

CLYDE THEURER TARBET (1919 - 1948)

Son of David Tarbet (1883 - 1959) and  
Gertrude Veronica Theurer (1885 - 1978)

Clyde Theurer Tarbet was born June 6, 1919, in Logan, Utah. He was outstanding as a scholar; and in the first grade of school at the Woodruff Elementary, his teacher divided the reading group into two sessions, one taught by her and the other taught by Clyde. When he was graduated from Utah State Agricultural College, he was chosen as valedictorian of his graduating class.

Clyde served a mission for the LDS Church, beginning in France and being transferred to North Dakota and Canada when the war broke out. He told of the ship's passage from France to the United States as being very exciting as they zig-zagged to avoid the U-boats. While attending Utah State, he helped repair the chimes in Old Main tower and played them daily until his graduation.

Clyde (nicknamed "Tud" by himself) was also a fine musician, playing cornet in the high school band and playing in dance orchestras. He trained as a pilot at the Cache Airport and served as a flight instructor for the US Air Force during the war. After the war, he "flew the hump" (Himalayas) for PanAmerican Airlines, delivering supplies to China. Later he flew for General Chenault in China; his plane was evidently sabotaged, for it exploded on take-off at the Peking (Beijing) airport, and all aboard were killed. While living in Shanghai, he married Mary Margaret Barry, a member of the Navy Intelligence Corps.



Dear Burleykids --

Lunghwa -- CNAC  
Shanghai, China  
16 May

Another month, another grand -- except this time I augmented it with an additional three grand extra-curricularly. Couldn't be the good, clean life I've been living -- must be the ten per cent I send to the Church.

About the fifth of this month I mailed you a "chop" through APO (courtesy Miss Mary Margaret Barry, about whom ~~xxxxxx~~ there is much to be said -- maybe later.) The Chinese on the "chop" is a phonetic reproduction of "FRANGES" in Cantonese dialect, pronounced approximately "Ke-lin-chi-szu" and not making much sense literally translated. Something like: "limit group it office" or "he influences forest commissi ner". It is used in place of a signature over here, for official documents, negotiable instruments, etc., and can be used back home for anything your little hearts desire -- like marking linen, stationery, place card, paper napkins, or toilet paper.

The characters on my chop are pronounced "Tai-erh-pei-to" meaning "rather yet twice removed" or "very doubly addressed yet." --h-mem-m-m.

I suppose you've received my international air mail letter by now (Pop's got home in eleven days) telling how soft life is on the passenger schedule, and how spoiled I'm becoming by my "rough" existence over here. Not much has happened since then -- lotsa time for relaxation and reading -- symphony concerts every Sunday -- opera about once a month. Oh, yes, I did experience my first emergency procedure, but it was rather unspectacular as I was only an hour out of Hankow (enroute Shanghai to Chungking) had plenty of altitude, and CAVU weather. The housing on my right prop governor broke, and I "struck oil" -- I didn't lose oil pressure, but I feathered the engine anyway before the oil supply was exhausted and flew it back to Hankow with one fan. Also since last letter, I made a trip down to Canton and Hong Kong -- really a beautiful spot -- being built part on the mainland and part on a small island that rises to about 2,000 feet out of the bay, which is also very picturesque, with colorful Chinese sampans being poled or rowed by a galley of coolies between the merchant ships and giant aircraft carriers in the harbor.

Miss Barry (above) is a cute little (4' 10 3/4") red-headed Irish gal from ~~Sixki~~ Birmingham, Alabama. I met her in Calcutta on one of my trips down there., then three days later, she was transferred to Shanghai. Pretty sharp planning, huh? She worked for Red Cross in India for about a year, then transferred to OSS (SSU) (cloak and dagger) here. We are together most of the time when I'm in town, but I guess it won't get very serious on account she is a Catholic and I'm still very much a Mormon.

Note the enclosed picture post card. I always wondered why my letters were delivered sans the stamps -- always neatly torn off the envelopes. Well, last week I found the answer in these post cards in one of the bazaars in Shanghai -- cagey, huh?

Glad ya got yer eyes straightened out -- literally and figuratively.

Guess that's thoity --

*Love to all*  
*[Signature]*

Address: M M Barry  
Hdets 33U-CT  
AFC 907  
San Francisco

Shanghai  
19 June

Dear Furleykids --

I've got enough items marked for you so that I won't even have to compose this letter. He e they come, machine-gun fashion, so gird up your loins:

First to put your pretty mind at ease, we get a complete physical every six months, and a check up any time we go too often or not often enough. And that "fungus stuff" I had was dengue fever, non recurrent. Also I have lots of friends in C.A.C., Army, Navy, and civilians out here for jobs, to have dinners with, concerts, parties, etc. Okeh? Also don't worry about sending things over here -- I never had it so good! Also I could fly home anytime I wanted to, via Army Transport Command, or Naval Air Transport Service, or Pan American Airways, or maybe soon C.A.C. No priorities, but I'd want to stop over at Tokio, and Manila, and spend a couple of weeks in the Hawaiian Islands.

Next item: The company inaugurated daily round-trips instead of merely one way dailies to Chongking, Peiping, and HongKong. This makes a pretty long haul, arriving back in Shanghai about fifteen hours after the take-off, usually about 6:00 am till 9:00 pm, but under this arrangement it is possible to fly the base time for the entire month in five days and goof ~~xxx~~ off all the rest of the time! How about that! Things are all fouled up right now but we may get back to this schedule later.



The cause of the fouled-up situation mentioned above was a strike of all Chinese personnel about May 25th. (It amounted to a twenty-day vacation for me!) No planes left Shanghai for about five days, then on June 1st, the Chinese Air Force seized the strike-bound operation and started flying a limited schedule. Simultaneously, CNAC fired all Chinese personnel, subsequently screening and hiring back some of them. At the present time CNAC's American personnel and the CAF are jointly operating at about half schedule, but Pan American Airways have sent one of their big dogs over here and there is a general housecleaning in progress. We are supposed to resume complete operation of the airline at the end of this month, but the CAF is going to be a bit difficult about it I fear. There has been a "purge" of American personnel in the maintenance, supply, and engineering sections, and about eight pilots have been released so far -- so maybe I'll be going home before I planned, and end up in the Army just about time to fight our next war.

The other big event this month was a terrific birthday party that MMB threw for Ted. It was a "kid" party and I was dressed like a Chinese youngster, open-seat and all, except I didn't reveal as much as they do on account I had a king-size diaper on underneath -- MMB was dressed as my "amah" or nurse. The cute little gal had flowers all over the place, and served buffet and cake to 37 people, with prizes for game and costume winners and favors for everybody -- must have cost her over 200 bucks! The Arrow shirt and tie that she got me on the market over here cost 50,000 Chinese dollars I know!

Incidentally you may as well send my mail to MMB as she still has APO facilities, and CNAC is now off the list. ~~xxx~~

On my last trip to Chungking, I had no passengers, only a load of gasoline drums, so I took a sightseeing trip up the Yangtze gorge -- a beautiful sight -- I flew all the way to Chungking at one thousand feet above sea level, through mountain ranges with peaks as high as 10,000 feet, and sometimes the walls of the gorge rose just about straight up for two or three thousand feet!

Happy belated birthday greetings to Bobbie and Bart and Hollis -- I'll see if I can conquer this acute case of pernicious ~~xxxxx~~ inertia and get a box off for all of youse.



SHANGHAI MAY 15, 1946  
 THATS MMB (NOT  
 GRAVEL GERTIE) AND  
 SHE LOOKS BETTER THAN  
 THAT BY A DAMN SITE --  
 JUST COULDN'T RESIST  
 SENDING THE FLATTERING  
 PIC OF YOUR BROTHER  
 T.



Dear Burlapkids --

Shanghai, China  
Pioneer Day, 1946

'Cause the slight delay in the monthly missive, but I've been in the midst of moving to my new penthouse bygawd apartment, besides being away on a "special project for a while.

The special project involved the air carry of about 500 tons of supplies to a garrison of 22,000 Chinese Kuomintang troops who had been beleaguered for about nine months and completely surrounded by Communist troops for the last thirty days, so that their supplies were exhausted. It started out as a rice dropping mission, but because of the cease-fire truce in effect at the time and because the Nationalists troops had control of the airstrip at the "target" we just shuttled back and forth from our base forty miles away -- landing and unloading at the target -- about a thirty minute flight each way.

Now about the apartment -- it is on the eighth floor of the "Hamilton House" which forms one corner of a busy intersection in downtown Shanghai, the other corners being formed by the "Metropole Hotel" (Shanghai's Hollywood Plaza); the Municipal building (Police, etc.); and the "Development Building which houses the American Consulate and the U.S. Army Headquarters staff besides important business offices. Pretty snooty, huh? Besides a kitchen, bath and bedroom, it has a dining room, a sunken living room, and a beautiful large terrace. If I were to "buy" it through regular channels it would cost about five thousand dollars U.S. for furniture and "key money" (which is nothing but a gift or bribe to the owner or former occupant.) As it is, I obtained it from some friends in Mary Margaret's office who ~~are~~ <sup>HAVE GONE</sup> going home ~~next week~~, and I paid only \$1,200.00 for the furniture, which is even less than its present market value, but which is more than they had spent for it six months ago, so it was a good arrangement for all concerned. Actually it will cost me less to live here and pay my own servants than it was costing me out at my other very small place, besides saving from fifty to a hundred dollars a month on transportation -- might even be able to live on a budget of a million dollars (Chinese) per month now. I am certainly pleased about the whole thing; and am the envy of all, as housing is more acute here than in the states I believe.

Little Eddie Morgan (Burlap, Idaho) has been here a couple of times to stay with me -- he's based on Okinawa with the Air Transport Command.

Sounds like I'd be drafted if I were to come home now -- there is even a possibility of my being drafted from my present position. One of the boys in the Calcutta stockroom was drafted recently, and I know another fellow who was with United Press in Chungking, and was drafted over here. Hope it doesn't happen to me, as I think I have done (and am now doing) as much as I can in the interest of winning the war and picking up the pieces.



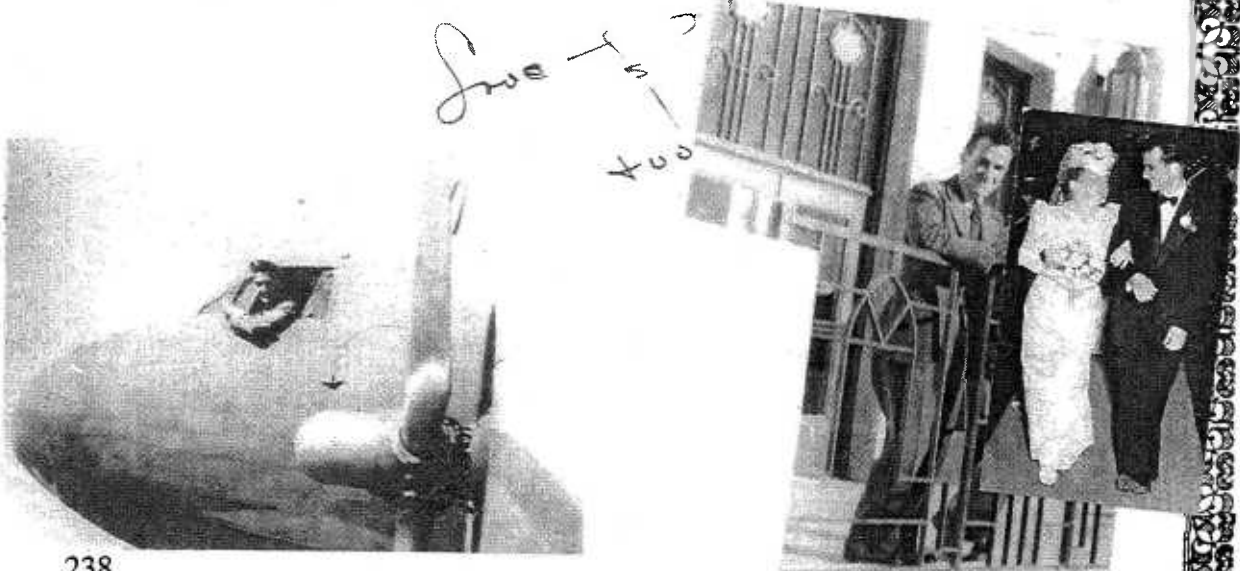
The little red-head and I are pretty much in love, and get along beautifully together, but as yet have not reconciled the difference in religion, which is all important to me. Incidentally I broke her nose last Saturday while I was trying to get away from her -- how 'bout that! I have witnesses to prove it was in self defence, but she still loves me so I guess it doesn't matter.

Our regular landing field at Chungking (on an island in the Yangtse) is under water for a couple of months as the river level rises about eighty feet each spring, and in fact it looks like the whole Yangtse valley and Yellow river valley would be inundated if the water rose another six inches! Hundreds of square miles of tilled farmland are under water at this time each year -- surely appears futile for these people to battle the water each year and lose, only to try again next year.

Usually we fly out, overnight at Peiping, HongKong, or Chungking, and return to Shanghai the next day. But the last time I got roped into a junket that lasted four days and took me to Chungking, Hong Kong, and down to the Island of Hainan in the South China Sea. An interesting little spot. The Japs have occupied it for about eight years and had built a beautiful ~~airbase~~ base (two swimming pools yet) from which they bombed Kunming and Chungking. My crew and I whipped into town to buy some fresh pineapples, watermelons and coconuts, and have a fine Cantonese dinner which consisted in part of: fish; fried prawns in shell; sweet and sour port (with pineapple); baked whole chickens; and stewed duck legs with sauce -- a real delicacy down there, although I don't suppose they throw away the rest of the duck. All this while the Governor of Kwangtung Province (a three-star Chinese general) his honor guard and brass band cooled their collective heels at the airport waiting to get back to Canton. Wotta life.

The stuff Aunt Pearl wants is available, but due to the inflation and soaring prices her silk table cloth is now about \$10.00 (this in Hong Kong -- Shanghai is still higher) and pajamas are also 10-15 dollars. The peasant blouses will cost about \$4.50 or \$5.00. Peiping might be a little cheaper, and if we ever start flying into Manchuria, stuff like that can be had for about fifty cents -- it's fantastic.

Alors, my "Number One" boy Chu Ching Tze sez "Tiffin down, Master," so I'll see you again next month.



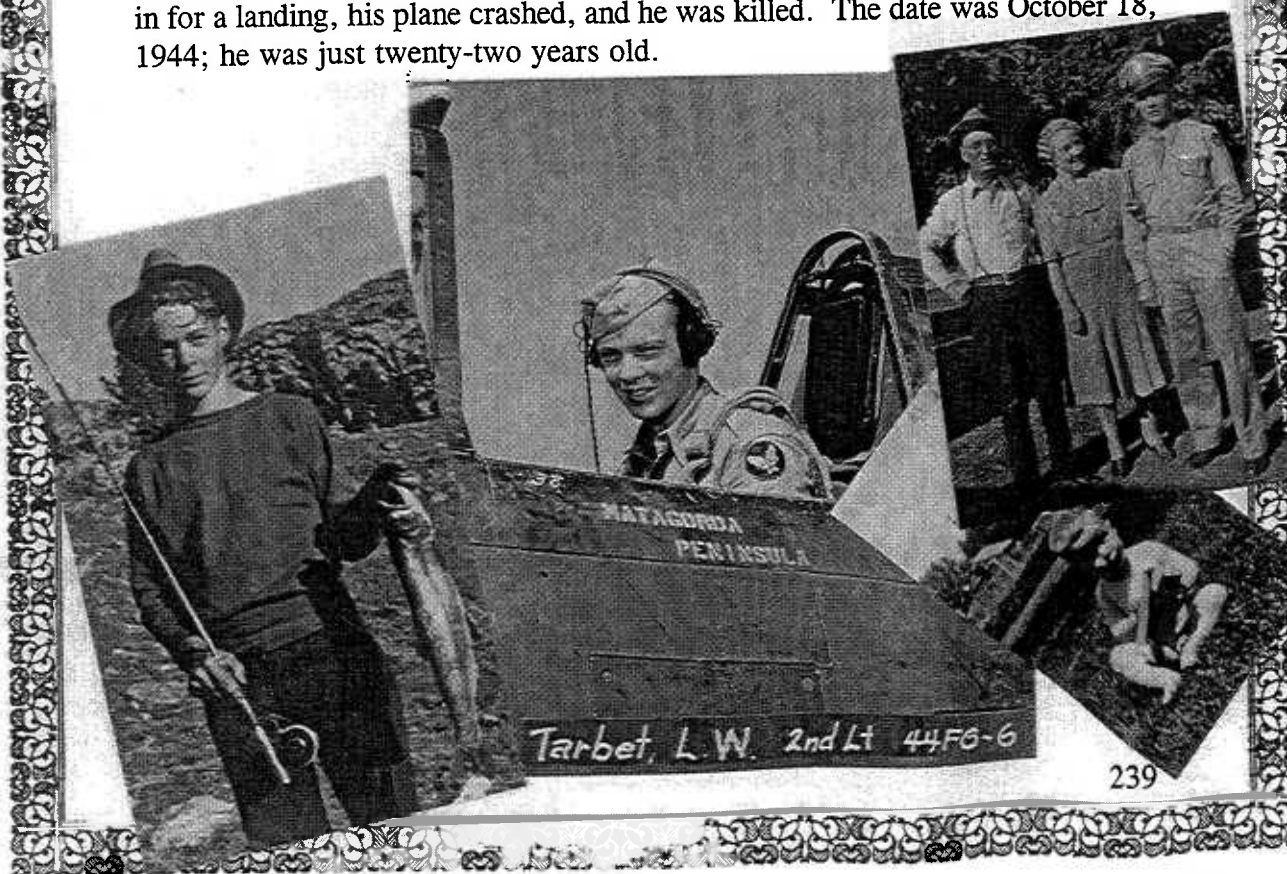
## LYMAN WEBSTER TARBET (1922 - 1944)

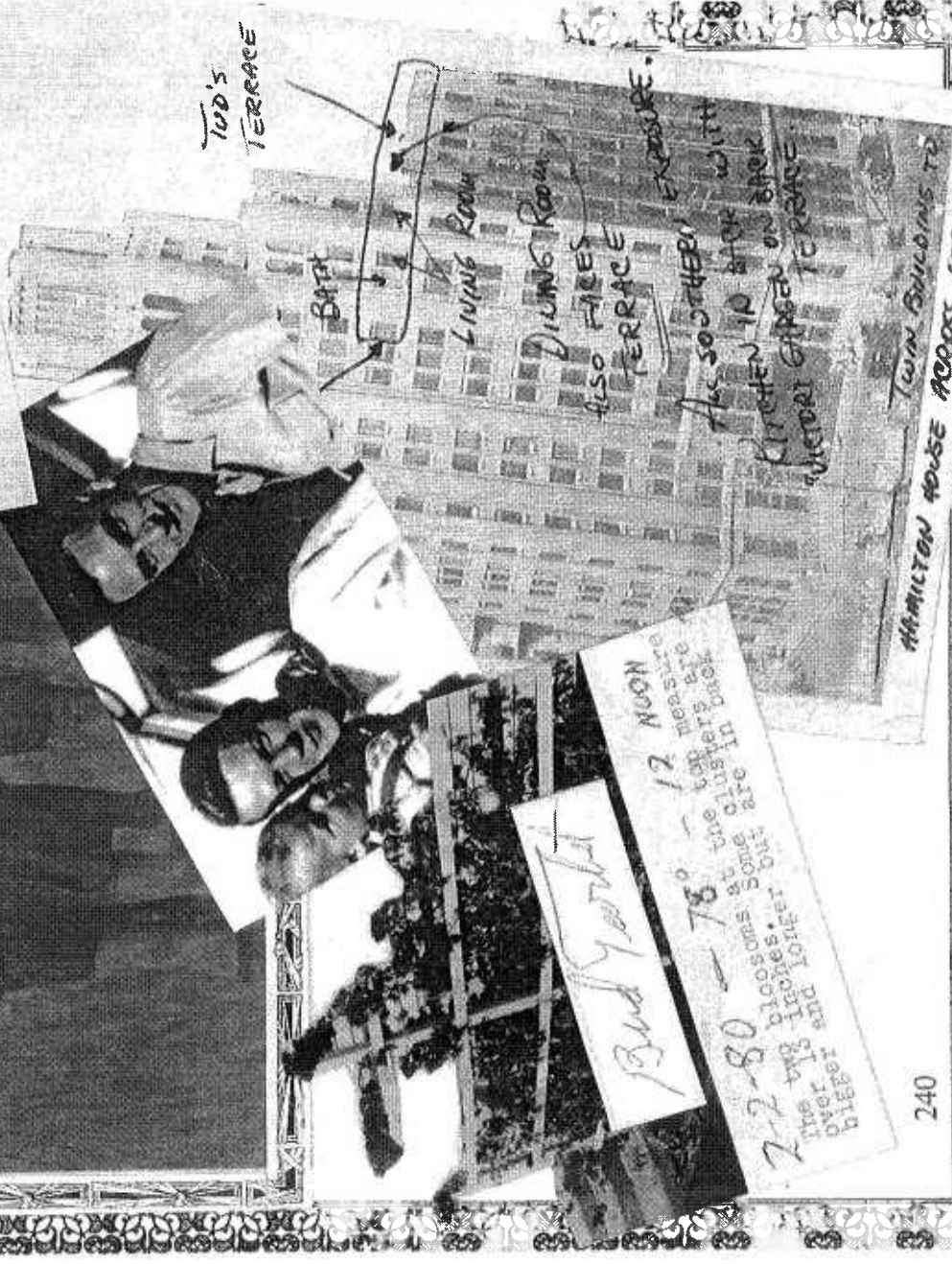
Son of David Tarbet (1883 - 1959) and  
Gertrude Veronica Theurer (1885 - 1978)

The last child of this family was Lyman Webster Tarbet, born February 5, 1922, in Logan, Utah. He was an outstanding scholar; during high school he visited often, with the encouragement of Dr. Sherwin Maeser, at Utah State Agricultural College and assisted in the chemistry department. He continued this association with Dr. Maeser while attending Utah State; Dr. Maeser hired him as an assistant to set up chemistry experiments and stated that he was always confident that the experiments would be prepared accurately. Dr. Maeser stated at Lyman's funeral that he had planned to nominate him as a Rhodes Scholar.

Lyman had a beautiful baritone voice and studied with Walter Welti; he performed locally at various activities.

Lyman's college career was interrupted by World War II, and he was accepted into the US Air Force. He learned to fly a plane at the Logan-Cache Airport. In the Air Force he was assigned to Matagorda Peninsula to assist in the gunnery experiments there. His majors in college were physics and mathematics, and these subjects served greatly in the assignment. While coming in for a landing, his plane crashed, and he was killed. The date was October 18, 1944; he was just twenty-two years old.





TUD'S  
TERRACE

BATH

LIVING ROOM

DINING ROOM

ALSO FIRES  
TERRACE

EXPOSURE

As southern

KITCHEN 10' high with

WATER CIPSEN ON SPEAK

WATER CIPSEN ON SPEAK

TWIN BUILDINGS TO

HAMILTON HOUSE ACROSS STREET.

Bud Yerkes

2-2-80 - 75° - 12 NOON  
The top measure  
over 13 inches. Some  
higher and longer but  
are in back