

CNAC CANNON BALL

ASSOCIATION



Reg Farrar, Editor
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JULY 1997

REUNION IN SAN DIEGO

The reunion in San Diego became one of our best. It was highlighted by a visit to the San Diego Air Museum. Our host was Jim Dalby the President of the Museum. We received the Deluxe tour including the work shops where it is possible to restore and even duplicate historic planes.

The weather was good, the turnout superb. The U.S. Grant Hotel is in the center of town. It is adjacent to an immense shopping center and two streets of restaurants. It is an area which comes alive in the evenings, especially on weekends.

One night we visited "Old San Diego" with its Mexican restaurants. Mary, Cathy and I visited La Jolla for lunch on a couple of occasions. It is easy to understand why so many people like San Diego and live there.

Bowles, Carey; Bull, Giorra; Conrath, Martha; Schulte, Jane;
Cunningham, Elsie; Seaton, Carol Ann; Dalby, Jim; Denachuck, Mike;
Fassett, Jake; Folz, Jack; Gilliland, Ray; Glenn, Oliver; Gilger, Wm;
Goutiere, Pete; Hahn, Barton; Hanks, Fletcher; Hassig, Don;
Healy, Ken; Helling, Bill; Jenkins, Bob; Kininmonth, Arthur;
Maher, Bill; Michiels, Isabel; Oldenburg, Al; Pittenger, Fred;
Rossi, Dick; Rowell, Clara; Schaus, Henry; Schofield, Bob; Sherrill, Byron;
Sherwood, Bob; Smith, Felix; Smith, Oakley; Stratford, Jeanne;
Steulke, Dick; Kimball, Dierdre; Urban, Charles; Watson, Peggy;
West, Charles; Welschmeyer, Joe; Wong, Dolly; Kusak, Steve; Crane, Carol;
Sailer, Tom; Thompson, Starr; Shilling, Eric; Shrawder, GR;

Best,

[Editor:

I was there also. (Reg + Mary Farrar)
and Cathy

Robert B. Sherwood

317 N. State Street #201
Bellingham, WA 98225

Phone 733-4585
Fax (360) 733-4585

Feb. 10, 1997

Dear Reg:

In the last Cannon Ball there was a note that you did not have a picture of me. I am not sure whether you referred to me or some more illustrious member of CNAC. Pittenger looks ready to meet his Maker, and Gifford Bull looks like he has just run into Count Dracula in his Transylvania castle so I think I had better decline the honor. I was playing golf last Wednesday at the Bellingham Country Club. One of the threesome was from Canada (We are close to the border). He asked if I had been with CNAC, and I replied in the affirmative. He expressed surprise and inquired whether I knew Peter Goutiere. I said I did. Peter is his uncle. I had not heard his name when we first started so I asked him to repeat his name. "I am Peter Goutiere" he said. He was about 45 years old and hit the ball a country mile.

Our Secretary writes me that we will go to Palm Springs for our next re-union and that is fine with me. Audrene and I leave next week for Texas and will visit Maher in McAllen.

Regards,


Bob

PICTURES

I plan to include more photographs. The quality of our reproduction is far from adequate. Printing in the past have been by xerox. Sherwoods letter was critical. He did not include his own picture, and I don't blame him. (I'll get around to him). Included in this issue is a picture of Felix Smith - much more representative. Gif Bulls' picture was remarkable

and different. I have not had his reaction. He is at our advanced ages probably the most active of any of us. To be sure those Captains who were forced to retire at 60 years of age and health has limited many but he is exceptional. Please do not get upset too much by what is included in the Cannonball. What I receive is

MAILING LIST

As has been previously determined all former CNAC are on the active mailing list. Those left behind when we go to Hoky Taw will remain on our list if they wish. Please let me know about this.

THE CNAC EXPERIENCE

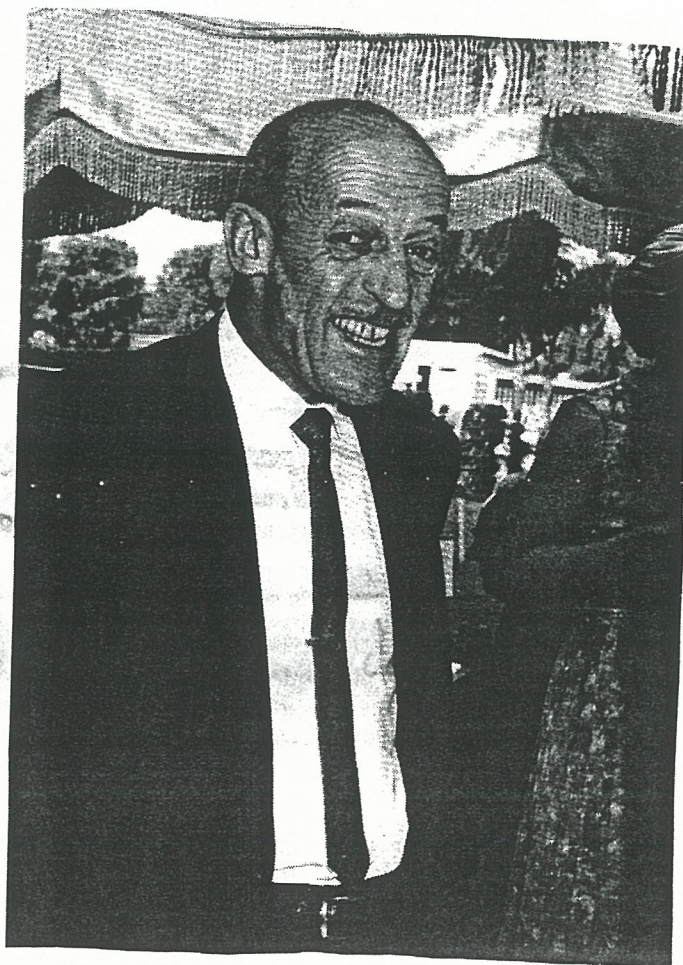
Some of us look back to those days now long ago with nostalgia to what was done and those who did it. We were young during a time of great uncertainty. It was a time of adventure. Most of those who survived, and that is us, had done little to compare with the CNAC experience. It took us to a strange unfamiliar communities with unfamiliar cultures.

The association was formed because of the great desire of many to maintain some of the friendships made over here. For many of us it has been a strong connection. We look forward to the reunions. Many of our members do not. There are many reasons that some of us cannot attend reunions. It is hard to understand why many of our members have no interest. Some of you do not even wish to remain on our mailing list. Was the CNAC experience so horrible that anyone does not look back on those days of his youth?

To a young physician, not yet dry behind his ears, the CNAC experience influences his life forever after. It oriented him toward India, China and the memories and comradeships. This fascination has been translated to this small effort. Re-electing the CNAC Cannonball as our days dwindle down and the flashing beacon atop that mountain top at Hogy Tau draws closer



Bill Pawley



Bus Loane

Dear Ray - Long Time No See (JB) = 5-18-97

Your newsletters get better every ^{GOOD!} issue work!
Please keep me posted when you have next
Shanghai Tiffen Tea in NYC - I will be there -

Dick Rossi & the Boys got Recognition for their Jobs
with CAF - & the General in past few years - clap clap!

Thanks for showing "Pappy" Walt Quinn's picture
He has been forgotten for TOO-TOO Long & his ^{ASST} ^{JOB} ~~CAF~~

Unable to Travel alone due to wife's Surgery on
R. Leg due PVD. - we pray she will not have further ops -
She needs constant attention due weakness in entire Body.

Hope this note reaches you and ^{give} many my love
See you at next Tiffen God Bless you all
JACK BURKE (JB)

SHANGAI TIFFEN CLUB

In New York there is a group that meet monthly at a Chinese Rest-
aurant. It is a mixed group, mostly of old China hands. Anyone
in New York area is welcome. Let me know and I'll let you know
when the next one comes up. Angela Belski and Jack Burke are
interested, me too.

FRONT-

DICK EDDIE RAY ACP
SNELL QUINN ALLEN RICHARDS

BACK:

RAY CARL AL ^{Arnold} Redip Les E.C
HARRISON BOB WRIGHT WEIR HALL KIRKPATRICK

AL OLDENBURG

CHARLEY SHARKEY

You may remember a few of them
or yourself when you were young & beautiful



Dear Reg.

Hope you and

Mary will join us in beautiful Palm Spgs.

J.

CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION
ASSOCIATION



1997 CNAC REUNION IN PALM SPRINGS

Our Reunion this Fall will be at the beautiful Hyatt-Regency on Palm Canyon Drive, the Main street of Palm Springs. An all Suite Hotel, beautiful newly decorated spacious suites. Adjoining enclosed Mall. During the Season, the rooms are \$245 but we obtained them for \$119. Excellent food and service; transportation provided from Airport. When you make reservations call: 1-800-233-1234 and tell them you are with CNAC. Make your reservations early as we have a block of rooms reserved. Reservations made after September will be \$155 a day on a space available basis. Our Hospitality suite will be open from 10 am to 4 pm. PLEASE wear your name tags. If you have any questions please contact me. If you have not yet paid your 1997 dues of \$25 you may mail them at this time. Complete form below and return to me with your check. We will be at the Hyatt October 16-17-18-19th.

		No persons	Total
Registration Fee	\$20 per person	_____	_____
Dinner 10-17	30 " "	_____	_____
Dinner 10-18	30 " "	_____	_____
	. Total		

Please list names of all persons included in your reservation.

G R Shrawder
G R Shrawder, Secy-Treasurer
1302 Fairway Oaks
Banning CA 92220
(909) 845-9354

Should you find it necessary to cancel your trip, contact me and I will refund your deposit.

11/6/95

The Day Both Engines Quit On My C46

Gifford Bull
CNAC

On July 18th, 1945, I was flying CNAC C-46 number CNAC 23 from Dinjan, the CNAC base in the Assam Valley in India, across the Hump to Luchow, up the Yangtze River from Chungking. I had transitioned from C-47's to C-46's not long before, and this was only my ninth round trip in the C-46. The copilot and radio operator were Chinese.

I had just passed Ft. Hertz, and was heading east over high mountains, before turning northeast toward Likiang Mountain, Sichang, and eventually to Suifu and Luchow. I was in clouds but I was well aware of where I was, and that the mountains below were pretty high. I think I was cruising at 17000 ft, but it might have been 19000.

The carburetors were prone to ice up in the C-46, but instead of showing a gradual decrease in manifold pressure as the ice built up in the carburetor, like the C-47, the C-46 would show essentially no decrease in manifold pressure due to ice. Instead, the engines would quit abruptly. Just pulling on the carburetor heat when the engine quit wouldn't do. Curtiss had flown an empty C-46 (I believe flown by Curtiss test pilot Herb Fisher) in icing conditions on the Hump to work out the best procedures to keep the the engines running and the airplanes off the mountains. They found that heat alone wouldn't work. It changed the mixture too much, and made it lean, not what you would expect. The procedure was to move the mixture control from Auto Lean to Auto Rich and THEN apply the carburetor heat, with no delay. Don't forget, when the engine isn't running, the exhaust pipes cool down rapidly and very soon you don't have any heat to melt out the ice.

Our CNAC C-46's had the carburetor heat gauges mounted in a prominent place on the instrument panel, in recognition of the crucial importance of keeping the engines from icing up.

I was IFR in clouds that kept the carburetor temperature near freezing. It would have seemed like a good idea to run the engines in Auto Rich and use carburetor heat to keep the carburetor temperature well above freezing, but I hated to make the whole trip

in Auto Rich. because that would increase the fuel consumption, and I wanted to have plenty of fuel for the trip home back across the Hump. So I was running the engines in Auto Lean but I was watching the carburetor temperature and the manifold pressure gauges like a hawk, and I was spring loaded to shove the mixture controls up into Auto Rich and pull on the carburetor heat at the first sign of trouble.

As I continued over the high mountains just east of Ft. Hertz, both engines quit suddenly, with no prior signs of a buildup of carburetor ice. I sprang into action, and shoved the mixtures forward out of Auto Lean, and pulled on the carburetor heat. Quiet, and windmilling props. I turned my big glider back toward the west, so at least I wouldn't get still further from the Ft. Hertz valley. Of course, the altitude was going down, toward the mountains, and I told the crew to go back and put on their chutes. I really didn't want to bail out where I was, because landing in a chute in the high mountains did not look like a rosy situation to me, but of course, hitting a mountain in the airplane was worse. So I tried the technique used as a last resort in the old airplanes that I had flown, like open biplanes that didn't have any carburetor heaters. You leaned the mixture enough to make the engine backfire, hoping to either melt the ice or blast it back out the air intake. Of course, you might take the throttle butterfly valve out too, but in the circumstances who cares? An engine running wide open with no way to throttle it except to turn off the fuel or the ignition was lots better than no engine at all.

I pulled the mixture control back on the right engine, aiming for the area between Auto Lean and Idle Cut-Off, where the control actually became a manual leaning control. I intended to make the engine backfire. As soon as I started moving the mixture control aft, the engine came to life with a roar. When the engine wasn't developing any power, the prop governor quite properly put the propeller in flat pitch to keep the RPM up. When the power came back on, the propeller was still in flat pitch and the engine RPM surged up and made a lot of noise before the governor got around to increasing the prop pitch and bringing the RPM down to normal. I thought it was a lovely sound! I pulled back the mixture control on the left engine. with the same results.

Now I had both engines running, so I climbed back up, turned on course and continued on my way, running the engines in Auto

Rich with enough carburetor heat to keep the carburetor warm. Fuel consumption, be damned!

To understand what had happened requires a little knowledge of the engine control quadrant of the C-46. The quadrant on the Douglas C-47 had mixture controls that stood up several inches and had locks on them that were spring loaded to pop into notches for detents. The mixture controls on the C-46 were smaller knobs with no spring locks, rather high operating forces and soft, poorly defined detents. When I quickly shoved the mixture controls from Auto Lean to Auto Rich I slid right by the weak detent and overshot a little. However, as soon as you move the mixture control forward of Auto Rich the mixture goes to Full Rich. Auto Rich and Auto Lean both have an aneroid altitude control at the carburetor that adjusts the mixture to match the thinner air at the altitude of the airplane, to lean the mixture properly as you climb. Full Rich bypasses the aneroid and gives the full fuel flow that matches the power at sea level, and the fuel flow does not change with altitude to make the mixture right. This is not a dumb idea. It gives you a way to bypass the aneroid in case it fails and to keep the engine running, at least at low altitude. So, when I overshot Auto Rich I was in Full Rich and the engine was getting the full sea level flow of fuel. This made the mixture so rich in the thin air at altitude that the engine wouldn't run. When I pulled the mixture control back, aiming at Manual Lean to make the engine backfire, the altitude adjusting aneroid starting working as soon as I came back into Auto Rich. It adjusted the mixture to match the altitude so the engine could run. And it did!

When I got back to Dinjan I passed the information on this potential for trouble to anyone who would listen. A day or two later one of the pilots, who was flying when I was telling about it but who later heard about it, came to me and said they had had the same kind of trouble but had not figured out what had happened. Here is his story.

He had an American copilot, a pilot in the process of checking out to become Captain, and a Chinese radio operator. They were flying a C-46 in the clouds from Dinjan to Kunming when the carburetors iced up and the engines quit. They went through the procedure, just as I had done, and shoved the mixture out of Auto Lean to Auto Rich and pulled on the carburetor heat. Nothing! They must have overshot Auto Rich a little, the same way I had, and put mixtures into Full Rich. As they glided down, they put the airplane

on the autopilot and put on their chutes and opened the door, getting ready to bail out. While they were standing there, looking out at the wet white clouds, not wanting to get out but well aware that they must, they went by a hole in the clouds and could look down and see a river, and knew they were over the Hukawng Valley and not the mountains, so they could go a little lower before they had to get out. They ran back up to cockpit and started spiralling down through the hole, keeping the river in sight. Their plan was to glide down to a few thousand feet above the river and then jump. This was to keep them close to the river, so that they would have a better chance to get to the river after they got on the ground. Travelling along a river was lots easier and offered a better chance of finding help than slogging through the jungle. As they descended through the hole, first one engine and then the other began to run. They thought this was great, but they circled around near the river for a while until they became convinced that the engines were really going to continue to run. Then they struck out across the jungle and the Naga Hills for home.

They never did figure out what had happened until they heard my story. We agreed that undoubtedly the chain of events was the same. They simply descended over the river until the altitude became low enough so the engines would run on the sea level fuel flow and.. mixture provided by Full Rich.

The P&W R-2800 in the C-46 was a pretty reliable engine. I thought that my experience was a rare one, but as I read accounts in the Hump Pilots Newsletter where C-46 engines quit for no obvious reason, I wonder whether this may have been a commoner cause of trouble than we have thought.

John Kenehan

7055 Darby Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada 89117

February 21, 1997

Mr. Reg Farrar
319 Euclid Avenue
Loch Arbor, N.J. 07711

Dear Reg,

I want to thank you for forwarding the recent Cannon Ball. I think you do a great job. It's always interesting. **Please note my new address.**

Unlike several others, I am not writing a book. I am writing my memoirs though solely for my son. There is a difference. In a book an effort must be made to *dramatize* for reader interest, where in my *memoirs* for my son, I make every effort to be accurate not dramatic sometimes expressing my thoughts.

Within an area of these memoirs, I relate some "Hump" experiences. Several QB members at my QB hanger expressed an interest in WWII Hump flying and ask for a copy. So I printed a couple, gave out one which was submitted to the QB publication "Beam" by our Beam editor and was subsequently printed and mailed nationwide. I enclose a copy for you. Print it if you like in the Cannon Ball or just read and toss. If it is of interest, I can send another someday.

Anyone who has good pictures of the hump, send them to me, I will scan the pictures on to a 3 1/2 inch floppy and return the pictures along with a floppy. This is the best way to preserve your pictures for posterity. Be sure to enclose your address. I will pay the postage.

Sincerely,



P.S. BE SURE TO IDENTIFY
ALL SCENES.

FLYING THE HUMP

Several members of the Las Vegas Hanger have expressed interest in "Hump" experiences, so I will relate a couple that I hope will be of interest. I would appreciate comments, positive or negative especially from military QB's who flew the Hump.

Comments to: John Kenehan, 2691 Dulcinea, Henderson, NV 89014. Pho/Fax 702-454-2482.

The "Hump" to which we refer is an eastern portion of the Himalayan Range over which we flew along the edge of the Japanese invasion of China to communicate with that portion unoccupied.

China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) was owned 45% by Pan American Airways who ran Operations patterned after PAA, and 55% by the Chinese Nationalist Government's Ministry of Communications who conducted Business and Foreign Relations. We flew persons and materials into and out of that part of China not occupied by the Japanese. Occupation penetrated only about half way into China which left all the isolated "back country" free. CNAC was Nationalist China's only physical communications with the outside world, and may have been responsible with keeping free China alive during the Japanese occupation. Compared to the Berlin airlift, we made some flights which often required the same accuracy demanded at Berlin, but unlike Berlin, we encountered some additional Hazards. Besides the rugged terrain of which there is nothing on this continent to compare, during the Monsoons we encountered heavy icing from freezing rain, mountain generated thunderstorms, and Japanese fighters. During instrument conditions, the clouds were always stuffed with rocks, creating a nice flow of adrenaline and forcing us to strain the ceiling limits of the overloaded aircraft. Some of our airports required extreme accuracy in instrument let downs. Often only a few feet off course spelled disaster as at Guilin and Suifu. Others were impossible as the sand bar in the Yangtze River gorge at Chung King. I did once negotiate a landing under very limited visibility out of absolute necessity. It was just a few days after the Japanese surrender I had just arrived from Shanghai after a 5 and 1/2 hour trip. It was near dark, smoke filled the gorge. The visibility was so low that normal following the river around and down was impossible. maybe 1/4 a mile, or less. I came over the cliff as slow as possible just above stall, a procedure normally not used because of short distance to the sand bar and the need to stop on rough cobblestones. This was the first time I tried this, I never heard of anyone else ever doing it, but I had no other

choice. I came over full flaps, props full low pitch for maximum drag dumped the yolk forward and nearly immediately pulled it back and sat down 3 point. It was a such a short distance to the 2200 feet of cobblestones in the sand bar. This was like on usual airports coming over the fence on approach at 400 feet to land on the end of the runway and stop immediately with poor braking. It was a thrill

On deplaning, I got out first and stood behind the wing not far from the passenger door. The passengers filed out in a line. About one out of three broke the line, came over to me, bowed, smiled and muttered, "Haw, habu haw" which translates "to good, very good". I always said that since they had not seen anything but cloud for 51/2 hours and at times not even the wing tips, they were damned happy to see some ground.

In 1944 our DC 3s, C47s, and later Curtis C46s were the most modern and best suited equipment available for our purpose. Our C46s came just after the bugs had been worked out. Earlier we had tried four engine C54s. They hauled a heavier load but would not climb high enough.

First, I'll relate an experience that got a laugh when I joined the Rotary in Torrance, California. Later if comments show interest, I'll relate some more adventurous experiences. Several of us did some interesting flight favors for the U.S. Army Air Force for which the U.S. Air Force acknowledged. Nearly half century after the fact, the U.S. Air Force recognized our contributions and awarded some of us legal "veteran's" status and FOUR medals including the Distinguished Flying Cross. We were all civilian with no military ties. Although I was physically unfit for military service, I was in addition draft deferred because of my work, first as sub-professional engineer with Corp of U.S. Engineers in San Antonio, then as airport traffic controller with the Civil aeronautics Authority (fore runner of the FAA), and finally as First Officer with Pan American Airways followed as Captain with CNAC.

Those who have traveled in foreign or lessor developed countries know that sometimes you get the "trots". On a beautiful clear smooth day, I was sailing along at 18,000 feet in a C46 auto pilot on but with a non-capable Chinese Co-pilot when I got a **very urgent powerful** urge. Unlike the C47, the entire toilet of the '46 can be disconnected from the floor. So I go to the back of the plane, unsnap the toilet from the floor, carried it forward and set it down between

the pilot and co-pilot sat down and grabbed my oxygen mask. I did not ask my crew's approval or seek their advise. So sitting on the can, sucking oxygen, I was "Pilot-in-Command".

I believe I can say that I am the only pilot in the world who enjoyed then the highest paid flying job in the history of aviation for sitting on the can.

One day as I signed the manifest, I noticed it read "Guilin". Since the Monsoons were still with us, I ask Robert Pottschmidt (an old timer from before the Sino-Japanese war and our most senior flying and a very precise pilot. He was "Captain Potts" in the comic strip "Terry and the Pirates". When I asked if he had an instrument letdown for Guilin. He replied "Yes" and verbally gave me some DF headings which I wrote down and have to this day. As an after thought he said, "fly this close because those rocks at Guilin stick up pretty high and you will be close. "OK, OK" I replied without thinking much about it and took off for Guilin some 500 miles east of Kunming. Sure enough it was closed in. All around Guilin there are many rocks shaped like inverted ice cream cones with points that may stick up some 300 feet. I never saw the rock tops when I finally broke clear as they still were in the overcast. Although Potty mentioned the rocks, he did not tell me how high they were, nor I am sure he never expected the tops to extend into the overcast, so I never learned the true heights of their peaks.

I habitually let down to about 200 feet on the old very dependable Kollsman, and occasionally as low as 125 if no obstructions were expected. The thing that always worried me about this was that my altimeter setting was from hundreds of miles away at the field elevation of departure. No altimeter settings were ever available at destinations.

So I flew the letdown EXACTLY to the degree of the reliable old C47 compass, descended and broke out something below 200 feet. Just ahead and immediately to my left I saw a pointed rock sticking up into the overcast. It seemed as if it might scrape the navigation light from my left wing, so I started to wheel over a bit more to the right and as I did I saw another rock sticking up into the overcast and just as close to my right wing, so I just held the course and slid between. Those rocks were real close together down low. I doubt that Potty expected the overcast to be so low that the rocks would be up into the clouds and that I would encounter them much lower where they were much closer together. It was a thrill that definitely got my attention.

During the Monsoons when there was no freezing rain, icing, or thunderstorms just smooth instrument flying, we could take off from Dinjan climb up to 16,000 feet fly near or even over the Japanese fighter base at Myitkyina in northern Burma, lay back, smoke a cigar, read Play boy and watch the ADF needle spin like a cartwheel from their jamming. This was our safest and easiest flying since we could fly over lower terrain. However, on clear days it was another story.

We only know for sure that the Japanese shot down one of our planes since the pilot was in radio contact with Dinjan and reported a Zero circulating his air craft. That is the last we heard. Almost certainly he was shot down and the jungle swallowed up all evidence. A few others who disappeared without a trace may have suffered the same fate, we do not know. The U.S. Army probably had some shot down, I never knew. I heard their "downed" aircraft numbered several thousand.

During clear weather we devised several ways to evade the Zeros as we had to fly over the northern Burma valley that they patrolled. After the one known shot down, we would take off from Dinjan at midnight, fly the direct route just north of the Japanese fighter base at Myitkyina in the dark, lay over in Kunming until evening and return arriving over the Japanese again in the dark. This was unsatisfactory as we only able to make one round trip a day; too low a utilization of our limited airplanes.

On one occasion at night in Kunming the Japanese bombers slipped into our landing traffic pattern without anyone knowing until they were there. They wished "Tare King" (our traffic control) a *Merry Christmas* and dropped their bombs missing the airport, but hitting a Chinese village just outside. This was not dangerous to our traffic as they did not shoot from the bombers.

I recall on one occasion as I started the engines on a C47, I looked up and saw a ball hanging in an old barren tree. The silent signal for Japanese bombers was one, two, or three balls about the size of basket balls hanging in some visible place. Asking the tower if that was a one "baller" which meant Japanese bombers were on the way, he answered, "yes". This day we had a broken to scattered low clouds at about 300 feet but only a couple hundred feet thick.

I guess the Japanese did not get a good weather report or maybe thought they could drop bombs through a break. A minute or two later as I reached the taxi strip, I saw 2 balls in the tree which meant enemy aircraft close. Then almost immediately as I turned onto the runway I noticed 3 balls meaning bombers overhead. The tower quickly said, "cleared for take off, I'm leaving the tower", so without hesitation or engine check, I immediately hit the throttles. I knew I would be safer in the air than exposed to bombing on the ground banking on any fighter escort would be busy with the Army Air Force's P-51s. I flew underneath toward the mountains at about 100 feet or lower, just under the clouds. When the terrain began to climb into the overcast I pulled up on top to go through the pass where the U.S. Engineers were building the bypass of the old Burma Road.

From there on I had a nice pleasant uneventful trip to Kunming. On returning to Dinjan later that day I saw a P51 that had crash landed on our field. It did not look too bad, I believe the pilot could have walked away. There seemed to be very little damage. The Japanese were very poor, inaccurate bombers and so seldom did they affect our operations. I never inquired nor heard about what happened at Chaboa (the Army Air Base about six miles from Dinjan), I was tired and so went to the hostel, ate a good dinner and then to bed. Just another day.



John Kenehan LAS Hanger



Membership Applications
 Supplies of membership application forms are available from PNC Ted Price. All bashas and recruiters can order a supply by writing to:
 PNC Theodore Price
 825 Brookfield Rd.
 Kettering, OH 45429

1997 CBIVA National Reunion August 24-31, 1997

Milwaukee Hilton, 509 W. Wisconsin Ave.
 Milwaukee, WI 53203

Room rates: \$75.00 Single or Double

Rates are the same five (5) days before and five (5) days after reunion

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24 – Early Arrivals

MONDAY, AUGUST 25 – Early Arrivals

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26

3:00 pm - 6:00 pm CBI Registration

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27

12:00 pm Golf Tournament by Bob Meineke

9:30 am - 1:30 pm Bus Tour of Milwaukee

1:00 pm - 5:00 pm CBI Registration

6:00 pm - 9:00 pm Hospitality Room

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28

8:00 am - 10:00 am CBI Registration

9:00 am - 12:00 pm Business Meeting

4:00 pm - Puja Parade

6:00 pm - Gemutlichkeit Evening of German Music, Entertainment,
 and Pig and Chicken Spanferkel

9:00 pm - 11:00 pm Hospitality Room

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29

8:00 am - 12:00 am CBI Registration

9:00 am - 12:00 pm Business Meeting

1:30 pm - 3:00 pm Past Commanders Luncheon

5:00 pm - Memorial Service

6:00 pm - Pere Marquette Park on Milwaukee River
 Usinger-Miller Welcome Party

8:00 pm - 10:00 pm Hospitality Room

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30

9:00 am - 12:00 pm CBI Registration

9:00 am - 12:00 pm Business Meeting

5:00 pm - 7:30 pm Cash Bar – Dance and Listen to the Big Band Music of
 the '40s by the Air Command Orchestra

7:30 pm - 10:00 pm Commanders Banquet and Entertainment

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31

7:00 am - 10:00 am Breakfast

OTHER TRIPS OPTIONAL FOR OTHER DAYS

If we were not before, we are now veterans and eligible for the CBI Veterans Assoc. They have clubs and get together all over the U.S. while thee are Airforce and Army types we have so much in common, that you might like to join their association. Several of us have joined (me too). You will be more than welcome.

Some of us belong to the Hunp Pilots Assoc. Both of these association celebrate the CBI war efforts as does CNAC Association.

Unfortunately I did not receive the material on Plane 53 and its crash March 11, 1943. Christy Hanks has been very interested in reaching Fox's plane since he was one of those. Steve Kusak and Red Holmes who tried to reach it in 1944. The following release explains recent developments and future plans.

February 11, 1997, Oxford, MD. USA

The wreckage of a World War II vintage freight plane has been located in China, just 100 yards from the Burma border, that crashed March 11, 1943, while flying the supply route from northeast India over the Himalaya Mountains to China. Jim Fox, from Dalhart, Texas was captain, L. Thom, was the Chinese co-pilot and K. Wong was the Chinese radio operator.

After the crash, the plane showed little damage from the air and there was a hope that the crew would walk out. When they did not show up, it was assumed that they were killed in the crash. However, when the plane was recently reached, no human remains were found, except for one right shoe. Since the Japanese held that part of China at the time, it is possible that they became POWs.

The China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) plane was a C-53, the first stripped down version of the famous DC-3. The C-47 version soon followed the C-53 and these planes were the mainstay of the fleet to fly the treacherous supply route over the Himalayas to China, the most dangerous transport flying anywhere in the world.

Jim Fox's plane crashed on his return trip from Kunming, China to Assam, India. It was snowing and there was a solid overcast at 10,500 feet which had violent turbulence and severe icing. Because of those dangerous conditions, he stayed underneath the clouds and flew the passes. As he went through the lowest pass, he was suddenly hit by a down-draft as a head wind funnelled through the pass at 60 miles per hour. There were three other CNAC planes within sight of him. He applied full power and put the plane in maximum climb, but it was too late. The plane's propellers started cutting the tops of the trees and the plane finally settled in on it's belly just short of Burma and safety. Because CNAC #53's ground speed was estimated at around 25 miles per hour when it skidded in, it made a relatively soft landing largely intact.

The plane was found very much as shown in the pictures that were taken from Peter Goutiere's plane, by General Chenault's photographer, in May of 1943. The fuselage, the right wing and tail section were largely in one piece. The left wing was ripped off just outboard of the engine in landing.

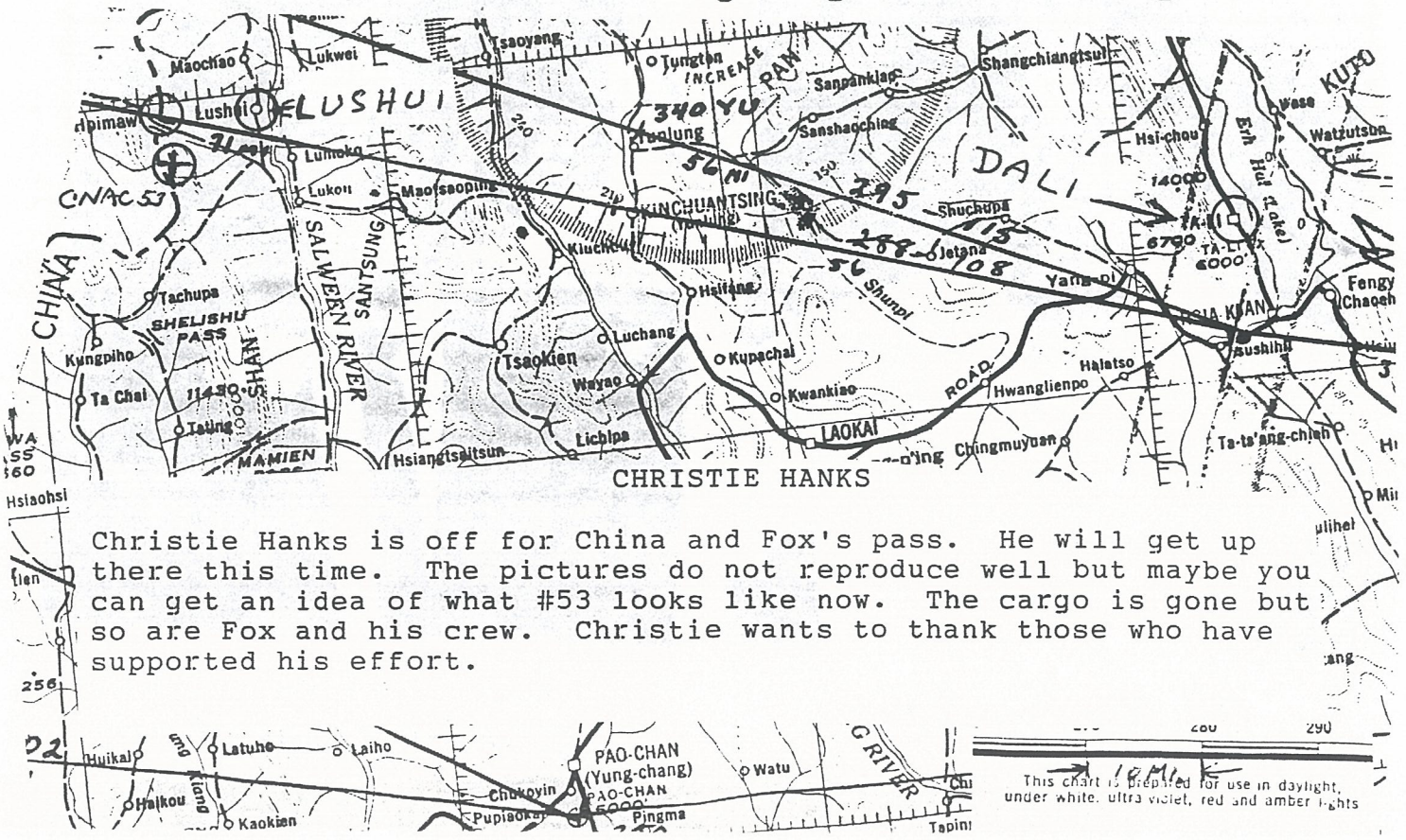
CNAC #53 is the largest piece of a plane that is left from the famous "Hump" flights. It represents the joint effort by China and the United States in keeping China supplied during WWII and thereby keeping the Japanese troops occupied on the

Asian continent instead of in the Pacific Islands. It will require the joint effort of both countries to preserve this piece of Americana in the wild mountains of western China.

Ge Shuya, a Chinese WWII historian, and Yang Shunfa, an expert on western China, accompanied local authorities to the site and confirmed that this was CNAC #53 by its Douglas Aircraft identification tag. Pima Pass local authorities have put the plane under protective custody to discourage looting. Ge has been working in close contact with Fletcher Hanks, a former CNAC pilot and visionary who has believed all along that the plane would be found in much the same condition as when he last saw it in 1945. He believes the plane can be rebuilt where it is and serve as a memorial to both the Chinese and Americans who served together in China in WWII on this important mission.

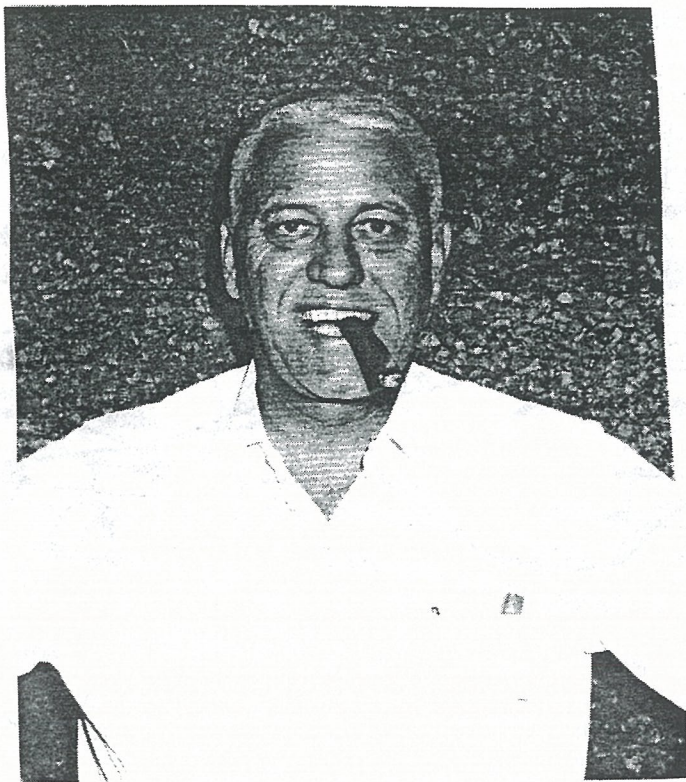
Now that this historic plane has been discovered, it is important to protect it from being looted or lost through neglect. A "C-53 CNAC #53 Fund" has been established to work with local Pima Pass authorities to continue to protect the plane and to fund restoration and construction of a proper memorial. The fund has been established and is appealing for donations from \$25 to \$100 from individuals to help preserve this airplane either in it's current location or move it to Kunming for a permanent memorial for those 1800 crew members who lost their lives flying supplies over the "Hump" to China during WWII. The fund is maintained in the US by Fletcher Hanks. The address of the "C-53 CNAC #53 Fund" is Box 560, Oxford, MD 21654.

Ge Shuya is appealing to the Chinese mechanics who kept the CNAC planes flying to contact him so they can help restore CNAC #53. His address is Long Xiang Jie #135, Kunming.

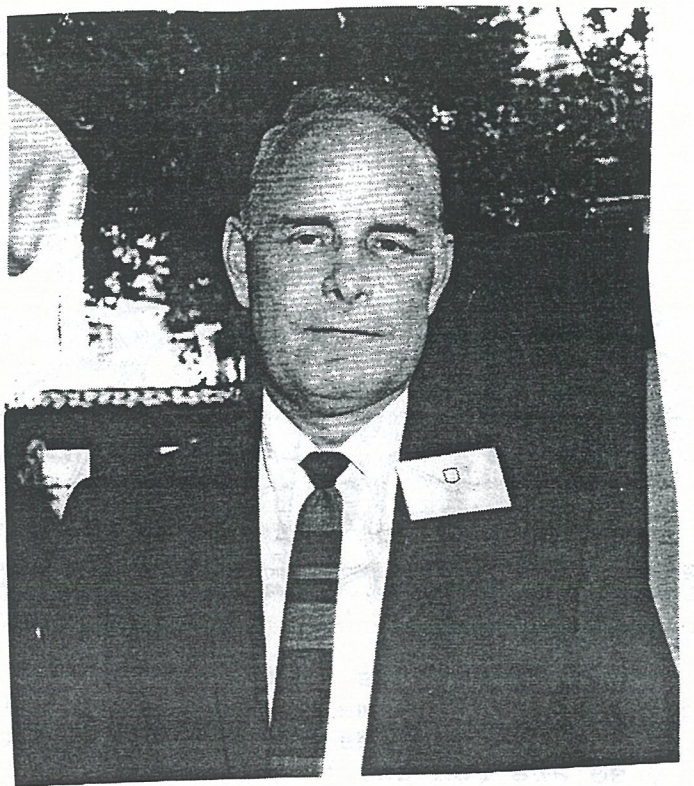


Christie Hanks is off for China and Fox's pass. He will get up there this time. The pictures do not reproduce well but maybe you can get an idea of what #53 looks like now. The cargo is gone but so are Fox and his crew. Christie wants to thank those who have supported his effort.

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Felix Smith