

CNAC
ASSOCIATION

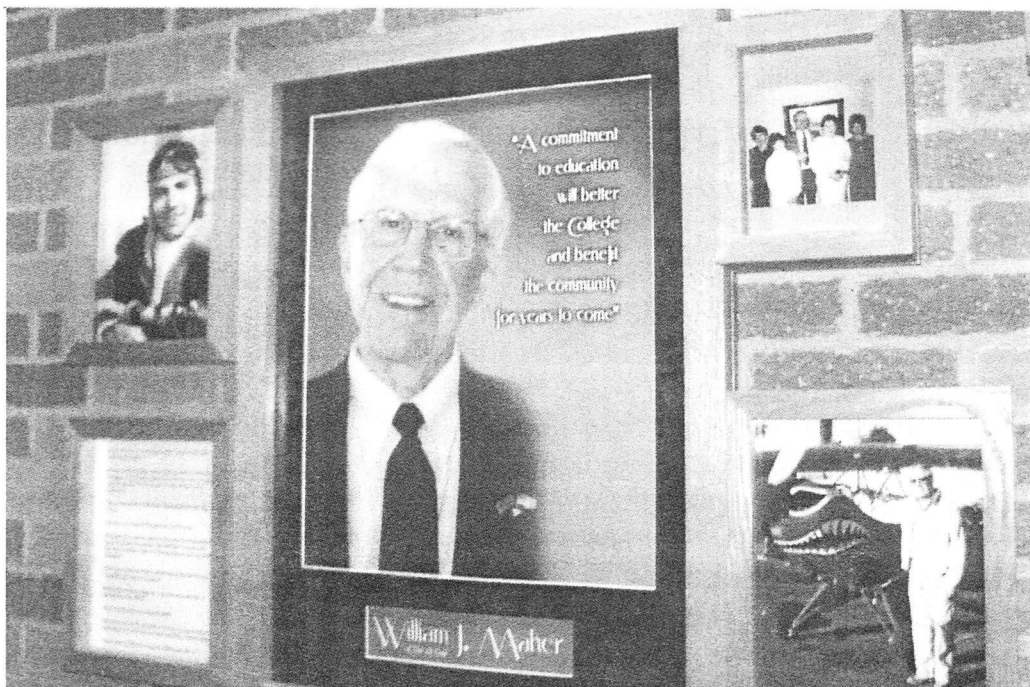


DECEMBER 2011

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William Maher, past president and lifetime advisor/consultant to us all...



William Maher and friends head for Hogy Taw

I didn't see it coming. I don't think any of us did. On a hot afternoon in early August, I got brief email from Peggy titled, "sad news". From it, I learned that Bill had, unbelievably, succumbed to the heat, out taking a walk. I kept thinking, you're not supposed to be shocked when a 91 year old dies. As Peggy accurately

put it, "he was a young 91". In some ways the news was too fresh for us to properly acknowledge the loss in any official way at the reunion. It's true he had hadn't been able to come to the reunion these past couple of years, taking care of his Mary Lee. It was just easier, maybe, to think of him in Michigan, or down the hall, taking care of business, telling a story, or making sure someone got a ride to the airport. But, the reality is, Bill Maher is gone, and like each one of our pilots, his distinctive voice and his energetic spirit are irreplaceable.

And as the Cannon Ball editor, one of the first things that confronted me this issue was the masthead. At least for now, I'm not taking Bill's name down. I had two great conversations with Bill this summer. In June, we had one of our typical, rambling conversations, and I thought to ask him about his ongoing campaign to get the school board to change the start time at the high school. He had recently received a community award (I wish I could remember what it was for). I must have said something about his admirable activism, and I know I said I was approaching a milestone birthday that was giving me a reason to think about what I was doing with my life and my time. There was a pause on his end, and then I heard, "You know, Eve, I'm looking around at all these awards and certificates, like the one I just got, and ALL of them came AFTER my 60th birthday! I've been busy! You'll be fine!"

The second call, including Peggy was in mid-July, and I was concerned that I might not be able to get the summer Cannon Ball done, and frankly I was trying to wiggle out of it. Came the sage advice, "just do a shorter issue!" I did, because the fact that it mattered to him meant a lot to me. I was glad that I got it done and mailed in time for him to read it. I know he made a lot of us feel that who we were and what we did mattered.

We have lost a number of these great people in these past few months. Most recently, we heard about Don Bussart, Bob Mc Caleb, and Hugh Grundy, and the news of Carey Bowles' passing reached us in late July. At first I was hesitant to fill so many pages of this issue with this much loss, but as I began to collect and read the words written by and about these men, I realized how inspiring they were, and what good stories I had been provided with. And in light of the conversation we had at the reunion in September about involving the third generation, it is particularly heartening to note that these pilots had young people who clearly regarded them as heroes (their words are included in the tributes to three of them in the pages that follow).

This issue will also include news from the reunion, a Hump flight story written by Carey Bowles, Clayton Kuhles' fascinating, detailed trek report (including a brief update that arrived just before going to the printers) to locate CNAC #60 this fall, excerpts from interviews of Don McBride by his daughter to preserve memories from those great days of CNAC (the complete interviews are archived on the CNAC.org website). And lots of great photos!

A TRIBUTE TO BILL MAHER
By Captain Felix Smith

Bill said he enjoyed so many adventures with such great guys in a magnificent era of American history, it had been more than a full life, he was content to buzz off at any moment. Weeks later, on an August summer's day, walking close to his beloved farm in Michigan, he left planet Earth. Bill may have been ready to go, but we weren't ready to see him off. Referring to his 91 healthy years, Peggy said if you love him it's much too soon to go.

Bill was our leader. His carefree, congenial Irish spirit was silently supported by a bedrock of common sense and dependable intuition. It won CNAC veterans military credit and invaluable access to the V.A. medical system even though Pan American World Airways with its hierarchy of retired U.S. Navy Admirals and access to the Pentagon had failed in the endeavor. Nay-sayers told Maher he was nuts for trying, but our leader, always with a worthwhile project in mind yet never a posture of do-good piety, forged ahead, seemingly without worry or paperwork. He said, "I'm a telephone man." On the sad day that Bill left us, his on-going projects were the statue of a World War II pilot at Jackson's airport; and his own initiative with the local school board to start Jackson high schools at a later hour in intelligent compliance with recent medical research.

The most exciting time to witness Bill's operating style occurred at the annual EAA (Experimental Aviation Association) air shows in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He began by reserving the largest banquet room in a plush Oshkosh hotel. While enjoying the day's events, if he happened to meet someone who seemed passionate about any aspect of aviation, he'd invite the stranger to the "CNAC banquet." Fifteen minutes before the allotted time, I'd find a few invitees waiting for they didn't know what. I'd become nervous for Bill. But at the last minute there'd be as many as 75 strangers seated by the time Bill, with a carefree smile, greeted his catch as catch-can guests. After dinner they would stand, one after the other, in order of their random seating, state their name & a brief description of their past experience and present endeavors. The impromptu party invariably turned out to be one of the most interesting aspects of the entire air show. Aerospace engineers, generals, artillery-spotters, Air Evac medics, and filmmakers fascinated each other.

Bill's generosity went unnoticed and that seemed to be the way he wanted it. CNAC vets on tight budgets were told, "If you need an airline ticket, the money's there." It sounded like it came from CNAC's coffer, but it was Bill's own cash.

Bill's humanity also became apparent when newcomers from the USA sniped at caddies on Calcutta's golf course because they stole golf balls. The enterprise of

the undernourished "natives" intrigued him. When a caddy found a ball that his temporary employer had sliced into tall grass, he continued to beat the grass in a fake hunt, grabbed the ball with his toes and flipped his ankle which landed it somewhere among the folds of his dodie (loin cloth.) At the end of a lucrative day he sold the loot. "They make only pennies a day," Bill said.

At Dinjan, in the Assam Valley, India's terminal of our Hump flights, we were isolated among tea plantations and jungle growth. Bill found a manual phonograph player for our three-man "basha" (grass hut,) hired a laborer as "symphony conductor" who flipped records and turn the crank while Bill, Carey Bowles and I sat sweating in the heat of India, enjoying the music. It was just fun to relax in Bill's company. We learned much from him; don't worry, don't expect perfection from the human race, trust your gut feeling. More than our leader, he was our teacher.

His loss was felt most severely by his family, so we send our condolences to Patty, Linda and Peggy. He was their proud, supportive counselor and good friend. To the CNAC Association and other friends the loss is also painful and incalculable.

When Father Time dispatched too many members to Hogy Taw, Bill invited associate members -- anyone interested in aviation history. I told him it was a mistake, it'd dilute us into an unrecognizable group. However I underestimated Bill's organizational talent. He backed off to become an "Elder," leaving room for Peggy as President: Valerie, daughter of Captain Len Parish, as Secretary / Treasurer; and Eve Coulson, Editor of the influential *CANNONBALL* which was also a brilliant choice. Eve's father, CNAC Captain Bert Coulson, was a natural writer who has contributed much to the history of aviation in China. Peggy is so much like her father; Valerie naturally carries the torch for her father, Captain Len Parish. Eve Coulson keeps the spirit of her father, Captain Bert Coulson alive by reprinting his colorful, "tell it like it is" essays, composed while he flew the WW2 Himalayan Hump. Bill rounded out the leadership team by naming Tom Moore, nephew of Captain Emil Scott, Historian, and Craig Chinn, son of Harold Chinn, VP of Communication. Tom is the creator of the CNAC website which is an invaluable archive of CNAC information; Craig works behind the scenes making everything possible for presentations at the reunions, and whenever else we need his wisdom and technical skills. These five talented, vitally interested descendants of CNAC originals carry the torch with CNAC Icon Moon Chin. The history of our unique WW2 group remains alive.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MAHER
CNAC Pilot

‘ Oh! I have slipped the surly Bonds of Earth” J.G. Magee Jr

Bill was born in Jackson, Michigan November 23, 1919 and shortly afterwards moved to Detroit, MI. where he spent the first 13 years of his life. Returning to Jackson he graduated from Jackson High School and Jackson Jr. College. In 1940 he learned to fly in the Federal Civilian Pilots Training program. In 1941 he completed his secondary & Flight instructors rating at the University of Michigan & Michigan State University. In 1943 Bill served as Flight Instructor at Purdue University training U.S. Navy Officers to become Naval Flight instructors. In 1943 he enlisted as a Naval Aviation Cadet.

In the fall of 1944 he resigned to join the China National Aviation Corporation. CNAC pioneered the Hump Route over the Himalayan Mountains while supplying the AVG Flying Tigers, the 14th Air Force, and Chinese Army, a feat thought to be impossible. Gen. Albert Wedemeyer said, “Flying the Hump was the foremost and by far the most dangerous, difficult and historic achievement of the entire war”. In 1994, The U.S. Army Air Corp awarded Bill the Distinguish Flying Cross and Air Medal for his service in China. Bill has served as president of the China National Aviation Corp. Association since 1980, a worldwide organization of pilots who flew for CNAC.

Bill contributed immensely to his community, having served on many boards and committees and did amazingly well as a fundraiser. He served as co-chair of YMCA Building Fund Drive, the YMCA Board of directors. Bill has also been instrumental in the development of a flight training program of Jackson community College. He chaired the fund raising committee for planes and equipment and served as Chairman of the Advisory Committee for the aviation Flight Training program. He served on the Jackson Community College Foundation Board during which time he raised funds to establish a student lounge on campus and he was the 2011 Crockett Recipient at JCC. He also funded the William and Mary Lee Maher Aviation scholarship. In 1991 he received the “ Distinguished Service Award” from Jackson Community College” He also service on the Jackson County Airport Advisory Board. He received the Wright Patterson Master Pilots award from the FAA for 50 years of safe flying.

Bill founded several companies in Jackson and retired as president of Midway Supply Company.

Bill was preceded in death by his wife of 67 years, Mary Lee, in April of 2011. He missed her so very much these pass few months. He is survived by his daughters Peggy Maher, of Kerrville, TX, Patricia Maher, and Linda Hath, as well as his very special nephew Wally Williams, his sister Jeannine Williams, nieces and nephews Channel Beagham and her family, Marc Williams and his wife, Su Harper Taylor,

Jim Harper and his many friends who were all a very important part of his life. He loved being with people and he was very generous.

Bill died suddenly August 5, 2011 while walking on Vicary Road, Liberty, near his beloved farm. He was 91 years young, way too soon for those who loved him.

Bill was still flying at age 85 and had his instructor's rating.

Bill has gone to a reunion of CNAC pilots in Hoagie Taw, high in the Himalayan Mountains. He is not expected to return.

(The line quoted at the beginning of Bill Maher's obituary is from the following poem, a favorite of pilots everywhere)

High Flight ~ The Aviator's Poem

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

By John Gillespie Magee, RCAF 1922-1941 ~ © This England Books 1996

My Hero Report
Captain William J. Maher
by step Great grand daughter Megan Flessati (third grader)

Bill begins by telling Megan: "My group pioneered the route over Himalayan Mountains. A feat it was said could not be done. The mountains were too high and we were flying in the most dangerous and severe conditions in the world due to the planes icing up and thunderstorms. We were carrying high-octane gas, Chinese soldiers, rice for the starving Chinese people and other war materials. Hundreds of pilots lost their life flying this route between 1940 and 1945."

Megan asked Bill--how did this effort make a difference?

“Without the supply route over the Himalayans all of China would have fallen into Japanese hands which would have freed a million Japanese to fight the Americans in the Pacific, one of President Roosevelt’s great fears.”

What was the sacrifice you made by taking this action?

I had to leave my home and my pregnant wife for two years.

If you hadn’t taken this action how would you feel?

I would have felt I had missed a very exciting part of my life. The friends I made with the other pilots and the Chinese people have been a driving force my entire life.

Did you encounter problems?

Flying in the mountains in severe thunderstorms, the wings of the plane loaded up with heavy ice, which makes in almost impossible to keep a plane in the air.

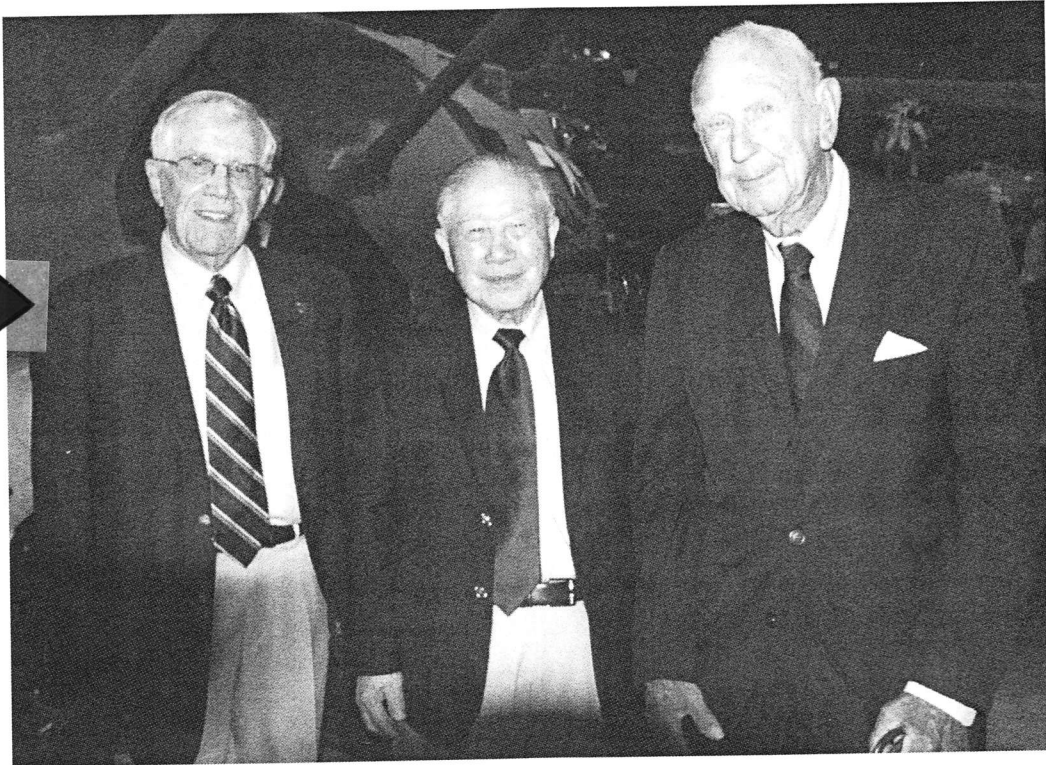
How did the other people feel?

The Chinese people and the Chinese government are grateful to this day and have brought myself and the other pilots back to China many times to honor and thank us.



from the Joe Michiels collection, courtesy of his son Steve. Tom Moore asks, “Does anyone know either of the men in the photo?” Location and date are unknown, though believed to be in India, likely Calcutta. Any information, email Tom at pepperbud@dc.rr.com or call him at 760-832-8213.

Moon Chinn



Hugh Grundy, far right, with Bill Maher and Moon Chinn at the opening ceremony for the permanent CNAC exhibit at the United States Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio in August, 2010.

HUGH LEE GRUNDY
CNAC Chief Engineer

Tom Moore first received word of Hugh Grundy's passing from Hugh's friend Jamie Russell, as follows:

I was doing a Google search on Hugh L. Grundy and the "CNAC 194? – 1949" page you did on him and the response he sent you came up. Mr. Hugh passed on Sunday night September 18 2011. From the time he fell ill to his passing, it was only about two weeks. Everything has happened so quickly, but he was not suffering. As per his wishes, the memorial service will be delayed until after Frankie has joined him and their ashes will be spread over Grundy Home Plantation by airplane.

Mr. Hugh was a friend of mine and he would call me from time to time for help on his computer (mainly his flight simulator) and although he was old enough to be my grandfather we would talk about what was happening in technology and how things had and would change. I work in IT (Information Technology) for a small college here in Springfield, KY, St. Catharine College. Mr. Hugh frequented my father's machinery repair shop with his very detailed drawings of repairs or

projects he needed or wanted. In return we were welcomed to fish in the lake on the ridge behind his house and I would also hike on the farm.

Ms. Frankie finally got her new kitchen after years of hinting and finally telling him as much. He and my grandfather Walker were quite fond of each other and Ms. Frankie and my grandmother Walker were schoolmates.

He never dismissed me or didn't have time to talk. His family history was important to him, as was his privacy. I respected that and if he felt like talking we would talk. Nothing juicy or history shattering but just how he loved what he had done in his life, what he was doing in what was supposed to be retirement and how he missed his family and home while he did it. He once told me that when he was a boy outside working he saw an airplane fly over and he thought to himself..."I am going to do that one day...I am going to fly" and he did...boy did he fly.

After reading Mr. Hugh's greeting..."Hello Tom, Grundy here" I figured that this is something you may want to know. Best regards, Jamie A. Russell

jrussell@sccky.edu

You may call or send a card to:

Elizabeth Grundy
636 Valley Hill Road
Springfield, KY 40069
859-336-7091

if you would prefer to send an email,
Jamie will print it out for her to read
dragongpvh@gmail.com

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD TRIBUTE TO HUGH GRUNDY
By US Senator Mitch McConnell
June 26, 2001

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Hugh L. Grundy for his many years of service to the United States. On June 30, 2001, Hugh will be honored by the City of Crab Orchard, Kentucky, for his dedication to our Nation, and I know my colleagues join me in expressing our gratitude for his many contributions.

Hugh Grundy is a true American hero and has dedicated much of his life to the cause of freedom. During World War II, he served as a Major in the US Army Air Corps/Air Force. After that, Hugh went on to serve concurrently as president of the Civil Air Transport and Air America. Secretly owned by the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), these two air transport organizations were staffed by civilians who conducted undercover missions in Asia and other parts of the world in support of US policy objectives. Often working under dangerous conditions and with outdated equipment, CAT and Air America crews transported scores of troops and refugees, flew emergency medical missions, and rescued downed airmen. Hugh and the brave people he commanded played a vital role in the war

against Communism and their commitment to freedom will never be forgotten. Hugh Grundy is a native Kentuckian. Born on his parents' farm in Valley Hill, Kentucky, he grew up helping his father raise and show yearling saddle horses. While Hugh's love for aviation and his service to our Nation caused him to be away from the Commonwealth for many years, he returned to the Bluegrass to retire. Hugh and his wife of 58 years, Elizabeth, or "Frankie" as she is known to her friends, now live on their family farm, called Valley Hill Plantation. After many years on the go, Hugh and Frankie are very content with the peace and quiet associated with farm life.

Mr. President, although Hugh Grundy is now retired, his record of dedication and service continues. On behalf of this body, I thank him for his contributions to the Nation, and sincerely wish him and his family the very best.

REUNION 2011 HIGHLIGHTS

It was so great to look around the room and see old friends reconnecting, and new friends joining us for the first time. An incomplete list of attendees includes Moon Chin (does he need an introduction?), Margaret Soong, wonderful storyteller/stewardess and her husband, also a veteran of WWII, in the western part of Hunan province, there for the Japanese surrender August 21, 1945, Frank Watson (Jules Watson's son), who has been coming to reunions for 25 years, beautiful, wise Audrene Sherwood (wife of Bob) whose first reunion was in Ojai in 1973, Starr Thompson (would we know who we were without his handmade nametags?), Margaret Williams (daughter of John De Tarr Hicks) and her son Mark, John Parish (brother of Len, uncle of Valerie), Nelson Obus, history buff and husband of Eve Coulson, Oliver Glenn, Morgan Lew, friend of CNAC, father flew with the 14th, John Anderson, long time friend of Fletcher Hanks, Susan and Russ Coldren, nephew of R. W. Coldren, the Slade family (Carol is Chuck Sharpe's daughter), Patty, Barney and Danny Lee, beloved members of Moon's large extended family, enthusiastic newcomer Tissy Eggleston, and Charlie Boyle, Peggy's smiling, thoughtful partner in crime.

It might be a record—we had four authors with us. Mr. Liu, who traveled from China (where some of us met him last year in Kunming) spoke of his book, *Flying the Hump*, not yet translated into English, over 90,000 copies sold. With Danny Lee interpreting, he told us of reading a short magazine article about CNAC when he was 14. He was interested in flying and so inspired by the story that he vowed to research and write about CNAC's contribution to the Chinese people if no one had done it by the time he was an adult. What he thought would take three years took seven; finding people through word of mouth, interviewing without tape recorders. Mr. Liu feels the book has corrected a major error by showing that CNAC (and not just the Flying Tigers) made a major contribution.

We also heard from Greg Crouch (to whom Bill Maher once said, "Where were you 10 years ago, Mr. Writer, when I had twice as many members?") whose

book *China's Wings* will be coming out for sure before the next reunion (we saw the bound galley copies!). Nancy Allison Wright spoke about her book *Yankee on The Yangtze*, and Barry Martin brought *Forgotten Aviator*, about Royal Leonard.

ACCORDING TO CRAIG CHINN

In 1943, while in New York City, Art Chin tried to break a \$1,000 bill he received from Madam Chang Kai-shek. Since most businesses were not used to seeing a \$1,000 bill many refused to accept it. Moon took it upon himself to take a few cab rides around town to try and break the bill. He was finally able to break the bill and cabled back to Art. He gave the full amount to Art. Art took the bills, turned around and walked away. Moon was left standing with not so much as reimbursement for all the cab rides. And in Moon's own words, "Gee, not even a cup of coffee?"

So, back at Moon's place over dinner about a month before the 2011 CNAC Reunion, Susan (Art's daughter, Allen (her husband), John Gong (her son), Marlan (John's wife), Carol and I were listening to this story. We all got a great laugh because Moon said Art was, shall we say, extremely thrifty. Susan piped in to confirm and said he never even paid for Novocain for dental work for her as a kid. Then I said OK, Susan you now have a family debt of a cup of coffee to repay Uncle Moon. And that is how the story goes.

(We heard this story at the reunion, followed by a presentation to Moon Chin by Susan Ennis, Art Chin's daughter, of a beautiful afghan she made herself. Perhaps even better than a cup of coffee!)



Moon inspecting the afghan Susan Ennis made for him

CALL FOR WRITERS AND REPORTERS: Have an idea for a story, news to report, feedback for the editor? Please contact Eve (contact info on cover page with any or all of the above. The next Cannonball will be even better with your input!

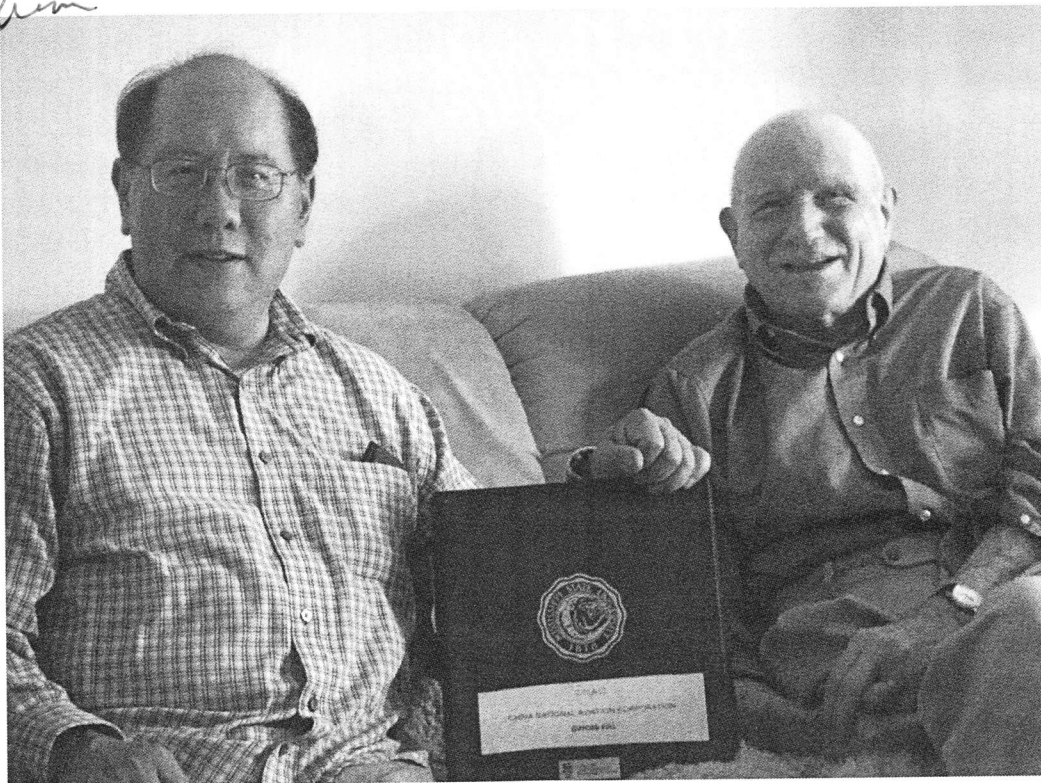
MUSEUM PROJECTS

Valerie Parish Kendrick talked about a project that combines two subjects near and dear to her heart: the CNAC story and children. She has been working with the Air Museum in Dayton to create an exhibition using Elmer the Bear, and recording stories that will appeal to and inform children about CNAC's history. She also spoke about creating a display featuring a recording of Moon, through a flight simulator, demonstrating how someone flies the Hump. We can hardly wait to hear more about it!

Peggy Maher introduced the idea of approaching our local museums to interest them in telling the CNAC story through the means of featuring a hometown hero. We will be meeting with museum people to learn the best way to present this idea, and plan to create a "how-to" page to make it easy to get started. Get in touch with Eve or Peggy (contact information on first page of this newsletter) or Craig Chinn (cchinn2520@att.net) if you are interested in this project. We are developing some guidelines to make it easier to approach museums in a unified way, including summary information about the CNAC Hump flight experience. We welcome everyone's participation.

SAVE THE DATE! NEXT CNAC REUNION, SEPTEMBER 5-9, 2012

Craig Chinn



Craig Chinn (left) visiting Gifford Bull in Virginia on September 28th. They met to discuss the CNAC Documentary Fund and catch up. They had a great time!

CAPTAIN DONALD BUSSART

CNAC Pilot

Donald E. Bussart, 91, Paris, IL passed away on October 14, 2011 at his home. He had a distinguished flying career, holding a pilot license for seventy-three years and receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross from the United States government. Donald spent thirty-six years as a pilot in the Orient.

After retirement in 1975 he returned with his wife Kako to the home in Dudley where he was born. He spent his retirement in Dudley enjoying his own airstrip and several antique airplanes.

Donald was born December 18, 1919 in Dudley, the son of the late Edward and Lola Brinkerhoff Bussart. He married Kakuko Igarashi Bussart March 24, 1978 in Tokyo, Japan.

Donald is survived by his wife Kakuko; his children Donna (Bill) Stiff of Kansas, IL, Denise (Steve) Bussart-Walker of Prescott, AZ; his grandchildren Blake (Carrie), Brad, Bryce, Hilory and Andrea Stiff, all of Kansas, IL, Brian Walker of Massachusetts and Nick Walker of Colorado.

Cassius Wright, who had the pleasure of working with Don for a photo shoot featuring one of his vintage airplanes, a 1934 American Eagle eaglet, wrote this:

One of the greatest American heroes, patriots, gentlemen, fathers, and most of all, friends—has passed away this last weekend. He flew airplanes in dangerous places around Southeast Asia for over 40 years. He flew for Air America, he flew the Hump in Burma, and he flew wooden prop planes in air races. He set the world speed record in an open cockpit prop plane at well over 500 MPH. He flew stunts for movies. He flew for the military, for private companies, for spies and soldiers, and for his own. He was the guy tapped to short runway land and takeoff for the Bay of Pigs. C-130, biplane, jet, glider, he just flew everywhere as often as he was able. If more Americans were like him, the country would be in much better condition. The world is surely a poorer place now.

Send a card to: Family of Don Bussart, 7553 N 625th Street, Paris, IL 61944



CAPTAIN CAREY BOWLES

CNAC Pilot

Carey Edwin Bowles, life-long pilot, aeronautical engineer and experimental aircraft builder, has passed away at the age of 90. Born in 1921, he was six years old when Lindbergh made his attempt to fly the Atlantic. Despite Lindbergh being dubbed "the flying fool" by the press, the young Carey had faith he would reach Paris and was thrilled to hear of his success. It was then he decided he would fly airplanes.



In his early education he skipped both the third and sixth grades and as a consequence was deemed too young to attend college at sixteen. Staying an extra year he took as much science and mathematics as was available, studiously avoiding foreign languages. Ironically he would soon be spending much time in foreign countries.

In 1938 he enrolled at Texas A&M wanting to study aeronautical engineering but as the course only became available two years later he was obliged to begin in mechanical engineering. In 1939 the Civil Aviation Administration, selected 40 students for flight training at Texas A&M and Carey counted himself lucky to have been among them.

In his early career he worked for the 5th Ferry Group, transporting aircraft around the country and as an instructor for the Women Air Force Pilots (WASP) at Sweetwater Texas. He was especially proud of the later and always maintained he had learned a great deal about flying through teaching.

Carey joined the China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) and in early 1945 arrived in Calcutta India. The principal work involved flying C-46's and DC-3's across the Himalayan "Hump" from the Assam valley of northwestern India over Burma and into Western China. He made about one hundred round trips over the "Hump" before the end of the war and relocated to Shanghai at that time. His interest in China and all things Chinese stayed with him for a lifetime.

Returning to the US, Carey re-entered Texas A&M's Personal Aircraft Research Center, working with the outstanding aeronautical engineer Fred Weick (who for

many years ran the wind tunnel for NACA, now NASA). Among their designs they built the first aircraft designed for agricultural use.

Longing to return to flying, Carey joined Flying Tiger Line in 1951 and was involved in ferrying soldiers back from the Korean War. He met the love of his life Cynthia Alexander, a nursing flight attendant on these missions.

Based in Newark with the Flying Tigers, he worked for 30 years, becoming Chief Pilot and was proud to have flown 747's for the last two years of his career, reluctantly retiring from commercial flying in 1981, having reached the mandatory age.

An active member of the Experimental Aircraft Association and fascinated by the designs of Burt Rutan, Carey began constructing a "Long EZ" aircraft at Warwick Airport in New York State. For many years he flew his plane almost every week, becoming a member of the UFO's (United Flying Octogenarians) in 2001.

Remembered by his fellow flyers as the best pilot they ever knew, his advice about flying, to anyone who asked, was "make small adjustments". In 2007 Carey received the Wright Brothers "Master Pilot Award".

He is survived by his wife Cynthia and daughter Cindy. A memorial gathering will be held in the Spring 2012. You can send a note to his wife Cynthia Bowles, P.O. Box 983, Sparta, NJ 07871. or email his daughter Cindy at bolznz@yahoo.co.nz

HUMP PILOT by Carey Bowles

(this is a story Cindy sent, which came undated in Carey's own clear handwriting)

Since the days of Hump flying are numbered, I'll write down an account of an average trip.

It's Saturday night, September 22, 1945. This is a routine flight. The ship is number 87. My co-pilot is C. C. Sun. There was no radio operator available, but the weather is extremely good, so we shouldn't need one.

We took off at 5:45 PM or 1115 Greenwich Meridian Time. It was getting dark as we made a CFR (contact flight rules) departure over the Petkai Hills. It's almost time to Pass over Ting-Kawsakan. Our ETA is 1220. There's the straight stretch of the Ledo Road running through the Hukawng Valley. That means Tinkawasakan is just on our right. Yes, that agrees with the radio compass bearing. There are the lights, and we're passing over at 1219—one minute ahead of the E.T.A. (estimated time of arrival). So we have a very slight tail wind—about 10 MPH.

There's a full moon out tonight. Came up across the horizon a few minutes ago. Off in the distance are a few "sparklers". That's what we call lightning flashes to build up our ego. The air is smooth as glass and there is hardly a cloud in the sky. My indicated air speed is 135 with twenty-six inches manifold pressure and 1980 RPM—hmm, a pretty fast ship. The compass heading is 117 degrees—about ESE.

Let's see. We should pass Myitkyina nineteen minutes out of Tinkawasakan. That'll be at 1238. Yes, there are the lights now off to the right and the blinker beacon. The river is coming into sight now. The fork of the sluggish old Irrawaddy shows up very well tonight with the moon reflecting on the surface. Over at "38—right on schedule and right on course. That means we'll be over Pad Shan at about 1316. There's a 12,300 foot mountain between here and there. We'll pass it at 1251. If we were on instruments, we'd go way south around it since our altitude is only 12,500. But it's CAVU (ceiling and visibility unlimited) so we'll fly straight ahead. I'll turn off the cockpit lights and look for it. Yes, there's the silhouette of our hill. It's slightly too far to the left so I'll change course to 115 degrees.

There's the ridge at the Salween rising up out of the gray of the night. That ridge is nearly fifty miles away. This weather is really fine.

Well, we're crossing the river now down in its deep dark canyon. Since we're entering the Kunming control area, I've changed from the Chabja to the Kunming altimeter setting and have the liaison transmitter set up to call for clearance. I'm also exercising the high blower (supercharger) as we do every two hours. The radio compass agrees with me that Pad Shan is straight ahead.

We crossed Pad Shan at '18. So we've lost our tailwind (the heading is now 90 degrees or due east). I've just contacted Kunming airways with my position report—"over Sugar Williams at One-eight zebra, one-two thousand, five hundred, Charlie Fox Roger, the easy way to Roger Queen". Strange as it seems, he understands that mess and will call back with clearance soon. We have a good transmitter tonight. Usually we don't get him so well. There's our clearance "Charlie Fox Roger (CFR) to Roger Queen (Kunming)". That means we can fly any altitude but must not fly any instruments. That's easy this trip.

We're now gliding smoothly across the Mekong—unconscious of its rapid waters, which are such a barrier to surface travel. We should pass Yunnanyi at 1350, overhead Tsuyung at 1408 and be to Kunming at 1433. That'll put us on the ground at around 1440 or 10:40 PM Kunming time—a little late for supper.

A few clouds are coming into view ahead. That cumulous really does have a silver lining tonight. Now we're in a little rain shower—will turn on the pitot heaters to keep the moisture and ice out of the airspeed tubes. We also check the windshield for ice with the flashlight. All water. It's a shade turbulent. The

radio compass shows Yunnanyi off our left wingtip and it's 1350, but the beacon isn't visible due to clouds. Well, we busted out in the clear just then and are flying along on top of a layer of stratus clouds. They're very silvery and pretty in the moonlight.

We're in the clear and descending very slowly. I've pulled the props back to 1850 RPM and we're indicating 150 at that. We're due over Tsuyung in seven more minutes, so I'll tune in the homing beacon. Yes, it's dead ahead and I can see that sloping ridge just over the nose—right on course. There are the lights, and overhead at :10—a little headwind now, so we'll run our ETA on Kunming up to 1436. We've called airways again with our position over "item x-ray" and are now again at 10,000 feet. Everything is checked—lights, radios, magnetos, generators, brakes, gas, etc. Nothing more to do until we get into the valley.

There come the lights up over the last ridge of hills, Kunming and the two fields at Kunming and Chengkung. Landing gear down, neutral, latched, green light, hydraulic pressure up. I see a wheel on my side, and the co-pilot holds a thumbs up indicating the same on his.

"Kunming tower, this is Cee-NAC 87 five miles west, departed Roger Howe, requesting landing instructions, over."

"Roger 87, land south, altimeter 2008, call on downwind."

"87 roger and out."

We'll make a big "U" turn over the city onto the downwind leg—mixtures rich, props 2200, everything all set for landing.

"Kunming tower, 87 is turning downwind, over."

"Roger, eighty-seven, you're number one and clear, call on base."

"Roger, Kunming, this is 87 turning on the base leg now."

"Roger, 87, clear to land."

Half flaps, landing lights on—a little high, take off a little throttle. Now that's OK, airspeed 100, level off. Hold it now—"squeak, squeak" go the tires on the runway. Cowls open, props forward, flaps coming up.

"87 turn right and taxi back down the parallel strip"

"87 roger" Into the parking area, lights off, brake set, mixtures off. The engines die a natural death and all the switches are checked.

So, you see it's all pretty much routine. We made it in four hours (from starting engines to stopping them) and once again it's only a quarter mile walk or, if we're lucky, jeep ride to that chow.

CAPTAIN ROBERT McCALEB
CNAC Pilot



Robert B. McCaleb, age 89, of Spring Lake, Michigan, passed away Wednesday, September 28, 2011. He was born May 15, 1922 in Muskegon to Karl and Grace (Adams) Mc Caleb.

Bob was a graduate of Muskegon Heights High School and attended Muskegon Community College and Michigan State University. During WWII, he served as Captain flying 229 missions over the Himalayan mountains "HUMP" route from India to China for the China National Aviation Corporation. The US Air Force awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal for his service. He owned and operated Bob Mc Caleb Fire Equipment, Inc. He was a life member of Muskegon

Noachite Lodge 507, Elks Lodge 274, West Michigan Fire Chiefs Association, Muskegon Jaycees, Muskegon Chronicle and Old Newsboys. He was also a member of the American Legion Post 366 in Barefoot Bay, FL with his nephew William Auburn. He was awarded the Muskegon County Distinguished Service Award in 1956, served on the Muskegon Heights School Board from 1957 to 1965, and served on the Salvation Army Advisory Board.

On June 19, 1943 he married the former Thelma Nagle in Muskegon Heights and she preceded him in death on May 29, 2006. He is survived by 2 sons, Robert E. (Loren) Mc Caleb of Fennville, MI, and Randall S. Mc Caleb of Spring Lake; 2 grandchildren, Megan (Greg) Walker and Robert C. (Briana) Mc Caleb; and 3 great-grandchildren. He is also survived by 2 sisters, Jane (William) Auburn and Ruth Abraham; 2 nephews and 1 niece.

Cards may be sent to:
Family of Robert B. Mc Caleb
2333 Lakeshore Drive,
Fennville, Michigan 49408

HUMP MEMORIAL CEREMONY
 Kunming, China
 Honoring Carey Bowles and Bill Maher
 September 3, 2011



On September 3, Diego Kusak and Petty Jiang made a ceremony at the Hump Memorial in Kunming for Bill Maher and Carey Bowles. Diego reported:

It started like a rainy day and not many friends came, but that is OK. We did this for Bill and Carey. When we arrived we found a Kung Fu ceremony taking place on the front of the memorial. Rather than disturb we went to the back. They were playing very beautiful music, which made it even more special; with all that slow motion energy too.

I read what Peggy sent me and Petty translated it. I also told them about Bill and Carey, as I was lucky to know them these past years. We wanted to bring balloons with helium to make a good bye to Hogy Taw thing. Sadly I had some miscommunication and we ended with those balloons. Anyway, it was very nice.

After the ceremony, the Kung Fu people wanted to know what we were doing. We ended up giving a small lesson about CNAC, Bill and Carey.

LOOKING FOR CNAC #60

On October 8, 2011, Bob Willett received the following email report from Clayton Kuhles regarding the progress of his trek in search of CNAC #60. See the last page of this newsletter for an brief report on Clayton's return trek in November.

Upon arriving in Dali, we met with Adam Kritzer, who had visited some villages on Dali Mtn. at my request to ask villagers about any plane wrecks. Adam and I interviewed 2 men who described a crash site in the location also described by Arthur Clark. One of the men said his father actually witnessed the crash. Upon researching his father's birth date and his age at the time of the crash, he announced it was probably in 1942! His father was hunting on the mountain at the time, when he saw an airplane come in at a very steep angle and crash just below the summit ridge. He said his father described how it appeared to be coming apart or dumping cargo shortly before crashing. When Adam and I tried to get him to guide us to the site, he said it was too remote and too dangerous to go there. He ultimately declined to take us there at any price.

Upon returning to Dali, Diego introduced me to Mr. Sun, owner of the Dali Hump Guesthouse. Mr. Sun made some phone calls on my behalf and found another 2 men from a different village who also knew of the same crash site. We interviewed them at length, and their stories matched what the first 2 villagers had told us about crash date and site location. They agreed to guide us there, so off we went. Weather was very poor with steady rain. At about the halfway point, they quit on us and said it was too dangerous to continue on. At that point, we had already made a dozen river crossings. At one crossing, I slipped off a greasy boulder and went feet first into a deep river chute, clinging onto the boulder with my fingertips. The guide just barely was able to pull me back up by grabbing my backpack. We then returned to Dali and asked Mr. Sun to find another guide for us.

The next day we visited an ancient Buddhist temple on Dali Mtn and there met an elderly lady who also knew about the airplane crash. She corroborated the crash date and site location (as told to her by her father) also described by the previous 4 village men (same location described by Arthur Clark). Mr. Sun eventually struck pay dirt with a few more phone calls. We then went to interview 2 other village men (brothers) from yet another village whose father (now deceased) was the first man to actually reach the crash site. They stated their father reached the site in late 1942 or very early spring 1943. Their father was searching for medicinal plants high on Dali Mtn on their family traditional hunting grounds, when he saw an airplane wing and scattered airplane wreckage on a steep slope at the base of a 300 ft. vertical rock face. Upon walking closer, he heard many birds squawking. The birds flew off as he got closer. He then saw the birds had been scavenging the bones of 2 or 3 humans. He noted some of the bones were much larger than those of Chinese people, so he thought that was very odd. These 2 brothers have returned to the site at least twice

themselves. They described finding a tin billet in the streambed below the site, and said the billet was about 14" in diameter and about 24" long and weighed 50 - 70 kg. They tried to carry it out but it was too heavy and bulky. The 2 brothers agreed to guide us to the site. Weather remained poor with much rain. High camp was set at 9,400 ft at the base of a very steep boulder-clogged drainage coming down from the crash site area. Early the next morning we climbed up the drainage towards the site. Shortly before reaching the site, the storm broke loose and water started flowing down the drainage into our faces. The 2 brothers freaked out and headed down, leaving their 20 year old nephew with me. I pressed higher up the drainage with the nephew. Just shortly before reaching the reported crash site, he insisted we also head down. Without his assistance and unable to properly document the site in the driving rain, I reluctantly agreed to head down with him. Actually, my main concern was he was about to abandon me up there alone as his uncles already did, and I'd be in a real jam coming down by myself.

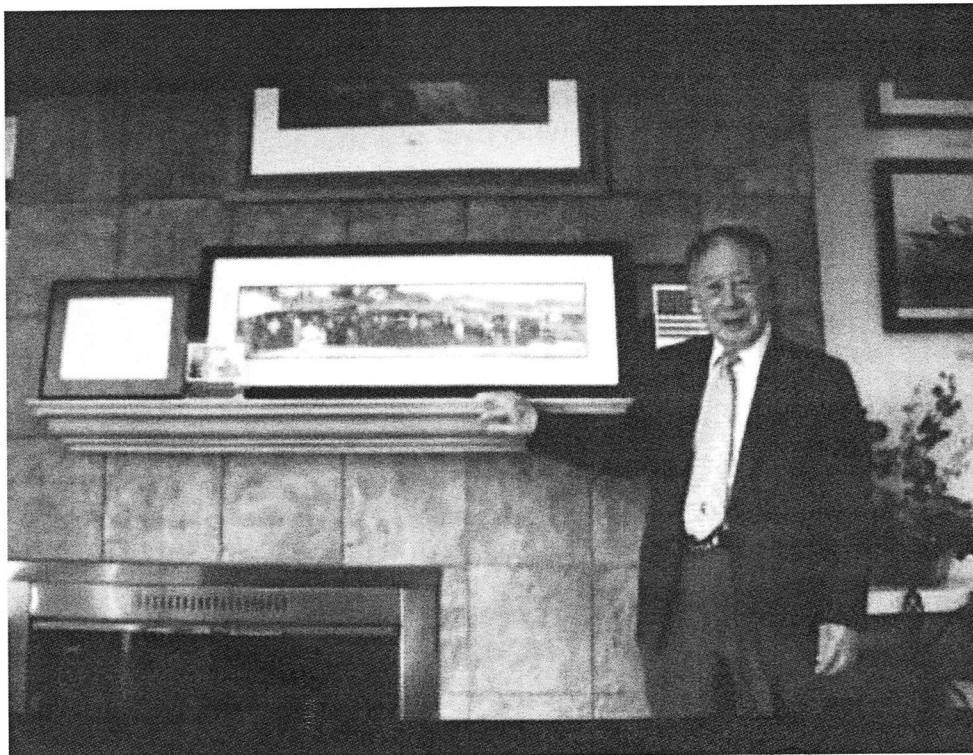
Next, came the most perilous downclimb I've ever experienced in my entire mountaineering career. We jumped and skidded on our butts down 6 - 8 ft. vertical drops from one greasy boulder down onto another greasy boulder. We were essentially downclimbing a waterfall! We reached high camp at dark, with all 4 of us now borderline hypothermic. The camp consisted of a rock overhang under which we built a fire, and 3 tents pitched next to the cliff base. One of the tents started to float away with a man inside it, when a waterfall suddenly poured down the cliff. The other tent did float away and was only caught after being totally swamped and damaged. My tent survived the deluge by being just 5 ft. away from the other 2 tents. The guides insisted on abandoning the climb because of the rain and wanted to head out as soon as the river levels fell enough to be safely crossed. We waited until late morning the following day, before trekking out in a driving rain. So the mission was aborted due to the bad weather. Upon reaching their village, I tried to get the brothers to commit to returning to the mountain in a few days. They were still so shook up from the downclimb and the river crossings that they refused to go back up anytime in the immediate future. They requested I return in Nov or in spring.

The good news is this: I feel this is most probably the site of #60. The next expedition will hopefully encounter better weather, and will give me adequate time to properly survey and excavate the site. A camp will be built at the actual site to save the time and hazards of daily climbing the steep drainage. The next trip will include some laborers, hand tools and metal detector. To solve the #60 mystery will definitely require a second expedition, possibly even a third. This first expedition should be regarded as a very fruitful recon mission. Everything is on track for success in solving the mystery of CNAC #60, so hang in there.

CLAYTON KUHLES



The new China Civil Aviation Museum opened in Beijing in November. The Chinese are in the process of establishing an exhibition dedicated to the history and accomplishments of CNAC during WWII. Craig Chinn has created a video interview of Moon Chin for the exhibition.

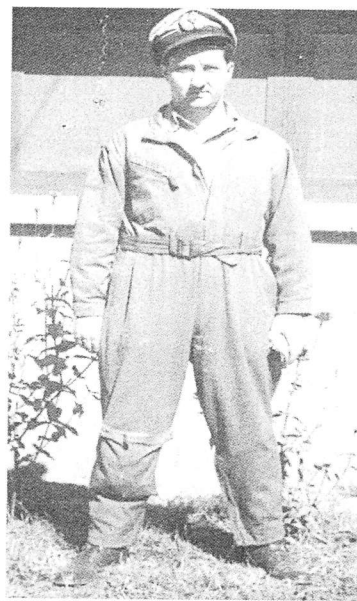


Moon Chin

DON MCBRIDE INTERVIEWS

In the spring of 2010, daughter Jean McBride interviewed Don in an effort to preserve some of not only Don's story but some CNAC history not otherwise documented. Here is a sample, but do go to the CNAC website and read all of these great stories: <http://www.cnac.org/mcbride01.htm>

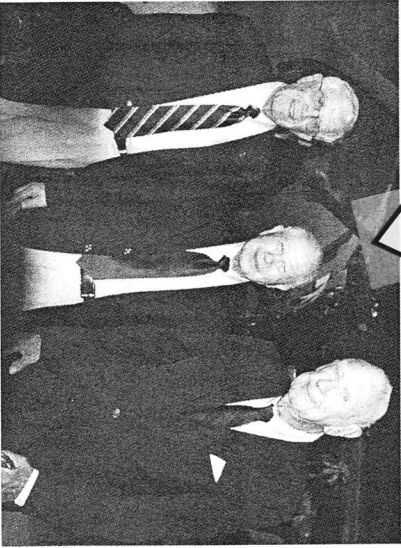
What did you fly in? You name it, We hauled gasoline, bicycles, bombs, machine guns. Food? Yes, food, but this was mainly rice. Anything the soldiers needed we flew in. **Erin and Rachel (Don's granddaughters) were amazed that you few millions of dollars worth of gold and it was never guarded.** Ya, I flew millions of dollars worth of gold. In fact, the very last flight over the Hump was from Dinjan down to Calcutta. They loaded m plane with gold. In Dinjan, they offloaded the gold from my C47 to a C46, which was twice as big, Another 47 was there and they dumped that load of gold onto my C46 as well. So I was carrying about 10,000 pounds of gold. **What does "Hogy Taw" mean?** Way up high in the mountains there was a little Chinese village, with only a footpath leading up to it. On our map, I think it was spelled "h-t-a-w-g-a-h." Everyone just called it "Hogy Taw" because that was easier to say. Bill Bartling got the idea that that was our final destination. When someone got killed, they went to "Hogy Taw." From then on, anything someone crashed, we said they went there.



LATE BREAKING NEWS FROM CLAYTON KUHLES

On November 24, we heard from Clayton that he had in fact returned to the crash site, with a new guide, taking a different, less treacherous route. Bringing a professional grade metal detector and an assortment of hand tools, he found lots of small metallic wreckage on or near the surface. Clayton said, "The metal detector continued to detect wreckage to almost a 1/4 mi. below the spot where I believe impact occurred, including some large / dense wreckage. The larger / denser wreckage detected could be engines or landing gear, but was too buried under boulders and rocky debris for me to effectively excavate with hand tools. Perhaps the most significant piece of wreckage was a torn and partially melted piece of aluminum bearing a stamped 4-digit number which I believe is the aircraft construction number." We eagerly look forward to further reports from Clayton, and to what he may discover on his next visit to the site.

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