

## THE HIMALAYAN ROGUE RETURNS

It all started around June of 2000, when my nephew, Tony deGoutiere, suggested that we take a trip to India during the months of January and February of 2001. Our planning got underway with visas and the route to be taken. The main purpose of the trip was to locate my grandfather's and grandmother's grave sites in the town of Gorakhpur, North-Central India. Also, to find my father's grave site as well, which is somewhere near the town called Monghyr (now called Munger). Then, as luck would have it, Tony developed some sort of foot ailment and had to cancel out. The trip now would be too costly for me to handle alone, so I canceled as well.

Previous to all this, I had been introduced to a Chinese gentleman from Hong Kong by the name of Mr. Wong How Man. The introduction was given by my good friend, Fletcher "Christie" Hanks. Christie flew for China National Aviation Corp. (CNAC) during the war, as I did.

Mr. Wong How Man, whose nickname I later found out was Hermie (or "Hermie"), is a graduate of Wisconsin University. He majored in journalism and art. In the year 1974 he began exploring China's remote regions and documenting their disappearing cultures. In the 1980's Hermie was now making several expeditions on behalf of National Geographic Magazine. One was a ten-month expedition for National Geographic tracing the Yangtze River from the mouth to its source.

By 1987 Mr. How Man had established the China Exploration and Research Society (CERS) of which he is President. The purpose of this is to better understand and preserve the cultural and natural heritage of remote China. Also, to restore Tibetan monasteries in western Sichuan Province.

Through my friend Christie, I was able to send Hermie my autobiography, "The Himalayan Rogue". From this, Hermie and I have been exchanging correspondence through the e-mail. Also, he was gracious enough to send me his book entitled "From Manchuria to Tibet". It is a hard covered book and oversized. I found the book most interesting, to say nothing of the spectacular photography that was taken by Hermie. It is a treasure worth having.

I had previously mentioned to Mr. How Man that I had planned to visit India by way of Hong Kong flying on Cathay Pacific Airlines. After having canceled my India trip, I had mentioned to Hermie that I still would like to visit Hong Kong and meet him. Perhaps I may then take a quick trip to Kunming for a look see after nearly fifty-five years. Hermie responded by suggesting why not come over in November 2000, in time for a gala banquet given by he and his CERS people at the Foreign Correspondents Club, which was to be held on Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> in Hong Kong. I talked this over with my ever loving wife Evelyn. After all, if I went, she would have to stay home, watch the store, and baby-sit our mini dachshund "Tiger" for around six weeks!! Being a most understanding wife, she knew I wanted to go on the trip very much, and so it was agreed!

I had my travel plans to go via Vancouver and Victoria, B/C, Canada. This was to visit my Goutiere nephews that lived in the area. I hadn't seen them for nearly thirty years. One week's visit would be great. And CPA flies from JFK, NY, via Vancouver to Hong Kong.

While all the above arrangements were in the mill, I received an e-mail from Hermie that he and some of his staff were planning an expedition by flying to Kunming and then taking their Land Rovers from there, all the way to Tibet. Would I like to join them part of the way. My goodness! What an offer! I responded that it sounded great and count me in.

After my week with my nephews in Canada, I boarded Cathay Pacific Airlines on Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> and was on my way to Hong Kong which I hadn't visited since 1969, when I was giving a PanAm crew a check flight from Bangkok to Hong Kong on a B-707. At that stage I was an FAA, Air Carrier Inspector. The airport in those days was good old Kai Tak Airport. But here I was on a Cathay Pacific B-747-400 jumbo jet. Before landing I was ushered into the cockpit to witness the approach and landing at the new Hong Kong Int'l. Airport. It was almost like old times sitting in the jumpseat of a passenger airline, giving the crew a flight check. Only, the cockpit layout of the 747-400 was a bit dazzling with its array of unfamiliar instrumentation. The captain did a fine job maneuvering the big plane around and made a perfect landing. If that was for my benefit, he impressed me!

I zipped through immigration and customs and then found myself whizzing along a grand highway in a special limo from the Panda Hotel, where I was the guest of Mr. Wong How Man.

After checking in and a quick wash-up in my room, I was asked to join Hermie down at the coffee shop. Here, for the first time in more than a year, I officially met Hermie and his assistant, Mrs. Berry Sin, a cute and charming young Chinese lady. I also met the hotel manager, Mr. Joachim Burger.

Even before my introduction to Mr. Wong How Man and his receiving my autobiography, I was attending the Oshkosh fly-in in Wisconsin. I was seated at the author's corner at the fly-in gift shop hoping to sell my autobiography books. A rather tall, heavy-set, good-looking individual approached my table. I noticed he had my book under his arm. This was in July or August of '96. He introduced himself as Captain Ian Quinn of Cathay Pacific Airlines. Egad! Way over here from Hong Kong! He said he actually had bought my book a year ago from my good friend Joe Rosbert of Flying Tiger fame and CNAC. However, he had left that book in Hong Kong, so had bought another one for me to autograph! This I did and we had a good laugh over it. I then told Ian that we would be invited to a gathering of CNAC people that would be having a dinner party at the end of the Oshkosh show. That was our introduction and we became good friends. When he returned to Hong Kong, we corresponded by e-mail.

Back to present time. I also e-mailed Ian Quinn about my plans of coming to Hong Kong for a visit and perhaps a tour into China. He hoped I would consider staying as his guest at some time during my tour of Hong Kong. I promised I would give it a good try. Unbeknownst to me, he had contacted the CPA crew that would be flying me from Vancouver to Hong Kong letting them know that I was aboard, and to give a chance for me to sit in the cockpit to observe the approach and landing.

At the Panda Hotel coffee shop Mr. Wong How Man mentioned he had arranged for me to give my talk on the evening of November 6 and to be sure to wear my CNAC flying jacket with the "blood Chit" on the back. The blood chit was the Chinese flag and in Chinese writing that stated we were allied friends and to escort us to safety. This was in case we were shot down or forced landed in Japanese territory. I told my audience it might also mean, "If you catch him, shoot the son-of-a-bitch!!". After the talk, Hermie said the people really enjoyed the stories of my flying experiences over the "Hump". Also, that quite a few wanted to buy my book. I was elated.

I was enjoying my stay at the Panda Hotel. The buffet breakfasts and lunches were superb. One could put on an awful lot of weight hanging around that area! Joachim was also a great host and had his staff at my beck and call. He also mentioned that he was planning to set up a special bar that he wanted to call "The Flying Tiger and CNAC Bar". Joachim is most keen on the Flying Tigers and has models of the P-40 with the tiger shark on the nose. He was wondering if any of the Flying Tiger and CNAC people would be willing to come over and inaugurate the bar when it is finished. I promised him I would get in touch with the people back home and let him know. I really think it would be a great idea to have a reunion at the Panda Hotel bar before we are too old to hoist one for old times' sake! Perhaps a quickie over to Kunming and hoist a few more, for there is another Flying Tiger bar there!!

It seemed to me that Hermie was always a jump ahead, and in the right direction! After the reception and my talk at the Foreign Correspondent's Club, I thought I would be on my own to find my way around Hong Kong for sight-seeing and shopping. Not quite so. Hermie had arranged a great Chinese dinner at one of the popular restaurants, whose specialty was Peking duck. The roasted duck was brought out and carved in front of us. Not only did it look tempting, it was delicious eating. On another occasion Hermie and Berry took me to the once famous Floating Restaurants in the section called Aberdeen. Well, the old restaurants had long gone. In their place was one large floating barge and restaurant called the Jumbo Floating Restaurant. Again, it was another sumptuous Chinese meal. Though there are thousands of Chinese restaurants in the States, none can come close to the authentic thing in Hong Kong and China. I took many pictures of the whole area. I hope they come out. The videos, I am sorry to state, I somehow lost in my travels.

Back at the Panda Hotel I did get a breather, but not for long. My good friend Ian Quinn of Cathay Pacific had been working up something special for me. I had mentioned to Ian that I knew Roy Farrell and Syd DeKantzow who originally had started Cathay Pacific Airlines in 1946. He had also read about it in my autobiography, as had Mr. Wong How Man. So this was no secret. I had also mentioned that I once flew with Roy and Syd from Shanghai to Hong Kong in the DC-3 before it became CPA and nicknamed "Betsy". Ian and Hermie must have told the VIP's of the current airline that an old "hump" pilot from W.W.II was in town and knew a bit about the start of their great airline. Unknown to me, Ian said he was taking me on a tour of Hong Kong Island.

I will take a few lines to describe the new Hong Kong (HKG). It is divided in two areas: Kowloon and Hong Kong Island. They are divided by Victoria Harbor. In the old days I remember, the only way across from one side to

the other was by famed Star Ferries. Now there is a tunnel for cars and one for a fancy electric train that can glide you all the way to the New International Airport in about thirty minutes. The Star ferries are still operating, just as they did in the time of the movie "The World of Suzie Wong". North of Kowloon is a new area called New Territories. This area is fast growing up with high-rise buildings, including the Panda Hotel! The new airport is located west of Kowloon and Hong Kong Island on the tip of Lantau Island. It covers more than 3,000 acres and was one of the largest excavation and reclamation projects in history. It took thousands of workers working around the clock. It was started the end of '92 and completed end of '98. There are high bridges that span the island with the mainland. Motoring across reminded me a bit of Whitestone and Throggs Neck bridges.

Ian Quinn called and said to meet him on the Hong Kong side, that he would take me on a small tour, then to his apartment in Stanley which is located on the southern tip of the Island. I took the Star Ferry across the Bay and met Ian. We then took a taxi and wove our way around numerous skyscrapers to a good size building. He led me through several corridors to a large, spacious room. He told me this was the Museum of Modern Science. I could now see various odd-looking objects around the place. As I looked around, a young man came up to us, and Ian introduced me to Mr. Patrick Garrett who was Communications Manager for Cathay Pacific.

Patrick Garrett took charge and led us to an escalator. I noticed that Ian and Pat had big smiles on their faces and told me to look up above the escalator. There I saw an old DC-3 hanging from the dome of the building. Pat and Ian couldn't wait to tell me that was "Betsy", the plane that Roy Farrell and Syd DeKantzow started Cathay Pacific with back in 1946. Pat stated that Betsy was placed here in 1989. That the great plane was placed here as a fitting memorial, not only to those who started the airline, but as a lasting memorial to every member of the company, past and present. I immediately started taking pictures and video of Betsy.

As I mentioned earlier, I lost those video shots, but do have the still photos. So this is the tour that Ian had planned for me. It sure was a great and pleasant surprise.

At the top of the escalator we were greeted by police officers guarding the area. The whole area where the plane hung was cordoned off by a yellow ribbon. Ian and Pat talked to the guards for a few minutes. The guards had big grins and escorted us past the boundary so we could take pictures of Betsy. Pat really got to work with his camera and was taking shots from all angles, even lay on his back to get me with the airplane. He said he hoped to have a story about me and Betsy in one of the Cathay Pacific's magazines. Wow! As I walked around Betsy, Pat kept firing questions at me about flying C-47s and the Hump operation during W.W.II. I hope I answered his questions correctly, especially if it was going into the CPA magazine! After staring at poor Betsy hanging up there I felt nostalgic and thought back of the old days in Calcutta with Roy and Syd. It was sad to see Betsy strung up to the ceiling with very little light for people to see and ask questions. I suddenly realized this was not the place for such a magnificent aircraft. Betsy should be over at the new Hong Kong International Airport, and I knew just the place. I had been over to the terminal building and took pictures of the Farman biplane on display there. Right there is a large unused space of the terminal floor where I know Betsy could proudly be displayed. I mentioned this to Pat and he took notes as to what I suggested. I also wrote to the Managing Director of Cathay Pacific with the same suggestion. Yes, Betsy, we'll get you there!

Ian and I took leave of Pat and headed for Ian's place in Stanley. We drove past Repulse Bay and I couldn't recognize any of it. That goes back forty-nine years since I was last here!

After meeting his girl Friday, a Filipino named Ellie, and a wash-up after the long tour, Ian took me to his favorite pub called the Smuggler's Inn. It was a small tavern on the only street along the beach. It was crowded with people and the overflow wound up on the sidewalk and the street. It sure was a busy place. I also had mentioned to Ian that Syd DeKantzow had a son named Peter. Sort of a name-sake; and I believed he lived in Hong Kong. Ian went to work on his cellular phone. Lo and behold he found Peter with whom I then talked and agreed we would meet at the famed Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon the following afternoon.

In the old CNAC days, the Peninsula Hotel is what we used as a check point and pylon when we came through the Victoria Harbor (the Gap). With the right wing of the plane on the hotel we would circle around to the right and line up with the major runway which was runway-12 or 13? of Kai Tak Airport.

Hermie and Berry were waiting for me at the Peninsula and I told them that I would also be meeting Peter DeKantzow, Syd's son. So many things seemed to be happening all at once. Hermie had already made plans for me to visit the Pan-American China Clipper museum which was located on the top floor of the hotel. Hermie said he would be back a little later to escort me to the museum.

I waited for about fifteen minutes for Peter to show with his two little, blonde daughters. I recognized him immediately when he arrived at the lobby. He was tall, blonde, and looked a bit like his dad. I mentioned to him that I would have to leave in a few minutes to visit the museum with my host. The lobby was crowded with people waiting to get a table for afternoon tea. Peter said that would give him time to get us a table.

Hermie led the way to the special elevator that took us to the top floor. Here we met a guide to show us around. I did not realize there was a PanAm museum in Hong Kong. It was a rather unique layout. The windows were shaped like the porthole windows of the old clipper flying boats. These looked out over the Hong Kong harbor. There was a display of the old metal toilets and washrooms. There were many pictures of the flying boats, with one at the docks. Hermie told the guide that I was a pilot that flew the "Hump", etc., and belonged to the PanAm Retired Pilot's group called the "Clipper Pioneers". The guide retrieved a book for me. It was all about a DC-3 called "Betsy"!

I returned to the hotel lobby and Peter DeKantzow had procured a table for us. He couldn't wait to ask questions about his dad whom he didn't really know, since Syd died when Peter was no more than two years old. It was a good get-together, though only for a short time. We agreed that we would keep in touch from here on, and this I intend to do. Peter is now forty-five years of age and doing well as a resident of Hong Kong.

Next day, November 13<sup>th</sup>, Berry and Hermie met me at the Hong Kong international. Airport for the departure to Kunming. Excitement was building up in me, for I was returning to a place I had not seen for over fifty years. I had heard stories of the change in Kunming, but I had to see it for myself. I was loaded down with film for my cameras and video because I was going to take pictures at every turn possible. Hermie wouldn't be on this flight with Berry and me. He planned to come a couple days later. I had a window seat with the hopes of seeing the old airport and the approach, with Kunming lake and the scar-faced bald mountain on the west side. However, the pilot made a left hand approach which would be to runway 18, therefore I didn't have a chance to see the lake.

After taxiing, I was unable to recognize any part of the airport, though it was the same old Kunming airport we CNAC pilots used during the war, also the headquarters for General Chenault's 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force. It appeared that the whole area had been scraped clean and the new airport rebuilt over it. I was a little surprised that everyone coming from Hong Kong had to go through immigration and customs. Also, the currency was different. The Hong Kong dollar was not accepted. The mainland China here used Yuan. They both were about eight to one US dollar. Berry said it was okay to take pictures around the airport.

On the drive to the hotel, the Holiday Inn, no less, I was pleasantly surprised to see such fine, wide, clean streets. The traffic moved right along and was orderly. But the bicycles? There were hundreds of them. And to handle them, the police had special lanes, plus traffic lights. I was beginning to like Kunming already!

After I sorted out my things from the suitcase and placed them in the closet, I looked out the window and watched the traffic below with the hundreds of bicycles following their regular ways. I couldn't believe how orderly they were handled. I started with my video taking shots of this traffic scene. This video I did not lose!

That evening Berry and I ate dinner at a Thai restaurant on the top floor of our hotel. All waitresses dressed in the traditional Thai dresses. We ordered Thai curry and rice, and I had to have the good old Chinese hot rice wine. That was a mistake! At about one o'clock in the morning it hit me. I started vomiting and then diarrhea. I didn't know which end to put in the pot first, and I didn't care.

By five thirty, I was still going through the motions of throwing up and found myself very weak and dehydrated. I phoned Berry and told her my problem. She was over in a few minutes and decided we better get a doctor. The hotel made the arrangements. The Chinese doctor showed up with two nurses and after a quick examination, they thought I should go to the hospital. By six thirty I was on my way to the Kunming hospital in their ambulance. I next found myself in a rather large room with lots of furniture and a bevy of attractive Chinese nurses around me! They had me stripped to the waist and sponged me down. Next, they stuck probes to my chest and stomach that were attached to a computer that was all in Chinese, except the clock which gave the local time in English.

The head doctor came by around nine o'clock to check on me. In the meantime one of the nurses had also hooked me up to be fed intravenously. This was to give me some kind of sugar and water because of my dehydrated situation. Every once in awhile someone had to go along with me to the bathroom and hold up the sugar-water bottle that was hooked to my wrist. What a charade this was turning into! Every couple hours one of

the cute nurses stuck a thermometer under my right armpit. I also noticed that these nurses seemed to gather around me and touch my chest and giggle! Come to find out they were more interested with the hair on my chest than my ailment!!

That night I spent at the hospital. To keep me company, Berry insisted that one of CERS people by the name of Stephen sleep in the next bed. Stephen was half Chinese and half German, a fine young lad of twenty-seven. He carried two passports, one German and one American. He had been in China a little over a year and was interested in studying Chinese. I was given a shot in the arm so that I would be able to sleep.

I was awake early the next morning feeling just fine, though weak. Oh yes, my four cute nurses arrived early to look me over and study the gimmicks on the computer. They still giggled and touched my hairy chest! I told Stephen to tell these nurses in Chinese, if he could, that they were lucky I was tied to the computer, or I would be chasing them all over the hospital. God only knows what I would have done if I caught one!! I guess he got through to them for they all had a good laugh. By nine, I had my first meal of rice and chicken broth, followed by a glass of warm milk. It stayed down. By eleven I was ready to leave and go back to the Holiday Inn. Before leaving, Stephen had his camera and took several shots of myself with the nurses and the doctor. I hope he will send me a copy.

Back at the Inn I rested most of the day. Hermie then showed up from Hong Kong and was worried about my illness. I said I would be okay to travel in two days' time.

I guess I must have lost a lot of weight through that siege. My pants seemed baggy and my belt was at its last notch. But I was rarin' to go.

Another member of Hermie's CERS team was a Chinese from Kunming by the name of Zhang Fan, and he did pretty well with the English language. So the next day, after visiting Hermie at his Kunming office, which was not easy to do since I had to climb six flights of stairs!) Zhang took me in his van for quite a ride all the way south to Kunming Lake. I wanted very much to take a picture and video of the lake and of old scarface, bald mountain. However, it was late afternoon and the sun was setting right over that range of hills. I took several shots, but they did not turn out well. I did notice that the lake had shrunk quite a lot and Zhang said that it was also polluted.

Zhang mentioned that the population of Kunming had grown to near five hundred thousand people and had been using up a lot of the lake water. He said that Kunming now exports about seventy percent of fresh flowers in China. All along the shore of the lake there are thousands of hothouses to grow the flowers and a lot of the chemicals flow into the lake. Gone are the old fishing boats that used the large cormorant birds that dove for fish. Zhang also said that another industry that has picked up here was tobacco and cigarette manufacturing. A third industry that has Kunming booming is tourism. Thousands come from north China and Hong Kong. The town now sports four first rate golf courses. It was hard to believe, after what I remember some fifty-five years ago. On our way back Zhang stopped at two large ornate gates. He said this was where the old gate to Kunming city used to be. These new gates are called "Golden Horse" gates. I had Zhang stop there. Though it was getting dark, I took videos and still shots and they haven't come out too badly. I told him I had a picture of the old gates (thanks to my friend Jim Dalby) and that I would send him a copy when I got home. He also knew about my book and asked if I would be kind enough to give him a copy. I guess I will be sending him a bundle of old Kunming photos along with the book!

Back at the hotel I decided to take it easy. I had lost my appetite after the siege and could only handle soup and toast. I hit the sack early for the next day would be a long and hectic one. We would be riding in Land Rovers across south China for about thirteen hours. I sure didn't wish to pass out on the trip. I still had trouble getting to sleep, thinking of the forth-coming trip and all that I had seen here in Kunming. I took a sleeping pill and that did the trick.

I was up early and wandered down to the coffee shop for breakfast. I was able to have dry cereal and a soft boiled egg and to chase it down with Chinese green tea.

The morning of November 17<sup>th</sup> arrived bright and clear. Kunming is about 6500' above sea level, which makes the climate very dry and void of humidity. It was a chilly, near freezing temperature and great for travel and photography. I had my breakfast and joined Hermie, Berry, and the rest of the CERS group in front of the hotel. Stephen and Zhang were already packing things into the two Land Rovers. Excitement was building up for me. I

decided I better go use the bathroom before we took off. I didn't know what the toilet situation might be along the way! By the way, in China they drive on the right side of the roads, as in the States.

I was given the copilot's seat next to the driver. This would give me an advantageous spot to take photos and video. Hermie and Berry had the lead Land Rover and ours brought up the rear. I noted that Zhang would not be on this trip. He would attend to office business in Kunming.

We drove through town during the rush hour with autos and bicycles stacked up. In about forty minutes we were passing the last section west of town. I was able to get a glimpse of scarface mountain to the left, and it was not too far off. It showed that the lake had shrunk quite a bit in the past fifty odd years. The road developed into a super highway out into the country. It then started to climb over the high ridges of mountains that formed the west bank of Kunming Lake. I was informed that this whole area was now a national park. I noticed the heavy foliage of pine trees and some eucalyptus as we drove along. The highway we were on was now paralleling the old famed Burma Road.

We stopped once in a while so I was able to take quite a few pictures. There were many villages along the mountainsides and I saw quite a few white objects among the adobe type houses. I asked our Chinese driver what they were. He smiled and said they were satellite dishes for television. These village folks were in touch with outside world. And no doubt probably laughing at the mad voting going on in Florida!

After about four hours driving, Hermie and Berry had stopped at a way station and ordered lunch. This could have been anywhere along route 95 on the east coast of the USA. There were several gas stations as well. One caught my eye; it read ESSO! They still use that sign throughout China. The meal was a simple Chinese fare, but good. I'm glad I never forgot how to use chopsticks. It was coming in handy now.

As we cruised along about sixty mph, I could see some mountains looming up in the horizon. Within an hour I saw a sign that caught me off guard; it read Yunnani. We were going too fast to stop; but never mind said the driver, there is another one ahead. Sure enough; there was another sign. Hermie had stopped by it. I got out and started taking pictures. It was interesting to note that all signs were in Chinese and English. Also, like this sign of Yunnani, it showed a picture of a gas pump, knife and fork, and wrench for mechanic and P for parking. Hermie said we would not be able to visit the old Yunnani, USAF Base of long ago; it was now a military base.

As we drove on, the mountains ahead loomed higher, and I knew they had to be the old Tali Mountains that I had flown over many times. The town and the lake are now called Dali. In fact, the ride so far was our CNAC flight route that we used when we flew the southern course from Dinjan to Kunming and back, over Yunnani and the town of Tali (Dali). We passed through the town, which was now a city, and mostly farm people and fishermen. The highway skirted along the west shore of lake Dali, with the fourteen thousand foot mountains to our left. It was around this area too, that our friend "Fuzzy" Ball crashed and was killed on a dark, stormy night approaching Yunnani Air Base. That would be in January of '45.

Hermie had stopped and waited for us to catch up to him at the north end of Dali lake which was most picturesque. After a breather, stretching of legs and a smoke for those that did, we climbed aboard and started off again. Once more the terrain started to get mountainous, and the sturdy Land Rovers kept on grinding their way up the steep country. We must have reached over ten thousand feet altitude when we pulled over again. There was little or no traffic to worry about. At this altitude, there was a clear view of the lake, and far south and left, we could just spot a sugarloaf peak, with what looked like a white pagoda on top. I told Hermie we were now on the direct course we flew from Dinjan; and that pagoda was one of our check points. I have an old photo of it I took back in '43. I have given him a copy of it.

It was now getting cold and the sun setting over Dali mountains. We drove on over some steep hills and hairpin turns in the highway. Here and there we passed some strange type of rural tractors. they were three wheeled affairs with one cylinder engines. They had small, fairly bright headlights, but no tail lights. We had now driven about twelve hours and it had become dark. The highway had leveled off on a plateau. Our driver would not use his high beam light; when all of a sudden Stephen gave a yell from the back, and I saw at the time, one of those tractors putt- putting along with no tail lights. We had been going about sixty when the driver made a quick swerve to the left and missed the tractor by inches. Egad! What a close shave. We were all now wide awake. Soon, we could see the glow of Likiang (now called Lijiang). In another half hour we were in the brightly lit city. We had made it in just over thirteen hours!

I was pretty well tired out by the time we got to our little hotel that I am sure Hermie had arranged ahead for us. It is the one he uses when he makes his numerous trips through to Tibet and beyond. Likiang (Lijiang) is about 9000' altitude and now in November it became quite cold at night. It didn't take me long to curl up in my small bed and fall asleep.

Stephen knocked on my door early next morning to say that the group was getting ready for breakfast. I got myself ready and met everyone at the hotel courtyard. Here I took pictures of the group. Hermie had planned that after breakfast we would drive out to Lijiang mountain. It is actually called "The Jade Dragon Snow Mountain". In the old days we called it the "Green Dragon". He wanted to find the old, abandoned landing strip where CNAC used to land once in awhile to drop supplies off for our radio station. The radio station was essential for navigating around the mountain during the monsoon period. We would be on instruments all the way from Dinjan around Likiang, on our way to Suifu (Iping) on the Yangtze River. The monsoon season was usually the months of July, August, and September. The station came in handy also during some of the severe winter months. Not many landings were made at Likiang. I know I made about three during the years I flew for CNAC. I believe Jim Dalby was in there a couple of times. Once to pick up an American by the name of Dr. Rock. Dr. Rock wrote many articles on China for National Geographic.

After our Chinese breakfast, the two Land Rovers headed out of the city, and coming to the end of the highway, we rolled along a bumpy dirt road. Up ahead rose the great, 20,000' Green Dragon. The top of it was shrouded in clouds. No matter; I started taking videos and still pictures. We drove quite a ways toward the base of the mountain, and finally found what was left of the old gravel runway we used during the War. I couldn't recognize much of it. I looked around at the surroundings, and the only thing that came to mind was a pointed peak in the distance that I had used as a check point to line up with the runway. The runway was now a cow pasture.

Hermie had me stand with my back to the mountain while his people took pictures. He also kept asking questions about the runway and why we used it. I think he plans to use all this in his next magazine. I too kept taking pictures, as I might never be coming back this way again. Perhaps, like some of CNAC friends, I will when I head for Hogy Taw!

It had been a great gathering that cold, breezy morning. As I talked with Hermie and answered questions, I felt nostalgia setting in and a lump in my throat. I couldn't believe I was reliving the past of more than 55 years ago.

After about an hour at the base of Lijiang mountain, the Land Rover motorcade returned to the city. It was here that I had to say goodbye to my wonderful friends Mr. Wong How Man (Hermie), Berry Sin and Stephen. They were ready to drive on further to a town called Zhongdian in the Tibetan area and then further into Tibet. They planned to be gone another three weeks. As I mentioned earlier, Hermie was always one jump ahead. He arranged that I should have a guide here in Lijiang. Of course he picked a charming young lady by the name of Cai Kui, also from Kunming. Cai spoke good English and knew her way around all this area. She has a Ph.D. in Human Geography. I don't know what that means! She also works for CERS out of Kunming.

Cai immediately started to show me the ancient city of Lijiang. There were many arbored, cobblestone streets, most of which seemed to run north and south. The reason being, that a couple fast flowing streams were flowing in the same direction through the Lijiang City. All the old buildings that probably dated back to the eighth and ninth century; and mostly constructed with adobe-type bricks, were now converted to small hotels and inns. All along the streets there were many restaurants of various kinds. One could get pizza, hamburgers, Western or Chinese food. Along with all of this there were many gift shops of all kinds. There was disco music in just about all these shops.

That evening Cai and I had dinner at a quaint café. It was a Tibetan style place. My appetite had still not caught up with me from Kunming! I was shy of what I ate. I did continue to eat mostly Chinese dishes and drink green tea. I noticed that Cai ordered Tibetan tea. This was regular tea served with yak milk, a little butter of the same and sometimes a dash of salt. She wanted me to try it, but no thanks!

During dinner I asked Cai why so many hotels and inns? And so many restaurants? She stated that Lijiang had become a great tourist attraction. The season was from spring to October. Right now it was off season. Cai said that it would be difficult to get a room during that time. People come from all over China, Hong Kong, and many parts of the world, including the States. One of the big attractions is to see Lijiang Mountain. As I mentioned, now they have built a cable-car that goes half way up the mountain. I didn't wish to have a look.

I slept like a log that night. However, I had developed a bad sore throat and cough. I noticed that Hermie also had a bad cough. I hoped he would get over it, because he would be going to a higher and colder region. After breakfast at the Tibetan café, Cai took me to the old residence where the governors of old had lived and conducted official business. The residential palace was on a steep incline that overlooked the city.

November 19<sup>th</sup> was our last day at Lijiang. Cai and I drove out toward the mountain and the local bank. I needed to get some money to pay off the hotel. They didn't accept any type of credit cards yet. After getting the money, I looked toward the Jade mountain, but it was completely overcast. I guess our old Green Dragon was hiding from me. It didn't want to show its craggy old face after more than fifty-five years. "So, Old Dragon, watch out for that cable-car they are erecting along your scaly back!" With that I waved goodbye and we headed back to town. The sight-seeing was over, so I did a little curio shopping. Cai and I ate at our favorite Tibetan café. It was then I heard some strange music. I listened a minute and "I'll be damned!" The café was playing Christmas Carols! How about that! Way over here near the border of Tibet!

Next morning, the 20<sup>th</sup>, Cai and I hopped a taxi to the new airport. The airport is about a thirty minute drive and is located southeast of town. It's a first class one at that. Cai said it was needed here for the amount of tourists that arrive during the season. About twenty flights a day. It was impressive.

We waited about an hour for the arrival of our flight back to Kunming. The aircraft was a B-757. Cai suggested I hand my business card for the stewardess to give the captain of our flight. She also muttered to the gal in Chinese; I think Cai was telling the gal that I was an old W.W.II pilot that flew once in this area. The stewardesses spoke and gave their announcements in English and Chinese. Later in the flight, the stewardess handed back my business card and on the back the captain had written a message to me in Chinese. Cai translated as: "I thank the American people for their support in W.W.II, and hope the friendship will live between the Chinese and Americans." signed Zhou Hongjivo. After landing at Kunming the captain greeted me. He didn't speak English, Cai did the honors. He said he once was a fighter pilot on MIGs for the Chinese Air Force. He was delighted to meet an old China (CNAC) pilot who flew the "Hump". I wished him well and hoped that maybe we would meet again.

Back at the Holiday Inn I checked into the same room. I had a bunch of dirty laundry piled up from the Lijiang trip. I was informed that I would have it back that evening. I had said goodbye to Cai and thanked her very much for all the tours of Lijiang and help getting me through the airport ticketing, etc. She was married and wanted to get home. I took it easy the rest of the day and just walked around some of the streets. No one paid much attention to me with the CBI patch on my cap. Among many of the autos that traveled the streets, I noticed quite a few Jeep Cherokees. I later asked my CERS friend if China imported these Jeeps. No, the Jeeps are manufactured in China!

The same evening Mr. Zhang Fan of CERS phoned to tell me that he would be taking me for an interview with the local Kunming paper called "The Metropolitan Times" first thing in the morning. Sure enough, after breakfast, Zhang showed up in his van. I was beginning to become familiar with some of the streets we kept driving over. He then turned into some side streets and onto another area with large buildings on one side. He stopped in front of one of these and we got out. He said it was called Tai-gang Business Center. It looked like a large shopping mall. I followed Zhang into a courtyard or small park, and there in the middle of the park was a wing of an airplane. This whole area was roped off like old Betsy in Hong Kong. There were a couple of police guards standing nearby, and two to three well-dressed young fellows with cameras. Zhang didn't have to mention it, I knew what this was. The wing, which rested on a stump of tree had to be the right wing of ship #53. This was Jim Fox's plane that crashed in March of '43. I had flown this plane while in the process of checking out. It was the same wing that stuck out when I took pictures of it in May '43. The Chinese government had brought the wing down from the crash site on the Hump after my friend Christie Hanks had gone to find the plane back in June of '96. Along with the wing they had also brought back a complete wheel and a crew oxygen bottle. The tire on the wheel looked in very good condition after having been in the rough jungle for fifty-seven years. It probably still had smoggy Calcutta air in it!!

At first the police were reluctant to let anyone past the roped area. A lot of Chinese talk went on between them and the newspaper people. It was finally agreed that all of us could go on through. From then on the reporters started asking questions about the plane and what I knew of it. I mentioned I had seen pilot Jim Fox crash the plane into the mountain; that I had taken several pictures of the C-53 plane before it hit the mountain in a snow storm. I promised that I would send them copies of those pictures and my book. The interview lasted for about half an hour. They said I would get a copy of their newspaper next day. We thanked the guards and left.



I was not through for the day. Zhang had arranged for two young ladies and a man to give me a tour of the national park where the Chinese had erected a huge monument for the American pilots and crews that gave their lives during flying the Hump in WWII. The girls' names were Cathy Na and Li Mei. They seemed excited that they were taking an American on a tour. They chatted and giggled a lot. This worried me a bit, because Li Mei was driving her little mini van and would gesture and giggle, etc. while we were ascending the high mountain area of the park. We finally did reach the spot where the monument rose up about fifty feet or so. Of course, the girls wanted their picture with me as well! Have no fear, the girls were married!

On the way back from the Hump Pilot's monument, the girls stopped at another interesting sight. It was the Tang Dynasty monastery. It was all walled in, but visitors were allowed in for a small fee. Along the main entrance there were several large type urns that were burning incense. I was able to take quite a few photos, but there were certain areas with signs saying no cameras allowed. I would have liked to have spent more time there and learned more about this dynasty. However, my attractive guides and the gentleman that was with us (chaperone??) said they were taking me to the center of Kunming where the old lake is located. They called it Green Lake. I remember a lake of sorts when I had been in Kunming city during the war. I had forgotten all about it. The trip back was just as exciting as going up the mountains. The two gals kept up their talking and giggling even the girl driver, Mei, talked when hairpin turns were approached. I guess she didn't notice my putting on brakes on my side!

We got down to the city limits without mishap and found our way to the Green Lake. I had to admit, it was quite beautiful. We found a parking spot and walked to the lakeside. Here I saw a wide walkway that circled the whole lake. Also, there were many apartment buildings that appeared to be on the expensive side. My escort then showed me some of the nice gift shops in the area. Here I found some gifts to take home for Christmas presents. When I approached the water's edge, there were thousands of terns and seagulls. I was told that the birds had started coming to the lake only a couple of years ago. I think one reason for that is that people were feeding them with handfuls of bread. I never did recognize the lake, though I do remember coming by those fifty odd years ago. It was now getting late and I had another appointment with Zhang. So I was dropped off at the hotel, and I thanked my lovely hosts, and the man, for a wonderful trip to the park and Green Lake.

Zhang came by with another of his friends and drove me to one of his favorite restaurants for Chinese dinner. At the entrance there were two beautiful Chinese girls dressed in some sort of traditional costumes. I couldn't resist this, so I asked Zhang if it would be okay to have my picture taken with them. No problem! They were most obliging. I guess they must have been asked this many times over. The dinner was sumptuous. Yet I couldn't eat too much. I still had to take it easy. It was a shame to have to refuse a lot of tasty dishes that came my way. I think Zhang understood. He then dropped me off at the hotel and said he would be around next morning to do some more shopping.

The next morning Zhang couldn't make it due to some work at the office, but sent one of his friends instead. We toured the city and Green Lake. I wanted to get back to Kunming Lake again and try to get another shot of Scarface mountain. However, there was trouble with the car engine, so we canceled it.

Late that afternoon Zhang did come and pick me up. We drove to a place I hadn't seen before; it was one of Kunming's new schools. Zhang stopped nearby and pointed to a sign on the front of a building. The sign read "Flying Tiger Bar"! As we entered the bar, I was greeted by some of the people from the local newspaper that had interviewed me the day before. They handed me a copy of the paper and there I was making the headlines! The bar, come café, was neat and clean and not too many customers. Perhaps the reason being, they served Western food and not Chinese. The place was covered with many photos of the war time Flying Tiger personnel, with one of General Chenault. On one of the corner walls was an enclosed frame with a very old A-2 flying jacket. The jacket was back to front and displayed the "blood chit". It was so old and worn that the Chinese flag was hardly noticeable. I had to get close to recognize it. There was no name as to whom it had once belonged. On a further wall there was a large oil painting of a P-40 with its shark face; and in front was a group of pilots. It must have been copied from one of the Flying Tiger books. The owner of the bar showed me a list of the Flying Tiger names. I went through the long list of names and recognized many of them; especially the group that came to work for CNAC. After that I was shown their guest book. I had the honor of being the first foreigner and American pilot to sign it. Then the owner insisted I had to have a free drink from the bar. What would I like. I said I would like a Johnny Walker Black Label! And damned if they didn't have it! I made the mistake of saying in Chinese that I would like cold water with it. They looked at me in surprise, then brought me

a glass of hot water!! Anyway, it was good for my sore throat! I might add that every WWII pilot in China is known as a Flying Tiger Pilot.

After my "hot scotch" drink, Zhang and friends drove me to another bar and café. This place evidently was Zhang's and reporter friends' hangout. I was surprised to see the place packed with people. They had arranged for me to give an informal talk here with an interpreter. They even had a mike set up for us. I talked about the Hump flying and about seeing Jim Fox hit the mountain. Also about Joe Rosbert hitting a mountain at 16,000' and living to tell about it. The group seemed to enjoy all that I had to say. Later, while enjoying hot ginger tea for the sore throat, one of the girl reporters asked me about my love life!! Somewhere I think Zhang must have known about my book where I had mentioned being married several times and making love to a girl going across the Hump one dark night! This must have been passed on to friends. I skimmed over most of it and they seemed satisfied. When it was all over, I gave the girl a big kiss and everyone cheered! It had been a great day and evening with my new found friends. I found it difficult to break away and head back to the hotel with Zhang. But the time had come to say goodbye; perhaps one day I may return.

I can't say enough about the city of Kunming. My new friends were most gracious and helped me a lot to get around and see places. They wined and dined me, and I had a hard time trying to pay my way. The streets were clean and spacious. The bicyclers kept in their lanes. Many women riding them did so with papoose-like rigs on their backs with one or two kids in them! The women also dressed neatly and looked trim with very little makeup. Most of them wore slacks and jackets. Men were dressed in casuals and not Chinese style. The place seemed to be very westernized. The police cars were the same as in the States. The Holiday Inn was clean. The staff were polite and spoke good English. The restaurant served a variety of foods. Everyone used knives and forks. If you wished chopsticks; be my guest! I could not see or identify any part of the city that would remind me of fifty-five years ago. I truly hope I can visit Kunming again.

Next morning, Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> Zhang came to take me to the Airport. He got me through most of the ticketing and baggage handling. Finally, after going through immigration, the time had come to say goodbye to my good friend Zhang. I promised I would write and send him my book. This I plan to do as soon as the holiday season is finished. I will continue to keep in touch with him and also the group who interviewed me at their favorite bar.

I realized the area where I stood in the terminal could very well have been where our CNAC building was located. It was all very strange. I boarded the B-757 and realized we would be taking off to the south as we did in the old C-47s! The flight was less than two hours to Hong Kong. I also noted that there appeared to be four major domestic airlines operating in China. Namely: North China, South China, West China, and East China Airlines. I learned too that old CNAC is also operating domestically, but didn't see any of their planes. I did see some of their airport vehicles on the ramp with CNAC written on them, but not the old "Chung" logo sign. The aircraft used were mostly Boeing 737, 757 and 767. Again, there was no stampede to get on. There was no hold up while passengers placed carry on luggage in the overhead racks. Everything seemed to be so orderly. I liked that.

At Hong Kong International Airport I was met by the Panda Hotel limo that whisked me back to the hotel. After checking in, there was a message for me from Captain Quinn. It seems Pat Garrett of Cathay Pacific Airlines had arranged for me to meet a group of their high officials at a luncheon for me and asked if I would be kind enough to give a talk. The word was out that I had known Roy Farrell and Syd DeKantzow, and had ridden in old Betsy back in '46. Ian said he would pick me up on Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> to stay at his place. We would go next day, Monday, for the lunch at CPA Headquarters, located at the airport. It meant riding the smooth, electric train from Hong Kong Island to the airport. It's a great little ride.

Next morning I said goodbye to Joachim Burger of the Panda Hotel. Ian didn't meet me; it was his Filipino girl Ellie instead. Ian was on standby. Ellie and I took a cab all the way back to Stanley. Ian was taken off the CPA standby around two that afternoon. So it was down to the Smuggler's Bar! After that we went around the corner to an Indian restaurant. As we sat and mulled over the menu, Ian asked if I had retained any of the Hindi language. I said I would give it a try with the Indian waiter. The waiter was a Nepalese, but did speak Hindi. We had a good conversation about India. I told him about myself and why I was able to speak the language. I mentioned that I was born in India and had lived many years there, including the time of W.W.II. Ian said he was impressed! I still could not eat any hot food, so I just had simple lentils and rice.

Monday morning Ian and I were on our way to the airport. I told him I enjoyed the train ride. It was most comfortable and not jammed pack with sweaty people. After the train we took a CPA bus to the operations

building. After showing me around the first floor that consisted of a fancy cafeteria and gift shops, etc., we were met by some CPA personnel that escorted us up to the top floor and on into the restaurant, I think it was called the Catalina. It was a fairly large place that overlooked most of the airport and sea, with the high hills in the distance. We were seated at a long table with about ten to twelve people. I was introduced to my CPA hosts by Ian, and during the meal I was asked to talk about Roy Farrell and Syd DeKantzow, my two good friends.

I talked about Syd and Roy and the old days we had with CNAC; also about the tiger hunting at the Maharajah of Cooch Behar's Palace. I talked about the old C-53 planes we flew before getting the more modern C-47s that the English called Dakotas and how we flew the infamous "Hump". While talking, I didn't get to do much eating! But I enjoyed being with this group from CPA and felt almost part of them. When I had finished talking and answering questions, one of the members, I think it was Captain Alder, asked if I would like to take a flight around Hong Kong in a small aircraft. I would really like that, but I had another thought. I asked, that instead of such a flight which I appreciated, I wondered if it was possible to just sit in the cockpit of one of their B-747s and have my picture taken. I said this would then complete a circuit from flying in their first DC-3 "Betsy" in '46, to be in one of their jumbo jets as a finishing touch for a great airline and in memory of two wonderful friends that started it. This would be for them. So it was arranged.

After saying goodbye to most of my hosts, I was taken to the training center and simulators. I was then ushered into the left seat of a B-747-200 with the instructor pilot in the right seat. Ian was behind with the video all set to take pictures.

As I sat in the left seat of this 747 simulator, I started to look around at the instrument panel and pedestal to familiarize myself with all the bits and gadgets. A lot of it appeared strange and some came back to me. After all, I hadn't been in a cockpit of a 747 for nearly sixteen years. However, I was not expecting to fly this machine and was waiting for Ian or someone in the back to let me know they were ready to take my picture. I was wondering if I should give a big smile or not! About then the CPA captain in the right seat said all was set for take off. Oh no! I was going to fly this thing? I looked around at the back and there were several people grinning at me! Ian had the video going and making motions for me to go.

I looked ahead and saw the visual display was on and we were lined up on the runway. I think it may have been runway 25. Wow! The check pilot said again, "Clear for takeoff". I gradually eased the power levers forward and we started down the runway. Somehow I think I was doing the right thing according to takeoff procedures! The pilot called the airspeeds and required V-speeds. I rotated and we were airborne with the gear and flaps up. Before I knew it, the airspeed was building up fast to around 300 knots. The pilot, at the same time, was giving me vectors for an ILS approach to the same runway. I leveled out at 2500' and tried to get the darn airspeed back to around 250 knots. I finally got the correct headings and airspeed. I eventually got the plane lined up with the runway and the speed necessary for landing. I was given the flaps and gear down command. I felt that I was getting the hang of things. I just hoped he would not cut an engine on me now! I had all I could do to keep her coming on down on the glide-slope for the runway. I could make out the runway ahead with the approach lights flashing (rabbit). I asked if all was clear for landing and the final check list complete. I was clear to land. Everything seemed in order, even the airspeed was on the mark. We came over the runway threshold and the pilot called out the required altitudes: Fifty feet, thirty, and then ten. By this time I had cut the power and flared. I held my breath for a hard landing, but, lo and behold, the only indication I got was the spoilers (speed brakes) deployed to say we were on the ground! My audience in the back gave a cheer and clapped. I turned and said, "Please pass the scotch"!!

Though my new friends did not hear it, I also said, "That one was for you, Roy and Syd". I asked Ian if he had taken a few shots with the video. He stated he hadn't stopped since the takeoff. I thanked all the CPA members in the cockpit for having allowed me to be here and have this opportunity to give the last "Hurrah" for my two friends. I was then told we were to go back up to the lounge and meet the rest of my hosts for a drink and have a few more pictures taken. All of a sudden I felt I was back in the training department. of Pan-American and TWA. It was difficult to tear myself away from the cockpit. But the time had come.

I was led back up by the check captain, Ian and the others, to the top floor again as the bar is near to the restaurant where we met the others at lunch. I had mentioned to the group at the luncheon, that Syd DeKantzow and I had bought a surplus military L-5 observation plane. that we kept in Calcutta. However, I later crashed it on the lawn at Cooch Behar Palace! One of the group picked up that statement and told me he learned to fly in an L-5 down in Australia. Captain Bent also stated that he still owns the aircraft in Sydney; should I be able to

find my way down there, he would be happy to check me out in the plane. It would certainly be a great thrill for me. Perhaps one day!

A B-747 model plane of Cathay Pacific was brought into the lounge and photos were taken of all of us standing behind it. After that had finished, I mentioned to the group about moving the old DC-3, Betsy, from its present location at the museum over to the new Hong Kong International Airport where it truly belongs. One person thought it a great idea, but instead of the terminal building, he suggested that it be placed at the entrance of the CPA administrative building where we were. That sounded good too, but would there be enough room for it. I hope these folks will pursue the project further and let me know the outcome. Farewells were now in order and I wished all of them a great forthcoming Holiday Season and a successful 2001 year.

Ian and I then took the train back to the Island and then on to his apartment in Stanley. My head was still buzzing with all that had been happening these past few days with CPA. Being allowed to fly their 747 simulator around and make an approach and landing was a highlight for me at age eighty-six! Then a chance to meet some of the top executives of the airline and talk about the old days of CNAC and knowing Roy and Syd. I doubt that I would ever forget any of this, and just hope I can continue to keep in contact with them.

The next few days I spent at Ian's home. He was a great host and friend. He took me shopping at the local market where I was able to buy quite a few items to take back home for Christmas presents. Ian and several of his chums share a good size power boat that is kept at Aberdeen Yacht Club. One day he arranged for some of his friends and myself to take a ride around the islands. It was a beautiful day for boating. It was a wonderful outing and a pleasure to meet some of his friends. Again, all good things have got to come to end. This was it.

Ian had informed me that his schedule had been changed. He was going to be the captain of my flight back as far as Vancouver. I would then be continuing on to JFK, New York and home.

The day of my departure was December 1<sup>st</sup>. Ian and I took a taxi this time to the airport. He made sure I got through the ticketing and then pointed me in the right direction for the departure lounge. Once on board the 747-400 jumbo, a stewardess ushered me up the stairs to the upper level near the cockpit entrance. I guess Ian had arranged my seating for me. In due course I entered the cockpit and had the jumpseat and watched Ian and the first officer navigate (INS) their course along the west coast of Taiwan and on to Vancouver. Ian made a straight in approach and perfect landing. This is where Ian would get off and a new crew would take the flight on to New York. I said goodbye and thanked him again for all his hospitality.

The new captain had me in the cockpit for the approach into JFK. It was night and the whole of New Jersey and New York were glistening with lights. As always, and as far back as I can remember, JFK airport is difficult to locate visually because it seemed obscured by the amount of lights that surround the whole area. Thanks to modern navigation I saw we were lined up to land on runway 31R. Again, another smooth landing and cleared to taxi in.

Since I joined the FAA in 1962, I have made and witnessed hundreds of landings into Kennedy Airport. During the old days a mechanic of the airline would usually direct the captain by using two wands. At night the wands would be lighted for better vision. Sometimes, when the plane is getting close in to the docking area, it may be necessary for the mechanic to stand on the hood of a ramp vehicle for the captain to see him. When the 747 arrived in the early seventies, the airports invented red and green lights situated right in front of the parking spot. This method did away with the mechanic and the wands. Now, here we were in the 21<sup>st</sup> century with a Cathay Pacific Airlines operating the most modern B-747-400 equipment; and what does JFK offer to guide the big jet to dock? Right! A mechanic with lighted wands standing on the hood of a ramp vehicle. I was now back in the dark ages! I felt embarrassed. I thanked the captain and departed.

I spent a few days with my daughter in Connecticut. My throat and cough was now bad in this cold climate. The temperature being down in the teens. She took me to a doctor that diagnosed it as a bad case of bronchitis. I was given a bunch of antibiotic pills to take and hope for the best. In a few days I felt better and thought it okay to travel south and home.

At LaGuardia Airport I went to Delta Airlines ticket counter where I had reservations direct flight to Tampa, FL. The agent looked at my ticket and said, "Sorry, that flight has been canceled". Why? "No crew!" Only in America!!

Delta stuck me on another flight that went via Atlanta where I had to cool my heels for a couple hours, then catch another Delta flight to Tampa. I finally arrived home around six thirty in the evening. A normal two-hour

flight LaGuardia to Tampa had taken me twelve hours to get home. Evelyn and Tiger were there to welcome me back. I told Evelyn I really needed a scotch now; antibiotics or not. I settled back in an easy chair with my scotch and relaxed.

I had been gone a little over six weeks and so much had happened during that time. My mind had become a bit confused and boggled. I showed Evelyn some of the videos I had taken on the trip. I then had to figure out how to make prints of the still, digital photos I had taken. I gave up and got a friend to help me out. Most of the shots looked pretty good. But I was still sorry to have lost the first video I had taken around Hong Kong.

The first few nights I was restless and kept thinking about my trip. Not so much of the present, but mixing it up with the past. I remember the time I made my first trip to Hong Kong early in '46 from Chungking. I was way off course and made a dead reckoning let down amongst some craggy mountains, when I thought I was well over the sea.

After seeing the right wing of Jim Fox's C-53 plane in Kunming, I recall seeing Jim, Sharkey, and Welsh flying ahead of me, looking for a pass in the mountains to get through at ten thousand feet. Then the vicious wind and storm came over the ridges. In the meantime I had taken several pictures of the planes ahead with Fox nearest me. It was moments later when the storm sucked Fox's plane into the mountain and crashed. I had flown in that plane before and now it was gone with my friend Fox. In Kunming, the year 2000, I was standing by the wing of that airplane, fifty-seven years later. It was hard to believe. My friend of CERS, Zhang Fan, had taken me to the area where once those of us in CNAC had passed through the main gate of the city. The old gate had gone, in its place what he called the "Golden Horse Gate". Zhang took my picture at the new gate. I now look at the picture and compare it with the old one I have given me by Jim Dalby.

Mr. Wong How Man, after seeing a picture in my book of Joe Rosbert's ship #58, has shown interest and perhaps will make a trek to it. I thought back of the time when Joe and Hammell had survived that crash and were telling some of us at our CNAC bungalow about the harrowing experience. When on instruments he had turned back to Dinjan because of severe icing conditions; had suddenly slid into a mountain glacier at sixteen thousand feet. The only instrument telling the truth was the altimeter, reading 16,000'. I hope Hermie makes the trip. I have shown him basically where the crash site is. The plane later slid down the mountain to about 12,000'. That was about the height when I took the picture a year later in '44.

I thought about Hermie and the CERS group that took me to Likiang (now Lijiang) about a month ago. In the morning we had driven to the base of the high Likiang mountain. Back here at home I was thinking again of the old days when we flew around that high peak, which is around 20/21,000', we would experience a lot of rough air. CNAC installed a radio station at Likiang to help navigate around the mountain during the bad weather months. I remember landing on the old gravel runway and hoping none of the pebbles would hit the spinning props. I was remembering all this again now at home.

There was Lake Tali (now called Dali); How often had we flown over that site and the 14,000' mountain that protects the lake. Having flown over that mountain on a clear day, I saw where two military planes had crashed on top. I was reliving all this again after more than fifty years. I told Hermie some of these stories as we drove from Kunming through Tali (Dali) and Likiang (Lijiang) when we were at the Green Dragon Mountain. He seemed very interested to know that I remembered so much after all those years. To me, it was like yesterday.

Back home here in Port Richey, Florida, I find it difficult to settle down to my normal way of life. So much has taken place in the past few weeks. I have been on cloud nine and find it difficult to come back to earth! I guess I did when I found myself mowing the lawn again!

Now in closing, I wish to thank my new found friends, Mr. Wong How Man, Berry Sin and Zhang Fan of China Exploration and Research Society (CERS) for their kindness and hospitality shown me when I was their guest in Hong Kong and mainland China. It is a highlight of my life and an experience that will live with me always.

Also, many thanks to Captain Ian Quinn, Patrick Garrett, and all the executives of Cathay Pacific Airlines that I had the pleasure of meeting and may our association continue.

I also wish to thank Mr.. Joachim Burger for the hospitality shown me at his splendid hotel called the "PANDA"!

Peter J. Goutiere