

WINGS OVER ASIA

A BRIEF HISTORY
OF
CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION



TO Tom Moore
With best wishes to
someone who is very interested
in the CNAC Jump operation.
Your friend
Dick Rossi, AVG/CNAC

**WINGS OVER ASIA
Volume V**

**Compiled and edited by
Dick Rossi**

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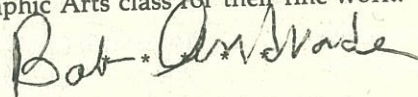
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Photos courtesy of Fred Pittenger, Carey Bowles, Pete Gouttiere, Dick Rossi and Ray Gilliland.

'OH, BY THE WAY...'

by Hugh L. Woods

I was taking a shower when I heard a knock on my door at the hotel in Rangoon. Opening the door I found a travel agent for C.N.A.C. lounging against the woodwork with a copy of the morning paper in his hand.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Not much" he said. "Things are about as usual."

After accepting a Scotch and water, he said, in typical Oriental fashion: "Oh, by the way, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor this morning."

I nearly wet my pants.

I grabbed for the paper expecting to see black headlines but saw no mention of the attack. Finally, after a long search, I found a two paragraph item on Page 4 at the bottom of the page.

Jumping into my clothes I raced to the lobby and saw Mr. Pawley. He, too, was in a state of shock. We decided the best thing to do was get the hell out of Rangoon and head for Kunming.

Arriving in Kunming several hours later we were to fly to Hong Kong and begin evacuating Chinese VIP's and diplomatic personnel to the Chinese Mainland.

DC-3's carry a crew of four and 21 passengers. We "deadheaded" to Hong Kong and despite the lack of radio contact most of the way we finally began picking up coded signals about 100 miles from the landing field.

After landing we found things in a complete state of flux. No one knew from one minute to the other whether the Japanese would attack the port. We did know that every warm body in Hong Kong wanted to get the hell out as soon as possible. The American newspaperman Joseph Alsop was particularly insistent that he be among the first to leave.

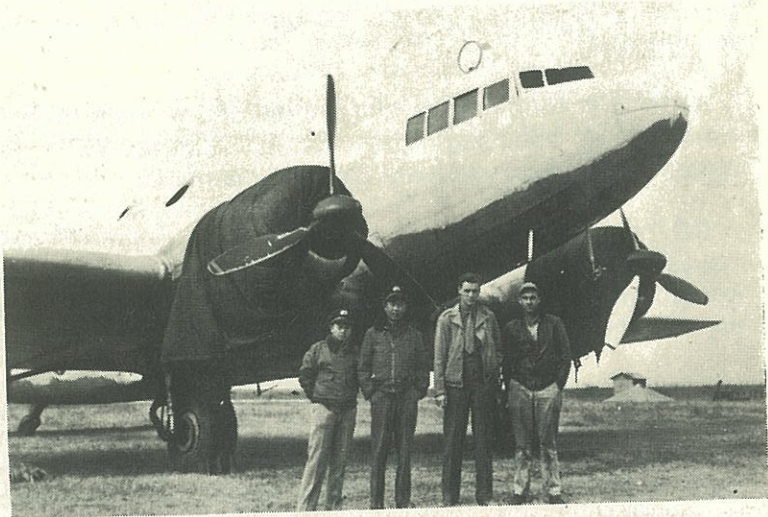
We began screening prospective passengers and on the first of four flights we left with the DC-3 fully loaded. Alsop was not aboard.

Each time we came back for more people, Alsop raised his ugly head demanding that he be among those flying out. We ignored his demands.

The last flight of our one-plane airline was the "hairiest" of all. We packed 120 men, women and children into the aircraft. We had the kids in the baggage racks, people in the toilet and other bodies crammed into any space wide enough.

The runway was 7,000 yards in length and Chuck Sharpe, flying in the left seat, took every inch for take-off. Just as the plane reached the water at the end of the runway I pulled the landing gear up and we were in the air.

Despite flying fully lighted we drew anti-aircraft greetings from our British friends but managed to escape without being hit. Sharpe and I wondered how Alsop was making out.



Sam Terry and Bill Newport with two Chinese crew members near Japanese DC-2, north of Peking.

SUPPLIES DROPPED FROM PLANES TO BUILDERS OF CHINA'S NEW LIFELINE

Transport planes of China National Aviation Corporation, which have made more than 35,000 trips over the treacherous Himalayas since the Burma road was lost to the Japs in 1942, were in the forefront of the fight to reopen the vital land artery through rain-lashed mountains of northern Burma, now known as the Stilwell Road.

While United States and Chinese Army Engineers and thousands of Chinese coolies were hacking the Ledo Road connection out of the precipitous jungle and virtually rebuilding the tortuous old Burma Highway on the heels of the Chinese Army forces which were routing out the Japs, CNAC's job was to supply certain forward positions along the Paoshan-Myitkyina section with men, equipment and food.

In C-47s especially fitted out for the task, CNAC pilots swooped at treetop level over enemy lines while especially trained American and Chinese "Rice Kickers" booted 50-pound sacks of rice out of the rear door for the army of road builders. In the narrow, deep gorges such a maneuver called for precision flying at best and in many cases it meant roaring through a valley too narrow for any evasive action when the Japs let go with everything from small arms to ack ack.

The old Burma Road was closed in April, 1942, when the Japs captured Lashio. CNAC flyers perfected their food-dropping technique then, as Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell's forces fought a losing battle against overwhelming odds in the sweltering jungles along the banks of the Irrawaddy River.

Each night six transport planes with CNAC pilots at the controls flew in from India over the barrier peaks of Arakan Yoma to hidden landing fields behind the battle lines, each plane carrying from six to eight hundred pounds of combat and medical supplies. And in the last bitter stages of the retreat they dropped food to scattered Chinese forces which had been reduced to eating the very bark of trees for the strength to keep going.

As a result of the counter-offensive campaign launched from India by Chinese, American and British forces nearly three years ago and the road construction job over country where it was believed impossible of accomplishment, the first convoy of American supplies to China rolled into the border town of Wanting on January 28, 1945. Indicative of the size of the project is the fact that some 30,000 Chinese coolies were employed in the reconstruction of the Burma Road section alone. Indicative of the military effort involved was the fact that Jap resistance was broken the day before the first convoy arrived at Wanting.

When this concerted effort to open a land supply route to China was at its height, a number of the planes of CNAC, the airline in which the Chinese National government and Pan American World Airways are partners, were diverted, at the request of the Chinese Government and U.S. Army, to fly supplies to Yunnanyi, Tengchung, Paoshan and Myitkyina on their India-bound trips. In 224 trips between October 22, 1944 and January 21, 1945, CNAC carried in a total of 736 persons and 540,719 pounds of equipment.

Rice dropping operations were begun on October 22, 1944. By last January 21, CNAC had piled up a total of 523 trips and kicked out at total of 1,836,970 pounds of rice for the road builders.

Meantime CNAC's service on the supply route from India to China over the Himalayas was steadily increased in round-the-clock operations. In all-out operations for the transportation of urgent military supplies in December, 1944, for example, CNAC completed 992 round trips over the hump.

In describing the operation of the unique supply route Capt. Harold Chinn, one of the fliers who has been "over the hump" more than 500 times, says that the Army's Air Transport Command is doing an incredible job.

"Where we used to try to hold things together with six overworked airplanes, the Army has a fleet of hundreds of their big transports flying between India and China," says

Capt. Chinn. "CNAC alone has 100 flight crews on the China job, ten for every one we had two years ago. But, to give you a better idea of the size of the job the U.S. Army Transport Command is doing today, CNAC is moving just about ten per cent of the current total.

The number of planes in actual operations now is, of course, a military secret.

In the seven years of war, during which they have operated their air transport for China, CNAC had had three airliners shot down or forced to land by Japanese gunfire.

There have been other casualties, but the flying over the world's worst air stretch goes on. The China "life line" is being and must be kept open regardless of the cost.



Kunming Lake.

HEROES OF THE HUMP

by Don Wiggins

FEB. 1968

MEET THE ONLY AIRLINE IN THE WORLD THAT EVER FLEW A DC-2½ OR HAD A PILOT NAMED ELMER THE BEAR.

At 25,000 feet somewhere over Shangri-La country in southern Tibet, a battered, olive-drab Curtiss Commando bounced along the murderous turbulence of a boiling snowstorm, its wings, propellers and windshield covered with rime ice, like a refrigerator that is badly in need of defrosting.

Somewhere else inside that snowstorm waited a jagged peak, stabbing five miles up into the tropopause from the top of the world, the awesome Himalayas. It was one of many grim landmarks along the 500 mile Hump run from India to China.

A chunk of ice suddenly tore loose from a port propeller blade and slammed into the C-46's fuselage, like a shot from a cannon. Inside, it propelled a greenfaced Air Force lieutenant out of his seat. He stamped his foot and screamed "I'm too young to die!"

Other replacement pilots, miserably air sick in their bucket seats, stared at him icily, their faces showing complete resignation. They'd come halfway around the world to win the war in China, but if it was going to be like this, they might as well die now and pray later.

The lieutenant sat down and lit a cigarette with shaking fingers, ignoring the gallons of high-octane aviation gasoline nearby. He'd heard that the Hump run from Dinjan to Kunming was the world's most horrible air route, guaranteed to turn your hair silver in one trip. But a moment later he could have passed for Snow White.

The cockpit door opened and a handsome young airline jockey named Don McBride stepped out to go to the john. He slapped the officer on the back.

"You look a bit upset, Lieutenant," he said cheerily.

"Mother of God!" the other managed. "Will this thing hold together?"

"Sure, Elmer knows this route by heart!"

"Elmer the autopilot?" The lieutenant's voice was thin.

"No," McBride shot back over his shoulder, picking his way past four tons of TNT lashed to the floor. "Elmer, the bear."

The lieutenant laughed hollowly, then looked into the pilot's compartment to make sure McBride was kidding.

In the right-hand seat sat a hulking figure, earphones clamped over a cap with a 1,000 hour crush, a cigar jammed in its mouth.

"Funny," the lieutenant said, "he does look like a bear."

Elmer turned and bared a set of long, white teeth. He removed one paw from the wheel, and took a vicious swipe at the officer, who dove headlong back into the cargo compartment.

"My God!" he sobbed. "It is a bear!"

When McBride returned and switched off the autopilot, Elmer curled up happily in the seat and went back to sleep.

The story of Elmer, the black Himalayan mascot that flew over the Hump more times than most veterans of the run, was a favorite at a recent reunion of old China hands at Taipei, Taiwan. They were the legendary heroes of China National Airways Corporation and of the Flying Tigers American Volunteer Group, back in the Orient to find out what had happened to China skies since they had cleared out the Japs two decades ago.

Some are still flying in Southeast Asia, like Jerry Costello,

a CNAC veteran who now makes his living air-dropping supplies to guerrillas from Bird and Sons transports flying out to Vientiane, and Baltimore. Moon Chin, an American-born Chinese pilot who pioneered the Hump route over the Himalayas.

Chin, who operates his own airline out of Taiwan, was one of a group of Pan American Airways pilots assigned by Colonel Caleb V. Haynes, commander of the Assam-Burma-China (ABC) Ferrying Command, to fly caches of aviation gasoline to refuel General Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo Raiders. And it was Chin who brought Doolittle out of China after the historic strike on Tokyo.

From Moon Chin's first Hump flight-purely a barnstorming adventure-to the end of the war, when the Air Transport Command was running the ATC show, 650,000 tons of emergency supplies flowed over the Hump, the last leg of the world's longest military supply line, to support General Claire Chennault's China Air Force and to keep Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's armies marching.

The Hump was thus the proving ground for mass strategic airlift, a deadly classroom where lessons were learned the hard way, lessons that made possible the Berlin Airlift of 1948-49 and the Korean War's emergency logistic airlift of 1950.

CNAC's history stretches back to the late 1920's, when the Curtiss-Wright Corporation made a deal with Chiang Kai-Shek's new government to set up an airline from Shanghai to Nanking and Hankow, thus providing a market for their cumbersome Condor biplanes to fly passengers and mail up the Yangtze River six times a week.

By 1932, CNAC was already tangling with the Japs, who resented their operating out of Shanghai during the Sino-Japanese affair. William Langhorne Bond, CNAC's operations manager, simply told the Japs where to go and kept on flying.

Extending their route to Chungking, CNAC got into more trouble with the war lord of Szechwan, who threatened to

shoot down the first plane to fly into his domain. Bond's stubborn insistence that the CNAC fly anywhere it damned well pleased did more than one thing to help Chiang Kai-Shek solidify his central government from the patchwork quilt of provinces, as chief of the Nationalist Kuomingtang.

Thus, in World War II years, the Japs regarded CNAC as an archenemy for helping to build a unified China to block their dreams of empire. The CNAC pilot they most disliked was a lanky flyboy named Peter Kent, nicknamed "Foxy" for a dirty trick he pulled in Shanghai when the city was occupied by the Japs in November, 1937. Kent disguised himself as a coolie and sneaked out of town in a vegetable cart, then gunned his transport out of Shanghai Airport under the Japs noses, leaving them holding the bag of rutabagas.

Long before the Meatballs began shooting up civilians at Pearl Harbor, Jap Zeros took to machine gunning CNAC's unarmed transports, a dire warning of what was to come. The first of seven such attacks happened on August 24, 1938, when five Zeros dove out of the sun over Hong Kong and forced pilot Hugh L. Woods to land on a river sand bar, they strafed his ship back and forth, slaughtering twelve passengers and two crewmen. Woods and two others swam ashore and escaped.

CNAC's undeclared war with the Japs built up in tempo as Chiang Kai-Shek's government retreated to Kungming. an air raid turned Foxy Kent back one morning for an emergency landing at Changyi. The Japs followed him down and murdered the lot with deadly machine-gun fire, as the crew ran across a field seeking cover.

On Pearl Harbor Day, attacking Jap fighters singled out the CNAC fleet at Hong Kong as their prime target, shooting up a borrowed Pan American Clipper, four Condors and three DC-2s. Bond managed to evacuate 400 VIPs, including Madame Sun Yat-Sen, in an emergency Gooney Bird before the colony fell.

With the coming of World War to China, CNAC, fifty-five percent owned by Chiang Kai-Shek's government,(Pan

American which bought out Curtiss-Wright in 1933, owned the other forty-five), resisted all attempts to change it from a civilian to a military operation. To it fell the task of keeping Chennault's China Air Force supplied with gas and bullets when the Japs closed the Burma Road in 1942.

When Chennault's flying school was forced to shut down, one instructor, who decided he'd rather switch to CNAC than fight with the military, was a barnstormer named Frank Higgs, a former schoolmate at Indiana University with cartoonist Milton Caniff. For several years, Caniff got regular letters from Higgs, who became the heroic character Duke Hennick in Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates." When Higgs was killed, Caniff sorrowfully let Hennick die, too.

Though most of the CNAC Hump heroes were Yankee barnstormers, there were some Chinese pilots, like California-born Donald Wang, who signed on in 1941, and Moon Chin. The first Chinese-born CNAC pilot, Hugh Chen, who joined in 1938, was his country's highest-salaried civilian at 2,000 rupees a month.

Bob Prescott, an ex-AVG fighter pilot, who switched to CNAC when the Flying Tigers were disbanded on July 4, 1942, recalls checking out his first local boy on a night run from Dinjan to Kunming.

"When did you learn to fly?" he asked the Oriental in the right seat, after he'd fouled up the pre-flight check.

The pilot grinned "Me learn now!"

Captain Chin Ho, another Chinese-born pilot became something of a hero flying a DC-2 wing from Hong Kong to Suifoo, strapped beneath the belly of his DC-3 Gooney Bird. It was a "Chinese fix" for a second DC-3 that had lost a wing in a Jap strafing fire.

With the help of fifty coolies, he got the wing bolted in place. Although it was three feet short, Arnold Weir copiloted the bastard to Hong Kong, using a sixteen-inch monkey bar to hold the control bar level. It won fame as the world's only DC-2½.

Shortage of such items a coffee stimulated black-marketeering, an activity some CNAC pilots considered justifiable in view of all that they had to put up with.

At one Chinese village a hundred miles off course, a lively trade developed when the big tin birds somehow got blown that way by tricky winds. In return for guns, ammunition and whiskey, to keep the Tibetan horsemen in action against the Mongols, the transports staggered off with a load of gold, fresh vegetables, girls and bales of questionable Chinese currency.

To get the gold out of China, they simply cast it into pilot wings and openly wore them past government officials.

The infamous Suicide Run, which claimed the lives of more than 400 ATC crewmen, was a breath-taking climb from Dinjan to the Brahmaputra River Valley floor over the Himalayas, and thence eastward across a series of higher and higher ranges separated by the valleys of the Irrawaddy, Salween and Mekong Rivers. The main Hump was the Santsung Range, beyond lay Kunming, 6,200 feet above sea level.

McBride found this wild country a region of beauty. In his log, he wrote:

"Few people have ever seen it. . . . There are places in the Himalayas where we fly over dense tropical jungles and a few seconds later, over regions of eternal ice and snow. There are gorgeous waterfalls from the melting snow, beautiful green rivers winding through canyons with vertical sides two and three miles high. . . ."

Flying the Suicide Run one February day in 1944, he looked down into the valleys "in which the Creator could have lost the Grand Canyon." Gazing at hundreds of crystal-blue lakes hidden in watersheds below snowline, he saw a few native huts.

"I wonder how they got there?" he asked his co-pilot, Van Shapard, a Texan.

"Them people is wild bastards," Shapard grinned. "They was born heah!"

The "wild bastards," McBride later learned, belonged to a nomadic Tibetan tribe called the Lolos.

"Physically and mentally, they are aboriginal," he noted in his diary. "They have long heads, short, heavy bodies, long arms. Several times a year they raid Sichang, taking lots of loot and some women for slaves."

On March 14, 1944, he wrote: "Captain Hall lost an engine over the Hump and jettisoned an entire load of Chinese currency." He had no way of knowing what effect that had on the economy of the "lost" tribe in the valley below.

What to do with a \$2,000,000 cargo of gold bars, with weather closing in and a Jap Zero on your tail, was the problem faced by two other wild men flying the Hump for CNAC in 1943, ex-AVG heroes Bill Bartling and Duke Hedman.

No amateur throttle jockeys, they had been selected to fly the gold from Kunming to Dinjan in a Gooney Bird, as the men most likely to reach the end run in one piece. But they hadn't counted on enemy opposition at 10,000 feet in a mountain pass on the Suicide Run.

"We were thinking more about our skins than the gold," Bartling admits. "As we were unarmed, the problem called for evasive action. So we shoved the nose straight down."

Hedman, who clobbered five Japs over Rangoon, to become America's first World War II ace, and Bartling, who lived to fly 367 round trips over the Hump, had doubts whether the C-47's wings would stay on in a terminal dive. They did.

Pulling out at tree-level altitude, they threaded their way down a narrow mountain pass, sometimes heeled over in vertical banks, until the Japs gave up in disgust.

"We shoulda bellied and gone after the war for all that gold," Bartling sighs. "Nobody knew where it was but us."

Six days later, Bartling walked out of the jungle on a broken leg and farmed out to recuperate on the hotshot Fireball run, the start of the world's longest supply run, from Miami to central Africa to the CBI theater.

On one trip, Bartling had Dr. Lin Yutang, the Chinese philosopher, as a passenger. Crossing the South Atlantic, he yelled back to the Chinese to put on the earphones and listen to an historic broadcast from BBC. Then, in an excited limey accent, he shocked the good Doctor by faking a newscast that Stalin had just signed a peace treaty with Hitler.

"For the rest of the trip Lin Yu-Tang kept yelling 'I **knew** this would happen!' and tried to tell us why. We had a helluva time trying to convince him it was a gag."

On the day CNAC pilot, Joe Rosbert, checked out a new airman named Ridge Hammill over the Suicide Run, 100 mph winds flew them far off course into a region of towering cumulus clouds through which poked giant, snow-covered peaks. Forced lower and lower by icing, they broke through a cloud and were shocked to see a pile of rock dead ahead.

Rosbert pulled back on the yoke and kicked the rudder, digging a wing into the snowbank. The ship catapulted into another snowbank short of a second ridge: ten feet higher or lower would have been fatal, but as it was only the radio operator had been killed. Rosbert and Hammill fashioned a toboggan out of the cargo door, wrapped themselves in parachute cloth and slid all the way down the Himalayas, suffering from broken ankles and severe exposure. They got back to Dinjan six weeks later.

Today, Rosbert shares a bachelor's dream pad on the Mediterranean island of Majorca with another CNAC veteran, Dick Rossi. Hammill was killed a few weeks after his historic toboggan slide, in the same area where Einir "Mickey" Michelson was sucked into a mountain while leading Prescott over the Hump for his first run. Prescott pulled up just in time.

The airport at Suifu, site of a Chinese munitions factory,

was another death trap. During the Christmas week in 1943, Captain Al Wright and Cookie Cook smacked a cliff close by the field and died. Moments later a Chinese CNAC pilot, M. K. Low, followed them to glory. McBride made it in three days later, with a cargo of TNT and 100-octane gasoline, and brought their bodies out.

Rossi, who lodged an amazing total of 735 Hump rides with hardly a disaster, painfully remembers how the ATC brass pushed too hard to build their tonnage up. ^{up}.

One day, we lost eight pilots. That was big for our little group, though the ATC lost 430 pilots over the Hump. It was one of those real bad-weather days. The general said there was no such thing as shutting down for weather, so we just went. It was real horrible. Guys were icing up and just disappearing, like Fuzzy Ball, who hit a mountain side in Yunnan, where that fourteen-thousand-footer is.

"There, you occasionally ran into clear-air turbulence, a very bad deal. Jimmy Scoff got lost one night looking for a place to land near Kunming, the static so bad he couldn't get a needle. He was running out of gas and decided to bail out, with only ten minutes gas left."

"So Jimmy put it on autopilot and went to the back door. He held it open for his radio operator and co-pilot to jump, then suddenly realized there was nobody to hold the door open for him. But he squeezed out anyway, and his chute hooked up on the door. There he was frantically trying to free himself. He finally yanked the ripcord and got a hell of a bump when the chute popped open and pulled him loose. In another second he smacked the ground.

"All this time he had two paychecks in his pocket. He couldn't wait to get back to Calcutta, where his girl, Margo, lived, down on Kariah Road, It was late at night when he got there, so he pulled out his forty-five and shot the lock off the door. The bullet ricocheted and hit a guy in the kneecap. He spent the first night in jail."

Though there was plenty of native talent in Calcutta, CNAC pilots got some heavy competition from the Army

Signal Corps types who could put their girls on the payroll as file clerks and stenos.

"Hell," Rossi grunted, "they couldn't even read!"

A favorite CNAC story was the plight of a former Navy pilot named Hockswender, who landed beside Dumduma Airport by mistake one foggy night.

Rossi remembers it vividly: "He comes around on his approach in a driving rain, he lines up with the field and cuts the throttle. The horn starts blowing-his gear isn't down-so he peels off and goes around again. This time, he gets the gear down, but before he can reach the field, there's this river, shallow but wide. He gets the reflection of the runway lights and lands smack in the middle of it. As he goes under, he picks up the mike and yells: 'Up periscope! All the Chinese passengers are yelling, 'Boo How' "

"The Chinese radio operator makes out the accident report and says: 'First time around, field, no wheels. Second time around, wheels, no field'."

By flying according to their own rules, the CNAC Hump heroes figured they had a far better chance of staying alive until the war ended. There was no sense in becoming a dead hero, like the 168 ATC crewmen killed between June and December, 1943, flying under maximum pressure.

The pressure came from the very top. Madame Chang Kai-Shek had talked President Roosevelt into an all out effort when Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force ran out of gas and suspended operations in March of that year. General Hap Arnold, Air Corps Chief, personally flew the Hump route to see what was wrong, wandered over Japanese-held territory and landed hours overdue at Kunming, visibly shaken.

Arnold immediately ordered the ATC to get rid of all incompetent pilots and set up a search-and-rescue program under Captain John L. "Blackie" Porter. Porter's outfit, known as "Blackie's Gang," went far to repair strained relations between the ATC and CNAC divisions of the Hump operation.

In one rescue, his paramedics leaped to the scene of a C-46 mountain crash and brought out twenty survivors, including CBS Correspondent Eric Severeid. Blackie Porter was subsequently killed when his B-25 rescue plane was shot down. Luckier was the crew of one ATC Gooney Bird, whose pilot had the reputation of never completing a Hump flight without getting lost at least once. On one flight, the errant C-47 wandered so far off course that the crew couldn't even find the Hump. But through a hole in the clouds, they were amazed to see a harbor full of Jap ships. Thoroughly shook, the crew jettisoned their cargo of bombs for XX Bomber Command and lit out for where they presumed Kunming to be.

Hours later, the Gooney Bird broke out smack over the field and landed on its last teacup of of gas. When radio reports of a giant air strike against Jap shipping in the Gulf of Tonkin, nobody believed they were the heroes.



Sharkey's crash.

FROM P-40's TO C-47's

by Link Laughlin

Commercial aviation attained a degree of financial respectability in the early 30s—the Lindberg years. They convinced the public that bulk passenger transport by air was feasible and safe. Imaginative cartoonists sketched wild and spectacular assemblages circumnavigating the globe with hundreds of pop-eyed travelers. Jules Verne's fantasies were recirculated and reread. The knowledgeable and scientific became authoritative in their aircraft expertise. They discoursed on “wing-loading”, “dihedral” and the “occluded front.” Sturdy matriarches and conservative Republicans nodded understandingly. They no longer viewed this novelty as a dangerous mental aberration and a passing fad.

The barnstormer and wing-walker abandoned their trade for the prospects of steady employment. The high school juvenile reexamined his priorities. The lure of piloting began to overhaul the appeal of engineering the Santa Fe Super Chief. The backlog of applicants for the City Fire Department dropped to a new low. And finally, the acquisition of an airline uniform connotated conservative respectability.

Cute young things in short skirts and rolled hosiery lurked in airline terminals for a glimpse of the new breed. Sunday sightseers swarmed against the protective chain link fences to ogle and comment on United's burly 12 passenger Boeing 247s as they grumbled up the ramp to discharge their intrepid passengers. American Airways advertised their “Giant 14 passenger DC-2s” as the ideal in speedy and safe travel. “Buffalo to New York in only an hour and 54 minutes.”

It was the advent of a new frontier, a mysterious and innovative phenomena involving the bulk transport of passengers and mail. The postoffice came out with special stamps. The United States Government promptly sired a number of complicated bureaucracies to regulate this novel

enterprise. The airmen were organized into a licensed, disciplined and elite society of trustworthy aviators. No more barnstorming. No more tobacco chewing except during off-duty hours.

The aircraft commander assumed, in the public eye, a heroic image. A superior being. The ex-barnstormers were credited with a rare assemblage of impeccable components alien to the average citizen. The flying public reacted appropriately. They were very respectful. They addressed the four-striped uniform as "Sir." This attitude was not lost on the elite society of pilotage. Many aviators bought a second uniform. They moved out to the suburbs. And joined golf clubs. This plain beat the hell out of barnstorming.

Requirements for admission to the ranks of commercial airplane drivers became appallingly severe. And even the stewards were required to qualify as Registered Nurses. In those days legs were primarily utilitarian. The new co-pilot faced years and thousands of hours of servitude. He was basically a hydraulic secretary. Gear and flaps. He was entrusted with a certain amount of record keeping, and with experience he responded to an infrequent radio transmission. After an appropriate number of years in the right hand seat he would qualify, seniority and attrition providing, for consideration as an aircraft commander.

This became the "norm," and the standard for the industry.

Then WWII loomed on the horizon. The assorted services began to proliferate pilots by the thousands. The airlines expanded with military contracts, and suddenly there was a shortage of pilot material. Service pilots were unavailable, and committed for the "duration." Some, however, schemed for a quick release. They got married, a predictably hazardous exercise of hasty judgement. Others flew a trainer under a bridge, or buzzed the residence of the base commander. That got them out. And still others joined the American

Volunteer Group in China. And when their contract was up they were free men. Many rejoined their original branch of service. Others went to work for the airlines flying cargo and USO personnel. Things worked out fine. They became credible aircraft commanders even if they didn't have years and years and thousands of hours of copilotage.

The military fighter pilot relates well to the barnstormer of the 30s. He has the instinct for exhibitionism and quick reaction requisite to survival in a shooting war.

The following purports to describe the transition of an average fighter pilot to a commercial airline operation. Few of the group had more than 300 hours of total flight time. His adaption to the left hand seat averaged some 120 hours of instruction and copilotage.

This transition does not, in any way, detract from the training and expertise of the old time professionals of airline operation.

It just concludes they shouldn't have had to wait so long.

Lew was at this time lecturing me on the history of China and telling me that this is The Year of the Snake. "The year of the WHAT?" I holler. The ruckus of conversational yak yak around us is in the high decibel range, and my hearing is rotten anyhow. We are standing in a motley clutter of ex-P-40 pilots in front of the China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) field office waiting for the DC-3 commuter to Calcutta. Off in the fringe some character is real flat with "The Last Time I Saw Paris." For "Paris" he is substituting "Chi-naa." His baritone is lousy, a quality that is appropriate for our diverse feelings

Here in Kunming it may be the Year of the Snake, but for us it is the end of the road for the American Volunteer Group. It is also the 5th of July in the year of our Lord, 1942 A.D. As of yesterday the U.S. 10th Air Force has officially dispossessed us of our tired old P-40s, our pagoda style

quarters and our 1939 Ford station wagon. We are now unemployed.

We've stood our last alert shack duty, flown our last mission. There'll be no more cold fact, analytical briefings by the Old Man. No more pre-dawn warm-ups in the soprano voiced P-40s., engines howling, cold ground fog swirling. No more lighthearted chatter to relieve tension and cut down on the cold sweat output. And no more queasy patrols down Burma way where surprises come in and out of the sun at 300 miles per hour. There'll be no more Hanoi missions where the world turns to an inferno of fire and smoke and blazing tracers. We've had our last Swaleen River valley shoot-out where we and the opposition skid around mountain peaks and flat that down the river in a deadly game of terminal consequence.

"Goddam!" somebody hollers, "Californee, here I come..." It's time for a celebration. A rip-roaring hilarious, happy jubilee. Our job is done, and the Army Air Corps is in the saddle. We're going home to the old fireside where Mom 'n Pop, Ginny and Mary, Billy and Uncle Jim are set for an emotional homecoming. Stateside U.S. of A. That's where we've got family, a Simmons innerspring where we can sleep late in the morning, three home cooked meals a day, gallons of milk to drink and a double feature movie with Susie Belle along for some hand holding and what all. And there's White Owl Drugs soda fountain and Mac's Superior Barbecue where we get reacquainted with our old buddies and sidekicks. Home is where it's all at.

"Californee..." shrivels down to a whisper. I catch the end of a muttered comment, "...sonovabitch..." Time for a celebration? How come we're all so goddamned glum?

Damn if I know! But, what th'hell. Look around here at old Kunming. A piece of ancient Asiatic civilization. Medieval Architecture featuring upward curving roofs, narrow twisting cobblestoned streets, red-blue-gold pagodas and the carved entryways with the fiery red and gold Chinese dragon. And pervasive throughout is the pungent identity, charcoal and humanity. We've been privileged to membership in this old country. For seven months of action we've

been the Chinese Air Force, flying their twelve point blue-white insignia into combat and sharing their environment. And proud of it.

And they adopted us, those cheerful, energetic slant-eyed Asiatics clip-clopping along, waving with friendly grins and chirping, "Ha-boo-how" and "Ding-how" in daily greetings. Even the ladies are friendly-bashful. They bow, a respectful custom, giggle and turn their faces away. The kids are normally uninhibited and flatteringly disrespectful. They grab your hand and stroll the street with you. And look up at you with that obscure, oblique survey that says, "Old buddy, we're pals. You're one of us. Someday I'm going to grow up and be a hot-shot pilot just like you."

A CNAC C-53 clanks up to the shack bouncing through mud puddles like a swamp buggy. We clamber aboard like a migrant crew boarding a bus for the tomato fields. A slovenly, obscenely cheerful rabble in leather jackets and unpressed khakis. The rotten baritone is carrying on in a low monotone, "...her heart was young and gay."

Three hours later we ramble into Dinjan in northeast India. The halfway house to Calcutta is a hot, humid gravel strip imbedded in tea plantations and steaming jungle.

A stocky character with a neck like an oil drum and CNAC wings invites us into his office. "My name's Woods," he grates. "I've met some of you in Rangoon, Mandalay and Kunming." We remember. The old China hand prototype. Bristle haircut and khaki shorts. Knobby knees. The expressionless eyes are squeezed down to gimlet size like buckshot holes in rusty tin. The brows are heavy-duty, a helpful accessory in the country of monsoon rains and tropical sun. "I've told some of you before, there are a number of openings in CNAC for pilots and ground personnel," he says. "And if you're interested..."

Hugh L. Woods expounds on his favorite subject. CNAC. He eulogized expertise and professionalism. The high standards of CNAC performance and safety. The future and solidarity of airline operation. He hints at adventure and the romance of the Far East. He talks about pay checks. And

weather. "There are times when it can be considered a bit rough, but hell, it's no worse than that experienced by American or United Airlines flying over the Rockies."

Right? Yessir, man, we got the picture. It is a routine, sometimes dull job chauffeuring passengers and freight from Calcutta to Kunming and Chungking. And back again. You fly your allocated 90 to 140 hours per month in two to three weeks, rack up some overtime pay, and then the rest of the month is yours in sophisticated Calcutta. A bleeping piece of cake. Woodie forgot to mention the hilarious effect of high velocity winds whistling through the Himalayas. The 3,000 feet per minute vertical currents which gave a sluggish C-47 the alacrity of a frightened prog-horn. Douglas wings flapping like the propelling apparatus on a fugitive duck. Or the effect of icing on airfoils, which combined with downdrafts gave an apprehensive crew the sensation of flying through molasses.

The pea-forty pilot looked on the C-47 much as a sports car driver would evaluate a Farmall tractor. It could be a real drag. A clumsy, sluggish money making truck with too god-damned many instruments. Turn it upside down and the wings would fall off. It had to be nursed around like a milk delivery wagon. Then we came up against PanAm conservatism. The old timers viewed the invasion of fighter pilots as potential disaster. Their expertise came with years of co-pilot servitude combined with comprehensive classroom study. "Look," one pessimistic detractor complained, "here you got a pea-forty pilot trained on 50 caliber operation and flattating enemy airfields. He navigates by railroad tracks and river beds. He never looked at anything on the panel 'cept his fuel gauge. Anything more and he's mentally overloaded. And you're going to make an airline pilot out of him in two months? Bleep!"

Pea-forty pilots flew with the long snout of the Allison on the horizon to maintain level flight. This allowed the operator to concentrate on the neck-swivel. The swivel, a security habit ingrained during training and the nervous periods touring enemy territory, involved the ability to rotate the head approximately 180 degrees right or left. Hoot Owls had this maneuver perfected. It precludes surprise by the opposition. It also helps to avoid bumping and shoving in

the fighter clutter, a routine procedure which military organizations define as formation flying.

These talents contribute nothing to C-47 operation. There was no snout to line up with the horizon. Just a picture window in front and sliding plexiglass panels on the side. With no horizon reference the pea-forty pilot had trouble holding the thing in level flight. A cure for the see-saw flight pattern was effected when some innovated pilot marked the windshield with a grease pencil to line up the horizon. Like a gun-sight. He inscribed an instruction "Need this line level with the mountain tops."

The basic training flights were conducted at Dum Dum Airport in Calcutta. William C. 'Mac' MacDonald, A 1935 aerobatic pilot with Claire Chennault, and Chuck Sharp, a Pan Am professional, supervised the introduction. The intent was to change our hilarious methodology to their deliberate by-the-book technique. The conversion was not accomplished without a degree of exasperation and acrimony.

Mac was my instructor. Landings and take-offs. Gentle, precise maneuvers. Easy, positive control. "Easy, now. EASY!...This ain't a P-40!" Banks in turns not to exceed 45 degrees on final approach, full flaps before touchdown. "FORTY-FIVE degrees, not fifty-five. Now hold it steady." Fly it right to the runway with fifteen inches of manifold pressure and cut to idle before touchdown. Slide the wheels on with a gradual pull on the yoke. Light touch of brakes. "Easy there! EASY, goddamnit!" If you're a shade fast, hold that tail off the ground. Too much back pressure on the yoke and the C-47 will shudder down to the concrete hard, and rebound like a tennis ball. "Holy Mother! Save us! J-e-e-e-s-u-s K-e-e-r-i-s-t Allamitey! Ah'm goin' back to Alabam' foh a cotton pickin' job." I figure Mac for a ham actor, but he's got a good range. Somebody told me later he could be plainly heard in downtown Calcutta.

Approximately 10 hours of basic instruction was considered a safe minimum for a co-pilot. Thereafter, depending on the generosity or gullibility of the pilot, landings and take-offs were shared. Flights originated from Calcutta, gassed up at Dinjan and ran across the Hump of Kunming.

The direct route saved time and money. It sometimes irritated the crews. If they could have negotiated a deal with management and the Japs they would have preferred a southern route. No soap. It had to be the "Hump," so, "Shaddup, or else". The "or else" meant to go home and dicker with the draft board.

The hump was about an hour out of Dinjan. It was pure nasty. It concocted high velocity winds that ripped through 13,000 foot peaks in an invisible avalanche of terminal proportions. Vertical currents would propel the sluggish C-47s up or down at 3,000 feet per minute. The Douglas airfoils would flap like the wings of a duck. And ice, combined with the air currents gave the crew the sensation of flying through cold molasses.

When all of these problems ganged up on a flight crew with the addition of a gimpy engine they would vow unilaterally on immediate retirement and a hometown job with the sanitation department. On payday they would rescind the decision in view of financial security and the increased quota demanded of the draft board by General Hershey.

To preserve the reputation of derring do the "Hump" flight crews resorted to off-duty activity in proliferating innumerable rumors and fiction about an Asiatic airline and life in the Far East. They involved smuggling, nymphomaniacs and obscene comedy. They were flattering, exaggerated and libelous. Some had a credible basis. Robert "Moose" Moss was an international trader. He had an inside track on fixing races at the Calcutta race track. Lewis J. "Doc" Richards, M.D. was the CNAC representative of a quasi-military committee formed to upgrade the quality of the social life in the higher echelons of Calcutta.

Robert "Duke" Hedman was the self-appointed committee-of-one to evaluate Calcutta's night life. His tabs at the British-American club and the Three Hundred club were rarely less than 1,000 rupees per month. He was on first name basis with the Maharaja of Cooch Behar and a number of unemployed mahouts. He did not discriminate.

Others in the flight crew enhanced their images in a physical sense. Jimmy Scoff, denied a late night entry to his customary abode in a low rent section of Calcutta, unloaded his .45 and pulverized a sturdy Yale product with a few precise shots. Joe Rosbert undertook in an inadvertent-mountain limb, except he started at the top instead of the bottom. Sir Edmund Hillary, the famous mountain climber, would have profited by Joe's unique methodology.

The final route for a novice co-pilot included an introduction to the Chungking airfield. Chuck Sharp is the pilot. A perfectionist, Chuck was insistent on his standards of procedure.

The municipality of Chungking is built on a rocky peninsula where the Kailing River dumps into the Yangtze. From the river's edge a steep, craggy slope rises to a height of 1,200 to 2,000 feet. The airport runway is a 2,200 foot rock paved strip on a sandbar in the middle of the river. An approach, instrument or visual, is made down the center of the slot. God willing.

"First," Chuck says, "we home in on the station (Radio Direction Finder) on a heading zero degrees holding 3,000 feet. After crossing the station, maintain the heading for three minutes, make a procedure turn and come back letting down to 2,000 feet." *Simple so far.* "Over the station, make a 360 degree to the right and drop down to 1,500." *HEY! Remember that 2,000 foot ridge along the river?* "Now you're down in the river canyon." *Goddalmighty!* "Keep a sharp lookout because there's some high tension cables strung across the river" *HOLY MOSES! I'm flying instruments and I got to look for cables?* "You should clear them by a couple of hundred feet." *Hope to God.* "Next on your left, there's our office, the Pink House, on the side of the hill. You'll pass it comfortably." "Now look straight ahead. See those two rocks painted white?" *What rocks? Oh! You mean those little bitty white dots?* "You're now lined up with the runway." *J-e-e-s-u-s* "Cut your engines back to idle, add full flaps, and in a couple of more seconds you'll see the...there it is see the runway. *(And if I don't?)* You got to use lots of braking because it's a short runway. *(You telling me?)* If you land fast you'll run of into the river. *(As any fool can plainly see -so, what*

other little gems do you have to offer just in case?)

The concensus reaction to this complex Chungking procedure is luke warm. There must be a better way of making a living. Who needs Chungking. Ships by ricksha. One AVG is philosophical. "Well," he theorizes, "suppose I'm low on final and snag those high tension wires in my gear. Okay! If I'm lucky it pulls me off to the left and there's the Pink House right in front of me. I crash through the picture window on the third floor right into the accounting office. My next question, after the dust settles, is, "Who do I see for my separation pay."

Royal Leonard and Robert "Potts" Pottschmidt coach most of us in instrument approach technique into Dinjan and Kunming. Dinjan is no problem. You can miss the homer a couple of miles and still fumble back into the approach pattern. Kunming, however, is a ground controlled procedure. The field elevation is 6,000 feet. Our initial approach is another 6,000 feet. The stack, in rotten weather, can total a dozen aircraft in the chute and holding patterns. So, we take turns coming down the chute in compliance to the Maypole caper and square dance routine called by the Kunming control.

Control is blase. The faceless monotone comes out of the black night with precise spacing. Yet informal. A serious fireside chat. "Okay, Spindlelegs two-four. Drop down to Angels seven and hold south. Acknowledge. Moneybags five-five cleared to eight levels. Report on reaching eight." Potts and I sit in silent concentration. The engine noise is muffled in the overcast. The dim flourescent give us barely enough lighting to scan our grid charts. The flashlighth is handy. "Little Beaver ni-yun-one," control intones, "give me your position. Station calling Kunming control, say again. Constipation two-two cleared to X-ray one-five. Report on reaching. Boxcar four-two, are you visual? Follow the Charlie four-six on final..."

These are the moments of focus. The altitude control is precise, the headings unwavering and the timing ordered by the second hand. Fifty-nine, sixty, okay, swing right one minute to a heading of one-eighty. Hold one-eighty two

minutes, and then right again forty-five degrees to two twenty-five. Let's anticipate over the station in two minutes, so cut back the power to eighteen inches. Descent at five hundred feet per minute for two minutes. The team work is exhilarating. We bust out of the overcast at 800 feet halfway down on the downwind leg and there ahead of us is Boxcar four-two wheeling into final. We sit up and look at nighttime Kunming. Control is none committal. "Clear to land," it says.

Royal Leonard has been Chiang Kai Shek's personal pilot. He has to be good. He is, however, indifferent to coaching. His hobby is celestial navigation, so right after take-off he abandons the cockpit with a brief, "You got it," and retires to his overhead plexiglass bowl. "Got to shoot Polaris while we're in the clear," he mumbles. Thereafter, he is about as accessible as the Secretary of War. The lonely co-pilot then tools the C-47 to its destination.

One problem. Diarrhea in the Orient was a near normal state of affairs. The afflicted had to be in a position to act quickly and decisively. Leonard's preoccupation could sometimes create a crisis. He might be slow to respond to the co-pilot's plea for relief. The cure evolved through pure desperation. The AVG co-pilot, after repeated screams for help, abandoned the cockpit and brushed by the insensitive star shooter. "Goddammit! When you gotta go, you gotta go," he grumbled savagely. Leonard dropped his sextant and fled for the unmanned cockpit.

The modus operandi of a flight preparation begins with the "360 degree inspection." A PAA ritual, the walk around provides the initial assurance that all exterior components are securely attached to the airplane. "Pop" Kessler, an ancient and obscene professional of some 30 years and 17,000 hours of aviating initiates me. Like a prospective buyer in a used car lot, he walks over and kicks the left tire. "Whazzat for, Pop?" I inquire solicitously. If I'm going to get a basic understanding of airline operation I may as well start here.

Pop adjusts his bifocals and grunts. "Check the goddam pressure," he mumbles. "Sonsabitches in Calcutta never check anything." He extracts a flashlight and a screwdriver

from his jacket. Peering into the nacelle he reaches up and thumps an obscure part of the gear assembly. His face lights up with a happy grin of discovery. "Looka that! A bleeping hydraulic leak. Didn't I tell ya?"

I peer nervously up in the area of rods, tubes, shafts and struts. Well oiled parts gleam assuringly. A tiny drop of oil-hydraulic fluid-hangs from a strut housing. "Yessir," I agree. "Looks like a sure enough hydraulic leak. Small one though."

Pop is magnanimous. "Not too bad. Now let's look at the rest of this plane." He strolls around wrenching at the ailerons, rudder and elevator. He bangs the wing root with the handle of the screwdriver. "Okay," he growls "We'll take it."

On the 4th of September management considers my expertise sufficiently advanced to warrant a transition to the left seat club. Robert "Potts" Pottschmidt conducts the final exam in instrument procedure at Dinjan. He sleeps through most of the exercise. "Good job," he vawns. "You're scheduled for the Kunming run tonight. J-e-e-e-z-u-z Keerist I'm bushed. It's been a long day."

I know better. Potts has been up most of the night nursing a stack of poker chips into his private 'lucky corner' on the dining room table. As of this date he has accumulated the price of a black-market Buick. I have personally contributed enough for a couple of evenings at the Stork Club.

But what th'hell, I have a maiden flight coming up. Word has probably gone out - Like ESP. Watch it boys, they just checked out another one of them pea-forty pilots. Stand clear of the runway. Where's the goddamn fire truck? The ritual begins. And, in accordance with establishment directives, I check in with "OP" (flight operations) for my clearance. I suppress the immature feelings of exuberance. The impression must be professional. "Hey op, how's the weather?" I yap cheerfully.

"Op" looks up from his comic magazine. He is a stocky, saint-eyed Oriental, laconic and not inclined for flippant

conversation. "Weather?" he rumbles. "Weather's alla same all over." He points to the counter. "Your manifest," he says. And goes back behind his Terry and the Pirates magazine.

That takes care of the paper work. I waltz out to C-47 number 48. It has been loaded with assorted crates, 50 gallon drums of aviation gasoline and burlap wrapped cubes of something. The ground crew, chattering in Hindustani and Yunnanese, are busy strapping the cargo to the deck. There have been incidents wherein tie-downs were broken, and the assorted containers became weightless to gyrate around the compartment like birds in free flight. An embarrassing experience.

The Hindustani customs officer is interrogating the aircraft. With a copy of the manifest in hand he prods containers and squeezes the bundles. Rumor has it that he is looking for contraband. Like munitions, gold and Parker fountain pens. An irascible character, he is indifferent to amenities. "Hi. Mr. Smith," I chirp nervously. Mr. Smith grumps something unintelligible and opens the door to the tail compartment. Reaching inside he runs a hand over the aluminum stringers and flashes his light around the premises. Obviously he has found no illegal merchandise. He scowls in irritation, a man frustrated and betrayed. Is it possible, I wonder, that he has been tipped, and this plane is a carrier?

Rumors are fabricated by a subversive species of pranksters to relieve the boredom of a war. The junior faction is the prime target. I am a gullible junior. And rightfully suspicious. Is it possible that a Calcutta Mafia has spiked my airplane with gold bars for transport to China? A bull session story comes to mind. Some scurrilous character had exported gold to China in chamois bags dropped into the oil tank to be retrieved by his sneaky cohorts in Kungming. I look doubtfully at number 48. The right wing droops a bit. Would gold do that?

Never mind. This is my first flight as commander-in-chief of a CNAC schedule. I am going to be suave, debonaire and professional about this. Come rain, snow, downdrafts and headwinds, the crates and aviation gasoline will go through

Customs officer Smith nods grimly. He has had a rotten day.

My Chinese co-pilot and hydraulic secretary is Oom M Wong—I think. His profound understanding of the English language is limited to “GEAR-UPPPP!” and “FLAPPPS-DOWNNN!” My Chinese—the condensed version—includes “Ding-how” and “Boo-how”, meaning good and bad. And “Too ne fong how,” which, I am advised in confidence, is the a delicate conversational opening of questionable merit. So right off the bat we have communications problems.

We grin a pleasant ‘good evening’ at each other and climb aboard. Co-pilot and radio operator move promptly into their assigned seats. They rattle back and forth in quick, nervous chirps with an excess of vowels. They strap in snugly and check adjacent hand holds for strength and security. Somehow I get the impression that there’s a lack of confidence around here.

Right wing drooping, we roar off down the runway into the gloomy night. The usual number of backfires ensue. We count them. White knuckled Oom M Wong and I. Eleven-twelve. Silence. “B-A-N-N-G!” Thirteen. A badnumber on a murky night.

At 14,000 feet we flatten out and stagger along with 130 knots indicated on the airspeed. The gauges read 175 and 215; 22 and 80. Cylinder head and oil. Obviously the weather is cooler on the left side. The crew chief told me to pay no attention to those little discrepancies. “Don’t mean a goddam thing.” Just go fly the airplane and leave him be. The blue fluorescents create an eerie atmosphere. A lonely feeling. The crew sits calcified in an erect position like runners waiting for the starting gun. Outside the cockpit window there is nothing but pitch black occasionally relieved by a fuzzy cloud reflection from the exhausts. The headset crackles intermittently with messages from a distant electrical storm. We are silent in a cocoon. I attempt to institute a feeling of old fashioned comfort and relaxation. Slump in the seat and light up a cigarete. At 14,000 feet cigarretes burn and taste like damp manure. The Chinese crew is not impressed.

The right engine burps occasionally, and I entertain galling visions of gold bars dribbling through the entrails of the engine. It wouldn’t do the gold any good. Wouldn’t help the engine either. I got to get my mind on something practical. Like where we are. It’s got to be someplace over the Himalayas because drafts are bumping us up and down. About 1,500 feet per minute. On the uprafts we nose down a bit and the airspeed goes to 180. No sweat. The downrafts are uncomfortable. We nose up the the airspeed drops to 110. At 13,000 feet we can sense tree tops grabbing the belly of the plane and sneak the heading a few degrees to the south. I can feel Oom M Wong’s pressure on the controls. He wants to go straight south. He is sitting (sitting?) with a four inch clearance between his anal area and the seat. Absolutely no confidence at all.

We tune the “big-dog” to Kunming radio. The automatic pointer oscillates around the dial a couple of times and bears vaguely in the direction of Kansas City. The time is 0115. Kunming has got to be 45 minutes ahead. Indicating supreme confidence, I roll the trim tab forward a couple of notches and reset the “bird-dog. We are now in “descent configuration.” I think Potts innovated that terminology to enhance the cerebral spread between the P-40 jockeys and the airline faction. The Curtiss product adopted an “attitude,” and the Douglas “assumed a configuration.” A real snow-job. I take a few drags out of the oxygen tube between my teeth to clear the vapours. Somebody told me that too much oxygen will blacken your teeth. Well, better black teeth than no oxygen. Otherwise I see little black dots zipping around on a white background. I’d rather have them on my teeth.

Kunming radio comes on the air like a 1929 crystal set. Squeaky and scratchy. Maybe I should holler down for some kind of a special clearance on account of all that gold in my right wing oil tank. I swear, this goddamn airplane does seem to fly heavy on the right side. Yeah. They would like that. It would be a first. Maybe they’d call up Brinks for an armoured truck. Here comes that CNAC flight with the big pay-off, fellows.

“Kunming Radio,” I holler, “This is Contraceptive four-

eight, twenty miles out at angels (whoinhell dreamed up that identification and terminology?) eleven." And tired old Kunming Radio comes back with some jazz about what I got to do before they let me in. We go back and forth with the usual routine about me leting down and approaching from down by Lake Kunming, except, they give all of this in grid language, and I got to keep looking at this silly chart with the K-28s and B-50s on it to figure out where I'm supposed to go. And if I don't, they tell me, they'll figure I'm a Japanese bomber hell bent on busting up the Hotel d'Europa in downtown Kunming. Something like that could set military high echelon society back ten years.

We land on the long gravel runway with the usual crunch. A bigger crunch and the landing gear struts would come right up through the wings. An unnerving thought. It could perforaté the oil tank with the gold. We're waved into our parking slot and the unloading crew takes over. Forty coolies with flashlights invade us like it was a ladies day special at Gimbel's

The station agent shines a light in my face. "Grab a cup of coffee, Captain. We'll have you unloaded and loaded in an hour," he says in impeccable English. I do hate these Chinese who speak better English than I do. He was probably trained as a special agent by the Mafia. I am sure that Mafia agents are swarming over the right wing unloading gold by the hundred weight. I look out. There is nobody on the right wing. There is no refueling in Kunming.

I climb down. The trip back is going to be full. Sure as hell there is no gold going from China to India. Just pig bristles and tin. There is absolutely no romance in flying industrial cargo. And by the time I get back to Dinjan and Calcutta I have got to cook up some kind of an exotic rumor to maintain the wild reputation of an Asiatic airline.

Maybe a spy story.



Capt. Ray Gilliland with load of Chinese soldiers ready to leave for India — 1944.

CALCUTTA BUFFALO

by Joe Hall

At 3:30 A.M. on the morning of September 20, 1946, I was given clearance by the tower at Dum-Dum Airport, Calcutta, India; to taxi down the runway after an R.A.F. weapons carrier manned by an airman on each fender equipped with a broom. The reason for this being that one of our planes piloted by Capt. Bill Dudding had hit a water buffalo on take off at this same field about a month earlier. This, had torn out the tail wheel and had caused an accident at landing at Bhamo, Burma some 550 miles to the Northeast. We saw nothing out of the ordinary.

After engine run ups, I received clearance and proceeded with a normal take off. On attaining 90 MPH and it must have been almost the instant the wheels left the ground, I felt a terrific shock on the left wheel. As I hadn't seen anything, I checked the engine instruments and everything was normal so I decided to take it upstairs and find out what was wrong. I got the gear up and with the nose level and full power, I was striving for speed. Just before I reached the end of the runway and going about 115 MPH, the left engine quit. This jerked me to the left about 30-40 degrees. Checked the engine instruments again and the fuel pressure was 0 so I feathered it. Almost at the same time, the fluorescent lights went out and I could no longer see the instruments. I turned the rheostat on my window ledge up but it only blinked, so I turned on the overhead light. This was just like painting the windshield black, but I could see those precious instruments. I was into about a 15 degree bank into the dead engine, that wingtip must have been scrapping the grass or whatever was out there. I straightened the wing up and very, very slowly it began to climb. During all this I had been aware of something on the radio but, believe it or not, I had been a little busy.

About this time, Dan Frost, of our Operations Dept. and one of my 49 passengers, came up to find out what was going on. I told him that we had hit something and we were going back in, to get all the seat belts fastened.

On reaching the altitude of 400 feet, I started a turn to the right still climbing. I tried to call the tower but couldn't hear my own voice so I knew the transmitter was out. The only VHF channel I had was C or 118.1mc. so I tried it with the following: "Mayday, Mayday." The answer I received was, "This is Dum-Dum Homer, please call Dum-Dum Tower." I gave him a Mayday several times and explained that this was the only frequency that I had operable aboard the aircraft and repeated my previous message. I received the same answer and told him what he could do to himself and threw the mike on the floor. If this was the kind of an answer I received from a Mayday I had no further use for it.

Somewhere along the line, the booster system on the controls went out. I turned it on manual, which is somewhat heavier on the controls. I now knew that the hydraulic system was out.

By now, I had reached 800 feet and I only had one more problem; that being, to get this baby back on the ground with everyone intact.

I made my pre-landing check, leaving the gear and flaps up and aimed for the very end of the runway. Thank God I did as with no gear and flaps, I was a little hot and got a small balloon effect when I tried to level off. Then, it slowly started to settle in. The right prop hit firstwit smoothly following. It sure made a hell of a racket on the inside. And there I was sliding down the runway on my belly pushing on the brakes just as if I had any. As it started to slow down, it eased over the side of the runway. When that heavy left engine dug into the grass, it jerked 90 degrees and stopped

I went back into the cabin and found everyone up and milling around. Dan Frost was near the front and he showed me a hole in the fuselage across from where he had been sitting. He had been sitting chin in hand, elbow on knee. A piece of the first blade of the prop had broken off, came through his hair and went out the other side of the plane. If he had been sitting erect, it would have torn his head off. I moved further back into the cabin and out of the corner of my eye saw a passenger about to light a cigarette. I threw the back of my hand at him, caught the cigarette, match and

I think the end of his nose as he sure yelled. I told him we were probably sitting in a puddle of gasoline and moved on back to the door which was open. I first saw our mechanic in charge, Bill Newport. He asked me if it was maintenance and I told him, "No Bill, I hit something, let's go see what it is." We got into his Jeep and with the spotlight on went back down the runway. All along the runway we found small pieces of metal here and there until finally, just off the runway, we found the entire left gear assembly; the tire, wheel, main shock strut and all the supporting arms. We proceeded further and off the side of the runway, we found a dead water buffalo with a big tire mark across its back. This had done the damage.

Capt. Jerry Shrawder had watched the take off and said a ball of flame 40 feet in diameter had come out of the left engine and he thought the engine had exploded. Jerry had been scheduled to take-off first as he had a freight load, but had had engine trouble and I had gone first. I was flying a C-46D and with the passenger load was grossed at 46,000 pounds. Jerry, with the freight load had been grossed at 48,000 pounds and with that extra weight, I don't think he would have made it.

Further inspection of the aircraft later showed that the torn out gear had in turn torn loose the main gas line for that engine and at that speed, crimped the gas line shut where it made a 90 degree turn thus automatically shutting off the gasoline. This, I attribute to be the prime reason for my still being among you. The second factor in my opinion, is the fast feathering action of the Curtis electric propeller, and thirdly, that C-46 just had the guts to go and go it did.



San Hu Pa Airport, Chungking.

UNWANTED AUTO-PILOT by JOE HALL

I am again attempting a take off at Dum-Dum Airport in Calcutta, India. The R.A.F. had held an investigation into my buffalo accident and I am on my way back to Shanghai, China. I am again flying a C-46 and have a full load of passengers.

After the customary clearances, taxiing and engine run ups, I am cleared for take-off. Everything was normal until I reached about 80 MPH and was still on the ground. At this time, the rudders locked and then, the right rudder pedal started feeding on the floor in order to keep it on the runway, I had to close the left throttle completely and at the same time use a lot of right throttle and a lot of left brake, jockeying the throttle any way to remain straight. I managed to slow down enough so that with tires squealing, I turned off at the end of the runway.

I taxied back to the loading area and told the mechanic, Bill Frost that the AUTO pilot had taken over. He said, "its your reduction valve, (this valve reduces the normal hydraulic system pressure from 1400 PSI to the auto-pilot pressure of 150-200 PSI) we'll take one off your old airplane.

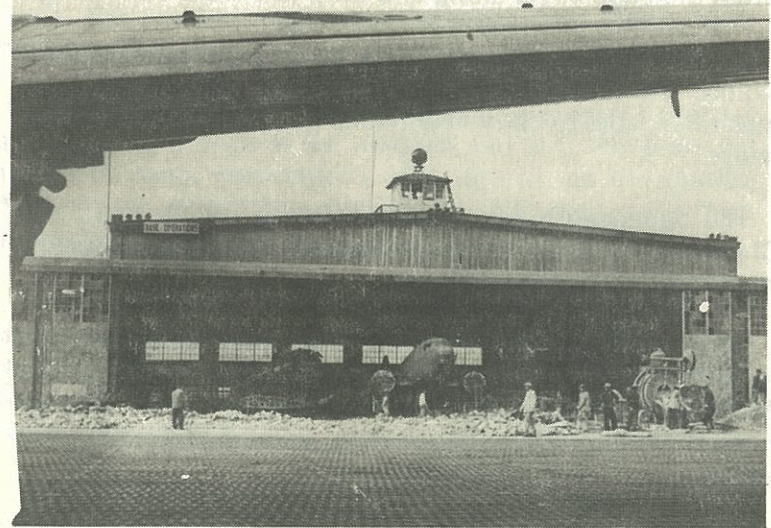
After the change and with Bill as co-pilot, and with the passengers off loaded I gave it a test hop. I got it going 100 MPH on the ground and everything was normal, so I chopped it and taxied back to the loading area again. They loaded the passengers again and if at first you do not succeed, try again. The same thing happened again, only at a much slower speed so that it was not too much of a problem. I again taxied back to the loading area and told them that the flight was canceled and to work the entire hydraulic system over.

About this time, one of the passengers; the same one as in the cigarette phase of my buffalo incident, came up to me and said, "Captain, I think that I'm a jinx to you, I'm not going to fly with you any more."

Our station manager at Calcutta, Max Lessner kept in-

sisting that the plane had to go to Shanghai. I finally told him, "that's fine Max, get some one else to fly it."

For several months after these two incidents, I would sit there during the take-off run and the thought going through the back of my head was, I wonder what can go wrong with one of these things next.



CNAC hangar at Lungwa Airport, Shanghai.

THE FLIGHT THAT WAS "MADNESS"

By Frank Stuart

When we look back on the war we'll marvel most at the achievement, time and again, of what should have been utterly impossible—like the air dash described in the last yarn of this saga of courage.

China National Aviation Corporation was just one of those up-to-date concerns that the New China was developing—when the Japs came along and tried to smash everything.

It used big Douglas air liners to fly passengers around China. Handsome, gleaming things, those Douglas machines, able to carry twenty-one people apiece at a maximum.

The Japanese soldiery poured like a yellow flood into China, and the air liners performed miracles evacuating women and children to Burma.

But the Japs hadn't finished. They came down through Indo-China and into Burma, mopping up Malaya and Singapore on their way. Ahead of them, as always, ran rumors of their doings: bayoneting, burning, crucifying, torturing.

Once more a Douglas air liner stood quivering on the tarmac, waiting to help in an evacuation. That tarmac was pitted with bomb craters.

The smouldering and twisted ruin of another air liner still smoked on an edge of the field where a bomb from a Mitsubishi had caught it.

The liner that remained was the last one that would leave Burma before the invaders completed their sweep through the country. It was operating from an airfield too small for it, and further imperilled by the pitted runway.

Paratroop Threat. Already the shudder of gunfire could be clearly heard. At any moment more Japanese aircraft might come over, perhaps with paratroops this time.

But the problem that confronted the Skipper of that aeroplane was apparently insoluble. His machine was built to carry twenty-one people.

Twenty-two small children waited patiently on the airfield, and about seventy other people, many of them women.

Captain Charles Sharp, Chief Pilot and Operations Manager of the C.N.A.C., had stayed behind, like the commander of a stricken ship, to take this last load himself. He stared round at the people, the women with their drawn faces, the children frightened because their elders were frightened...

For no reason that anyone could see, he began to sort out the mob into groups of fat, medium and thin. His brain did swift and exact calculations with figures, as the gunfire throbbed on the hot air—figures on which everyone's lives depended.

He was working out the approximate weights of the passengers. When you overload an aeroplane, you can't put people in like you put them in a crowded bus. For the aircraft has to be trimmed so that it maintains flying stability and keeps an even keel.

Seventy-four passengers aboard. Sharp had still to take his place at the controls. He walked around, admiring his handiwork. Those who were left behind began to melt away. They had to think how they could get to India on foot.

All over again. "Sorry," Sharp said. "She won't trim. You'll have to go forward. Change places with that fellow there. And you. Yes—that's right."

The aeroplane spewed out people, and took them all in again in a different order. At last the pilot was satisfied.

He went forward and sat down in his place. His hands flitted over the controls. The passengers felt the big machine quivering, like a thing imbued with life of its own and gathering its strength to soar.

They did not know what Sharp knew—that to get them off the ground at all, he would have to push the engine revs, far above the safety maximum, and force the manifold pressure clear beyond the danger-line.

They trusted that hard-faced pilot absolutely, never dreaming that he was trying to do a thing the designer of that machine would have said was just impossible.

She gathered her strength, and the motors thundered to a tune they had never known. No one but a madman—or a man inspired—would have dared to sit behind them when they sang that note...

Still the aircraft did not move.

And then it began to move. It wobbled forward slowly, then faster. A huge black blot of a bomb crater slid past like an inky splash beneath one wing, and the aircraft tilted a little as the wheels rode over some rubble at the edge.

Throttles Wide. Only Sharp knew that another foot of tilt would have dug a wing into the ground and sent the machine spinning round in a flaming circle of burning petrol and ruin.

The end of the runway approached, and the machine was not airborne. No chance to stop now...

Give her the gun, by God!

She ploughs on, gets her wheels off the ground, heads dead at some trees with throttles wide and no man on earth able to do any more.

Back to the airfield, spectators are screaming at the impending tragedy.

And then she is over, her wheels cutting away boughs from the treetops. She won't rise, but there is no other obstacle immediately in her path. She roared on.

Sharp, at the controls, shakes the sweat out of his eyes, and licks his lower lip. It is bleeding freely, where his teeth

had gripped it.

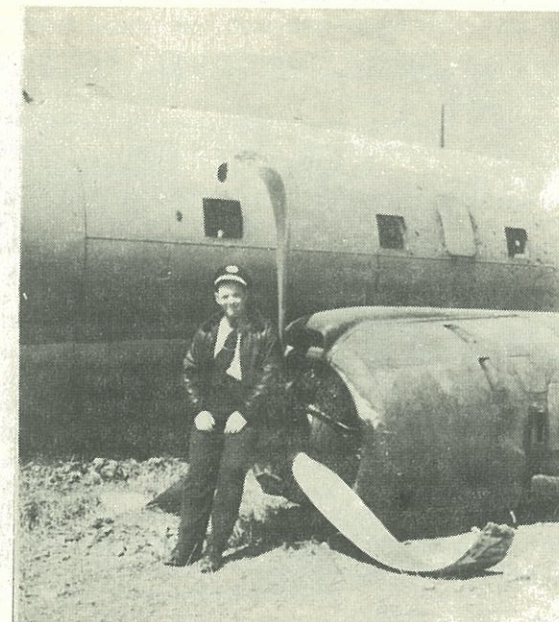
Behind him, a child laughs with glee.

Seventy-four passengers instead of a maximum of twenty-one. Will she keep up? Will she be spotted by a Jap fighter? Will bad weather develop, because in that case everyone aboard is for the high jump!

There were still air experts in Britain and America who say that flight could not have been made. But it was made!

Sharp got his machine safely to India, found an aerodrome, and brought the aircraft down, overloaded as it was, in a perfect landing, after flying over some of the worst mountains in the world.

The courage and faith of this man achieved the impossible.



Joe Hardin displays his handiwork at Hankow.



Bathing facilities on tiger hunt.



"Doc" Richards, Boris, and Chuck Sharp on tiger hunt.

**THE HUMP:
THE HISTORIC AIRWAY TO CHINA WAS CREATED BY U.S.
HEROES**
by Theodore White

As Allied victories open up easier airways to China, the Hump is becoming history. Theodore White, who heads TIME and LIFE's Chungking Bureau, knows the Hump's history and danger at first hand. He lived with the fliers who opened the Hump route in the spring of 1942, has flown it at least FIVE TIMES. This year White received a medal "for meritorious action." Citation mentions his "courage and bravery" on eight dangerous missions, including first raids on Hong Kong, and attacks on Formosa, Lashio and Hainan Islands. At 29, White is the dean of Chungking's war correspondents.

* * * *

The "Hump" is a line drawn across the eastern Himalayas and the forests of Burma by American blood and courage. It is a sky road 525 miles long that is flown by CNAC and the Air Transport Command carrying cargo from China to India. Born out of confusion and chaos, it barnstormed its way to maturity and now performs its missions with a streamlined efficiency that has profound significance to the post war world. It has, above all, kept China alive.

The Hump has carried more tons of cargo over a given route than any aviation operation since the Wright Brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk. Between CNAC and the ATC it flies more planes than any civilian airline the world has yet known and it flies them over the most rugged terrain in the world. It does so with a fraction of any rival's service facilities. Its operational losses, which are higher than those of any other noncombat aviation unit in World War II, have exceeded those of many combat units. It flew unarmed during the most dangerous days, through marauding Japanese airpower. It carried the load during every hour of the day and night, halting only when the weather was so bad that "even the birds were grounded."

From the bases in Assam, in northeastern India, the

planes take off and fly for a few minutes on a course slightly north of east. Rice paddies, tea plantations and jungle thickets slip by beneath them, growing denser and denser until they meet in brilliant green carpet that rolls to the edge of the hills. The hills pucker and crumble up from under the jungle, and then are slashed quickly with white rock scars. The scars grow sharper and soon the scars are mountains, the great terrifying spurs of the Himalayas that reach like knuckled fingers to the south.

When the pilot leaves Assam he has a number of alternate routes, depending on weather, darkness or enemy activity. Should he choose the regular route from upper Assam to the Yunnanese plateau he first crosses Mishmis Hills—little things running between 12,000 and 14,000 feet high. Then he sweeps over the Hukwang valley and the Ledo Road, then over Fort Hertz and the yellow-brown meadows of the upper Irrawaddy. Ahead is the Kaolikung range that lifts in spots to 15,000 feet before it drops to the cavernous gorge of the Salween. After the Salween comes the "big hump" itself, the great watershed that separates the Salween from the Mekong. This requires delicate flying for a pilot veering too far north encounters mountains that reach to 20,000 feet. Once clear, he flies on until Tali Lake, a long, shining fingerling by day and a glowing, reflecting pool by night, guides him toward a plate of eggs and a cup of coffee at any one of the fields on the Yunnanese plateau, a mere 6,000 feet above sea level.

With the Japs now driven from Myitkyina and Allied toops pressing to the south where the mountains are lower, the planes will find better flying. The average monthly tonnage is now incomparably higher than the average carried by truck over the Burma Road which, as a matter of fact, carried a large proportion of civilian and commercial goods of relatively little value. With the present imminent reopening the land route to China, the Hump will handle relatively lighter, high-priority cargoes. But streamlined and equipped with a few amenities—even carrying lighter loads—the Hump still remains a skyway over hell, a great and long-censored chapter in American history.

The exact origins of the Hump run are lost in the confusion of our entry into the war. The China National Aviation Corp. made a test flight in 1941. Then the Allied collapse in Burma in the spring of 1942 isolated China and suddenly gave the establishment of regular air service between India and China the highest war priority on the Asiatic continent. But not even Brig. General William Donald Old, the first U.S. Army pilot to make the run, remembers whether it was April 9 or 10 in 1942 when he first marked SUPERSECRET and SPECIAL RUSH—it was gasoline to refuel the Doolittle planes in China after they bombed Tokyo.

The Hump was flown without weather reports, navigation aids, adequate fields, ground transportation or radio. The pilots took off on instruments, flew by compass, let down by calculated flying time. The Japs were in the air constantly. The only protection the Hump had was two P-40's loaned by Chennalut and two P-43's loaned by the Chinese air force.

The new Curtiss C-46—a twin-engine, big-bellied, ugly workship, was added to the fleet. It was just beginning to come from the assembly line in the U.S., but the need for it was so great that it was rushed to Assam before the bugs had been taken out. There was no time for routine test flying to build up a backlog of pilot experience and a knowledge of spare-part requirements. The planes came out factory-fresh and were test flown in actual operation under conditions no other plane in aviation history has had to meet. They were subjected to all the climatic conditions of India and the Hump—dust, excessive heat, flight with maximum loads at higher than maximum serviceable altitudes. Some of the men flying them were youngsters whose experience in many instances would not qualify them for a copilot's job on an American airline. Critical parts began to give way all at once, at rates which no previous experience could have forecast. Men died in the air and on the ground learning about the ship, ironing out its weaknesses, beating out a body of experience in the presence of overpowering military emergency.

Fighting men, diplomats and jeeps, bombs, trucks, ambulances—anything that can be broken down into four-ton

units—have gone over the Hump. Heaters were removed from the planes to save weight and in winter temperatures in the aluminum shells dropped as low as 20° to 40° below zero. Ice can build up so rapidly on the wings that within five minutes a plane loses all flying capacity and drops like a rock into the jungle. In summer there were monsoons—black, solid masses of rain and wind that flick a plane about as if it were a feather. There are convection and thermal currents that send the instruments into crazy spins. The indicated rate of descent may be 1,500 feet a minute going down when the altimeter shows 1,500 feet going up. A pilot may be putting his plane down as hard as he can and the wind and clouds will be sending it up twice as fast as he is descending; or vice versa, which is worse. In addition there are Jap fighters, fewer now than before but still a threat, for there is no aerial barricade in the world that can prevent a long sniper from shipping through.

Escapes and legends

Living like dogs and flying like fiends, the Hump pilots have acquired a style of their own. They have the same sense of superiority over pursuit pilots that a Brooklyn truck driver feels over a liveried chauffeur in Manhattan. "What the hell?" they say. "A pursuit pilot has six 50-cal. guns in front of him and 400 mph in his engine. We fly the same country with a pistol and a tommy gun." They tell stories that are a part of the Hump legend—how in the early days some of the boys took off and bombed Hanoi with old fragmentation bombs they fused themselves and pitched out from the DC-3's side doors by hand.

Casualties among Hump pilots have been high but the strain of keeping the operation going is not limited to air personnel. All men assigned to the Hump, including service of supply men responsible for the monumental task of bringing in and dispersing ground stores at the take-off bases, are subject to mental as well as physical hazards. These men are plagued by Assam's summer heat and malarial mosquitoes. Sweat drips down from their chins onto their desks and their reports.

It has only been natural that under such conditions some men have cracked. When they do they are declared to be "Hump happy," a phrase loosely used to describe any number of neurasthenic disorders. Sometimes pilots have just operational fatigue from too much flying, too little eating or sleeping. For such cases a furlough or a trip home is prescribed. At other times two or three trips over the Hump crack a pilot's adjustment mechanism. In these cases stern measures are necessary. It is impossible to let a flier off if he quits after one or two flights while other men are being ordered out on the same run day after day. The Hump requires tough men.

Such men as these and score of others in big and little jobs have kept the Hump going. Yet the spirit of all the men is the most important thing. Some crack but most of them sweat it out, lean, homesick, malarial, tough. They have acquired a certain grace in the face of danger that comes from practice at keeping their heads when trouble shows. Theirs is the old, rugged strength of America's early pioneers and, 12,000 miles from home, their spirit blazes in the deeds they do and the songs they sing. They have one *Casey Jones* ditty which captures their flavor:

*It was Sunday morning and it looked like rain,
Around the mountain came an aeroplane;
Her carburetor busted and her manifold split,
The copilot gulped and the captain spit.
Cockpit Joe was comin' round the mauntain,
Cockpit Joe was goin' to town,
Cockpit Joe was comin' round the mauntain
When the starboard engine she done let him down.*

These Hump men fight the Japanese, the jungle, the mountains and the monsoons all day and all night, every day and every night the year round. The only world they know is planes. They never stop hearing them, flying them, patching them, cursing them. Yet they never get tired of watching the planes go out to China.



Likiang Mountain — good check point.



Hump scene.

CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION
DUM DUM AERODROME
CALCUTTA, INDIA

LETTER No. B111-44

April 19, 1944

Mr. H. M. Bixby
Pan American Airways
Chrysler Building
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Bixby:

I refer to your letter No. B118-44 in which you ask for details on CNAC's pioneering work for the operation of the service between India and China.

Our efforts on this went back to several years ago. Our attention was first drawn to the possible needs of this service when the Japs occupied Indo-China and stopped the railroad service between Indo-China and China.

In November 1940, Captain H. L. Woods as Pilot, F. L. Higgs as copilot and radio operation Joe Loh and myself started from Lashio, flew north to Myitkyina, where there was no airport at that time, and then continued northeast to Likiang. From there we flew to Sichong, from there to Suifu and from there to Chungking. This flight was made non-stop in a DC-2. We had no radio enroute except at Suifu. It did not look very encouraging. I later took it up with the Governor of Burma, in fact two Governors of Burma, Sir Alexander Cochrane and Sir Dorman-Smith, and through their efforts the field at Myitkyina was built. This field was of the utmost importance during the evacuation from Burma. The Japanese now have it but are able to get very little use of it. It will later be extremely valuable to the Allies.

In the summer of 1941, while I was home on leave, I drew up a plan for flying freight from India into China based on

the Burma Road being cut, or intercepted in some way. This was presented to the United States Government through China Defense Supplies. We also started urging on the Chinese Government the importance of being prepared to operate a service from China to India. As a result of this I was authorized by the Chinese Government to proceed to India to discuss with the Indian Government the idea of such a service.

In January of 1941, Captain C. L. Sharp, copilot Frank Higgs, radio operator Joe Loh and myself flew from Chungking to Kunming, to Lashio, to Chittagong, to Calcutta, surveying this proposed route. We then proceeded to New Delhi where we discussed the matter with the Indian Government. There were no immediate results of this conference but we did discuss the idea of obtaining all the necessary information and met the proper government officials in charge of such things. It is probable, that as a result of this conference, the airport at Dinjan was built. At that time there were no airports in northeast India.

In November 1941, the situation became critical and it was obvious that trouble was coming. Captain Sharp, Copilot DeKantzow, radio operator Joe Loh, and myself started from Lashio, flew north over Myitkyina where work on the new field was progressing and continued to Dinjan, where we landed on the new field, then not completed, and spent the night. Dinjan being close to the terminus of the railroad running to northeast India. We took with us on this flight eight RAF officers who had just come up from Singapore for the purpose of looking over the country with the idea, we understood, of establishing a British Air Force in China similar to the AVG. We also had with us two British highway engineers who were to make an aerial survey over this road to obtain some idea as to the best location for a highway running from Assam to China. To aid in this mission, we covered considerable area along this route. We landed at Likiang and later took off and flew to Kunming.

When the Pacific War broke out in December 1941, CNAC made its last flight out of Hong Kong on December 10th 1941. We made our first regular flight from Chungking to

Calcutta on December 20th. From that date until now we have made regular flights from China to India. When we arrived in Calcutta on this flight, we were met at the airport by a Mr. Frederick Tymms, now Sir Frederick, who was the Director of Civil Aviation in India. He is now a member for communications on the Viceroy's Council. Sir Frederick gave us one hundred percent cooperation and support, and in fact turned everything in the airport over to us.

Shortly after the fall of Malaya and the invasion of Burma began, I sent a telegram to Dr. T. V. Soong in Washington, proposing a freight air service from Dinjan to Myitkyina whereby supplies would come up the railroad to Mandalay and up to Lashio, thus keeping the Burma Road open in case Rangoon was blockaded. In my message, I stated that as much cargo could be flown this way that was then being transported in over the Burma Road. Unfortunately; however, not only was Rangoon blockaded but Mandalay was occupied and so was Lashio and so was Myitkyina, and we found ourselves holding the bag since we had stated that supplies could flown in from India. So we had to consider the idea of regular flights from Dinjan to Kunming. At the moment we could do nothing about it as we had only three planes.

Shortly, thereafter, we began to get airplanes but the fall of Burma had started and all our efforts had to be diverted to the evacuation. It was not until June 1942 that we could make serious efforts towards flying the "Hump." However, we did establish a base in Dinjan in April, 1942, and began to make all necessary preparations for such a service so that when the evacuation of Burma was completed we would give our undivided attention to this work.

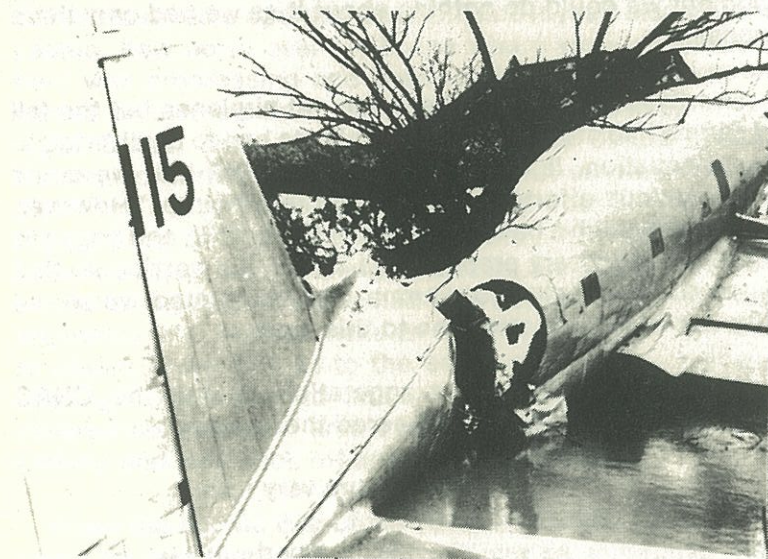
We believe it is not exaggeration to say the CNAC originated this idea and pioneered the service.

Yours very truly,

W. L. Bond



Jim Maupin — (Hidden) Lad Moore
Art Chin & Chuck Sims — Shanghai.



Pilot Rolf Preuse. "Black X-Mas" Eve, 1946 at Lunghwa.

PICTURE STORY By Fred Pittinger

This next series of pictures is the story of the fatal crash of Bob Pappijack that occurred early in 1947 to the south of Hankow. And—following the crash, the rescue by Red Holmes & Doc Hoey of the only survivor, a four year old boy.

The C-46 apparently "blew a jug" on the left engine. The engine caught on fire and the fire progressed back into the wing and front spar.

The left wing tore off and the plane came down in a flat "maple leaf" spin. Before the plane hit the ground, the four year old's mother with the boy in her arms was either thrown out by the centrifugal force of the spin or she jumped. In any respect, she was found some distance from the plane. She was killed but the boy was alive.

Chinese farmers took him to a Catholic priest, Father McCaffery, who luckily had a small church nearby. Father McCaffery had been there some 17 years (as I remember).

I've forgotten what injuries the boy suffered but nothing permanent. Some broken bones and generally beat up as would be expected.

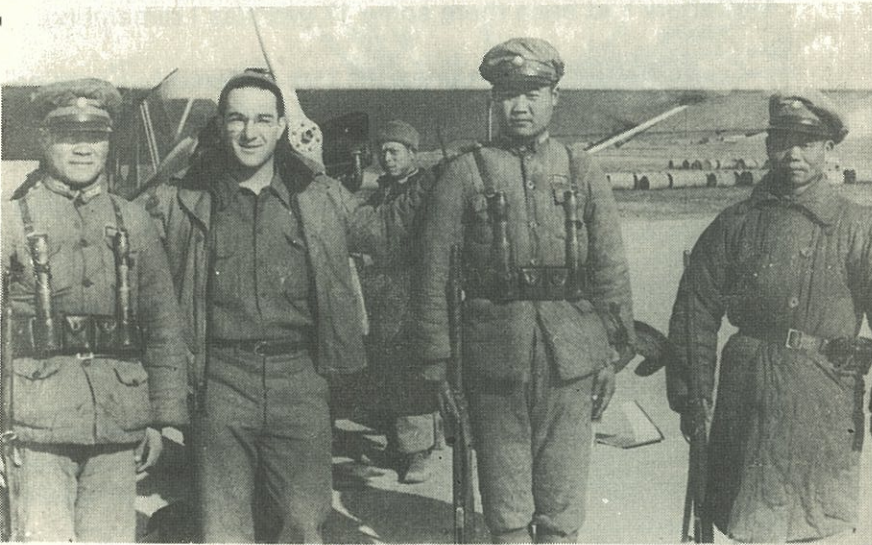
The child of a missionary father and mother—both killed in the crash.

I do not remember how the crash was reported. I was in Shanghai and was told that Bob McGinty and I were to see to dismantling our CNAC Cub and to stow it on board a C-46.

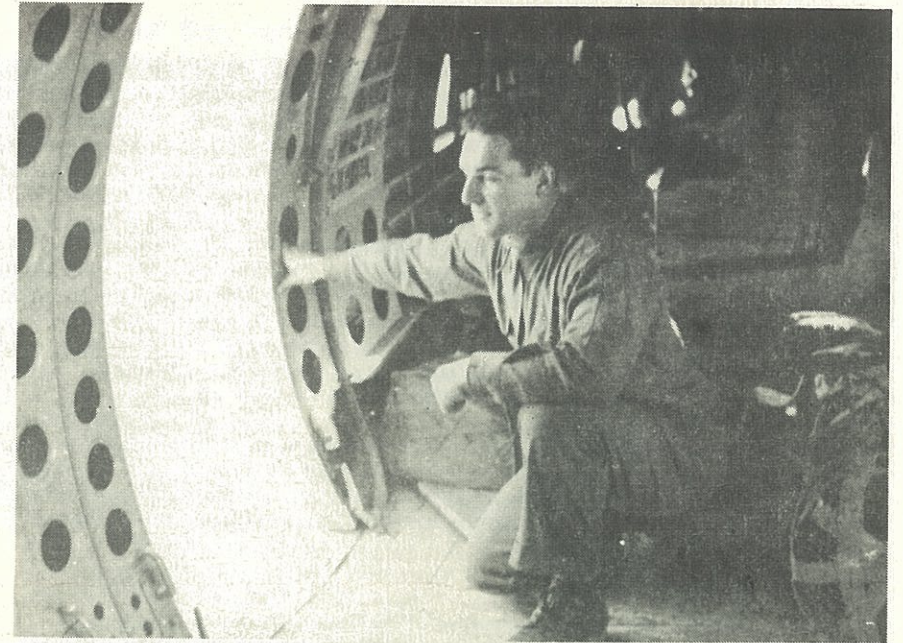
We (McGinty, Red Holmes and I) then flew in a C-46 to the crash site to verify that Red and Doc Hoey could have a good chance to pick up the child and to be able to take off again.



Picture No. 1 Bob Mc Ginty and myself.



No. 2 Chinese Guards and me.



No. 3 Me looking out C-46 doorway at crash site.

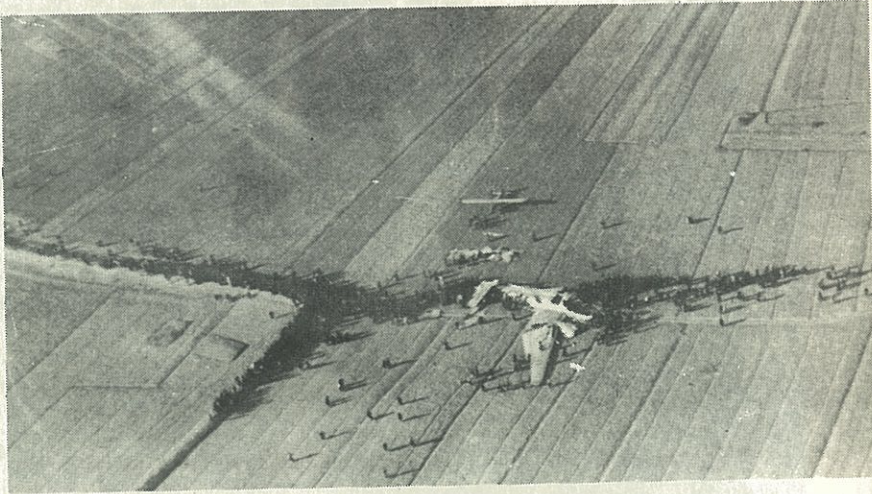
Note: It was **my** camera so there are more pictures of me than the "heroes".

4—The crash site. The C-46 is missing the left wing. The wing was in a river approx. one half mile or more from the fuselage.

Just above the C-46 are the bodies laid out on the ground so we could count them. (I've forgotten how many)

Directly above the bodies is the cub with Red and Doc Hoey landing. The black mass and spots are hundreds of Chinese.

It has never failed to amaze me how a deserted area can suddenly produce thousands of people almost instantaneously.



No. 5 The cub is to say the least, surrounded with hundreds of local people. Red was sure that some would be hit by the prop before it stopped turning or that the plane would be damaged by the press of people. Happily neither occurred.

Red and Doc went to the church, met father McCaffery and picked up the child.

After a lot of yelling etc. people did clear away from the plane and they took off and flew to Hankow.



No. 6 Hankow. Red, Doc and child after return to Hankow.



No. 7 An investigation "board" was set up consisting in part of our chief pilot and operations manager Bill McDonald, Major Wong of the newly formed Chinese FAA and myself as chief inspector. we set out "cross country" to the crash site, there were no roads.



No. 8 A make-shift, hand poled ferry got us and our weapons carrier across the river at Hankow. We drove down an old railroad grade as far as we could.



No. 9 Father McCaffery and his church



No. 10 and 11 The fuselage. The pictures show how flat the plane crushed by coming down flat.

We walked

We went down a river by boat

We walked

As I recall, it took us almost a week to get to the crash site.

We checked the left wing and engine and determined as originally stated that the cause of the crash was an engine fire.

Obviously the pilot, crew and passengers just didn't have a chance. This type of fire happened so fast that the pilot could not land before the wing failed.

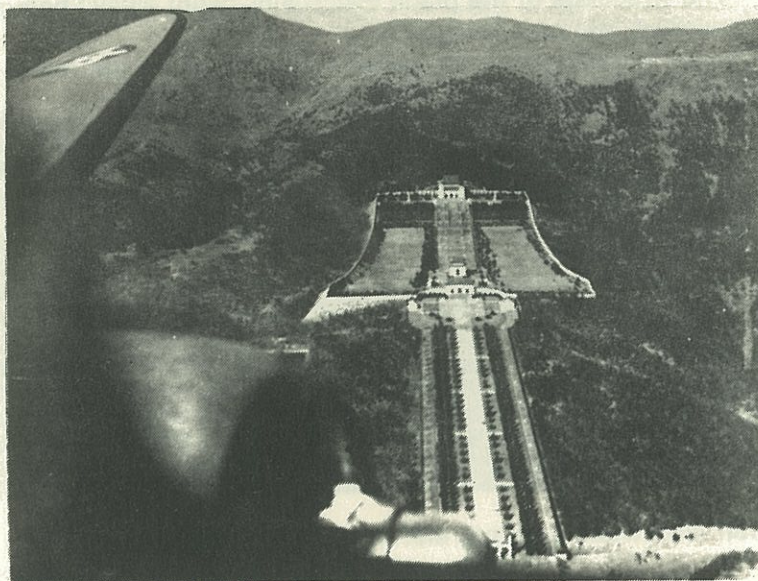
McDonald, Major Wong and I slept in schools and private homes and public buildings where ever we could. We ate where ever we could find somebody to feed us. The only problem I had was to bring back a good supply of body lice. The DDT powder treatment got rid of the lice.

The wreckage of the plane eventually "went away" being converted into pots and pans. The child recovered and I believe was raised by his grandparents.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of the "child", Now approaching 45 years of age, I could send him a set of these pictures.



Road thru outer and inner gates-Kunming



Sun Yat Sen's Tomb near Nanking.

CNAC FLIES THE HUMP Management's Problems

Most of the stories printed in 'Wings Over Asia' tell of some personal experiences, or special feats of staff and flight personnel.

Through "Link" Laughlin, and some relatives of H. L. Woods, we have come into possession of "Woody's" files from the Dinjan operation. These are especially concerned with management's efforts and problems to keep CNAC on an even keel. Most correspondence is between Woods and Bond and some of the highlights are incorporated into this report.

As early as July, 1942, it seemed that General Bissell was complaining about CNAC, causing Bond to write this letter.

Dear General Bissell,

I refer to our several conversations regarding transportation of urgently needed personnel and cargo for the U. S. Army from Dinjan to Kunming.

I have a letter today from Chief Pilot Woods at Dinjan, dated July 6th, in which he informs me that he made one trip on this mission carrying 14 men and their equipment. He also stated that he had just been informed that there were three more plane loads ready to go which he would get off that day, weather permitting.

I bring this to your attention to show, first, that CNAC is moving this cargo and personnel with all despatch possible; and, second, that this very urgently needed cargo and personnel are apparently not arriving in Dinjan as rapidly as was first anticipated.

Again assuring you of our every desire to do all in our power to assist and cooperate with you and the U.S. armed forces, I beg to remain.

Yours very sincerely,
W.L. Bond
Vice President
China National Aviation Corporation

Paperwork becomes a prime concern in the operation, as noted in this letter to CNAC in Kunming from the Service of Supply, United States Army Forces in India, Burma, and China, dated July 24, 1942, which stated:

1. Information is requested as to the status of traffic under this contract (CNAC-US Army Contract dated July 6, 1942) as of midnight July 24, i.e, how many contract flights have come into Kunming and the total load carried and how many contract flights have departed from Kunming and the load carried. It is also requested that a detailed list be supplied giving date, plane number and load carried of each contract flight in and out of Kunming.

2. . . . a prompt reply would be greatly appreciated. It is desired to have this information by July 25th at the latest.

For the Commanding Officer
Robert J. Belknap
1st Lt. Inf.
Adjutant

Some of the problems Woods was encountering in setting up the CNAC operation Dinjan are mentioned in his letter to Bond on August 4, 1942.

Dear Bondy,

I have been laid up last several days with Bacillus Dysentary, but seem to have the bugs under control now. I hope the report reached you in time and while I know it was not entirely satisfactory, perhaps it will suffice. Our system of keeping records has not yet been organized the way I would like to have it but I am confident that a considerable improvement will be made this month. I would like to call your attention to the fact that we operated 31 days during the month of July.

The facilities that I expected to obtain around that first day of August have not materialized. So far I have been able to secure only one office on the airport and have moved Shen of BD1 into it. Work has started today on the construction of a 5-room bamboo building near the end of the runway and should be completed in about a week's time. I will have to make this do as office headquarters until the RAF moves off the airport. As yet we have been unable to obtain the

bungalow near the radio station to house the radio personnel, but I still expect to get it eventually. Our bungalow is packed to capacity. Miss Major and I have secured rooms in Mr. Hodson's bungalow and there are between ten and twelve occupying the foreign staff's bungalow.

Refueling planes still constitutes a major problem. The RAF tank wagons have broken down and we have to depend upon ourselves entirely. I have borrowed a truck with a 500-gallon tank from Major Byroad of SOS temporarily, which we have put into service carrying gasoline from Tinsukia to the airport where we fill our 50-gallon drums and refuel the planes from them. This was obtained on the agreement that we would also be able to get from 1000 to 1500 gallons per day delivered by CBTA trucks from Tinsukia. We are also filling 50-gallon drums on the aerodrome from the Assam Oil Company tanks but this is very slow and tedious process and the maximum daily capacity is only about 20 to 25 drums. When you realize we are using from 3000 to 5000 gallons of gasoline per day and all of it has to be pumped one or two times by hand, you will realize what an item this is.

The cargo situation here is rather confusing. It appears there are a considerable number of bank notes, NRA and COAA cargo available in Dibrugarh. CBTA complains of lack of trucks. We can fill in several trips with our own cargo, namely, gas and oil, if there is any holdup on delivery by CBTA.

Effective August 1st we reduced our gas minimum from 822 to 775 gallons and are carrying two 53-gallon drums of gasoline in the cabin which we are laying down in Kunming. One of these drums is the approximate amount we are leaving out of the tanks and the other is being carried as an overload. You will see from this that in addition to our regular 1600 kilos payload we are laying down 100 gallons of gasoline in Kunming per trip providing the pilot does not consider it necessary to take on any gasoline in Kunming, which so far has not materialized.

Sharp has some new ideas on loads which he obtained

from the Douglas representative. It seems that they recommend using higher RPM than we have hitherto used. Higgs passed through today on a test run to determine if this is practicable. While I am entirely open-minded and will put any practice into effect that proves satisfactory, I am somewhat skeptical as to the practicability of the operation due to the increased wear on the engines and the sacrifice of single engine performance.

The AVG boys are coming along fairly well but they are a cocky bunch and I may have to beat some brains out before it is all over. I expect to be able to turn four of them loose sometime around the 15th of this month.

Sincerely,

H.L. Woods

The reference to the AVG pilots caused Bondy to write the following letter to Chuck Sharp:

Dear Chuck,

I have a letter from Woodie in which he states that the AVG pilots are progressing very well but that some of them are very cocky. This has been one of my greatest concerns in respect of the AVG pilots. I have only the greatest respect and admiration for them and what they have accomplished. In their past work it has been necessary for them to be cocky, reckless and completely indifferent to the results. They are now faced with a transition from military flying to commercial flying and it is going to take considerable care and supervision on our part to see that they are properly mentally readjusted. The importance of this cannot be over estimated.

I hoped to be able to get to Calcutta and have an opportunity of talking to these new men along this line. If they are not properly readjusted, the results inevitably will be the death of some of them. I want you to use careful supervision, patience and persistence in handling this matter. But as you find that some of these men are not making the proper effort to readjust themselves to our work, in justice to them and in order to impress the importance of this on the other men, I want you to let them go. I say this in all

friendliness and in sincere respect for the AVG men, but I am completely in earnest. I would far prefer to see CNAC fly one plane properly than to have couple of hundred flown around in a reckless manner, and see the pilots handle themselves on the ground in the same way.

Sincerely yours,

W.L. Bond

When Sharp received the above letter, he sent a copy to Woodie, on which he penciled the following hand written note:

Woodie,

Please inform all the new men accordingly and advise. I personally think you must be getting old. We were exactly the same when we came out. I can see no need for Bond to worry about it.

C.L.S.

On August 6, 1942, Bond's answer to Woodie, contained the following:

Dear Woodie,

Regarding overloading, I am 100% in agreement with you. The representative of the Douglas Factory is a very able technician but he doesn't have our experience and knowledge of airline operations. If you increase the power of your engine 20%k, you probably increase your carrying capacity about 5% and the wear and tear on the engine about 40%. Under present conditions it doesn't appear to me to be wise to increase the wear and tear on engines 40% for a 5% increase in load. I am writing Sharp to this effect.

One of the things I particularly wish to caution you and Sharp about is the fact that the AVG boys are a very cocky bunch. In military flying such an attitude and such complete indifference to the results are encouraged. They are now going through a very difficult transition. If it becomes necessary to dismiss many of these men because they can-

not acquire the attitudes so vital to our work, I want such dismissals done without hesitation and I shall consider it gross inefficiency and weakness on the part of any responsible member of the Operations Department who tolerates such an attitude beyond a reasonable and patient effort to train these men in our line of work. I have the outmost admiration for the AVG men, but it is up to us to see that they become airline pilots. If some of them should be killed through carelessness or cockyness on their part, then it will be our fault.

Sincerely yours,

W.L. Bond

On September 1, 1942, Woods sent the following letter to Bond and Sharp, reporting on the progress at Dinjan:

Weier returned from Kunming Sunday, worked Monday and today reported ill again. He has requested passage to Calcutta in order to get a specialist to work on his back which was strained while doing some heavy lifting around the field. We need a replacement at once. I suggested Sol contact him on arrival and discuss our needs with him.

The U.S. Ferry Command have moved their equipment off Dinjan Field and are operating completely from Chabua. This has released considerable RAF refueling equipment for our use. Refueling is no longer the bottleneck here.

I estimate that with additional staff as will be requested by Weier we can double our operations out of Dinjan. It is requested that you give due consideration to Weier's suggestions even though additional equipment is not sent up here for operation.

Being way out in the jungles of Assam made food a serious consideration as pointed out by Woodie's letter to Bond written on September 16, 1942. Its contents follow:

In a recent discussion with Mr. Hodson and several other residents of this district the subject of increasing the

acreage of truck gardens on each Tea Estate was brought up.

Due to the tremendous increase in population in this district it is imperative that as much food be grown locally as possible. All the local people are willing and anxious to provide as many garden vegetables as possible but an extensive survey has disclosed that seeds are unavailable. I volunteered to bring this matter to your attention with the thought in mind that perhaps you might be able to do something to assist. If anything is to be done about this, it will have to be done immediately as due to the comparatively short dry season vegetable planting must be done within the next thirty days.

Would it be practical for you to handle the matter through New York and endeavor to get possibly 200 pounds of garden seed shipped out by air on some plane being ferried to India? A couple of hundred pounds of garden seed would eliminate the necessity of importing many thousands of pounds of vegetables, and there is the possibility that they will not be available. Here with a list of vegetables which can be grown successfully in this area and which I consider quite impressive: Beans (Dwarf-Runner-French) Brussel Sprouts, Lettuce (All varieties), Vegetable Marrow, Onion (Spring), Water Cress, Artichokes (Globe Jerusalem), Kohlrabi, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Spinach, Radishes, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Beets, Peas, Pumpkin, Watermelon, Parsnips, Parsley, Celery, Carrots, Turnips, Rhubarb.

This is a very worthy cause which I am sure you will agree everything should be done to promote. Would greatly appreciate being kept advised as to your progress.

Those AVG pilots who started to work for CNAC, before going back to the States, were promised a vacation as soon as it could be arranged. Mr. Bond's letter, of September 18, 1942, to Mr. H.M. Bixby, of Pan Am shows the form in which this was being carried out.

Dear Mr. Bixby,

This will introduce Mr. Hedman, formerly with the AVG

but now flying for CNAC. Since being with CNAC his work has been excellent in every way.

We are sending him back to the States for a short visit with his family and to ferry back to China or India, or any other point, any plane available. As soon as he has completed his vacation he will get in touch with you. We would then like for steps to be taken to see that he is given a plane to ferry back with as little delay as possible.

Anything that you can do to make his trip to the States pleasant and successful will be personally appreciated. If possible, I would like for him to meet Mr. Priester and Mr. Kaufman.

All of our AVG pilots are doing splendidly. We are proud of them. We want them to have a good trip home and a quick trip back.

Sincerely, W.L. Bond

Official red tape, and the conflict of the military and civil authority also give rise to CNAC's problems, as pointed out in Woods letter to Bond on October 5, 1942, plus a bit of attention from the Japanese Air Force.

I have been extremely busy lately and have not had time to look after operations properly. I am expecting to move into the new field gradually, possibly starting today. Numerous difficulties have arisen, not the least of which I find is that I am not supposed to move until the Director of Civil Aeronautics, India, and the Customs have declared the new strip a port of entry.

I am trying to handle this as expeditiously as possible, having secured a letter from the Military Authorities to the effect that I was ordered to move and have made arrangements with the local customs people which are apparently agreeable to them. If any further questions arise, I will be obligated to secure a letter from the Military Authorities ordering me to carry out my plan as outlined, in which case I don't believe the civil authorities can do very much about it. I will endeavor to handle this as diplomatically and tactfully



Oliver Glenn



Loane with hill tribesmen visiting CNAC Dinjan Hotel.

as possible in order to avoid any repercussions.

The Japs have been extremely active; the last three or four days they have been over three and four times a day with reconnaissance cruising about at an altitude of 30,000 feet, which is too high for anything we have locally to reach them. General Chennault sent down an urgent message yesterday to the effect that he had received information that the Japs were planning a large scale air attack on this area. I am endeavoring to arrange operations to avoid ships being on the ground during the middle of the day, especially at Dinjan. The freight planes will all base on this end temporarily and depart at daylight and arrive back late in the evening. The regular schedule is the only one I am greatly concerned about as I can see no way but to have it continue as at present which puts it here at a very dangerous time. This is the plane I want to bring in to the new dispersal strip which offers a small amount of concealment.

I consider this new dispersal strip much safer as undoubtedly the first Japanese objective will be military fields and should the attack start, we will have at least enough warning to get the personnel out of danger. Regret there is insufficient time to go into greater detail.

Hastily,

H.L. Woods

Traffic and training can also cause problems. Woods' letter to Bond on October 13, 1942, points that out.

Yesterday, October 12th, Captains Dean and Groh departed from Calcutta very late in the afternoon which caused Dean to land just at dusk and Groh was forced to make a night landing. Neither of these men have been qualified for night landings. This is a very hazardous procedure for these inexperienced men.

I have instructed pilots leaving Kunming that they are for the present to time arrival here in order to land between 4:30 and 5:15 p.m., Indian Standard Time. I want them to be here at least 45 minutes before sunset as occasionally we have a severe thunder storm in this area in the evening which might

hold them out half an hour.

I strongly recommended that unless an experienced man is the Captain that One PM IST be the absolute deadline for departure from Calcutta. Delays often occur which cannot be anticipated such as last night we had eight planes arrive here, plus seven B-24s, all circling endeavoring to land at the same time. It will not take much imagination to picture the confusion, especially as it was already dusk before the last six or eight planes landed.

The first plane crash, associated with the Hump operation occurred on October 10th. Now CNAC is operating out of both Dinjan and Balijan. Woodie discusses some of the problems in his letter to Bond, October 14, 1942.

I have made up a report on the accident to Plane 52 with what information I have available. It is extremely regrettable that this had to occur, especially in view of numerous precautions we have taken to try to avoid accidents of this kind. On August 20th I wrote a bulletin for the Flight Manual under my file D-90-M quoting a memo I had received from Captain W.C. McDonald stating that Captain Hodges nearly took off at Kunming with the elevator control block in place. I believe you will find this letter in the Calcutta Flight Bulletin.

I have no alternative but to accept the responsibility for this, but due to the fact that I can only be at one place at one time and, not having sufficient competent help, my duties often require my absence from the field for considerable lengths of time. Due to the nature of our operations at the present time, we require part of our staff to be on duty from 4 a.m. in the morning and it is often midnight before the planes are refueled and serviced for the next day's trip. While it is, of course, similar to locking the stables after the horses have been stolen, you may rest assured that hereafter there will always be a competent man in attendance on the field when there is any flying going on. As stated in my report, my parting words to these pilots were form them to make certain all control blocks and landing gear pins were removed and for them to turn the propellers over at least two complete revolutions before starting the

engines. It certainly seems to me that any two men as experienced and competent as these two appeared to be would have checked an item like this before take off.

It is unfortunate that we have had to rush these AVG boys through their initial training so quickly. You will recall that McDonald, Higgs, Potts and several of the others spent at least six months as co-pilot with us before they were checked off as Captian, and yet they were probably more experienced when they joined us than new boys. I myself spent nearly three years flying on the right hand side of the cockpit. I don't think you will find mistakes of this nature will be made by men that have been given the thorough training which we would like to give. It is unnecessary to go into detail as to why they were rushed through as you are as familiar with them as I.

I am extremely sorry the opportunity did not present itself for you to spend a short time here before you went to Calcutta. There are numerous subjects which I wished to discuss with you, the main one being the taking over our strip by the Military. Apparently approval has come through from Delhi to the local military authorities to reimburse us for the expenditures for this strip which all goes together with the pending contract whereby the Army takes over the disposition of the space on our C-53s. The pressing part of this matter is the fact that part of the labor on this field is Tea Garden labor and Tea Garden labor is only supposed to be supplied to work designated as "Project Work." Each Garden has been requested to furnish a given number of laborers, depending upon the acreage of the Garden, for Project Work. I have been able so far to bluff my way through in getting these laborers from the Gardens. However, as long as we remain strictly commercial I am afraid I am going to be caught up with and the labor removed. The strip is now completed, of course, and is in service but the primary object in getting off of Dinjan, aside from orders I have received from the military, was to provide a place that offered some concealment to aircraft on the ground. This concealment is available here as soon as the jungle underneath the large trees is cleared away and this is the work in which the laborers are now engaged. The fact that we have not been



Elmer the Bear.



Bob Jenkins, Elmer the Bear and Ridge Hammell.

duly authorized as essential service has placed me in a precarious position on other matters, details of which are too involved to discuss by letter but do not consider them particularly urgent at the present.

The awkwardness and confusion caused by our equipment operating from Dinjan and Balijan Aerodromes is almost beyond description. Communications and transportation are major problems. We have had a telephone line installed to a tent on the new field but it has given us continuous trouble. You may wonder why I have not issued operations orders more promptly but it was due entirely to lack of communication. Messages were received sometimes as much as a day late. New operation difficulties are presenting themselves daily but I believe I can now see a bit of daylight.

I do not know how familiar you are with the rumor now circulating but General Chennault has informed General Haynes, who is now stationed here, that information has been received to the effect that the Japanese are contemplating rather large scale air attacks on this district in the immediate future. In order to secure the greatest amount of safety possible in case of air attack, I have divided the operations between the two fields as I consider Dinjan will be primary objective and expect the attack will come between the daylight hours. I have therefore endeavored to keep all our equipment off Dinjan during the day and use only Balijan where some concealment is available. On the other hand, I cannot move completely to Balijan as we do not have enough space cleared to handle all our airplanes and we still do not have our refueling sufficiently well organized to be able to handle all our equipment on Balijan. These are, of course, local problems and will be taken care of locally.

Referring to our correspondence regarding the empty drums recently shipped down from China, in the first place Mr. Mead of Standard-Vacuum is misinformed when he states there is an ample supply of drums in India. There is an extreme shortage. I need all these drums in order to lay down stocks of fuel on the new field. I fully realize that it was an expensive proposition to fly these drums down from

China but under the circumstances I had no alternative. I had to have drums and that was the only way I could get them. I am sure that if you were thoroughly familiar with local conditions you would have condoned this action.

I am starting a mess on the new field within the next few days. I have found no one competent to take over this work so Miss Major and myself will have to do it. You may rest assured that I am not taking this over with any thought of personal profit. I would gladly turn it over to any competent caterer as circumstances will necessitate myself open to criticism by running this mess and then necessarily instructing the personnel to use it. If you can figure out a solution to this I would be very grateful. I might add that I do not intend to take any loss on this, however.

I hope you can see your way clear to spend a short time here within the very near future. I would like for you to see what we have done and become more familiar with our problems. It would clarify a lot of things and explain my action and decisions in various matters

The following is Wood's report on the accident of plane 52:

On October 10th at approximately 2:30 p.m., IST, Plane 52, Captain Laughlin and First Officer Bartling, crashed about 800 yards Northeast of the corner of the Northeast end of Balijan Aerodrome. Shortly after crashing the plane caught fire and burned. Both pilots were injured and were rescued from the plane by an Indian Assistant to the Sub-Inspector of Police. The known facts pertaining to this crash are as follows:

Captain Laughlin had been scheduled for Kunming in Plane 55 that morning but had had his trip cancelled account motor trouble Plane 55. At about Two p.m. he and First Officer Bartling, on my instructions, proceeded to Balijan Aerodrome with the intention of Captain Laughlin checking First Officer Bartling on landings. I had ridden with First Officer Bartling two or three days previous and considered him competent to handle the plane alone but, as an added

precaution and due to the fact there was no co-pilot available, I requested Laughlin to ride with him.

My parting instructions before they left for the field were for them to make certain all control blocks and landing gear pins were removed and to turn each propellor over at least two revolutions by hand before starting the engines. They acknowledged these instructions. Mechanic Varness had informed me the morning of October 10th that Plane 52 was okay for landing practices. I did not accompany the two pilots to the field as I had other work to do and there were no other Company employees on the field as I did not consider it necessary.

At about three p.m. on this date I proceeded to the Balijan Aerodrome, saw a huge column of smoke and proceeded to investigate and found Plane 52 in flames and the two pilots lying nearby being attended by the Assistant to the Sub-Inspector of Police.

A cursory examination failed to disclose any cause for the accident but due to the intense heat, a close inspection could not be made. On the following afternoon two of our Chinese Mechanics, Mr. H.T. Ling and Mr. C.C. Woo, while making a close examination of the wreck, asserted they found the elevator control block in place on the elevator control, indicating it had not been removed prior to flight. The mechanics removed the control block and notified Mechanic Weier and myself. We immediately proceeded to the scene and the two Chinese Mechanics demonstrated to us how they had found the control block. I am reasonably convinced of the truth of their statement as a close inspection of the block disclosed the fact that it was burned on one side and not on the other, which would have occurred under the circumstances had it been in place. Furthermore, had the block been inside the cabin or baggage compartment, it would have been completely destroyed.

It must be presumed that the accident was due entirely to the fact that the elevator control block was in place at the time of the take-off.

Woods letter of October 17, 1942 to Bond tells of the injuries to Bartling and Laughlin.

With reference to your message 071016. I mentioned to Pilot Angle that it might be a good idea to have Dr. Richards come up here providing he could be spared from his work in Calcutta. Bartling and Laughlin are in the Army Hospital, which is very well equipped and I am convinced the staff of Doctors and Nurses are entirely competent. They are very fortunate that these facilities are available.

Laughlin will be ready to leave the hospital in five or six days but will be incapacitated for flying for a considerable time. He has a tendon cut on the back side of his middle finger, right hand, which will have to be in a splint for at least a month. The Doctor advises that he will remove the cast from his foot, in which a bone was dislocated, in about ten days. The Doctor also stated that there is a good chance that his foot will be fully recovered by that time, but there is a possibility that the bone will not stay in its socket, in which case he will be on crutches for two months longer.

Bartling's condition is much more serious. He has cracked vertebra in his neck, a broken bone in his shoulder and a double compound fracture of his left leg below the knee. His condition was rather critical for several days but the Doctors were very optimistic yesterday. He will be incapacitated for a minimum of two months and probably longer. From information I received at the hospital I believe it is safe to say that he is out of danger unless other complications such as infections, etc. develop.

My only reason for suggestion Dr. Richards to come up was for psychological purposes. All the boys have the greatest confidence in him and while I do not believe that he would be able to do any more than has been done already, I know the boys would be very glad to see him and if he could be spared conveniently, it would be a token of our interest in our personnel if he could come up, and would be greatly appreciated by the other AVG boys. I do not consider this of sufficient importance to take Dr. Richards away from his duties in Calcutta if they are pressing. Please use your own

judgement on this matter.

I will pass your message on to the boys this afternoon and I am sure it will help them a lot as they are very despondent. I wholly concur in your attitude towards this and am positive it will pay dividends with all the flying personnel as far as morale is concerned.

With winter flight conditions adding to the hazards of flying the Hump, CNAC inaugurates a system of trying to supply more weather information to the flight crews. Wood's letter to Bond on November 5, 1942 includes the following:

In your letter to Potts assigning him to Kunming you stated that he was to fly his regular number of hours and at the same time be stationed at Kunming. Due to our present operations practice whereby all the ships arrive here late in the evening and depart at dawn, Potts necessarily must spend the night at Balijan. I presume this is in accordance with your wishes.

I did not mean that Potts was dissatisfied with this assignment. His disposition is too placid for him to get very agitated. I am very pleased to have a man like him here making the trip daily and request that when his time is up that Leonard be sent up here to carry on. I have been having Potts take off first and supply whatever information he has to the younger men behind him such as reports on icing conditions, drift, etc. I would like to continue the practice of having a senior man make the trip daily.

Bond's letter to Woods, on November 4, 1942, questioning Sharkey's check-out was answered by Woods on November, 7, 1942. Both letters follow:

Dear Woodie,

I refer to today's flight report in which I notice that Copilot Sharkey has apparently been checked out and made his first flight. I am very glad to learn that Sharkey is doing so well. However, it is my understanding that at this time we probably have more pilots than we need, certainly during the period when we are unable to get sufficient gasoline in Dinjan to keep all of our planes in operation. The situation may

have changed.

I think there is no disagreement over the fact that the longer we are able to fly our new and younger pilots as copilots before checking them out, the less danger there is that there will be accidents. This, of course, does not apply to the older and proven pilots. It seems to me it particularly applies to all the young pilots that we have just got out. I have been over their records and I do not recall that any of them have had sufficient experience to warrant checking them out on the Dinjan-Kunming section so quickly, unless they are urgently needed.

As you know, I don't want to interfere in the details of your operations, as I have complete faith in your ability to handle it, but I am sure that you will agree with me that, as a matter of policy, my contention above is sound. Please be guided accordingly.

Dear Bond,

Referring to your memorandum of November 4th regarding check out of pilots, evidently the flight report that reached you was in error. Neither Sharkey nor any of the newer boys have been checked out as yet. I thoroughly agree with you that we should not rush them through and I had no intention of doing so unless we were desperately in need of pilots.

I would very much like to see a copy of their records. They will, of course, be checked out according to their ability but at the same time a study of their records would be helpful. Can you forward this?

Operations from Balijan airport were being badly hampered by the dust caused during the dry season. Bond's memorandum to Woods on December 29, 1943.

Dear Woodie,

I refer to our recent conversation regarding the difficulty that the dust on the Balijan field was causing. As you will recall, we finally decided that by using care we could largely overcome this dust until it was not a serious problem. Our decision was partly based on the fact that the Army authorities at Dinjan were not in favor of our moving over to the Din-

jan airfield as they planned to increase their activities. Although all of this is still true, we are still having as much trouble with the engines as we ever had, and it now appears certain that either we must get off the Balijan field or we shall have to curtail our operations by at least 50%, until adequate spare parts and overhaul facilities are available.

We simply are not getting spare parts from the Army. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that we are not getting 10% of our needs. I offer no criticism to the Army in this; probably they are not getting 10% of their needs. I am merely stating a fact. Until this situation is corrected, we must do whatever has to be done in order to get the maximum time out of our engines. We should get 800 hours, and we are now getting less than 400.

We will be able to render a greater service by operating off



Likiang.

the Dinjan field, even if we can use only half of our present number of planes, and this is no exaggeration as we are facing complete shut-down from lack of engine parts. You will therefore please make arrangements to move your operation to the Dinjan field as quickly as you can. This may work some hardship on you but not very much. The saving here will more than offset your additional hardship. Please advise me when you have made this transfer.

Dear Bondy,

I am endeavoring to make the arrangements necessary for transferring our operations to Dinjan Aerodrome. I have secured permission to use a building on the field but as it was slightly damaged by the last bomb raid, some repairs will be necessary. I have had a contractor out and the work should be finished very soon.

I have also contacted the U.S. Army officials and notified them of our intent. Have also requested they provide us with a field line telephone to their operations headquarters.

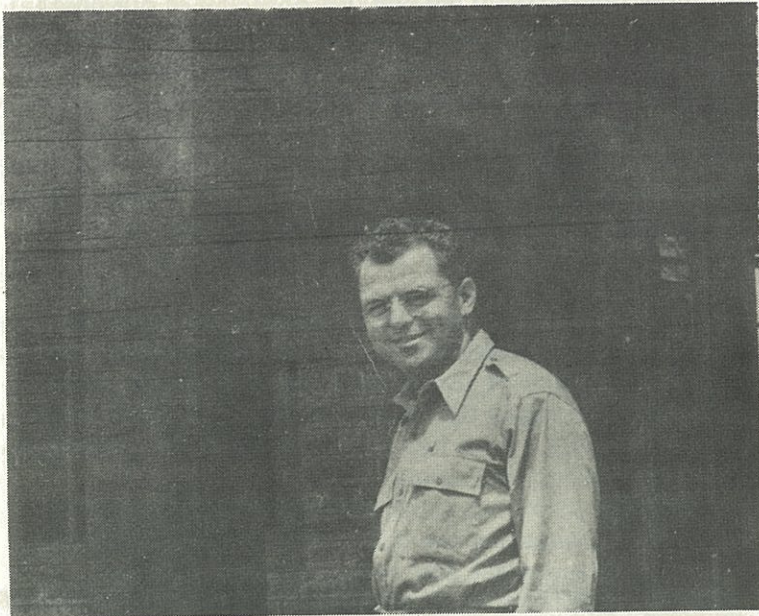
It will also be necessary to move the 191 radio now in use at KC tower on Balijan field to Dinjan. I have requested you, with copy to Price, to send Seamster up here to effect his removal.

We shall be ready to commence operations on Dinjan Aerodrome as soon as the above outlined work is completed.

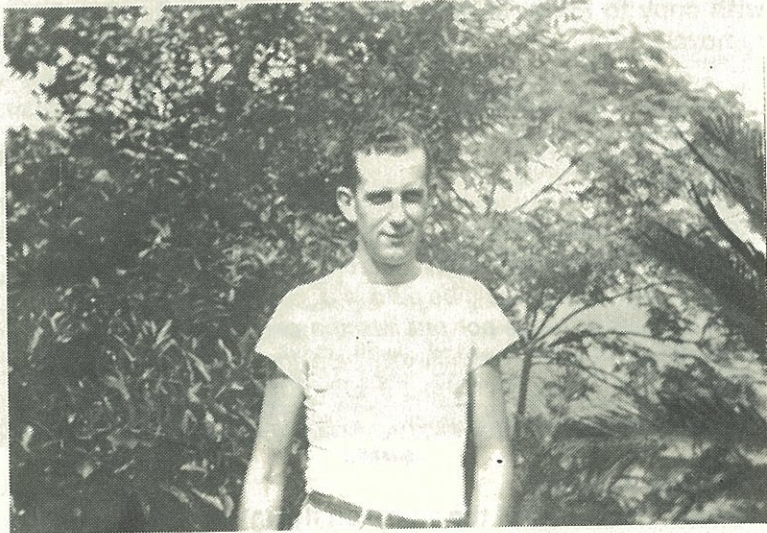
CNAC had a policy of paying Captains overtime in Rupees during the first four months after their check-out, then overtime over 70 hours per month would be paid in U. S. dollars. Due to an oversight, this clause was not put into the contracts of some of the pilots. This became a problem which the pilots were ready to solve by going along with the prevailing CNAC policy. The following letters indicate management's concern over the discrepancy.

Woods to Bond,

I have discussed of the new men flying over seventy hours for Rupees instead of U. S. dollars until they have completed four month's service as Captain with Captains Tutwiler and



"Doc" Richards



Joe Hall — Chungking, 1945

Sharkey. Both of these men have no objection whatsoever in as much as the Company policy has been established along this line.

These two men, while they were checked out around the middle of this month, have both passed 70 hours as Captain. Inasmuch as they have rendered a full month's service as Captain, I recommend that they be paid US\$800 for the month of December. This recommendation also applies to Snell and Genovese. These are all excellent men and an asset to any airline. I think they are all well satisfied with their job and look forward to a long bright future with the Company. I sincerely hope that you concur in this recommendation and see that it is carried out.

In recalling our recent conversation regarding pilots' salary I believe that you agreed that all CNAC pilots must be paid on the same basis. At the time of our discussion there was some question as to whether a US\$100 per month raise was granted at the end of six months as Captain. While I have not checked the matter further, I recommend that you do so and if it is determined that it has been the policy to raise the base pay from US\$800 to US\$900 per month at the end of six months, that these men be eligible for this raise. Please let me have your comments on this matter.

Woods to Bond,

With reference to your letter of January 28th regarding contracts for some of our pilots which stated the US\$20 per hour would be paid for all flying over 70 hours but omitted to state that this did not start until after four months as Captain.

I have discussed this matter with Oldenburg, Sharkey, Snell, Tutwiler, Genovese, Cunningham Leatherbury, Gingiss, Petach and Johnson. I cannot recall for certain regarding Lane and I do not believe Kashower made any definite commitment. The others are completely satisfied to accept Rupeeds for over 70 hours for four months regardless of whether or not they received the US\$100 per month raise at the end of six months providing all CNAC foreign pilots are paid on the same scale. I consider this very

fair and believe it is the most satisfactory arrangement for all concerned. I have explained to these boys that it would not be fair to the other men to pay them in US currency during this period and they have all agreed. I suggest you discuss with Lane and Kashower as they are both in Calcutta at the present time, stressing the point, as I have, that a mistake was made and while they were absolutely right in expecting the Company to carry out the contract as outlined, the older men had not received this raise until after four months and that we were making an honest endeavor to treat all Captains the same; the only partiality shown would be according to seniority.

The morale of this men is exceptionally high. Everyone of them expects to do his work to the best of his ability and expects nothing more than fair treatment from the Company, and all have agreed that nothing could be fairer than that they were all paid on the same basis.

Bond to Managing Director,

Please refer to my several recent notices regarding new captains being checked out this month. In these various memorandums, the date in which the new men were checked out was given, and also their base pay at the senior pilot rate of US\$800 per month, which should start from the date in which they were checked out.

I now find that most of these men have done a full month's flying. For example, George Huang who checked out on Dec. 11th did over 80 hours as captain. Oldenburg checked out on Dec. 3rd and did 70 hours. Snell checked out on Dec. 14th and did 76 hours. Tutwiler checked out on Dec. 14th and did 69 hours. Sharkey checked out on Dec. 16th and did 68 hours. Lane checked out on Dec. 18th and did 53 hours. Genovese checked out on Dec. 19th and did 46 hours. The last four men are still in Dinjan and will no doubt make additional flights this month.

For these reasons I would like to suggest that all of the above pilots have their base pay as captains start from the 1st of December. I would particularly like to have this done because the letter of agreement which these men have from our New York office states that they would receive US\$20.00 per hour for all time over 70 hours as soon as they were checked out. They did not specify the usual probationary period of four months during which all time over 60 hours would be in rupees. We called this to the attention of the men and told them that we would like to have them accept the same contract we gave the AVG men and all of our other new pilots, which requires that for the first four months after checking out all of their excess flying would be paid in rupees. The men's attitude in this has been excellent and they agreed to this although it is costing them considerable money. I think it would be a good idea to show our appreciation for their attitude by giving them this consideration. As stated above, they have actually flown the maximum amount of time that we like to see them fly in one month.

Pilots Welch and Sundby checked out on Dec. 25th and 27th respectively. By the end of the month they will have done at least half a month's flying. So I would like to recommend that their base pay as senior pilots begin from the 16th of December.

Despite the pilots agreeing to the regular CNAC policy, apparently Bond decided "a deal is a deal" and CNAC would fulfill the contracts. However, to protect the company by keeping down the cost he had a very clever solution, as seen in his memorandum to Woods:

To Woods from Bond,

I am enclosing two lists showing the pilots who have the 4 months of Rupee Currency clause in their contracts and those who have not. I have thought it very carefully. If you try to make an adjustment you get into another condition. You cannot bargain or give raises in 6 months. We will live up to the contracts as they are. In order to prevent the men who have the four months at Rupee pay in these contracts from being too dissatisfied it is important to hold the pilots down to seventy hours, who do not have this clause. Two or three

hours more or less of course is not important. But watch this carefully and carry it out.

List of Pilots whose flying pay to be paid in US currency after check-out: Oldenburg, Sharkey, Snell, Tutwiler, Lane, Genovese, Cunningham, Leatherbury, Gingiss, Petach, Johnson, Kashower.

List of pilots whose flying pay to be paid in Rupee currency for four months after check out: Sundby, Welch, Fox, Allen, Robertson, Cooper, Newmeyer, Rossi.

"Moose" Moss was a little more adamant when it came to getting the pay promised to him. Woods letter to Bond, with copy to Moss, followed by his 'confidential' letter to Bond gives this story:

Woods to Bond, March 22, 1943

Captain Moss advises that he was verbally promised US\$450 per month for time spent as copilot, and flew for one month in that capacity but only drew US\$400. He has asked what the company intends to do about the US\$50 due him.

Captain Moss has also expressed his dissatisfaction with the company policy of asking Captains to ride as copilots on the passenger schedule without extra compensation for this time, pointing out the fact that the company was in position to take a very unfair advantage and, according to the present plan, could fly a man indefinitely as copilot without compensation after he had completed his month's flying as Captain.

He has also complained about having to ride as passenger between Calcutta and Dinjan and Dinjan-Calcutta. I endeavored to explain to him that by sending the pilots down to Calcutta at the completion of their month's flying we were trying to break the monotony for them and there was no obligation on the part of company to send them down.

Would you kindly take these matters under consideration and let me know what I can reply to Captain Moss.

Bond to Woods (confidential), March 22, 1943

I have just written you a letter with a copy to Moss more for the effect on Moss than anything else. He evidently got up on the wrong side of the bed in the morning and came to breakfast with a sour attitude towards the world in general and was apparently just trying to find something to complain about.

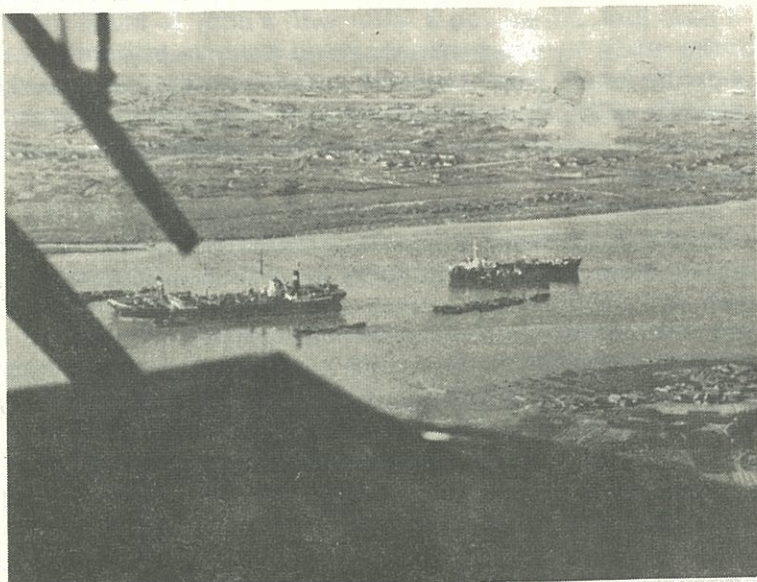
None of these items are the least bit serious but by merely putting them down and making an official statement on them and calling them to your attention it might possibly cause him to hesitate before he continues his complaints. I would like for you to give some consideration to this and reply with a letter that I could show him and, if possible, phrase your reply in such a manner as to make him a little ashamed of such trivial complaints. He has the best job now he ever had in his life or probably ever will have but I get rather tired of this petty beefing.

Actually I have Moss on the suspicious list. The Customs man informed me that he had information to the effect that Moss sent his bearer by train from Calcutta here with considerable baggage which included sixty cartons of cigarettes. I do not think there is any question but what he intends to try to take these into China but he will have to be pretty clever if he gets away with it because I have my eagle eye on him and so has the Customs officer. I will endeavor to handle this tactfully in order to avoid the loss of another good man.

Involved in the move from Baliyan to Dinjan over the year end, Woodie had more than New Year's Eve to give him a headache with which to start the New Year. The following two letters to Bond written on January 2, 1943 give a clue to his multiple problems, following a handwritten note from Bond:

Bond's handwritten note to Woodie,

I hear you had quite a New Year's celebration. Privensal and Lane came in to see me today. I had heard that Lane had shot himself and I was prepared to remove him from the



Approach to Lungwa Airport, Shanghai



Lad Moore, Art Chin & Bill Simms

payroll until he recovered entirely. But now they say Privensal did the shooting "most accidentally and practically no drinking of course." I gave them both hell without getting abusive. What about Privensal and Lane? Write me full details on the entire "show." I know such things can happen in the best of families or companies but it is most liable to happen with careless and stupid people. We have our difficulties but CNAC has never been a careless or stupid outfit—and it is not going to start now.

Write me fully what happened as far as you can learn your appraisal of these two men. Happy New Year.

From Woods to Bond, Jan 2, 1943

I wished to report the facts that have been available to me regarding a most regrettable incident which occurred at approximately eleven p.m. New Year's Eve.

Miss Major and I had been to the bungalow for dinner but left before nine p.m. At the time of our departure there was no evidence of any big "party" in progress, but from what I can gather sometime around midnight Privensal walked into the bedroom and returned to the living room with his 45 automatic in his hand, which he discharged upon entering the living room. The bullet struck Captain Lane in the foot and passed completely through his foot, through the floor and into the dining room below. The Indian Medical Officer for this Garden was called and attended to Captain Lane.

I arrived at the bungalow the next morning shortly before six a.m. to take the crews to the field. I was not informed at this time that anything unusual had occurred. Upon my return to the bungalow I was told by Captain Genovese that Captain Lane had been accidentally shot through the foot but Genovese claimed that he had been in bed at the time and was not thoroughly familiar with the circumstances I did not question anyone to determine the exact circumstances but piece by piece I have gathered that Privensal got very drunk. I was informed by Miss Whitcome, who is residing in the Proudfoot's bungalow, that she heard three or four shots at about eleven p.m. I was also informed that Privensal was in

such a state that he did not know what had happened until he was informed the following morning. Also, that the gun was taken away from him but he went back into the bedroom and produced another one which was subsequently taken away from him.

Mr. Privensal made no attempt to inform me of this matter nor to explain it. He proceeded to Calcutta this a.m. as a member of the crew without having mentioned the matter to me. I instructed Lane to proceed directly to your office on arrival in Calcutta, which I presume he has done. Will you kindly handle the entire matter.

I would like to call your attention to the fact that this incident will undoubtedly give CNAC personnel a black eye in this district.

I would like for you to write a notice over your signature something to the effect "the discharge of firearms in this bungalow or about the premises is strictly forbidden. Any infraction of this rule will result in dismissal."

From Woods to Bond, Jan 2, 1943

Please refer to the Managing Director's message informing us that 16 tins of tobacco and one carton of cigarettes were found by the Kunming Customs under the floor boards of Plane 49 on December 16th.

The crew members of this plane were Captain Snell, First Officer Allen and Radio Operator Loong. I have questioned these men and Captain Snell and First officer Allen assert that they were not aware until I informed them that the smuggled goods had been aboard their plane. Radio Operator Loong, upon questioning, informed me that he left the plane immediately after its arrival in Kunming by CNAC bus for the city to partake of his lunch and was informed upon his return by one of the CNAC mechanics that the Customs people had found some contraband in the plane. I questioned our ground staff, mainly Mechanics Ling and Woo, but they denied any knowledge of this affair.

are employing many additional mechanics both Chinese and American. We are redoubling our effort to secure parts and tools and we are building, at considerable expense, a new and better stockroom and a new and better engine overhaul and machine shop. Last month we averaged about 128 hours per plane for the fleet. That was fine. But it isn't good enough-and if it isn't good enough it soon becomes lousy. But we are going to do a lot better.

I think we can this month. I am very anxious to have a good average in this respect this month because a lot of consideration is now being given to the problem of supplies to China. One of CNAC's greatest contributions in this effort has been to demonstrate what can be done. This month, as a result of General Arnold's visit partly, will be an important month.

I do not ever want chances to be taken unnecessarily but I would like for you to let the pilots' time go a little higher this month for a test. The Chinese pilots can do a hundred or a hundred and ten easily I think. Some of the new men can, I think. You will have to be the judge of that. I am excepting the new men without the four months rupee clause in their contract, hold them to about 75 hours. If we do this I believe we can get our average time for month up to about 150 hours for the fleet. That really would be encouraging.

All was not grim on the operation, and a little sense of humor was evident in Bond's letter to Potty on April 16, 1943.

Capt. R.W. Potts Schmidt
Operation Department
Kunming, China
Dear Potty:

Woodie tells me that you think you are being discriminated against because I send him copies of the memorandums in which I bawl you out but I do not send you copies of the memorandums in which I bawl him out. I think you have a just complain. The next time I give Woodie hell, I will send you a copy and if nothing develops in the near future requiring this, which is most unlikely, I will write him a letter giving him hell on general principles.

I must confess that I was not very optimistic over the results that would be obtained by my questioning. Undoubtedly the guilty parties, when confronted, would deny the charge unless I had some evidence with which I could implicate them. I had no way of obtaining this evidence. The quantity is too small to carry the investigation as far as the source of supply. I have discussed the matter with Mr. Hogan, the Senior Customs officer in charge, Balijan, but he can furnish no clues. I also mentioned the matter to the U.S. Army Officer in charge of loading the plane.

Unless you can supply me with more information or with suggestions on the procedure to carry this investigation further, I will be compelled to let the matter drop. I have emphasized to all concerned the hazards and danger involved in placing articles where they could get into the controls. Please advise if this is satisfactory.

Bond's letter to Woodie on February 11, 1943 gives an insight on how CNAC was doing on the Hump operation.

Dear Woodie,

As you know the service, so far, this month is going very well. As you also know I do not believe in establishing records beyond what obviously can be averaged. However, I have come to the conclusion that the main problem in connection with flying freight into China is the problem of maintenance. It is hours per month per plane for the fleet that decides the question. Obviously trips per month will follow hours per month in direct proportion. But we have conclusively demonstrated that the average pilot, with average intelligence, when properly instructed and supervised, can successfully fly the Hump. We have yet to demonstrate that the planes in this theatre can be properly maintained to do the amount of flying which should be expected.

This I believe is largely due to the fact that we concentrated all our efforts on the flying part of this service and rather neglected the maintenance part. We are taking immediate and energetic steps to correct this. As you know we

However, there is nothing in this memorandum to be construed as approving the idea that when Woodie writes me a letter bawling me out that he is to send you a copy of it, and I might add that this will also apply to your memorandums of such nature to me.

Yours very sincerely,

W.L. Bond

However, contraband across the Hump continued to occupy a fair amount of Woodie's time. The following exchange of letters from April 16 through 20th between Woodie and Bond give an insight to this problem.

To Bond from Woods, confidential, April 16, 1943.

Flight Radio Operator T. Chung was found to be in possession of a considerable amount of contraband which included several decks of playing cards, soap, cosmetics, etc. this morning. As the weather was good and the pilot experienced, I authorized the plane to proceed to Kunming without an operator and detained Chung here. This man has been a consistent violator of Customs regulations and has been repeatedly warned. I recommend his dismissal. It will be no loss to the company if he goes as he has inconsistently been reported as an incompetent man although he has been in the company as Flight Operator since the Hong Kong freight run.

This penalty may appear to be somewhat drastic but the situation has reached a point where drastic action must be taken. Every morning several of the Chinese copilots and radio operators are found to be in possession of small amounts of prohibited goods. Due to the fabulous prices these articles bring in China I believe it is safe to say that several crew members are able to make Rs.100/0/0 per trip profit. This makes their income from smuggling considerably more than their salary and is therefore of more importance to them than their job. I am enclosing a petition which I received which is self-explanatory. It means that we have certain men that are interested in doing their work, while

others are only interested in their outside activities. These outside activities have got to be stopped. Assessment of fines would not be the solution due to the fact that the comparatively small amount we could impose upon them would be unimpressive. As you know, I have been personally offered up to US\$10,000 to put a man on as a member of the flight crew. While I do not believe there is any large organized syndicate among our personnel, certain members are operating on a small scale which is continuously increasing.

My verbal reprimands have proven insufficient. Unless we take positive steps with certain individuals the morale of the entire flight personnel will be undermined as it is unreasonable to expect that all the new men we have recently taken on are going to be content with the salary they receive while certain other members are making a fortune in illicit enterprises. Reprimands and threats have proven to be unsuccessful. I consider the only thing left to do is to start right now and make an example of the offenders. I think one or two such examples will be sufficient.

You are probably in receipt of a recent memorandum of mine to the effect that we are experiencing difficulty getting the Chinese flight crews (I refer to radio operators and copilots) to show up for work. This is entirely due to their financial independence and lack of interest in their work due to their outside activities having reached paramount importance.

I trust you will concur in my recommendation and request that you reply by radio referring to the file number of this memorandum, stating merely approved or disapproved. If approved, I will send this man as extra crew to Kunming and request that you notify all concerned of his dismissal.

April 19, 1943

Dear Woodie:

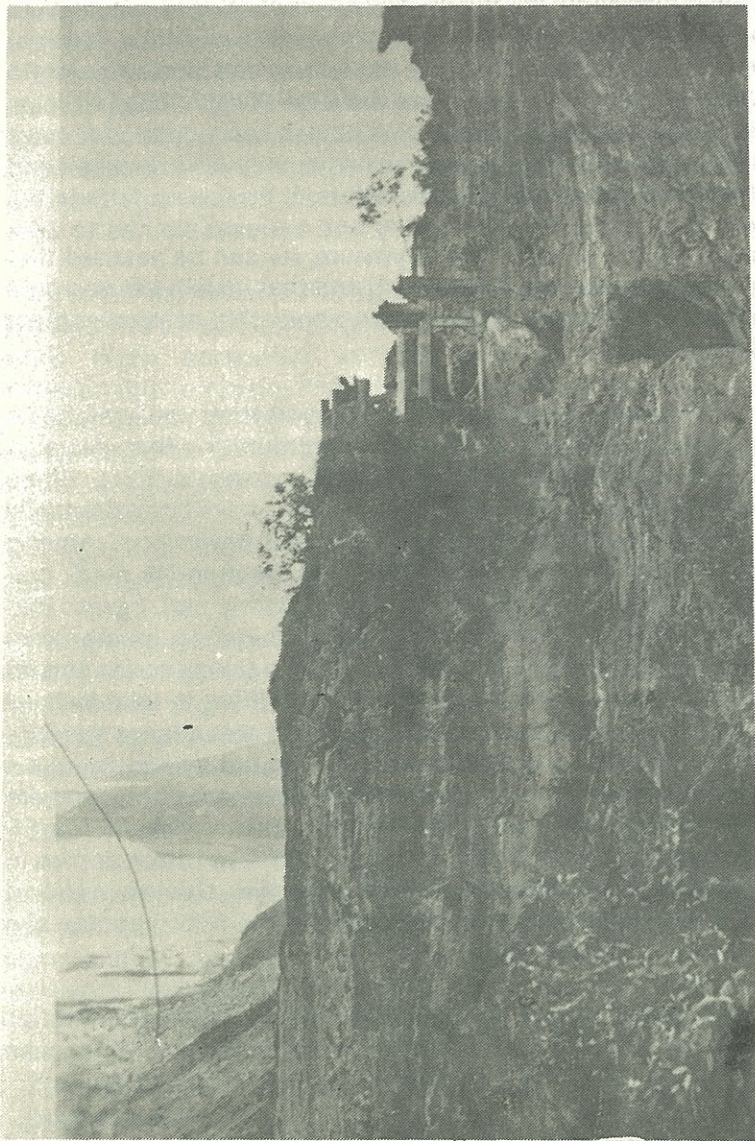
I have just received Way's message 110508 copy of which was sent to you regarding Wright taking a sub-machine gun to Kunming. The information contained in this message is of no value alone but is definitely something which requires investigation. What I want to know is what was Wright going

to do with his machine gun. Was it a gun that was part of ship's equipment and supposed to be on the plane? It is extremely difficult for me to believe that Wright would take part in anything that is as off-color as this might be. It might be something that is easily explained and perfectly legitimate. I sincerely hope this is the case. Wright has impressed me very favorably and I think he has every chance to have a great future in Aviation provided he believes in himself and is willing to work for what he wants. If he has no faith in his own future and his own ability and believes he has to take short cuts in order to get anywhere, he can be assured that he will not have any future at all and that he will get nowhere in Aviation. Please let me know about this at your earliest convenience.

Incidentally, I have never had a report from you, which I requested, on the box of .45 caliber ammunition that was supposed to be taken to Kunming on Genovese's plane. Since my talk to you on my last trip to Dinjan, I have been gradually arriving at definite conclusions and convictions. Among these convictions are that CNAC is treating its staff, particularly its pilots, as well as they possibly can. I grant that the CNAC pilots are taking great risks but no greater than literally millions of other Americans are taking today and no greater than any American should be willing to take today. I will also say this. I am firmly convinced that a large majority of CNAC pilots are high type men who are willing to take a risk and who believe in this and what they are doing, and are glad to make as great a contribution to the present War Effort as they can. But as you know one or two rotten apples in a barrel will soon spoil all the other apples. Our job is to find out as quickly as we can just who are the rotten apples and eliminate them at once.

Have just talked to Genovese. He says this ammunition was not on his plane and knows nothing about it-but in case of a show down he does know what plane it was on.

I am no longer interested primarily in the number of flights that CNAC may make over the Hump in one month. My primary interest now is to get CNAC back to the kind of an outfit that it was when it made its reputation, an organization of high type, clean cut young men who worked and con-



Temple on West Cliff of Kunming Lake

ducted themselves in such a way that they brought credit on themselves and their countries and acquired for CNAC probably the most outstanding reputation of any airline in the world. With that thought in mind, I would like to know from you who you think are now bad influences.

For your information the Customs and the Police told me that Gingiss is very suspected. They say he is definitely associating with some merchants here that are known to be outstanding smugglers and racketeers. I do not wish to do Gingiss an injustice but as you know we have never thought he was up to the type we need. We can easily spare him or for that matter any or all and who are going to bring a bad reputation on CNAC. Groh and Gingiss are very close friends. Groh strikes me as being a man who could be either honest or dishonest according to his surroundings. I think he would prefer to be honest but if he saw a chance to make some easy money, I do not think he would stop and question just what he was doing. In fact he would probably not consider such acts as being dishonest. I mean by this that if they were separated Groh might be a better man.

I am convinced that unless we stop this racketeering CNAC would be put out of business in such a way that none of us would ever want to say again that we were connected with CNAC. I have no fear of this, this is not going to happen. This letter is, of course, highly confidential. Will you please send me your reply by the next pilot coming down.

April 20, 1943 Confidential

From Woods to Bond

Referring to your memorandum received yesterday concerning the tommygun which was in possession of Captain Wright and taken from him by the Customs in Kunming.

I questioned Captain Wright regarding this incident and he stated that the gun came into his possession in Africa, being handed to him by a former Pan-Africa Ferries Captain. This Captain stated that all crew members had been issued with tommyguns and as he was returning to the States he

would have no use for one, therefore, he handed it over to Captain Wright.

Captain placed this gun in his plane and, according to him, it was in the forward compartment of the plane at the time it was found by the Customs. He states that he was outside the plane when the Customs officer was making his search and the Customs officer brought the gun out, stating that unless he could produce a permit it would be necessary to confiscate the gun. Having no such permit, Captain made no effort to refrain him from taking the gun but he secured a receipt for it from the Customs officer.

I consider this an entirely reasonable explanation and am personally of the opinion that Wright was entirely truthful. The manner in which he acquired the gun is, of course, somewhat questionable but, in my opinion, is entirely plausible and could have happened to anyone under similar circumstances. Had I been in his place I would probably have accepted the gun the same as he did.

I recommend that action be taken to secure the return of the gun and that it be turned over to CNAC who will be responsible for it together with the other tommyguns previously issued to us. The story as related by Captain Wright varies considerably from the information contained in Agent Way's message. I will endeavor to determine if there were any witnesses but am personally of the opinion that the Agent, for perhaps some personal reason, was trying to place Captain Wright in an unfavorable position.

A major concern at this time was the loss of several CNAC planes over the Hump. The exchange of letters between Bond and the Managing Director, Colonel Cheng-Fu Wang, on April 15, 1943 and April 30, 1943 respectively discusses this matter.

Dear Colonel Wang:

I refer to our loss of three cargo planes between Dinjan and Kunming during a recent period of about three weeks. This is a very severe cause and has caused me considerable concern and I know it has caused you an equal amount of

anxiety.

I have been turning these accidents over in my mind, trying to reach some conclusion as to what caused them and what we can do to prevent them, and also why we had so many accidents in such a short period after such a long period of comparative safety. In trying to find reasons for such things, unless you are very careful, you will find yourself giving excuses. This I am trying to avoid

Regarding the difference between our early comparatively safety record and our recent losses, I think, this can be accurately said to be due to the fact that when we first started flying the Hump regularly the first of the summer, the weather was good and our pilots were all experienced. Later around the first of November, we got six more pilots, mostly AVG men, who also had had better than average training and they too had a chance to learn the route and to fly during relatively good weather. Later around the first of November we got six more pilots and we checked them out. The weather suddenly got worse as we progressed into winter. We, then, got quite a lot of new men and we checked all of them out very quickly. During all of this our flying record was very good and we had only one loss and suddenly without any apparent reason our luck changed and our losses became very severe, but there must be reasons.

Some of the reasons are of course are inherent with the work we are doing. These are; first, weather which is nearly always bad and at times a great deal worse, second, the extremely high terrain over which we are flying and third, the urgency of our work. There is nothing we can do to correct these conditions. We simply have to accept them and ignore them as best as we can. There are also other reasons. These are: first, we have checked our pilots out too quickly. Under normal conditions pilots should have from six to eight months experience as copilot over this route before he should be permitted to fly as Captain. Secondly, we have greatly overloaded these planes. The standard load for these planes is approximately 27,000 pounds, sometimes more. Third, we have been pushing this flying too energetically. In other words, we have flown on many days when the weather was such that we should have stayed on the ground.

For all of these things which fundamentally from a purely technical view are serious errors, I take my full share of responsibility.

I would like for you to believe that these errors have not been due to carelessness or indifference but we have been faced with a serious problem. A problem of getting urgently needed supplies into China at a critical period. A period of serious uncertainty in the minds of the Government and of the people as to whether it was possible to get supplies into China by air. This situation was in my opinion so serious that it justified CNAC making every effort to get supplies into China and to completely demonstrate the fact that many more supplies could be brought in by air.

If we had waited six to eight months in checking our pilots out we would have been seriously delayed. If we were only to carry the standard load, the amount of cargo carried on each plane would be so small that the urgently needed cargo could never be flown into China. If we had stayed on the ground during bad weather we would have grounded our planes more than one-half the time. In saying these things I am afraid I am laying myself open to the criticism that I mentioned above, that is I am not giving reasons but excuses, but I sincerely do not intend all of these as excuses.

I think I can say that I believe from the beginning that all of these things that have happened would happen. I have maintained from the beginning that this work was so dangerous and of such a military nature that the greater part of it would have to be done by the Army where discipline and control can be maintained. In spite of our tragic losses, I think our efforts have been really worthwhile. In addition to actual freight which we have carried into China and the service which we have maintained, of far greater importance is the fact that we have so thoroughly demonstrated that a substantial quantity of freight can be flown into China. We have set a pace which must be followed by others and I am sure this

work will go on and that large amounts of freight will be flown into China, and I believe this is almost entirely due to the efforts that CNAC made and to the results which we accomplished at a time when it was uncertain as to whether such flying was possible.

We are making every effort now to reduce such losses. We are holding our pilots back and we are not flying in bad weather, but this will only be for a short period, during the present season of very bad weather, which should end shortly, and until the usual high morale of CNAC has been restored. But I would like to say again that the only way we could really stop these accidents is to stop flying the Hump. This cannot be done and must not be considered. I hope we shall never have again a period in which we had so many losses. I do not believe we will but I feel quite sure that we will continue to have losses and for this we must be prepared.

I feel sure that all of the Directors will also feel the same concern that you and I have felt. I will be grateful if you will bring my comments on this to their attention.

Yours sincerely,

W.L. Bond

April 30, 1943

Dear Mr. Bond,

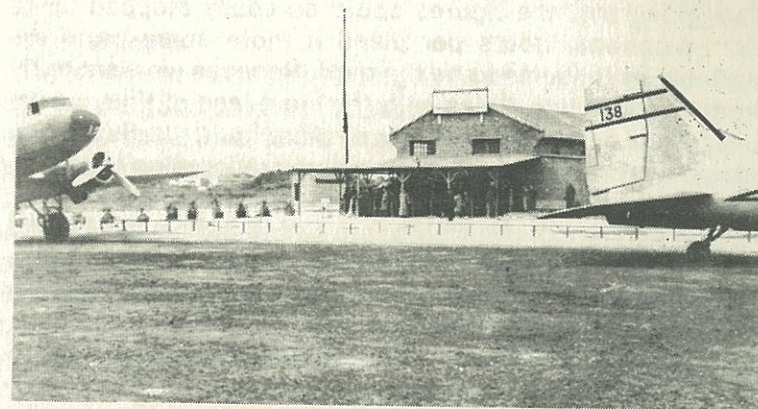
On 27th inst. you and I called on His Excellency Minister Tseng Yang-Fu. During the course of our conversation, Minister Tseng asked about our losses of cargo planes between Dinjan and Kunming, you told him briefly what you thought the causes were. The reasons you gave are discussed in details in your letter of April 15th to me to which I would like to reply before you leave for America.

After the disappearance of Plane No. 53 with Captain Fox and his crew on March 11th and that of Plane No. 49 with Captain Welch and his crew on March 13th, you and I went to Dinjan on March 16th, staying there a few days. We wanted the flying crews of CNAC to understand that we are

100% behind them, appreciating what they have done and will continue to do for the war effort of the United Nations. Unfortunately Captain Rosbert and his crew disappeared with Plane No. 58 on April 7th. Together with the loss of Plane No. 60 with Captain Dean and his crew on November 17th, 1942, a total of four cargo planes have been lost by us. We are now operating 20 planes, therefore a loss of four planes represents some 20%. Facing a triple threat of high mountains, bad weather, and enemy actions (the first threat being permanent, while the last two are more or less alternative) personally I think only the officers-in-charge of the U.S. Army India-China Ferry Command are the most competent judges to say whether our losses are justifiable because they are facing exactly the same threats and have suffered the same losses. Only they are in the position to know how our losses are in comparison with theirs, how the tonnage carried into China by CNAC's cargo planes stands in comparison with the tonnage carried by them with larger number of cargo planes at their disposal.

That flying over the Hump involves extraordinary risks and hence deserves special recognition of the meritorious service can be readily understood by the awards, such as Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses given by the U.S. Army Air Force to their pilots and crews. Over the Hump one is flying over primeval wilderness and virgin forest, it is totally different from flying over the ocean. After a forced landing on the ocean, the crew might be picked up by some surface crafts, friendly or otherwise. But a forced landing over the Hump, even accomplished without damaging the machine or hurting the crew, finds no way out. That is why no news has ever reached the outside world from any of the lost planes belonging to CNAC or the US Army.

But before Burma is re-taken, we have got to fly urgently-needed materials into China over the Hump. CNAC, through your personal contact with people in Washington D.C. last year, convinced the American authorities that carrying war supplies over the Hump could be done, and, now CNAC's one year effort has definitely and thoroughly demonstrated that it can be done. China needs these supplies not only in great quantities but also in great haste. In order to satisfy



CNAC passenger terminal, Lunghwa Airport-Shanghai.



Pittenger, Simms and Newport

these two requirements, to have a large number of cargo planes is one way, while to give a small number of cargo planes more operational hours is another. The monthly operational hours per CNAC plane was 128 hours in last January. 85% of these hours were flown over the Hump, the rest were flown between Dinjan and Calcutta where our maintenance base is situated. You told me a few days ago in Chungking that the figures could be easily stepped up to 150 operational hours per plane if more spare parts are available as it seems to be the case. Because we want to fly more supplies into China with the least loss of time, so we loaded our planes to their permissible limit; we flew when others preferred to stay on the ground (according to the official report of the Chinese Transportation Conference, U.S. Army planes made 59 flights into China during the first 10 days of April, 1943, CNAC planes made 102 flights into China during the same period); we speedily checked out our pilots, who though experienced pilots but did not have sufficient time over the Hump, so that the flying crew worked in shifts and the planes were not left idle on the ground. Any one or a combination of the three factors mentioned above might have caused the loss of our planes.

We have been actually doing work of military nature, therefore, the losses are war losses, unavoidable while carrying on war. CNAC will continue to strive in carrying maximum supplies within minimum time. We cannot be over-optimistic to think there shall be no more losses, yet more experiences and better luck with us will tend to prevent them.

During your next visit to the States, I am sure that people over there are not concerned about the planes we lost, they will be more concerned about how our fleet of planes are doing at present and want to know how many more planes CNAC shall be able to operate in the future.

You asked me to bring your letter of April 16th to the attention of the Directors. With your permission, I am going to send copy of this letter together with copy of your letter to all Directors in CNAC.

Yours very sincerely,
Chung-Fu Wang

By mid August of 1945, the war was over and Woodie suggested to Bond that CNAC take a holiday. Officially, Bond notified Woods not to declare such a holiday, but unofficially he sent Woodie a handwritten letter (no secretary involved and no file copy) suggesting how it could be done.

August 17, 1945

Dear Woodie

I refer to your 081016 regarding a holiday. I think that it not only was a good idea but it should be done. However the M.D. was afraid that if we officially declare a holiday just now there might be considerable criticism, the Government has not declared one. I think Col. C.H. Wang sent you a message asking you not to declare a vacation. I should have thought of that when we discussed the question. However I hope you can work out some way of having a day in which all the planes will have to be serviced the same day so there can be no flying on same day for any reason everyone gets a holiday. Why I think it should be done. Only don't announce it and if anyone should investigate it later be prepared to say everyone had diarrhea or snake bite or over slept. Only what ever your story is stick to it and be sure to look the part of injured innocence like you pull on me whenever the occasion requires. Maybe Capt. Wilson can give you some ideas.

Bondy

Now the big concern was getting CNAC established back in China, and running their passenger routes. Bond's letter of August 23, 1945 to Chuck Sharp gives instructions on getting the job started.

Dear Chuck

Here is the score up to the moment. We are all simply marking time. However I think things are going to open up sooner than is now thought. As far as I can learn no plane has landed in any of our old eastern territory. Although there are many rumors. Before the Army, or we, can send a plane to Nanking, Shanghai, or Hankow for example, they must be sure, the field is safe and no damn fool will shoot at it, and that the field is not mined. Such things are regularly happening now. The Japanese Army in China has not yet been lick-

ed and they are as vicious as a broken back cobra. So we have to curb our impatience. Next gasoline has to be laid down at the eastern ports before any regular flying can be done over there. The Army will move gas in quickly as soon as the surrender has been signed, but not before, in my opinion. The Army has assured us of their willingness to help us get started in the east and will let us draw on them for gas when the above condition are assured. My guess is that we should be able to make one, or two or three flights, by carrying our own gas, in about a week, but it will be three weeks or more before we can attempt to start regular flights.

My estimates are, subject to your correction, that we will need two thousand gallons of gas for a return flight in a C-46 from CKG to SHAI, which means six hundred gallons cabin load. We should take our own radio set if possible and an operator. We should take the minimum number of our own personnel needed for look-see. I have in mind for example, again subject to your correction, you, Hicks, operator, possibly the B.M. and Hwa, who may not get off before we do, and myself. I suggest Potts as the pilot since he has the most time on the C-46 of any of our older pilots who knows SHAI and the east. Also he is good at saving gas. Also we shall have to carry certainly three and probably five people from the NOC. This is important and the basis on which we are getting the flight approved. Also the M.D. may go or may wish to send one or two personal representatives so hold your number of men going down. We should count on finding few facilities for service so a mechanic should be taken. Have all of these ready for take off on short notice. Also it might be wise to take a drum of motor gas.

Regarding use of Kiangwan Airport, that will depend on whether the COAA uses it. If so, we do not want to.

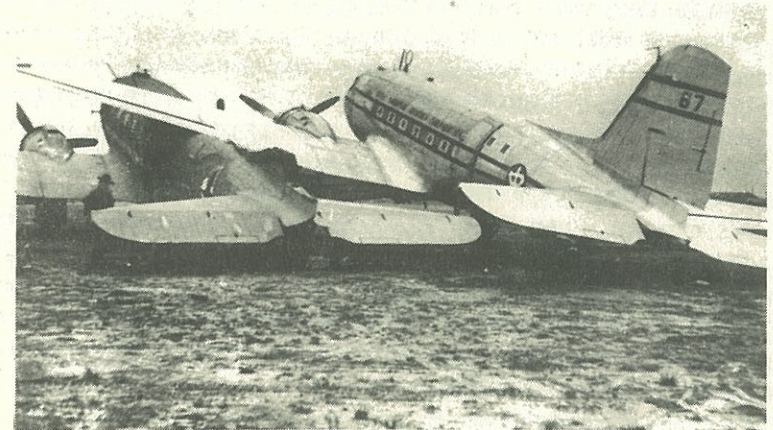
The chances seem to be very good that the Army will continue our contract for sixty or ninety days to give us a means of keeping busy until we can get our old lines started. And frankly that is as long as I want to continue to have anything to do with Old Man Hump.

All in all the outlook is far better for a quick transition

back to regular airlines operations than I had expected.
Sincerely,

W.L. Bond

P.S. Every wife in the Company will doubtless want, in fact insist, on going to Shanghai on the first plane. The answer is NO.



No. 67 fresh out of overhaul shows how to eliminate the competition

HIJACKED BY CHINESE COMMUNISTS

By Don Hassig

On January 30, 1949, I was scheduled to fly from Shanghai to Tsingtao and return. This was a regular passenger flight of C.N.A.C. Besides myself, the crew was: C. L. Hsu, Co-pilot, and T. Y. Waung, radio operator. After the usual preliminaries, we took off at 8:00 A.M. The load consisted of fifteen passengers and a few bags of mail. I was cleared to cruise at 5000 ft. After reaching this altitude, I signed off with Shanghai control and hung up my headset. Waung had already sent our departure message by C.W. Hsu filled in the airplane log book. I was busy trimming the plane and getting the auto-pilot engaged. Hsu then left his seat, and asked Waung to help him distribute lunch and went into the cabin. After they had entered, and the door closed, two of the passengers came up behind them, put guns against their backs, and told them to quit kidding, as they were busy. They were told that no one was kidding and to put their hands up. They dropped the lunch boxes and raised their hands. They were taken to the back of the plane, given seats opposite each other and one, or probably two men stood guard over them. I found out later that there were five armed men among the passengers. Five or ten minutes after take off, they had gone to each of the other passengers, shown their guns, and told each of them to "sit still and don't talk and you'll be O.K.". The five bandits were accompanied by a woman, who was carrying a small baby. One of the bandits was C. Li, who had been a co-pilot, employed by C.N.A.C. I later remembered having seen him around the plane that morning, before take off. As he looked familiar to me, and it was common to see a dozen or more people in and around a plane, I thought nothing of it.

After taking Hsu and Waung into their custody, this Li, and another man who was the leader of the gang, came into the cockpit. I was still busy, getting everything set when Li came up behind me and said "Cap, I don't feel so good." I glanced at him and mistook him for the operator, Waung. I asked him what was the matter. He sat down in the co-pilot's seat and said he didn't know, he was sick. I engaged the auto-pilot, took a closer look at him and saw that he wasn't

Waung, but still thought nothing of it, as I thought he was a C.N.A.C. employee. I asked him if he was too sick to continue to Tsingtao said if he wanted to return to Shanghai. If so, we could still return, let him off and make our trip, as it takes only two and one half hours each way. He said he thought he would be O.K. At that time, the leader, whom I had not noticed before, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "don't touch anything." I looked back, over my right shoulder, and saw him, standing beside me, with a .45 caliber revolver pointed directly at me. To say that I was surprised would be putting it mildly. I had never been held up before and had never heard of anyone being held up in an airplane, except an attempted aerial robber on a plane between Macau and Hong Kong several months before. He then told me to put my hands up, which I did. Next, he told me to stand up and follow him into the cabin. I stood up and with him walking backward and me, with my hands in the air, following, we entered the passenger compartment. He indicated a seat, about the third one from the front, on the right hand side, and told me to sit down, fasten my seat belt and keep quiet and I'd be O.K. He said, "you have nothing to worry about, we are all very good pilots and the man in front has more than two thousand hours in a C-47." He then went back into the cockpit. They had a guard, with a gun in his hand, standing opposite me, and another at the back of the plane. Most of the time there was a third one somewhere in the cabin. The plane was a "bucket seat" C-47, with canvas seats along the sides of the cabin.

A few minutes later, the leader came back into the cabin and I asked him to sit down and talk to me. He said O.K. I asked him what they planned to do and was told that they were going to Tsinan. I then asked him what they planned to do with the crew and the rest of the passengers and he said we would all be allowed to go on to Tsingtao, as soon as they got off. I asked that he allow me to go back to the cockpit and fly the plane, and that I would go where he told me to. He said this was not necessary. I reminded him that as legal pilot, the plane and passengers were my responsibility. He said, "not anymore they are now my responsibility." I couldn't think of a good answer for that so let it go. He asked me what our ground speed had been before they took

over an I told him, truthfully, that I hadn't had a chance to figure it out. He said "never mind, we'll figure it out."

Several minutes later he came back again and this time had with him a map of the area. One look at this map convinced me that they had been planning this for some time. They had drawn a course from Shanghai to Tsingtao, and then had drawn lines from this course to Tsinan, at about twenty mile intervals. They had all the courses and distances marked on the map. He showed me where we were at the time and told me that they would continue on the present heading for a while and then turn to Tsinan. As I was sitting on the right side of the plane and we were following the coastline, I could see nothing but water. At 9:30, when I figured that we should be getting close to the city of Haichow, the plane was turned to the left. As it banked around, I could see the ground from the windows on the left side and recognized Haichow bay. A few minutes later, the leader returned and confirmed our position and told me he expected to be over Tsinan about 11:00. At this time he changed his story about the disposal of the crew and passengers. He said that they had a very important mission, and needed to use the plane for two days, but after two days they would give the plane back to me and let us proceed to Tsingtao. I asked him, then if they would let Waung send a message to C.N.A.C., as our next contact was already overdue and they would soon be very worried about us. He refused, but said that I could write out the message, not mentioning Tsinan, and we could send it as soon as we were on the ground. I said that I doubted if he could contact Tsingtao from the ground and asked that he let us send it after we were over Tsinan, but before we landed. He refused, but said we could send it after landing. I had no choice, so settled for that and wrote the message. It read "Plane landed Shantung Province all crew and passengers O.K. have been told we will be allowed to proceed Tsingtao in two days—Hassig XT-135." I showed this to him for his approval and he said it was O.K. and we could send it as soon as we landed. It was never sent. I asked if the Reds at Tsinan were expecting us, they might fire on the plane when we came over. He said that they were and it had all been arranged. I had no reason to doubt his word then, but I did later. I am quite sure that

they knew nothing about it and that it was executed only by the five men involved.

At 11:00 we were over Tsinan. I had been there many times, before it fell to the Reds, and knew the surrounding country quite well. They started unrolling toilet paper and throwing it out. I doubted whether this could be seen on the ground at this altitude and later talked to several people who had seen us circling and no one had noticed it. We circled for about twenty minutes and then started losing altitude. He came down until we were about 300 feet above the ground and flew what was supposed to be a pattern at that altitude. I was getting quite nervous, as he was quite rough on the controls and I knew he had not extended the landing gear or lowered the landing flaps. From my position in the plane, you can hear either one going down. He made a steep left turn into the runway, losing altitude, and finally got down so low that the left wing tip was clearing the ground by about 30 feet. I do not know whether he was near the end of the runway or not, as I could not see ahead. At this time, he apparently changed his mind, and changed to a steep right turn and lost more altitude! I judged that the plane was in a 30 degree bank and could see that the right wing tip was no more than two feet from the ground. I was screaming at the guard who was standing over me to let me go up and land the plane before this idiot killed all of us. He appeared to be quite calm and would only say "not necessary." Somehow, the plane was leveled off. The leader then came to the cabin again. I called to him and asked him to let me land the plane. He ignored me completely and went to the back of plane where Hsu was sitting. At gun point, he took him forward. Hsu protested and suggested that I be allowed to do the flying, but it did no good. Hsu told me later of conditions that he found when he reached the cockpit. The gear was up, the flaps were up, the props were in full high R.P.M., the throttles full forward, the cowl flaps closed and both cylinders head temperatures above 250 degrees. As we were only a few feet above sea level and the throttles were full forward, the manifold pressure must have been several inches above the maximum allowable. Hsu got everything set as it should be and made a good landing. I was never so glad to get on the ground in my life. A car came onto the runway and led the plane to the place they wanted it parked.

As soon as the engines were cut, the leader came into the cabin, I asked him if we could send the message now and he said "not yet, but a little later." He said I could go into the cockpit and get my belongings. I went forward, got my briefcase, headset, two maps and a computer, and the manifests. I looked for my route manual, but could not find it. Hsu took the airplane log book and Waung got his radio log books. When I got out of the plane, all of the passengers had already been taken away. The leader was still there and was being greeted by everyone in sight. I asked him again about sending the message and got the same answer--"a little later." I then asked to see the commanding officer and was told that I would be taken to see him. I then asked for my route manual and was told that it contained information that he could use and he hoped I wouldn't mind if he kept it. I told him I did mind, so after a little more talk he promised to give it to me, but he said his bags had already been sent to a building on the field and we would go there. A car (1946 Ford) came for us and we (the crew) were taken to a building that I thought was their Headquarters.

We were taken to a room and given some tea. We sat and talked to various people who came in and I kept asking to see the C.O. Everyone told me that I would be taken to see him soon. We were then taken to a different room, where the eight passengers were being held. This was my first chance to talk to any of them. They included: a catholic priest, Father Joseph Kaufhold, Superior Regionalist of the Divine Word Mission in Tsingtao; Mr. W. Haesloop, a rug manufacturer (Lama brand), formerly of Tienstin but now living in Tsingtao. Both were Germans. D.C. Chow, the assistant director of the Bank of China in Tsingtao, and his bride of five days, who was a very pretty Chinese woman; Capt. T. W. Chen of the Chinese Navy; Mu Waung Hai, Sung Shu and Liu Tso Lu, all Chinese merchants. We were kept in this room for about an hour and then told that a truck had come to take us to town. I reminded them that I had been promised that I would be taken to the C.O. and was told that he was in town. As we were getting into the truck I again saw the leader and asked him for my route manual. He said he would still like to keep it and hoped it would be alright with me. I told him it was not alright, but that I could do nothing if he kept it. He

said "O.K." and gave it to me. We were then taken into the city, to a large building, which I believe was some sort of Headquarters. We were given some more tea and a short talk on communism, but it was in Chinese which I do not understand. I again asked everyone I saw to be taken to the O.C. and everyone said "yes, later". I never did see him. We were in this building about an hour. During this time, they gave each of us a sheet of paper and told us to write our name, age, address the type and amount of money we were carrying and any suggestions or comments. I had a small amount of G.Y. a few Hongkong dollars and \$75.00 U.S. all of which I declared. I then wrote that I had been repeatedly told that I would be taken to the C.O. and it had not been done and that I still wanted to see him. We then walked about a block to the "Stein" Hotel, which they assured us was the best in Tsinan. A short time later, a Mr. Chang, who we were to see much of later and turned out to be the secretary to the mayor, came to see us. With him was a man from the police who wished to search us. I removed everything from my brief case and from my pockets and put it on the table. While emptying my brief case, I noticed for the first time, that all of my maps, except the two I had found after landing, a computer and weams plotter were missing. They had been taken by one of the gang who took over the plane. I was relieved of the two maps and computer, headset and oxygen, hose and adapter. He also examined the manifests and took the ticket application forms, which were made out in duplicate for each passenger, and each copy had a small photo attached. I later asked to be given one copy of each and was refused. He gave me back the rest of the manifests. He looked through my passport and said that he would have to take it away for a while, but would return it later. I protested and told him I did not want it to get out of my sight and asked him to take me along with the passport. He didn't answer, but looked through it again, wrote some Chinese characters on a sheet of paper and gave the passport back. He then searched the other two crew members and took the same type of things from them. He kept Waung's radio logs, but allowed Hsu to keep the airplane log. We were later given some food. I had seen several planes over Tsinan that afternoon and felt sure that some of them must have seen our plane out on the field. That night, I was told that one came

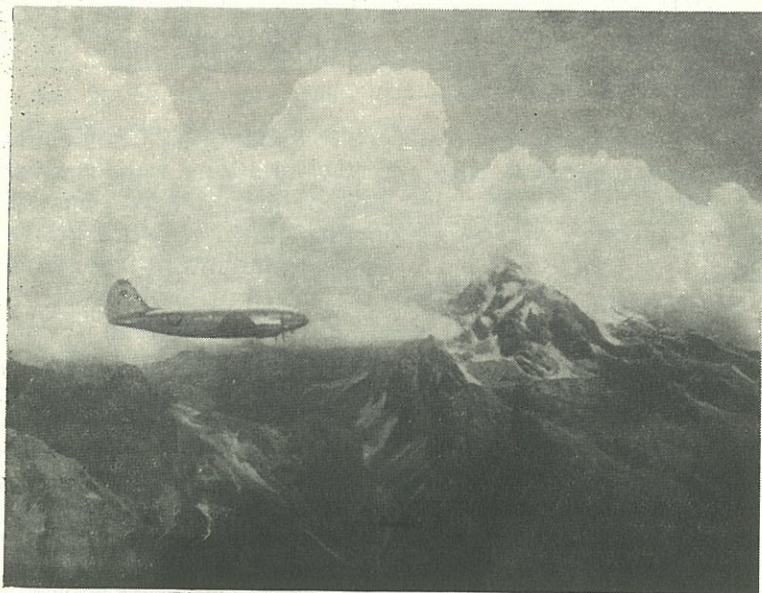
down to about fifty feet and I was told the number, which I recognized as a C.N.A.C. number. I was reasonably sure then that it was a true story and that they knew where we were. I also felt sure that they would be quite sure why we went to Tsinan, but knew everyone would be wondering whether we were dead or alive.

A man who claimed to be from the local press came to see us that night and took our names. He said that they would make a broadcast from Yen-an and say that we were all O.K. Everyone consented to that, as we were all very concerned about our families and friends, and what they were probably thinking. I don't think the broadcast was ever made. If it was, no one in Shanghai heard it. I was questioned by Mr. Chang. They were all routine questions; name, age, schooling, former jobs etc. We were told several times our first day that anyone who wished to stay was welcomed to do so, but if we wished to go back, it would be allowed. Of course, they said, it would take time to complete the arrangements. By then it was becoming quite clear that they did not intend to return the plane. While I was being questioned an air raid alarm sounded, and the lights went out. We had heard the siren several times that afternoon, but this was the first one since dark. After a few minutes, the "all clear" was sounded and the lights came on again. We became very used to that in the next few days. The alarm was three ten second blasts on the siren, and the all clear was one thirty second blast. This was sounded every time a plane came over the city, and if was after dark, the lights always went out. They were apparently turned off by pulling a main switch at the power station, as the whole section of the city went dark at the same time. During the thirty-five days that we were in Tsinan, I saw many planes fly over, sometimes 30 to 40 in a day, but I never saw anything except cargo type planes. I knew that a lot of these were C.N.A.C. planes, and were flown by friends of mine. I spent a good deal of time wondering who might be in each one, as it went over, and what they might be thinking about my status. I knew, when I saw them headed east, that they would be in Tsingtao in about an hour, as it is only about 200 air miles, and I sat there, not knowing how long before I could start, or how long it would take to get there. For the first few days, everyone was very optimistic. We

thought that it would be only a few days until they started us back. As the days, and the weeks passed, we spent a good deal of our time trying to convince each other that it wouldn't be much longer.

On the second day, I was again questioned. They asked the same questions, with very few variations. I again asked to see the C.O., or the mayor, but got no satisfactory answer. I also requested that they exchange some of the U.S. dollars that I had for local money. They promised to try, but would not take any of the money with them. I also asked for permission to notify the American Consul General in Peiping that I was O.K. This was refused but I was told that they would take it up with their superior officer. I was questioned again on the third and fourth days. It was all about the same, but probably by different sections of the city government. They asked a few questions about my experience as a member of the U.S. Air Force and about C.N.A.C., but did not seem to mind when I declined to answer such questions.

When we had been there nine days, and had been told absolutely nothing about when we might be released, we decided to send a letter to the Mayor of Tsinan. This was written in Chinese, and signed by all the Chinese crew members and passengers, and another written in English and signed by two other foreigners and myself. We stated that we could not understand why we had been kept so long and why they refused to tell us anything about our future. We also said that we would appreciate it very much if the Mayor would call on us, and perhaps give some explanation. In the English letter, we also stated that we were not used to Chinese food as a steady diet, and that the food we were getting was not very good. The food so far had been mantos, which is apparently made the same as bread, but is cooked by steaming instead of baking. They were made of dark flour, probably barley, and were quite heavy and soggy. With this, we would have a few onions, cabbage, celery etc. That afternoon, Mr. Chang came to see us. He said that the mayor had received our letters and that he would come to see us the next day. He never did show up, but the chow was better from then on. We still ate lots of mantos, but got a little meat occasionally, a little rice and sometimes had noodles. There was more of it after that also.



Returning from Lushien near Likiang.



Hump Scene.

The "Hotel" where we stayed was a foreign type building, built of rock, by a German, many years ago. The main entrance opened into a small courtyard, which was completely surrounded by various parts of the building. There was another small yard in the back, separated from the street by a high stone wall. We could go into either of these yards, so we were able to get a little exercise by walking up and down. There was always a soldier guarding the main entrance, and another in the first courtyard. We were never allowed to leave the Hotel, although we asked to many times. They never gave us any reason why we were kept as prisoners, except that they thought that it was better that way. We asked if there were any Foreigners in town and were told that there were. We asked to be allowed to visit them and were refused. I was told that there were about ten American missionaries there, but never saw any of them. Father Kaufhold was personally acquainted with some of the Catholic missionaries, who he knew were in Tsinan, but was not allowed to visit them or to send them any messages. He asked several times to be allowed to attend Mass on Sunday mornings, but was never allowed to do so.

One of the passengers had with him a deck of cards. We passed a lot of time playing bridge. Most of us were far from experts at the game and some had never played before, but by the time we left, we had four teams organized. We asked for something to read, every chance we got. One time Mr. Chang brought a year old "Saturday Evening Post." Another time he brought an old copy of "Life." We were also given some communist literature, in both Chinese and English. This was the closest they came to giving us a course in communism.

On our twelfth day, someone came around suddenly, and told Mr. and Mrs. Chow and Capt. Chen that they were leaving. No one knew where to or why. The next we heard of them was five days later, when they came back as suddenly as they had left. They had been taken to the political Headquarters for special questioning. They had been led to believe, while there, that we would all leave for Tsingtao soon, and everyone was quite optimistic for a few days. Several times, during our stay, they would ignore us com-

pletely for several days at a time. When this happened we would write another letter. Some of these were sent to the Mayor and some to Mr. Chang. We would give them to the manager of the hotel and he would have them delivered for us. Mr. Chang would always pay us a visit after receiving our letters and we would always ask the same question and always get the same answers. When we asked how long before we could leave, he always said, "I don't know, but I think not too long." He would never say how long "too long" was. Except for these visits, and the satisfaction that we got from writting them, I don't think the letters ever did any good. On February 22, our 24th day in Tsinan, Mr. Chang came and told us that it had been definitely decided that we could leave, and that we would probably leave on the 24th. Naturally, we were all very happy, but the 24th came and we heard no more from him. Finally, on March 1, we had still heard no more, so we sent another letter to the Mayor. We still got no answer until the 5th. Everyone was getting discouraged by then. At 2 p.m. Mr. Chang came and said that we would leave in two hours. They were already preparing a big farewell dinner for us. We had chicken, two meat dishes and the usual vegetables. It was very good. We were also served Chinese wine with the meal. Mr. Chang and Mr. Wong, who was to be in charge of our escort, ate with us. At 4:00 we left the Hotel, and walked to the railroad station, which was about 4 blocks away. The train finally left at 6:20. The car we were in was quite old, all of the window glass was missing, and it was a cold night. The seats were wood benches, and were very uncomfortable. Our "escort" consisted of three men from the municipal government and ten riflemen. The train traveled about 200 miles in twelve hours, arriving in Wei Hsien at 6:20 the next morning. We were all very tired and very cold. They took us to a Chinese inn, gave us some food. We had a room with a small stove, so we were quite uncomfortable. These Chinese inns have "community beds," which are just shelves, built into one side of the room. The one we had was made of wood, covered with straw mats. It was about two feet above the floor and about seven feet wide and fifteen feet long. There was another one, about eight feet long, in an adjoining room. All eleven of us slept there that night. We had very few blankets and since the fire went out after we retired, it was very cold. No

one got much sleep. We left the inn at 8:00 the next morning. Mr. Wong had hired a truck to take us as far as possible that day. They were working on the engine, however, and it was 10:00 before we got started. The truck was a 1939 Ford. We stopped for about thirty minutes at 12:30, to change a tire that blew out, and about an hour for chow at 2:00. We arrived at a small village at 7:00. We had traveled about 120 miles. We went to another inn, which was worse than the last one, and stayed that night. We had a few more blankets though and I think everyone slept a little better. I know I did. We got up at 6:00 the next morning. Mr. Wong told us that this was as far as they could go, but that they had hired a bicycle for each of us. We were to sit sideways on a baggage rack, behind the man who was pedaling. I was quite doubtful about riding this way, although I knew the Chinese rode like that a lot. We walked to the edge of the village, tied our baggage on the side, waved goodbye to our "escort," and were on our own for the first time in thirty seven days. The bicycle worked fine for about an hour. They were to take us to another village, about twelve miles away. When about halfway, the wind started blowing quite strong, and we were going directly against it. The coolie could not pedal anymore, so we started walking.

Before going far, we came across several men with wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrows are built of wood, with a large wheel, like a bicycle wheel, placed directly in the center, and a wood framework built around it. We hired several of these, and with two people on each, and one man to push it, went our way. At the next village we tried to hire a horse cart, but none was available, so we hired a new set of wheelbarrows and started out again. As we left this village, there were people at the edge of town, wanting to know if we wanted to change any money, as G.Y. was used in the next village, ten miles away. We made these ten miles in three hours. When we arrived, at 2:00 p.m., we saw the first nationalist soldier that we had seen since leaving Shanghai. They looked through our baggage and asked us a few questions. We were then registered, and one of the officers took us to his house. He gave us hot water and towels and some tea and peanuts. He wanted to fix a meal for us, but we didn't want to take time. We hoped to be in Tsingtao that

night. After we washed, and warmed up a little, we hired more wheelbarrows and went our way. We were told that ten miles away was another village, where we could catch a bus to Tsingtao. When we arrived there, however, there was no bus, and it was getting late. We walked about two miles, then, to a village where the Army had a telephone connection to Tsingtao. When we arrived there, they allowed Capt. Chen to use the telephone, and he called his office. They agreed to send a truck to pick us up. We had a bowl of noodles while waiting for it to arrive. We were now only thirty miles from Tsingtao, which we made in one hour and thirty minutes, arriving at 10:00 p.m.

They took us to the Chinese Navy Headquarters, asked a few questions to be certain of our identity, and then released us. I, and the other crew members, went to a Hotel where the C.N.A.C. crews are put when in town. Everyone was very surprised to see us, and wanted to know all about it. We were given some sandwiches, a few drinks, and a good bed. That night was the first time that I had had my clothes off for thirty-eight days. I had slept in them all during my stay in Tsinan.

The next morning I sent a cablegram to my mother, in the U.S. and called on the American Consul. About noon, we took off in a C.N.A.C. plane for Shanghai. After a short stop in Nanking, we arrived at 4:00 p.m.