Only Airline Pilot in the World Named "Elmer the Bear"

At altitude, somewhere over Shangri-La country, a battered China National Aviation Corporation plane enroute to China bounced along the murderous turbulence of a boiling snowstorm, its wings, propellors and windshield covered with rime ice like a refrigera-

tor that badly needed defrosting.

A chunk of ice suddenly tore loose from the port propeller and slammed into the fuselage like a shot from a cannon. Inside, it propelled a young Air Force pilot, hitching a ride with CNAC, out of his seat. He turned pale and screamed, "I'm too young to die!" He then sat down and lit a cigarette with shaking fingers, ignoring the leaking drums of high-octane aviation gasoline nearby. He had heard that the Hump run from India to China over the highest mountains in the world was also the world's most horrible air route guaranteed to turn your hair to silver in just a few trips. But, a moment later he could have passed for Snow White on only his first trip.

The cockpit door opened and CNAC Captain Don McBride stepped out to go potty in the rear of the plane, jovially slapping the young pilot on the back. "You look a little upset, Lieutenant," he chirped cheerily. "Mother of God!" shouted the Lieutenant, "Will this thing hold together?" "Sure," replied McBride, "Elmer knows this route by heart!"

The Lieutenant laughed hollowly, then looked into the pilots compartment to make sure McBride wasn't kidding. In the right hand seat sat a hulking figure, earphones clamped over a cap with a 1000 hour crush and a cigar jammed in its mouth. Funny, the Lieutenant thought, "He looks like a bear." About then, Elmer turned and bared a set of long white teeth. He removed one paw from the wheel and took a vicious swipe at the Lieutenant who diving headlong back into the cargo compartment sobbed, "My God, it is a bear!"



When McBride returned and switched off the autopilot, Elmer curled up happily in the copilots seat and went back to sleep. This story of Elmer, the black Himilayan mascot that flew more Hump missions than most veterans of the operation, was also a favorite at the reunion of the old China hands in Taipei. They were the legendary heroes of the China National Aviation Corporation and of the original Flying Tigers of the American Volunteer Group, back to the Orient to see the China skies they had flown so much before and during WWII. As guests of the Chinese, they were royally entertained and enjoyed every moment of the reunion.



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