

CNAC
ASSOCIATION



APRIL 2011

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Peng (Dolly's husband), Oliver Glenn, Dolly Wang Anson Lisk and Dolly Wang

Dolly Wang, reporter for World Journal Chinese Daily News, recently visited Oliver Glenn and Anson Lisk at their homes, presenting each of them with a 100 year Republic of China scarf. Dolly is just returning from Republic of China where they are getting ready for 100th year celebration of the Republic. She also spends time in Kunming. She is very interested in interviewing more CNAC personnel and hopes to write stories for publication in both China and the Republic of China. Dolly attended last year's CNAC reunion, and wants to keep the story of CNAC alive in China.

IN THE HUNT

It seems that most of the stories in this issue of the Cannonball have one thing in common—the people of CNAC in the hunt, be it for tigers, downed planes, green pigeons, tea, money to fund our activities and projects or venues for Lady Q's cantata. In these pages you'll find stories of past, present and future adventures that serve as a reminder of what a special group this is. If you have a story to share, please don't hesitate to let me know so that it can be included in the next Cannonball.

In a recent conversation with Bob Willett, I was reminded that we have a wonderful opportunity to support a brand new museum the CNAC Association group visited in Nanjing last September, which is dedicated to telling the story of the alliance of the United States, USSR and China during WWII. Bob has already donated some documents and 1940's era music. Call Bob (321) 454-3016, or email him willetr@att.net for more information.

The March 2011 issue of *Aviation History* has a great and well-illustrated article, "Chinese-American Ace", about Art Chin, which I encourage anyone interested to "hunt down" and read!

Eve Coulson

ANYONE HAVE CONNECTIONS IN THE ARTS?

A number of us are familiar with "Green Path and Rainbow", the cantata that tells the story of the Hump Pilots, written by Liao Qyu, having seen the film of the Miao Chorus in rehearsal at the 2009 reunion. Some of us were fortunate to attend a special performance of the entire cantata, backed up by the Miao People Chorus in Kunming last September. While we were there, Lillian (Liao Qyu) expressed the hope that the group might find the means to travel to the United States on tour. In February, she wrote to say that she is still hoping to move this project forward, saying:

Last December our Miao choir has shown very formal concert for three times. We got success. I have been rehearsing this choir for 5 years since I had been there in 2005. This is the sixth year now. I have been hoping this choir has a chance to show the cantata "Green Path and Rainbow" in America especially for young people. These days I report to our leader who is in charge of culture exchange about there is possible to cooperate with American orchestra together showing the cantata. He would like to help me as best as he can for this plan.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you! Yours sincerely, Lillian

If anyone has any thoughts of how to connect Lillian to universities, cultural institutions, National Council on the Arts or other arts organizations that might be interested in hosting this group, contact her directly—her email address is Liaoqiyu@yahoo.com.cn. There is high quality two CD recording of the cantata that could be provided to any group showing interest in this project.

10 VERY GOOD REASONS TO PAY YOUR DUES NOW

1. You want to keep receiving this newsletter
2. You want news of CNAC activities
3. You want news of your friends
4. You want the organization to continue to exist now and into the future
5. You want to know the best ways to contribute to museums here and in China to keep the story of CNAC alive for future generations
6. You want to do your part to keep one of the longest running WWII aviation organizations in business
7. You like getting mail like the Cannonball that is so exotic your mailman is reading it
8. You recently won the lottery and weren't sure what to do with all the money you won
9. You like giving Valerie a reason to get out and go to the bank
10. YOU LOVE THE CNAC ASSOCIATION!! Seriously, you need more reasons than that?

A message from Valerie Parish Kendrick, CNAC's Secretary/Treasurer:

Hello, fellow CNAC members—Captains, associate members, and other interested parties! It's that time of year—time to pay your \$40 yearly dues! The dues are used to pay the administrative costs of the CNAC Association and the printing and postage costs of 3 Cannonballs to ALL members. Please know...last year was a phenomenal year for CNAC, the honors and recognition given to us both here and abroad were awesome! Our history and stories are being told, displayed and recorded. The interest has been incredible—we continue to put old friends in touch with each other, spread the news and keep the history of CNAC alive. In June of this year, there will be a celebration of 100 years of Chinese aviation in Shanghai. Taiwan is also planning a celebration. I anticipate a flurry of activity in the coming months concerning CNAC. If we are going to continue to exist as an organization, your dues are vital. Please note that dues are the MAJOR source of CNAC's income. (FYI: As of 3/25/11, 60 members had already paid their dues—thank you!)

And we welcome, appreciate, and *depend on* contributions above and beyond \$40. All the behind the scenes work of producing the Cannonball and organizing the reunion are done as a labor of love. We could not continue to exist without the occasional generous contributions we receive in addition to dues. Please consider being one of our "angels without wings"! And thank you to those who already have done so! You know who you are and we deeply appreciate the support!

Please make your checks out to "CNAC Association-Dues" in the amount of \$40 and mail to Valerie Parish Kendrick
252 South Main Street
Willits, California 95490

Questions? Call (707) 459-5165 or email rosebud@saber.net

BOB SHERWOOD

"One of the good old boys is gone. Never miss a reunion"

This is what Bill Maher said when he called to tell me that Bob had passed away.

Robert B. Sherwood, age 96, passed away peacefully at home on January 8, 2011. He was born November 21, 1914 in Everett to Willard & Eva Sherwood. Bob graduated from Whatcom High School and the University of Washington School of Law. As a pilot flying with the Chinese National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) during WWII, Bob flew DC-3's in more than 100 missions over "the Hump," the Himalayas between India and China. Throughout his life Bob attended CNAC reunions and stayed in contact with his flying friends, especially Bill Maher of Michigan. Bob and his first wife Margaret had three children Marilyn, Craig and Steve. Margaret passed away in 1969. Bob married Audrene (Feldt) Lind in 1972. As a Civil Law attorney practicing in Bellingham for 55 years, he was a partner in Sherwood and Forest, and later in Sherwood, Anderson and Bentley in the Legal Center on Dupont Street. Bob played tennis and was a member of the Bellingham Tennis Club. He loved golf and has been a member of the Bellingham Golf & Country Club since the late 1940's. Bob enjoyed traveling, dancing, playing bridge and always had a good story to tell. He was quick-witted, optimistic, encouraging, and always put his family first. Bob was preceded in death by his first wife, Margaret and his brother, Bill Sherwood. He is survived by his loving wife of 38 years, Audrene, and his children Craig, Marilyn and Steve Sherwood. You can send a card to Audrene Sherwood at 317 North State, No. 201, Bellingham, WA 98225

For more about Bob's life visit the CNAC website:

<http://www.cnac.org/sherwood01.htm>

JEAN LOANE

Jean Caird Loane, 92, formerly of Boston, MA; Summit, NJ; and Bloomsbury, NJ, died Sunday, March 20, 2011, in York, Maine. She was born November 30, 1918, in Rockville Centre, Long Island, NY, a daughter of the late Robert N. and Bessie Mae (Groves) Caird, and was a graduate of Southside High. Before her marriage, she modeled for Revillon Freres of New York. During World War II she was a nurse's aide; near the end of the war, she joined her husband, a pilot, in India and China, where they lived until 1949. After raising her sons, she worked as a fashion consultant with Bloomingdale's. From childhood to the last summer of her life, she enjoyed the family cottage "Glen Cairn" near Queechy Lake in Canaan, NY. In her words, Jean "lived a wonderful life." Her husband, Ernest W. "Bus" Loane, Jr., died in 1978. She leaves four sons, Ernest William "Pete" Loane III and his wife Mary Ann of Osterville, MA; Robert Caird Loane of Easton, PA; David Wallace Loane and his wife Kathleen of York, ME; and Stephen Ross Loane of Petaluma, CA; six grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

Condolence cards can be sent to Jean's son David Loane, 275 Chases Pond Road, York, ME 03909.

ISABELLE MAHRT

Isabelle Jeannot Mahrt quietly passed away March 17, 2011, surrounded by her loving daughters and family members. Isabelle was born Feb. 22, 1918 in Cecil, PA, a suburb of Pittsburgh. Isabelle was one of six sisters whose parents died when she was in the first grade. An aunt and uncle adopted all six girls and raised them as their own. After Isabelle graduated from high school she became a registered nurse, which eventually landed her in Florida to pursue her career. There, she met her future husband, Harvey H. C. Mahrt, a pilot flying for PanAm. Smitten with one another, they were married within three months of meeting after which they moved to Seattle. Their first child, Patrick, was born in 1944 just before they sailed to China where they would live for the next six years, first in Hong Kong and then Shanghai. After Harvey's WW II assignment with the China National Air Corps (CNAC), he and Isabelle returned to the states and settled in Toledo where Harvey became the chief pilot for Dana Corporation. Once settled,



Harvey and Isabelle brought their three daughters into the world. Cynthia Mahrt (Peter) Taylor of Perrysburg, Jacci Mahrt of Seattle and Janis Mahrt (Boyd) Cordray of Maumee. Isabelle was preceded in her passing by her beloved son in 1968 and Harvey in 1969 after which she returned to the nursing profession and worked until 1987. After retiring, she rekindled her love of travel which was capped off by a lengthy, wonderful trip to England with her daughter-in-law, JoAnne Bass Earl, mother of Patrick Alan Mahrt, Isabelle's first grandson. She is also survived by grandsons, Nathan James Mahrt, son of Janis, Oliver Andrew Earl of Virginia, and three great grandchildren. In recent years, Isabelle was very active with the Maumee Senior Center attending Body Recall three times a week without fail and she

enjoyed the occasional margarita while sharing stories with her old nursing pals. She continues to be an inspiration to her family and friends for her generous spirit, positive attitude and terrific sense of humor. To contact Isabelle's family, write: Cynthia Mahrt Taylor, 30256 Waterford Dr. Perrysburg, OH 43551 (photo above: Isabelle, Harvey, son Patrick, in Shanghai, 1945)

CAMILLE HICKS ASBELLE

In the July 2008 Cannonball we reported the heartwarming news that Maggie Williams and Camille Hicks Asbelle, half-sisters and daughters of John De Tarr Hicks had meet after Camille's nearly 50-year search to locate Maggie. Sadly, Maggie recently called Valerie with the news that Camille passed away. To send a card, Maggie's address is 7407 Morningside South, Elleton, Florida 34222.

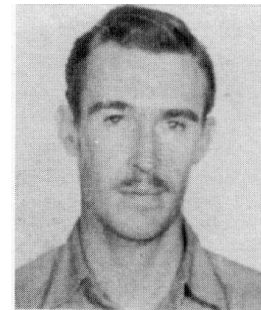
Bob Willett says: "We will be looking for this Aircraft"



In August, Clayton Kuhles (MIArecoveries.org) plans to go to Yunnan province in China to search specifically for the missing C-47 CNAC # 60. This was the first aircraft CNAC lost during the Hump airlift, and one of the very few downed CNAC aircraft never found.

About the Plane

Pilot **John J. Dean** was a 28-year-old navy-trained former A.V.G. flier with 3.27 Japanese planes to his credit. His home was in St. Peter, MN where his newly acquired wife lived. He was a former dive bomber pilot who resigned from the navy and joined A.V.G. in November 1941. Just before A.V.G. was disbanded, he was promoted to Flight Leader in the First Squadron. He stayed in China joining CNAC sometime in June or July 1942.



**JOHN
DEAN**

Co-pilot was **James S. Browne**, a 21-year-old from Winnetka, IL and former pilot for the R.A.F. Ferry Command (A.T.A.). Jim joined the A.T.A. in May 1941 and left in March 1942. He joined CNAC in the U.S. and had only been in China one month when CNAC #60 was lost. Bob Willett is Jim's cousin.



Radioman was **K.L. Yang**, about whom little is known.

CNAC #60's **last flight** originated in Dinjan, and safely delivered a cargo of gas and ammunition to Kunming. It was being loaded with tin ingots for its return to Dinjan, when Jap bombers approached. Half-loaded, the plane did not take off until the bombers were gone. When loading was finished, the flight left Kunming and was lost somewhere enroute to Dinjan.

One clue is from the book *We Flew Without Guns* by pilot Gen Genovese. He wrote that #60 was on the northern route toward Lijiang, and one hour out Dean radioed Robbie Robertson that he was taking on heavy ice. Robertson reported the southern route was clear, so #60 might have turned south. However, a recent clue was provided by Chinese author Liu Xiaotong in his book *Flying the Hump* (Chinese). Liu's book reported a last

transmission from #60 as the plane hit turbulent weather and began dumping cargo. They reported that they were nearing the Hengduan Mountains.

Clayton's search will begin in the southeastern Hengduan Mountains where they are intersected by the "Able" flight path from Lijiang to Ft. Hertz. Clayton will be the sole American on the search and will employ Chinese locals to assist him. He estimates two months for the search, although factors such as weather, labor availability and finances will determine the actual length. Bob Willett, his son and daughter plan to be with Clayton, but will probably not do much in the search itself due to the antiquity of all three.

Research on flight details will continue right up until the search begins, with Liu Xiaotong being our most important source. Brian Linden of the Dali Linden Centre has offered his help. He is contacting the Yunnan Provincial government to keep them informed and to request their assistance.



As some of you know, our government does not actually undertake searches for the MIA's from our wars. In spite of all their slogans and PR, their official mission is just to recover remains from sites reported to them and then to identify and repatriate those US remains, but not to blind search for the MIA's. Therefore it's up to us to look for those who are still missing. The search for #60 is expected to cost

about \$15,000. Clayton, in his seven previous searches, has financed the expeditions with his own money, but the recent recession has made that impossible for this year's effort. We therefore, humbly and with some embarrassment, are seeking donations. Since this is a CNAC search, we start by looking toward the CNAC Association membership. The Willett family will be going at their own expense, so all funds raised will be used to support the search expedition. It would be a great feeling to know that you all feel as we do that we need to "bring them all home." And I know that Jimmie would be deeply moved to know that people still care.

So if you want to feel a part of the search and follow our progress, then please consider donating. Please make your donation checks out to **MIAREcoveries** and send to Clayton Kuhles at P.O. Box 12871 Prescott, AZ 86304.

Alternatively, you can go to Clayton's website: www.MIAREcoveries.org and click on the **Funding** page, where there are instructions on how to donate via PayPal using a credit card. The PayPal connection is totally secure, so no need to worry when donating with a credit card. . Email Clayton claytonkuhles@cableone.net or call 928-899-1614. Thank you for your support!

載客運郵



See CHINA
by PLANE



中國航空公司
China National Aviation Corp.

HEAD OFFICE: 51 Canton Rd. Shanghai



TIGER HUNT

Had the good Genie of Kashmir given any of us two wishes, they would have been promptly forthcoming. The first involved a speedy end to the war and association with "them damned airplanes", and the second, of course, would have been a fervent desire to "kill me a tiger".

Most of us had a number of actual tiger hunts to our credit, but few ever brought Ol' Stripes home. The most memorable safari, however, was concerned with a number of conditions remotely removed from Ol' Man Tiger himself. It all began with an AWOL GI in China and wound up with a couple of us aboard wildly fleeing elephants, the jungle crashing madly about us all the while.

The GI approached me in China with the type of sad story for which I am an easy mark. Without orders, and overleave, he simply had to get back to India, he told me. "Git on board, lil' chile", I told him, and I took him to his base in India, sans orders, sans parachute, sans permission to transport him. Upon arrival we were met by the proper officials who quickly exonerated him, convinced me I was at fault, fined me one hundred US smackeroos, and got me grounded for five days.

To hell with this noise, I indignantly thought; I'll get my gun and tree me a big cat. Fuzzy Ball was grounded at the time, so we started for the jungle that night, complete with two Garands, a deck of cards for gin rummy, and a determination only exceeded by our ignorance of tiger hunting. However, we were in Frank Buck's pre-war stomping grounds, and anticipated a jungle simply seething with the tawny beasts.

We picked up a couple of native hunters on the way, and like hunters the world over, they were eager to get on the trail with us. In fact, they led us to a beautiful mule deer before we arrived at the village where we were to spend the first night. We blasted him, the lads brought him in, and we celebrated our first kill with a delicious native curry made from local herbs and the deer. The headman, or babu, was an enterprising character, and sent messengers to arrange for elephants for the forthcoming jaunt into the jungly forest. I shan't soon forget the babu, whose name approximated "Acey-Duecy". We called him "Water Buffalo", a fact that pleased him highly inasmuch as that creature is the undisputed ruler of the jungle, and old Acey-Duecy's mustache was a splendid imitation of a water buffalo's claim to hirsute fame. We can't lose, we congratulated ourselves, as we rolled into a corner of the Acey-Duecy's hut for a few hours sleep. The curry had been gold, we would have elephants on the morrow, and our dreams of glory were filled with undulating yellow stripes.

The elephants appeared as per schedule, and by noon we were deep in the jungle, nine men strong. Ball had one elephant, plus mahout or driver, and hunter, and Acey-Duecy and I were similarly escorted. We had enjoyed the

morning immensely, although we had seen few animals to speak of. A few wild hogs, a frightened fawn, and thousands of monkeys. But we had marveled at the jungle-lore of the tame elephants themselves; their ginger stepping over rotten logs, their massive strength in tearing down trees and vines, and the ease with which they swam the rivers. Maybe old Hannibal had something there, we thought.

We didn't bother to pause for lunch, inasmuch as every minute was valuable, and it was considered dangerous to stay in the jungle overnight. We had to get in and get out before dark, our hunter insisted. They were absolutely fearless in the daytime, and we knew of no actual perils at night, but rather suspected the natives of having religious taboos relative to jungle hunting at night.

At about two o'clock Ball's hunter slid off the elephant's rump and examined the ground carefully. "Leopard," Acey-Duecy nodded knowingly. "Sahib be ready with gun." But we missed the boat, on discovering the trail led to a swamp which the leopard had evidently leaped. A search on the other side revealed no tracks, so he had probably taken to the trees for a short space.

But we weren't disappointed for long. Old Water Buffalo became excited for the first time, when he and his elephant rounded a bend in the trail and he stopped near a huge banyan tree. "LOOK, Sahib—mud high above my head; other ele-pan', beeg wan, rub him back on tree. We catch no tiger, but ele-pan', yes? Him a wild ele-pan', bull, maybe, and Sahib shoot. Government call him "rogue", so okay to kill. Come—we go. Ele-pan' better—tiger teek ney (no good). We go."

Now old Water Buffalo had exhibited a subtle sense of humor before this point, and Ball and I concluded he was pulling our legs. Furthermore, we had previously decided that we were not about to try to bring down five tons of elephant with a couple of popguns. Bazookas would have been more appropriate, and we knew that even old veterans used double-barreled shotguns with lethal bullets in them.

But all our hunters were highly excited by now. Since they were not permitted by the British government to own guns, they have utmost confidence in any "white Sahib" with anything remotely resembling a good weapon. I'm convinced they would follow a Dan'l Boone into a whole herd of tigers if he had his muzzleloader with him.

However, we got on the trail, and hoped the old rogue of a tusker might flush us a tiger or so. Our domestic elephants didn't seem to be concerned over the situation, so we allowed the hunters to set them on the obvious trail of Mr. Tusker himself.

We had traveled only half an hour before I began to feel that sense of squeamishness over the surface of my body that is the red light of fear...an

electrical thrill compounded of man's desire to overcome his environment and the terrible primal urge to survive. I knew the other members of the party felt the same excitement. Since I happened to be on the lead elephant, with Ball following some hundred yards or so behind, my excitement and exhilaration was tempered by a sense of responsibility, which momentarily stiffened every muscle of my body. It required a conscious effort to relax, and even after a minute had gone by, I was surprised to find my fists clenched and rigid. Just as I relaxed them, and felt once more that I was a part of this jungle, my hunter jumped to his feet on the broad back of my elephant, pounded my head and shoulders. And shouted, "Shoot, Sahib, shoot, Sahib! Ele-pan'...Burra Ele-pan'!"

Ball, meanwhile, was still some distance behind us, but directly ahead of me, I saw our quarry. He was a huge beast moving slowly and majestically ahead of us, and I had a silly thought that if my right arm were one hundred feet long, I could reach forward and deftly tie a knot in his absurd tail. And immediately followed the more sober thought that it was just as well I didn't have such an elongated arm, for the temptation to do something was as great as the sudden desire one feels to jump off a high building.

When the old boy made a slight turn in the trail, I noticed one tusk was turned up, and one was down in the normal position, indicating he was the "rogue" our imperturbable guide had described. He had probably been a brawler in his original herd, and upon having one tusk misplaced in some fierce jungle battle, had been shunned by the rest of the herd. Being an outcast, he had become a killer and desperado. He must have survived some roaring struggles to have lived so long, for he was quite as big as "Jumbo" of circus fame, and looked as large as the Chrysler Building.

At the moment the old rascal turned his corner ahead of me, I remembered my promise not to fire at such a target, but felt my absurdly puny rifle coming up to my shoulder. I had his right ear in my sights, and had begun to squeeze, when out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of a huge mule deer standing motionless in a clump of trees to my left. A shaft of sunlight spotlighted his shoulder, thus destroying the effect of his protective coloring, and there he stood. Accepting this target as a welcome diversion from Ol' Tusker, I quickly turned and fired. The deer wheeled, and I fired again. I heard his crashing, and lost sight of him, so decided I must have missed again, so turned my elephant and attention again to the mammoth ahead of us.

We followed the trail some distance, and found he had circled back to our left. Meanwhile, Ball had advanced up the trail, discovered that I had broken the deer's back with my second shot, and dismounted to dispatch him. I realized that such was the case, for upon following the circling elephant, I saw with cold horror that he was slowly and deliberately advancing toward the spot where Ball was examining the deer on the ground. Ball no doubt thought that the noise the

great brute was making was caused by my elephant returning, since he made no effort to regain his comparatively safe seat on his mount. And still the big killer advanced, and I was fascinated by the slow deliberation with which he moved.

The huge animal was only fifty yards away from Ball, and to say that he stalked his prey sounds absurd, but was true...he was trying to catch this puny enemy helpless on the ground. Elephants, contrary to popular notion, seldom charge; they are such acknowledged masters of most situations that they don't find it necessary to become angry. And even in a state of great fury, they have consciously worked themselves into such a rage that their natural caution is overcome. This old devil knew what he wanted, and Ball was it, so on he went, carefully picking his way over logs and quietly pushing saplings out of his way.

Feeling more like a spectator than a participant, I tried to shout a warning, but nothing at all came out; my throat constricted into a tiny ball of dry muscle. So I raised my rifle, and caught that huge target broad on his port bow: two tickling .30 caliber dum dum bullets in his left temple. The shots were two well-defined periods in the paralyzing slowness of the action. Ol' Tusker looked my way momentarily, obviously irritated by the noise, but apparently unaware that two high velocity bullets had pinged off his thick hide; Ball looked up, caught the situation in a glance, and remounted hand over hand up his elephant's tail as his mahout turned her about and into the jungle at a lumbering gallop. Swinging his head a few times, and patently dazed by the noise of the shots, our wild lad surveyed the scene a few moments before turning about and quite indifferently swaying off in another direction.

But those five tons of dangerous mastodon was too inviting a target for us. Ball, who had now rejoined me, lifted his eyebrows with a smile, I nodded, and we followed. Our mahouts and hunters were as eager as ever to continue, but had brought their excitement under control. Acey-Deucey gave me a quizzical smile and off we went.

It made a queer procession, and a quiet one, with Ol' Tusker towering ahead of Ball's elephant, and my elephant bringing up the rear. For a moment it was amusingly like a family procession, with Papa Elephant, Mama Elephant, and Baby Elephant strung out in a domestic line down the jungle. We didn't plan to shoot again, but hoped for some good moving pictures. Furthermore, any shooting in such a spot would have been suicidal, since the train was narrow, and defined on both sides by matted jungle. If he wasn't killed or brought down on the first fusillade, which he wouldn't be with our weapons, he had merely to swing about and pick us off our mounts one by one.

Ol' Tusker remained quite indifferent to us, and continued on down the trail, stopping occasionally to tear out a luscious root with his trunk, slap it back and forth across his front legs to shake out the dirt, transfer it to his mouth, and amble on. Presently he went down a steep incline into a marsh as big as a

baseball diamond. The half he entered was filled with water five feet deep, while the other side was only inches deep and filled with tender bushes and grass. His objective, of course, was this feeding ground, and he seemed to want no further skirmishes with us. In fact, he seemed to take it for granted there would be none, a feeling which was shared by us with a great deal of relief. All we wanted, we kept saying, was an opportunity to get some good pictures.

By whispered assent Ball deployed to the left of the marsh, and I to the right, as we hoped to get our subject between us for some good shots...of the camera. Had the marsh been a baseball diamond, with Ball at third base and I at first, Ol' Tusker would have been holding down second when we again saw him. Not until we had unlimbered our cameras did we suspect that all was not calm and pastoral. For the old rascal had torn down a hefty sapling with his trunk, and was engaged in lashing himself into a fury with it, now looking at Ball, and now maliciously glancing beadily at me.

"We're in for it!" Ball shouted across to me. "He's trying to get mad enough to charge one of us. We'll both shoot at his left hind leg and hope to bring him down. Once we get him down he can't get up again, and we'll finish him off!"

So crack went sixteen hot grounders into second base. We couldn't possibly miss from thirty yards, and we didn't. We had caught him properly, and he started down on the crippled leg as we reloaded clips. Just as he was ready to topple, he tested his weight on his injured leg, found that it would hold, and with a trumpet of sheer hatred, charged Ball. Apparently we had not succeeded in breaking the leg bone, and now the fat was in the fire.

To the everlasting credit of Ball's mahout, he wheeled that big she-elephant directly toward the swamp and applied the goad with vigor. Not that it was needed, for she was whimpering with fear and loping like mad. Not ten yards behind the enraged bull was gathering speed in his charge, trunk high, head swaying, with that awful upturned tusk describing vicious arcs. I kept pumping lead into his injured leg as best I could, but my young elephant was rearing and prancing with fear, and most of the shots went wide.

Just before reaching the water-filled portion of the marsh, Ball acted as well as he could to save his life and the lives of his mahout and hunter. Holding his rifle blindly behind him with his left hand, he fired three shots into Old Crooked Tusk's head...now only six or eight feet behind him...before his gun jammed. At just that moment both elephants hit the deep water, and Ball's elephant stumbled forward on both front knees. She recovered quickly, but not soon enough; all three of her riders were in the water, swimming and wading in desperation through five feet of water and tangled vines.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to sit on my plunging elephant and soberly realize that in only a matter of seconds that mad beast would intercept

the three men in the water and kill them, one by one. I had visions of their being dismembered with ferocious rage and flung pell mell into the jungle. Or of one of them escaping into a nearby tree and being shaken out by that powerful trunk, only to be trampled to bits. It seemed that death was near and inexorable, and since it was, had to be accepted. There was absolutely nothing I could do but watch.

But Ball's she-elephant had other plans. In contrast to her squealing terror when Ol' Tusker first charged, she had now recovered and was faced about in the water toward the attacker. He was obviously blinded by the muzzle blast of Ball's three shots, and shocked to a standstill by the plunge into the cold water. Ball's elephant must have realized this, for she was even now completing a slow but confident charge through the five feet of water...directly at Ol' Tusker's left shoulder. He must have sensed the danger, for he swung his head about, tusks bared. But he was a bit too late; she had caught him squarely just back of his shoulder as his tusk bored into her left front leg. The damage was done: the surprise of the attack, plus his effort to balance in the water so as to protect his injured leg was his undoing; he crashed on his side with a mighty splash which set up a minor tidal wave in the swamp. The old girl did not lose her advantage in the attack; she merely broke her charge and rearing high on those awkward but efficient hind legs, she brought her three tons down with triumphant force on Ol' Tusker's head. He struggled vainly to keep his head above water, but only succeeded in coming to his front knees once. Again the she-elephant reared and plunged, and Ol' Tusker rose no more. The mark of his passing was a series of awful gurgling sounds, which continued for a full five minutes before his trunk snaked out of the water once more, and then all was quiet.

With sober faces we took a long last look at Ol' Crooked Tusk, noticed that the long shadows were enveloping the jungle, and headed our mounts back toward the spot where my deer lay. We could speak no word until we had quickly attached the deer to my elephant's harness with strong jungle vines, and had started ploddingly out of the jungle. The awe and the fear and the passionate desire to kill had made us incoherent as the first primitive who had wonderingly killed with a spear...we were numb with paralyzed emotions, which covered an indefinable excitement.

Finally, Ball had to speak, in his drawling Texas vowels. "Ah teh yuh, man, this jest cain't be happenin' tuh me...thet on'y happens in pictures. An' speakin' of pictures didja git any shots with the movie camera?"

"I was about to throw the damn thing at him," I answered. "You go to hell!"

Captain Bert Coulson
Written in Calcutta, January 2, 1945

HUNTING THE GREAT GREEN...PIGEON???

Editor's note: Peter Goutiere asked a favor of me shortly before I traveled to China on CNAC Association trip last fall—would I pick up a cap for him from the Clipper Lounge at the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong? I did, and when he received it, he insisted on paying me for it. I told him I did not accept US currency, but would be willing to be paid back in memories, specifically of what was happening the day the photo was taken. He obliged, as follows:

I shall dig into my memory and think what took place that afternoon when your Dad and I were on that pathway. It is a bit difficult to dig back more than sixty years ago; but let's give it a try! If I recall, it was around October of 1944. I was taking Bert on a special hunting trip near the shores of the big Brahmaputra River that flows all the way through the Assam valley into the Bay of Bengal!! I think I was explaining to him that we were going after a special type of bird that is called "green pigeon". These birds migrate throughout this area in Assam. They are greatly sought after for hunting and good eating!! These pigeons are as green as parrots and most elusive to locate in the tall Sal trees. This type tree is grown in the area of Assam to shade the tea hedges. They have special berries

and that is what the birds go after.

I must have explained to Bert that the birds blend into the green foliage and are hard to spot.

The best way to get a shot at one, was to have a villager or a boy throw stones up into the branches; this would get the pigeons to fly out



and that is when you have the chance to get a shot at them. I told Bert that the ones we got, we would give to our house bearer whose name was "Sooklo". He would have the pigeons roasted. Once done, Sooklo would wrap them up with a couple slices bread and butter. These we take on our flights to Kunming. There we sit and have our Green pigeon lunch before returning to Dinjan!!!

Bert was not a very good shot at trying to hit a pigeon on the wing!! But we did have our fun. When we returned, Bert would come up with a bottle of our famous Carew's Booze gin!!! This we would drink with canned grapefruit juice!!!
(in photo, Peter Goutiere on left, Bert Coulson on right)

HIMALAYAN ROGUE
A PILOT'S ODYSSEY

by

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Editor's note: On January 10, 2001, I was Peter's guest at the Pan Am Association lunch, which meets monthly at the Lobster House in Greenwich, Connecticut. It was a great gathering, and I had the honor of speaking for a few moments to the group about CNAC now, and learned that there may be a wealth of information relevant to CNAC history at the Richter Library in Miami. So great to see a group, not unlike our own, with deep roots and close bonds!

HUNTING FOR TEA

And along the way, meeting the next generation of friends of CNAC in China...



Craig Chin emailed this photo to those of us who went to China together last fall. As he said, "I could not resist sending this one along". Craig added:

This is where Petty (Diego Kusak's assistant) took my wife Carol, Tom Moore, Ted Elms and I to her Aunt's tea shop to buy tea. When these kids saw us they asked their teacher if they could practice their English with us. Of course we agreed and had a wonderful time with them. Their teacher is in the back. The boy in the long sleeved dark shirt was REAL smart!

MEMORIES

In January Carey Bowles' daughter, Cindy, sent some photos taken at the CNAC exhibit dedication ceremonies at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base this past August. She included a story her father shared with her:

Carey remembers arriving in Shanghai Christmas Eve 1945 in the days after the Japanese army pulled out. The traffic had been reordered in favor of the American system (keeping to the right). This caused mayhem among the rickshaw drivers who had been keeping to the left for centuries—rounding a corner, they would automatically drift to the left into oncoming traffic. This, coupled with the trams, which continued to travel in the center of the road, made for a challenging and chaotic atmosphere!

FINDING The "END" of THE END OF THE LINE

Editor's note: In the September 2006 issue of the Cannonball (my first as the editor) I published a piece written in 1945 by my father, Bert Coulson, about CNAC men, entitled, "End of the Line". What I didn't realize until recently was that the END OF that piece was missing!!! I recently found a couple of typed pages clipped together and tagged with a question mark on a post-it note—the work of my mother; post-its hadn't been invented in 1945. Some detective work on my part helped me reunite them with the rest of that essay, in which my father searches for a way to describe what set CNAC men apart from others. Even as a fragment, I think the final paragraphs are worth reading, and thought that you might enjoy reading them now.

But there was a common denominator here, and it was probably something quite simple. Like most problems where a classification of people is desired, I was searching for a complex answer when a simple one was called for. It was a case of being unable to see the forest for the trees.

One had only to remember a little American history to discover why these men were where they were, doing what they were doing. When Europe refused to act in a civilized manner toward its sturdy but destitute citizens, where did they go? And when the eastern seaboard of the Colonies began to imitate England, where did the nonconformists go? What about the Klondike miners, the Sooners, and the rest of 'em?

And here was another case of going west again...that characteristic American urge to go over the mountain with the Bunyan Bear and see what you can see. Our natural frontiers are gone, and even a modern Alaskan will admit it; the frontiers are gone, but the old urge is still there. Commencement speakers may continue to orate annually on the frontiers of science and invention and business, but the necessary restrictions of modern living will continue to force restless Americans into other lands and over other mountains.

The presence of such men throughout the world will undoubtedly serve a most useful purpose in the crucial decades to come, for their cynical appraisal of the United States and foreign affairs will help to educate an admittedly naïve public and State Department. Many of the millions of servicemen who have been overseas during the war will feel the urge to return as civilians, and will influence to an unprecedented extent the foreign policy of the nation.

"Yeah? A job in China, hey? Well, I've never been to China...tell 'em I'll take it...when do I leave?" Such a collection of restless spirited men, I was convinced, was the crowd I had stumbled upon in India and China in CNAC. True, they would have scoffed at such a characterization of them, since the dead serious vein was always rejected by most of them. But I knew I had them pegged.

I recalled Bret Harte's characters and Kipling's "Mandalay Men"; Dan McGrew and "Beau Jester", and it seemed an appropriate time to shout Eureka. For if this aggregation of international itinerants could be classified, there was only one pigeonhole for them as a group. Here was, I knew, the American Foreign Legion, in one of its chapters, at least, and it might be fun to have a look at it.

CNAC CANNONBALL
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