authorities in Burma.

I received a scathing letter once from the D.C.A. outlining all my crimes and misdemeanors. It concluded with the usual British phrase, "I beg to remain, sir, your most obedient servant. Group Captain Hallroyd-Smith, Director of Civil Aviation." Actually, the group captain and I became quite good friends, and my wife and I enjoyed many pleasant dinners at his home, always dressed - men in dinner jackets and ladies in evening gowns.

There was an Indonesian gun runner who operated a PT boat from Sumatra across the Straits of Malacca to the Coasts of Malaya. In a nation 97% Muslim, he was a devout Christian, and carried a bible for every gun back to Indonesia. Wiweko had come out of Indonesia with him, as had ten Indonesian Air Force cadets who were sent to India for flight training. They had about 50 hours each in DeHavelin trainers, and Wiweko brought them to Burma to fly as co-pilots. The one mistake CNAC had made, in my opinion, was the tardiness in bringing local pilots along. I hoped to avoid this mistake. I arranged to personally give these cadets training in single engine work, and take-off and landings from 5:00 a.m. to about 7:00 a.m. each morning. Then the airplanes would haul cargos and I would go to the office. Along lunch hour, short nap and back to the office.

In order to keep my hand in, I took a regular run a least once a week. One of our destinations was Annisikan, where orchids grew profusely. I was very much in love in those days, and the phrase still rings in my ears like poetry, "I bring my love orchids from Annisikan."

It was while I was Operations Manager for Indonesian Airways in Burma in 1949 that I was granted a short leave of absence and flew home and to Winnipeg. Margaret and I were married there, and after a very brief honeymoon in Chicago and Ohio, I returned to Burma on a free ride. Margaret followed a few days later by commercial airline. Somehow all the Indonesian cadets and radio operators found out her flight arrival, and lined up in front of our operations office like an inspection formation to witness the reunion. "Will he kiss her?" they asked among themselves. I kissed her, to their great elation.

The first few months in Rangoon, Margaret and I lived in the Strand Hotel. Directly below our rooms lived a beautiful Italian girl. One of our pilots, Barney Kuhlmeier, would flirt with her discreetly in the hotel dining room, and not so discreetly, by lowering messages to her on a string from our rooms. Reportedly she was the mistress of a Burmese general, and we were terrified some "accident" might happen to Barney. It came to naught.

Margaret's gifts ran to music, art and languages. She had great sympathy and charm, and all the Indonesians loved her. We moved to a small house on the lake a few miles north of Rangoon. Across the lake we had a view of the Shwedagon Pagoda, the biggest Buddhist temple in the world. Its roof is covered with gold leaf and moonlight on the pagoda over the lake is a sight to remember to your grave.

There was a Buddhist monastery nearby and the tinkling temple bells bring Kipling sharply to mind: "Ship me somewhere east of Suez..." and all that.

We slept in a big double bed with a punka (ceiling fan) directly overhead. A big mosquito net tent enclosed both fan and bed. Brain fever birds at evening repeated endlessly their dismal note, "You're ill, you're ill, you're ill."

Geckos were lizards who ate insects and mosquitos and were encouraged. They lived in all the houses, walked on walls and ceilings and would occasionally fall with a loud plop.

Every Burmese boy, as part of his education, spends a year in a monastery before puberty. With great ceremony, his head is shaved and he dons the saffron robes of a monk. Twice a day the monks walk through the villages begging for rice. The poorest villagers share their food. We joined in this ceremony to the great delight of the Burmese. I'm personally very sure this formality does more for the givers than the receivers. How we resent paying our taxes in America; how would we feel if we were more directly involved? Ninety-nine percent of Burmese boys return to secular life at the end of their year, but don't you think the memory is always with them.

Our first child, Cathy, was born in the Prome Road Nursing Home north of Rangoon. Margaret's doctor was a tiny Indian lady from Goa, a Portugese colony in India. Most of her clients were frightened young Muslim Indian girls, covered with jewelry, who sat in the waiting room curled up on a chair fingering their toes.

It was during our operation in Burma that I made the flight to Indonesia described in Chapter One. Wiweko met me in private and firmly instructed me to discuss the trip with no one. We discussed the need for extending our range. It would be easy. A 50-gallon drum in the cabin, with facilities to pump it through the floor into one of the regular tanks. I told him I would tell George Stevens (our American maintenance chief) to have one of the boys rig it up. Wiweko shook his head at me in disgust. "You're so naive, Maup. There are spies everywhere. A Eurasian man came to the office the other day, asking for a ride to Indonesia. He was a Dutch spy. You tell George to do it himself; to do it alone; to do it in the meddle o the night; and to make sure no one knows."

We left Rangoon on a supposedly routine flight to Mergui, the southern tip of Burma on the Andaman Sea. I took George along, and left him at Mergui with instructions to put some flares out that night, if he heard our engines in case we had to return for any reason. We left Mergui at night to arrive at Kutaraja in Sumatra at daybreak. S.O.P. the crew were myself, Budiarto as co-pilot, Wiweko chief of mission, and Sumarno as radio operator.

Shortly after take-off, the co-pilot pointed back at Sumarno, laughing. Sumarno was on the floor in prayer. I asked the co-pilot to have a look at the compass. It was the first he knew he was going to Sumatra, not back to Rangoon.

BOOK III INDONESIA

On December 27, 1949, the Dutch Government transferred sovereignty over the former Dutch East Indies to the Republic of Indonesia. It was the end of one era and the beginning of another.

At this transfer of sovereignty, the Republic acquired the remnants of the Dutch East Indies Air Force equipment, but no qualified personnel to operate or maintain it. Lad Moore and I were asked to address four problems. First, scheduled service throughout Indonesia; second, a training program for Indonesian pilots; third, sophisticated maintenance for an air force; and fourth, a supply line for spare parts.

The equipment inherited consisted approximately of 20 DC-3's, 15 B-25's, ten PBV's and 15 P-51's.

Len Parish arranged the supply system through a Hong Kong company in which, with the knowledge and consent of our Indonesian superiors, Lad and I were stockholders.

Again, recruiting mostly ex-CNAC personnel, we inaugurated weekly scheduled flights throughout the Indonesian Archipelago. We did it within weeks. No mean feat, when you realize Indonesia in airline mileage is about the size of the United States.

We had weekly flight serving 31 airports from Kotaraja, at the tip of Sumatra, to Morotai, almost in the Philippines.

The recruiting of American personnel was made easier by the recent collapse of the CNAC. All the maintenance personnel and transport pilots were from CNAC. We knew them personally, had our pick of the best, and could be sure they would get along with the indigenous population, the most important consideration.

One of the pilots was P.B. "Moe" Cutburth. To the best of my knowledge he invented the use of parachutes to stop airplanes on landing. He flew B-24's in Chennault's 14th Air Force before joining CNAC. On a return from raid interdicting Japanese shipping in the South China Sea, he had all his hydraulics shot out. Gravity would get the gear down, but it was either land without flaps and brakes or bail out. He had his tail gunner and two waist gunners lash their parachutes to their 50-caliber gun mounts. Instructions were to pull the ripchords the instant the wheels touched. It worked beautifully; with the three parachutes he got the airplane stopped. We asked him why he tried this instead of bailing out. He said it wasn't so much saving the airplane, but he had just spent \$50 of his own money getting a beautiful nude girl painted on the nose.

The only Americans recruited directly from the U.S. were instructors for the flight school, and two fight pilots to build a fighter squadron with the P-51's. Those Lad Moore interviewed himself on the west coast worked out fine, but we got some instructors recruited in Ohio who hadn't a clue how to function in a strange country, and sent two home within two weeks. They were totally confused in these surroundings and were as glad to go as we were to send the.

To me, at least, it only took a modicum of common sense and some sensitivity to fit in with the Indonesian people. We used to have a big barbecue at our house once a month, to which both American and Indonesians would be invited. Drinks were available. Devout Muslims would refuse, less devout Indonesians would have a beer or two, as would the Christians. We had enough sense not to cook pork. I was usually goat or occasionally beef. Margaret and I were often invited to dinner at the home of Indonesian friends or would join them a local Chinese restaurant.

The head of the maintenance organization was Al Weste, a brilliant young man. He later built up a large maintenance organization at Taipei on Formosa, and handled maintenance and overhaul for many Asian airlines. Besides Weste, we had an American to head up an engine overhaul shop, prop shop, instrument shop and line maintenance for the DC-3, the most heavily used airplanes. There were skilled Indonesians who ran the electrical and radio shops.

The flight school at the north hanger in Bandung was under the command of an Indonesian, and staffed by about six American instructors. Within a year it was doubled in size, and all the new instructors were Indonesian.

Amboina is an island on the eastern edge of Indonesia. The Ambonese are of a different ethnic group than other Indonesians. They are of a darker complexion and in contrast to the rest of Indonesia are almost all Christians. They sided with the Dutch to the very end of the war for independence, and thousands immigrated to the Netherlands at the end of that conflict. Today they form a large minority in Holland, often at odds with the Dutch people and government. Our flights there always had a certain amount of tension involved.

The island of Timor was until recently divided into tow parts –half Indonesian and half Portugese Timor. The Portugese hung onto their colonial possessions longer than any other Western nation, usually tiny enclaves such as Goa in India, Macao near Hong Kong and Timor. We only flew into Indonesian Timor, and communism flourished on the Portugese side, supported by the leftest government in Portugal.

Bali, off the eastern tip of Java, has to be the most beautiful island in the world. The people are Hindu, not Muslim, and beauty and art are as much of their life as food and drink. Most artists are farmers and every farmer is an artist.

Every Balinese girl is a dancer, and training starts at age two or three. Balinese girls dance until they marry, male dancers continue even afterwards. The grace and beauty of their movement stays with the Balinese all their lives – just walking, serving tea, any activity. Bali is lush and tropical, the basic necessities are easily come by, leaving lots of time for creativity. Art is everywhere: carvings, paintings and shows in every artifact of everyday life – clothes, baskets, houses, etc. They have races with teams of bullocks; however, the winner is not the fastest, but the team with the most artistic decoration and form.

Many of our American people spent a month in Bali instead of home leave. My job and growing family kept me from doing so. Enroute home from our return visit to Indonesia in 1977, Margaret and I spent a week there. Among the hotel guests were 12 French couples, who had a standing reservation and spent every August in Bali. An Australian automobile company sent their top salesmen to Bali for a week. The vacation there costs less than a comparable week in Sidney.

If I could chose any place in the world to spend a two-week vacation, Bali would win hands down.

The King of Morotai

Morotai is a village and district at the northeastern tip of Halmahera, an island in the Celebese chain of Indonesia. It was a major American air base in WWII, with a huge airfield.

In 1950 Morotai was governed by an absolute ruler we called the King of Morotai. He wore, among other hats, the insignia of a lieutenant in the Indonesian Air Force, probably in order to control the air base. He was as hard a working administrator as I have ever

known. At dawn he would be out at his pigeon lofts, collecting the messages that had come in. His other communications included runners, radio, and of course the weekly flight from Jakarta. Once every month or so he would fly down to Jakarta on his own business. He always took two bodyguards along, always different men. For them it might well be the highlight of a lifetime to go and see the great city.

On returning from a week's trip in Jakarta, the king would be met by all the village. He would stand in the airplane doorway and lead the villagers in three cheers for his safe return, then sit in a chair lashed to two bamboo poles and be carried through the village, accepting graciously the accolades of his people. Two evenings a week he held audience for his people and settle disputes. These sessions often lasted long into the night.

On the evenings when American pilots remained overnight, he would crank up an old generator and 16mm film projector, and screen the single ancient WWII film left behind by the G.I.'s. It was Hope-Crosby-Lamoore in "The Road to Morocco." The villagers must have seen it a thousand times, but they came again and again. Perhaps to stay away would have been disrespectful.

He was a devout Muslim and appropriate times found him at prayer five times a day, even on an airplane. Like many Muslims, he had four wives, but it was continually necessary to cement political relationships with some other tribe. He would divorce a wife, usually pregnant, and send her home to her family, who would join her in prayers of Allah that she would have a son. Then he was free to marry again a bride from another tribe.

I have often wondered about his fate and succession. Would that every district in Indonesia was ruled by such a dedicated and hard-working public servant.

Agreements

In all my years in Asia, I never had a legally-binding written contract. What for? Where would you process it? I had a "Letter of Agreement" from CNAC, which explained the pay scale, but it concluded that I was expected to "share the fortunes of CNAC" as past and present employees did.

All my agreements with Indonesians were verbal, with occasionally initialed memoranda. When I recruited American personnel, my letter or cable explaining pay was accepted, no one ever asked for a contract. I faced many problems running the operations in Indonesia from drunk to disorderly to requests for combat flying (declined). Agreements were never one of these difficulties.

When Margaret became pregnant with our second child in Indonesia, she became upset with my flying. I did very little, but a weekly flight from our home in Bandung to Djakarta was a must. She would get no sleep the night before a trip, sleep the following night, then begin to agonize about the next trip. Back in the U.S. later, we found she had a badly damaged liver causing much distress.

I bought the only sport car I've ever owned, an MG with wire wheels, got it overhauled, and gave up flying. A 30-minute flight in an empty DC-3 changed into an eight-hour round trip through winding mountain roads. Bandit activity made night driving unsafe, so I had to start home early. It was infinitely more dangerous than flying, but I never told Margaret that, and it solved the problem.

Our first son, Douglas, was born in the local Seventh Day Adventist Hospital in Bandung. In his first year he had ear infections and Margaret got little sleep. The servants said we had not had a proper salamaton (sort of party) to celebrate his birth and one was arranged. Villagers came, mats were spread all over the garage floor, and a great feast was prepared. Douglas was allowed to crawl all over the floor, and eat from everyone's dish. An ox head was duly buried in the yard; it was a great success and Douglas was never sick again.

When we had our first casualty at the north hangar, our flight training, the same treatment was prescribed, ox head and all.

For four years Margaret and I lived in a house about four miles west of Bandung, a town in West Java about 80 mile from the capital of Jakarta. Our house was about 600 feet above the valley floor, and situated in the middle of a two-acre rice paddy. At harvest time we were surrounded by laughing, giggling workers gathering rice. There was much ribald humor among the younger males and females. Whole families jointed in the work and it seemed as much a festival as work. We always got a crock of about five gallons of rice. It was brown, unhulled and unpolished, and the most delicious rice we ever ate.

There was a *campung* (native village) nearby, and all our servants came from that village. Margaret quickly learned Indonesian and became active in village affairs. We helped with a school in a moderate fashion, and got involved in all the seasonal celebrations.

Indonesians would never be able to understand the western idea of putting old people in a separate home for the elderly. Old people were a part of village life. They were cared for by their family, of course. The only problem that developed from time to time were old people with no families. They stayed in the village, but since they had no family, this put a strain on the budget of the village chief.

A truly big *salamaton* would last three days and go on all night, of course. There would be Javanese dancing, Gamalong music, cock fights and goat fights. An Indonesian puppet shadow play would be held, involving a famous story teller, who would recount a long epic story of Hindu mythology illustrated by puppet shadows on a screen. It always lasted at least all night for two nights. Everybody already knew the story, so would wander in and out of the audience as the mood struck, possibly young lovers sneaking away from their elders or a tryst.

We supported three elderly villagers who had no families — two men and a woman. One of the men would come to see Margaret occasionally, and with great dignity present her with a basket he had woven. Margaret handled all financial transactions with the village chief, to avoid any possible embarrassment to anyone.

The only thing we ever had stolen in all the years we lived there was a single window curtain. Once when Margaret was discussing with the servants how we could lock the house, they asked why we wanted to lock it, explaining that no one would go to rob it. In answer to Margaret's questioning about the stolen curtain, one servant laughed and said, "Oh, that silly boy!"

At one time the communist became very active in West Java. We came home on night from a party to find a fierce-looking man in the shadows by the garage with a sten gun. He proved to be a military man sent by the local commander. We had an armed guard every night until the communists threat subsided.

There was a Eurasian man named Turko Westerling who, even after the Dutch left, continued to lead a band fighting against the Indonesians. He sent word that he was going to kill me. My Indonesian superiors said I should forget it. The village chief told Margaret we should forget it. We tried.

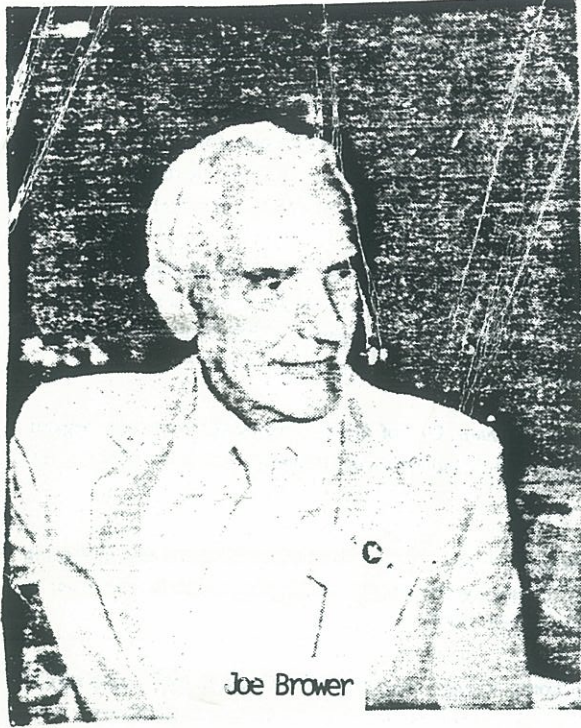
Margaret was active in nearby village affairs, and became very friendly with the village chief. When he told Margaret that there was a very old woman in the village who very sadly had no family, Margaret adopted her and we supplied her rice and bought her clothes. When we scheduled a trip home on leave, the old woman sent word that she forbade our leaving. When Margaret, as gently as possible, insisted it was necessary, the old woman threatened to die. Margaret arranged for her welfare while we were gone, and left funds with the village chief for her maintenance. On our return we found the woman had died, and the chief, with much formality, presented Margaret with the accounts, including funeral expenses and returned the balance of her funds, accounted for to the last Rupiah.

Our servant came running to Margaret in great distress one day, shouting, "Ular, Ular!" It was an Indonesian word Margaret had never heard before, but intuitively she knew it meant "snake." I was required to dispatch it when I got home.

One of our pilots was William Pierce "Kit" Carson. He was a quiet, laconic man with a passion for hunting. The local people in Sumatra were astonished when he hunted tiger on foot and at night. He told us after one such trip of finding footprints where the tiger had been stalking him.

Under Sukarno, Indonesia moved further left, and there was great tension. I was called to Jakarta in 1954 by the air commodore and asked to serve as an advisor on the air force general staff. Across from me would be a Russian advisor. I had no training or education preparing for staff work. On the other hand, the Russian would be a man trained a lifetime for just such an opportunity.

I asked for and got permission to think it over for two weeks. I discussed it with Margaret and Wiweko, who advised against it. Since one could not refuse such an offer and continue to hang around, I regretfully refused the great honor, and of course had to leave Indonesia. By now we had three children, school age was approaching and it was time to leave Asia for the United States.



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