SUMMER EDITION
JULY 1995

President: William Maher
737 Bloomfield Ave.,
Jackson, Mich. 49203

Editor: Reginald H. Farrar, M.D.
319 Euclid Ave.,
Loch Arbour, N.J. 07717

Secretary/Treasurer: G.R. Schrawder
45922 Florida Ave., Hemet, CA 92544

HIMALAYAN ROGUE
A PILOT'S ODYSSEY

I have just received a copy of this book by Peter Goutierre. It's big and has a lot of pictures but is mostly about him. I couldn't find any reference to me. In spite of this shortcoming it is highly readable, lots of pictures of people we all know. It covers his life and especially the CNAC part of it. Of all the books I've read so far this is one of the best. It is published by:

Turner Publishing Company,
Paducah, Kentucky
P.O. Box 3131
412 Broadway,
Paducah, Kentucky 42001
(502) 443 0121

Copies may be ordered directly from the publisher. It is a limited edition, and worth whatever it costs. There must be at least 300 illustrations. Get a copy and see if you are in there.

REUNION 1996

We have been invited to go back to San Diego by Jim Dalby. Jim is President of the San Diego Air Museum. We are being represented there with exhibits. I'm sure he will make us welcome. Since it is on the West Coast we should have a good turn out. The largest concentration of our members are there. There will be more about this.
RE: ERNEST AND SCHLARLEEN COLANT

A Piece of History

Most of have received from Mrs. Coleman, the wife of a former Pan Am captain, requests for money. She believes that CNAC employees, as well as Pan Am's, benefited from her effort to obtain USAF recognition for service in World War II, and therefore we should share the financial burden.

Mrs. Coleman indeed expended time and money in her quest. However, Bill Maher later journeyed to Washington, DC with records of CNAC's wartime service and discovered that Coleman's paperwork lay dormant in government files. Maher asked the USAF to incorporate his data with the stuff previously submitted by Mrs. Coleman. But the colonel in charge said he had instructions from Mrs. Coleman to deny Maher access to the files.

In the blind, Maher gave his data to the Air Force and added some verbal explanations. He was then directed to a colonel in charge of Air Force history. And soon after that both Pan Am and CNAC received Air Force recognition.

Mrs. Coleman is an honest and reasonable person. We understand the logic of her position. However, it ignores our joint history of which she is innocent.

While we were flying the wartime Hump, overtired, and hurting from the loss of our friends on Himalayan peaks and in mountain passes, we were overdue for home-leave that couldn't be spared. Pan American Vice President William Bond assembled us and explained that our country would never what we were doing, nor would Pan American ever forget. He promised us careers in Pan Am after the war. We were delighted. We were proud to be a small wartime offshoot of the magnificent Pan American. We respected its history. We wanted to carry on the traditions set by Juan Trippe, Harold Bixby and others.

At war's end, Pan American's management attempted to honor its commitment by taking us into its pilot group. However, The Pan Am chapter of the Airline Pilots Association had the power to veto this. Pan Am's pilots voted to exercise this power. They made Pan Am's management eat its words. Its pilots slammed the door in our faces and left us out on the street with the other unemployed post-war pilots.

How can this fascinating contradiction--rejecting us in the first instance, yet embracing us in the second--be explained?
Logic says the Pan Am quest for military recognition was strengthened by including CNAC employees who had, without question been in the thick of the war. This included our ground crews who endured the malaria and dysentery infested valley of Assan, and the jungles of Burma from which they retrieved our crashed planes. In other words, we were used. Any benefit we received from Mrs. Coleman's work was the inevitable fallout of Pan Am's self-interest.

These are reasons why donations to the deserving Mrs. Coleman should come from the Pan American crews who enjoyed its glories and presently reap its pension and discount travel privileges.

Instead of reimbursing Bill Maher's expenditures (approximates $2,000), he wants us to send contributions to the San Diego Air and Space Museum which honors all aviation pioneers including Pan Am's.

Felix Smith

REUNION 1996

In recent years after leaving Ojai the Reunions have been held in San Francisco area. This has been for 2 reasons. A large number of our Chinese members live there and the greatest concentration of all our members are in California. Many of us travel a great distance to attend and are pleased to do so because it is possible to see so many of our friends. The Florida contingent has dwindled and New York has been a wash out. I don't know why we picked San Antonio but the dividends merited the choice. Las Vegas seemed like a good choice and its magnet may have helped the turnout there. San Francisco was discussed at the Vegas Reunion and seemed good.

The Reunion in 76 probably October will be in San Diego for the following reasons.

1. It is a good city
2. Its in California
3. Our host is a good organizer
4. Those we have been able to contact have accede

The biggest and most compelling reason is the San Diego Air Museum. The President of the Museum is our own Jim Dalby. Under his stewardship there is a very prominent display featuring CNAC. In no place is the accomplishments of CNAC better shown. It is appropriate that we meet there. I recently received a notice of a event... the "West Co..."

At the 1996 Reunion the CNAC exhibit will be dedicated. Thanks to Jim Dalby's efforts CNAC has a very prominent space in the Museum. There is even a CNAC cockpit.

Any money should be donated to the San Diego Air Museum. This can include wings, hats, uniforms, jackets, emblems, log books, etc.
In the 1930s, the airline of China was CNAC, a Pan Am company which provided connecting service at Hong Kong to the trans-Pacific service from interior Chinese cities. At the outbreak of WWII, CNAC became a transport arm of Claire Chennault’s Flying Tigers, operating within China to Burma, and to India. The CNAC crews had to contend with makeshift airports, the Japanese Air Force, and operating DC3s over “The Hump” between Burma and India. After WWII, CNAC resumed domestic service in China and introduced trans-Pacific flights between Shanghai and San Francisco. All operations ceased when the Chinese Nationalist government moved from mainland China to Taiwan.

Although it has taken FIFTY YEARS, the U.S. Department of Defense has at last acknowledged the WWII contribution of the CNAC flight crews by issuing honorable discharges from the U.S. Air Force and awarding many Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses for Gallantry.

Our members Scharleen and Ernie Colant are entitled to receive the major credit for the actions of the Dept. of Defense. They went to bat for the CNAC veterans and persisted. They should be recognized for their service beyond the call of duty to the United States.

Concerning the meeting in California of which I have just learned, the CNAC Association including Maher, Shrawder and your Editor received no notice. These people, the Colants, obtained our mailing list by subterfuge and have been contacting various members. I presume for donations and recognition. Believe me they did not do what they claim. If they had done what they claim the Association would be happy to have rewarded them. I followed this whole process and know of what I speak. Thank Bill Maher for his time, effort and expense.

Most of us valued our association with Pan Am, regret its passing. We applaud the PAA Association and its objectives but believe that this snub was intentional.
"NINE OF US FLEW FROM MIAMI TO CALCUTTA"

By A. Oldenburg

A daily review of a ten day air flight from Miami, Florida to Calcutta, India in an airliner. Total mileage approximating 12 thousand miles.

From Pan American:

Pilot Sweet
Navigator Sheffield
Radio Officer Scott

China National Airways, Inc.

Pilots Sharkey
Snell
Browne
Tutwilder
Leatherberry
Oldenburg

The route:  

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Arrived in Miami at 5:30 AM via Eastern Airlines and checked in at the Miami Colonial. Called Sharkey. So far there are only two of us. Snell and Browne are due in later in the day. We are to contact Capt. Sweet later on and go to Ferries Clinic for shots.

Two more to show now. Tutwilder, who instructed at Army "primary" and Leatherberry from the RCAF. Ship has been promised daily until now it is a standing joke.

Met Mrs. Herzog at Columbus Hotel. She was on her way to Venezuela to see Edward and his family. Had lots of fun swimming at the Caribbean Hotel. Went deep sea fishing twice on the Ruby D. from the gulf docks.

Ship started from Nashville, but stopped at Memphis with starter trouble after which they decided to install long range tanks before proceeding to Miami.

Finally got started on September 27th.

MIAMI, FLORIDA TO BORINQUEN, PORTO RICO

Took off from Miami at the 36th Street Airport - from Ferry Pilot House. Ship was C53-US 215889. Its crew was made up of Pilot Hal Sweet, Navigator Dan Sheffield, Radio Officer James (Scotty) Scott. Have 20 tires aboard as well as nine people and other stuff. Quite a load for a DC3. Have to crawl on all fours to get to the pilot compartment.

Nothing exciting on the trip. Managed to get in 1 1/2 hours flying time. Most of the boys are pretty good. Some are a little rough to start with.

Landed at Borinquen at 17:06 CMT. Stayed at the Officers quarters where they had hot and cold showers.

Sheffield, Sharkey, Tutwilder and I went walking on the beach, climbed sides of hills, etc. Walked up railway on side of hill (cable type used to bring sand up to top). What work. Went into Aguadilla that night with Sharkey, Tut and Dan. What a town. People are a combination of Spanish and Negro. Tut and Dan got high. Sharkey and I went down side streets. Also visited the best dive, the Alhambra. Heard one song that has 4000 verses. Old world ideas. Girls walking with their boys in the Square. They say that 89% of the population has venereal disease.

Browne bought a case of rum. Should have seen the boys fighting for Sunday editions of Miami papers. Were challenged in flight by two P39's but we had the right passwords.
Sept. 28 - BORINQUEN, PORTO RICO TO GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA

The airport here is pretty nice so we got a good start. Most of this leg is over the water. Ought to be interesting. Passed over Trinidad and got over some jungle before landing. Got in another 1 1/2 hours flying time, let down and up front landings.

Georgetown (British Guiana, S. America) is at the mouth of a river and the air field is about 27 miles up this river. This field is still under construction. This is a British section and some British money is used at the PX. Really a nice camp. The officers quarters have only two beds to a room. Shared one with the skipper. The showers were cool water only. Leatherberry and Sharkey bought three boxes of cigarettes at $0.50 per carton. Parker pens were $14.80 a set.

Red tape and authority cut us out until 2 AM local. Had pretty good food. Some of the fellows went to a movie at camp while others went to the officers bar. I went with the latter group.

Sept. 29 - GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA TO BELEM, BRAZIL

Got up early (about 2:30 local time) and had breakfast of creamed chipped beef and potatoes. Rode out to the air field in a command car.

Our actual destination was Natal with a stop at Belem. (When we arrived at Georgetown we were not expected and had lots of fun. Not challenging though. Nothing eventful in the air. Had about 1 1/4 hours flying time on this leg and up front landing. Another B-25 arrived after we did).

Gassed up here and had Spanish sandwiches, coffee and bananas for lunch at the officers mess. Also visited at Panair de Brazil.

Same day - BELEM, BRAZIL TO NATAL, BRAZIL (SOUTH AMERICA)

Still nothing eventful in the air. Went over the Amazon and plenty of jungle. Then we went over the equator. (Sharkey doesn't believe you get a bump due to the doldrums and trade winds, poor fellow). Did some nice blind flying to offset strong upper wind.

Saw some straw native huts in the jungles. Scared cows and water buffalo as we flew above them. Sure would hate to get forced down here.

Arrived at Natal unexpectedly and rode into town on the new road from Panairmarine Field. The Brazilians have several guards on a fifteen mile road, reinforced by chains stretching across the road. The guards look into your car and say "Go ahead".
Arrived safe and sound at the Ferry House, operated by P.A.A.F. through a Mrs. Knapp. Had a nice shower and a shave, with a beer to clear out my throat. Feel like a new man. Changed linen and ate a swell meal - best since Miami and probably best on the trip.

All except the skipper went downtown after supper. Visited the better beer parlors (which are also houses of ill repute). Beer is twenty cents a bottle. Bought a paper knife for $1. Boxes of 50 cigars sell for $0.75. It costs $0.55 to send a cable to Rio. Very good Swiss watches - such as Omega, Cyma and Longines - are sold cheap. Bought a good pair of mosquito boots for $4.50. Also a bottle of Chanel No.5 for $2.50, but wonder if it is bottled locally. Tried to buy a camera but there were none in town.

This is a quaint town. The people are a mixture of Portuguese and Negro. Had lots of fun with Sharkey at the U.S. Army first aid station. Stores are closed from 11 thru 2 - which is siesta time.

Sept. 30 - NATAL, BRAZIL (S. AMER.) TO ASCENSION ISLAND

Started out over ocean at about 500 feet above water. This is a nice long jaunt to a speck on the map. Flew about 1 1/2 hours of this leg. Thought we sighted a "sub" and circled over it but found it to be a whale - and did she "blow". Later we saw a ship about 35 miles off the island. As we couldn't identify her we reported it upon our landing. U.S. air force took a look and reported that it was a british ship bound for Capetown from Freetown.

This island is a veritable dust bowl or hole. It is made up of cinders. Before the war it was only a cable and wireless station for the british. What people, the british. We fortify their island (spending a million dollars of our money) and make an airport there when they said it couldn't be done...and then have to pay a few thousand every time we unload a ship on their docks.

Toured all over the island in a "jeep" (a swell little car and easy riding). Sure glad not to be stationed there. Water is almost a priceless item. No fresh water baths. Hardly any ocean bathing due to sharks and strong undertow as well as steep drop off. The boys have no place to spend their money and so they play Black Jack and poker for high stakes. They just opened the PX and had their first beer last night. Spent the night in the officers bar. Slept well but could have used a good shower.

The only green spot on the island is a green mountain 1900 feet high. All the rest is volcanic ash. Many enemy subs and raiders lurk around this island.
Oct. 2 - ASCENSION ISLAND TO ACCRA, GOLD COAST (BR. AFRICA)

Sure glad we are taking off. Would hate to spend another day here. Now for another long hop over water. Wonder if there will be any subs. Sure can see lots of ocean from here. (Have to remember to get a tetanus shot in Accra).

Nothing exciting happened - no subs, or anything. Boys got hungry and started on their rations. This was a rather long trip and bottled goods from the thermos get pretty tiresome. Finally fell asleep and woke up as we were landing at Accra.

Stopped at the RAF camp here. Rather messy. Saw an English movie that was "putrid". Got first glimpse of African natives wearing what resembled night shirts and screwy fez type caps. Some who were working with cement in front of the Administration Building just took off their clothes right there. They were dusty grey until they washed. There is not back-carrying here - they all carry things on their heads.

Had a fair meal. Hamburgers and Accra manufactured Coca Cola is sold here. The boys went into town. Saw African girls there. Up to age 15 they have nice figures but over 15 they get sort of droopy.

Oct. 3 - ACCRA (GOLD COAST) TO KANO (NIGERIA)

This is a screwy hop. We have to stay over the ocean until we get to Logos so the Vichy French don't try to get up at us. Then when we get to Logos, Nigeria we go inland to Kano where we have to re-fuel. This hop is very interesting - seeing the various native villages - but it would be more interesting if we could stop and tour on the ground. All native homes out on the prairie or veldt have a sort of stockade built around them apparently as protection from animals.

Boys are getting a bit irritable after being cooped up with each other for so long.

At last we are at Kano. Wonder if we will have time to get into town. Cap says we are just going to "gas up". Hurrah! The skipper was fooled. They would clear us for Madiegura, but we are heading for Khartoum so we will have to lay over for about five hours. Then we will arrive at Khartoum in the daylight.

This town of Kano is one of the oldest towns in Africa. It is mentioned in the Bible. They have a copper and iron mine in which the metals are almost in their pure state. It is right in the middle of the town. The ancients used to come here from far and wide to get the ore. They would take it to their homeland of Arabia, the Holy Land, Turkey, etc. For some time it has been known as the walled city of Kano.
We all decided to visit the traders so we went out to the trading place at the Nigerian Railroad. They had hassocks, knives, silver pieces and other items such as ivory carvings. (Saw some swell ivory carvings at the air field. Will buy some for Hazel and mother if we stop long enough. Khartoum is known for its ivory work and these pieces came from there.) Settled for a necklace of "silver" for 20 cents. Well, nothing more here but we want to buy some snakeskins so off we go. Unable to get them since that place closes on Saturday.

Now for the walled city of Kano. Just inside the gates is one of the town industries. It is the Kano Dye Works, consisting of a number of vats in the ground into which the natives are dipping cloth. Incidentally all the dye of one color...blue...but of varying hues. When the car stopped a flock of naked native children run up to it to get a look at us, but when we get out they sure keep their distance. While walking about the dye works I almost slipped in. (Sure would look cute in blue). They use the dried shell of some local beetle...or something.

Well, on we go. The natives here at the age of 15 start chewing on some kind of beetle which in time stains their teeth a yellow, a sort of yellow ivory. Up to then they are nice and white.

This city is about two to three miles square and has about two million people living in it. Their homes are of clay and are one story high. It resembles a tenement section in one of the larger U.S. cities. The floors are of dirt. At night the floors are taken up for sleeping space by the families, which are usually large.

Again we see naked children running about. The men either wear breech cloths, skirts from the waist down, shorts and shirts, or the inevitable night gowns. Women have the sarong type of wrap around for the most part. Some wear the wrap around above their breasts and others from the waist down. Most of the older women cover their breasts which are flat and long like leathery sacks. The girls from 12 to 16 are proud of their breasts and display them for the eligible males.

In the market, which is very crowded one can buy anything from old bottles and cans to Singer sewing machines. Incidentally there are a number of these which are owned by the merchants and would undoubtedly bring quite a price. The navigator and radio officer bought some woven baskets since they are going back to the states. I bought a pair of slippers for myself. They have rhino soles and probably won't ever wear out.

In the market, a voodoo man or native medicine man told a youngster that he was going to die. The natives all got away from him and he fell to the ground. None of them would or could
help him and so he died. This is one example of the power of the medicine man due to the belief and superstition of the natives.

When the youngsters are old enough to marry they must pass a test of manhood. They form a circle and one of the witch doctors takes a stick like our willow and swats them as they dance. While this breaks the skin they must keep smiling and laughing or they are not men. Some receive a dozen cuts - on the back, chest, buttocks and legs.

Getting back to the market, however, they have some natives who dress up as clowns or court fools. They dance for three pence or what you might want to give. They also have several men who go about the market with you playing various native instruments - resembling a band tuning up their instruments.

Didn't see anything worth buying. Got a Marie Theresa dollar which I got gypped on as I could have bought one for much less later on. We also saw the meat market where vultures vie with the customers for the meat. They hang about the buildings, swooping down to grab chunks of meat from time to time. It would cost you a $20 fine if you killed one, though.

Back to the field for another fine meal. Wish we could stay longer. Can even get Coca Cola here thanks to P.A.A.F. Night is here and we are getting ready to take off again.

I hear the native girls, when they reach their first menstrual period and are capable of becoming mothers are taken to another town where there are no men to be instructed by older women in the acts of womanhood, wifehood and motherhood and then returned to the city to get a husband.

Oct. 4 - KANO, NIGERIA TO KHARTOUM, SUDAN (AFRICA)

Nothing to see at night so I went to sleep for a while. We have no charts of this area and there are mountains to the south of us. But we are at 12,000 feet (Wonder how high the mountains are?)

Finally some excitement! We are informed we cannot land at Khartoum and must land at El Fashur which is about 9,000 feet up and has 2,500 foothills on all sides. What a job for the night. We are following a radio compass course. I couldn't see the field as we went by so we get an okay to come ahead and try Khartoum. At least we had something to liven up the trip.

Here is daylight and I got in 2 1/2 hours flying. We are out of the mountains and over the Egyptian Sudan desert. This is the rainy season. There is quite a bit of green down there. We see native and Arabian huts and tents. Some of the Oasis sections are under cultivation. Guess the desert land is fertile if it
only had water. We are finally close enough to Khartoum to use our radio compass and in we go to a bumpy landing on a soggy field.

And in we go for a breakfast at a U.S. army camp and have pancakes and syrup. Pretty good but not as good as Kano food. Well now the only thing is a shower and shave. We have it. Wish we had brought along a change of clothing, though. Darn.

We hate not going to get to Cairo or Suez or the Holy Land. Those really should have been the high spots of the whole trip, but as the skipper says, this isn’t supposed to be a sight seeing trip although we have been doing good in that line so far.

Couldn’t get into town for ivory pieces. Guess I’ll have to get some Chinese silks instead.

Oct. 5 - KHARTOUM, SUDAN TO ADEN (ARABIA)

Nothing exciting on this leg either. Crossed over the Red Sea and the Arabian desert but no excitement. Sure would hate to get forced down here, though.

Finally landed at Aden. A sorrowful lot of men who are very tired (are we) and we face the prospect of an R.A.F. mess which we have learned to be wary of. They haven’t offered us a good meal yet - and this place is no exception. Our final meal was some spaghetti, beans, and fruit cocktail. We took out of our emergency rations in order to survive. Their ades or squash drinks are made of extracts and water. For the most part they are terrible.

Scotty, Leatherberry and I went into town the first night here. Went to the English bar which closes at 9. After two bad scotches we were approached by a cab driver. He takes us to an English dance, which turns out to be a stall - it was really one of those houses. We decide to see what these Arabic girls look like (as they are not allowed on the streets in daylight). We are thoroughly disappointed. Some have fair figures in a voluptuous sort of way.

We proceeded to kid around and they offered to spend the night for about $3. When we said "No" they said that we should get rid of the cabby and then come back. Then the rates would be only $1. Nice business, eh what? Went back to camp. The cab bill was 15 rupees but only had 12 - so told him to jump. (This was about $5 for an 11 mile trip).

We slept late and the next morning we had the Pan American Airlines car take us into the town of Aden. It is also of biblical fame. It is built inside of an extinct volcanic crater and has only two or three entrances (through holes and cuts in
the wall). Before modern warfare it really would have been impregnable. One can sure tell that this is an old town just by looking at it. The streets and roads have dozens of camel caravans and camel carts upon them. The halter on one camel being tied to the tail of the one ahead of it. The wife rides on the last camel with her face veiled.

The streets are again of dirt, although the roads have tarred surfaces and the quarters are filthy. Women chew tobacco and smoke water pipes. Most all items here are from Cairo or Karachi (where we are going later). Its only industry seems to be boat building and soap making.

The historical significance of this town is really three-fold. Noah is supposed to have built his ark at a place now known as Steamer Point. It is still a native boat yard. The queen of Sheba built her fleet here. And during her stay, in order to be sure of water she built tanks into natural slits in the volcanic walls. The various tanks or basins hold about 30 million gallons of water.

Scotty and I climbed up the side of the volcano about half a mile to within twenty five feet of the top to see all the tanks which were built hundreds of years ago. Cain of biblical fame is supposed to be entombed here in the side of the mountain. We didn’t climb up to investigate, though, since previous climbing had been enough.

Not daring the R.A.F. mess we joined up at the Union Club of Aden. There we had a cold plate dinner and some drinks. (Membership was $1.) This proved worthwhile as we heard later of what they had for mess. We slept this afternoon. After a bit we were rudely awaked by the laundryman who was returning our laundry. (He took care of our shirts, pants, socks and shorts for roughly 22 cents.) After dinner, which was from our stores, we played some ping pong. Jim Browne took me for two games. Then we played darts, followed by a pool game of our own invention. Then back to our room to pack our bags and "on to the wars."

Oct. 6 - ADEN, ARABIA TO MASIRA ISLAND IN THE ARABIAN SEA

This was a very uneventful trip. We landed at the island where there has been a field for only the past five months. It resembles Ascension Island. There are only four Englishmen here. They pumped 400 gallons of gas into the plane from 5 gallon cans. We imposed on their mess at breakfast time for coffee and biscuits (which looked like dog biscuits but tasted better). This is a very hot place. There are only a few buildings and some native huts and tents. Poor guys.
Oct. 7 - MASIRA ISLAND TO KARACHI, INDIA

Sure glad to get off that island. Only thing to remember were the flies which were very friendly and stuck to you. We are now flying out over the Arabian Sea about six miles and it won't be long until we get to Karachi. Don't know what it is known for.

We went shopping in Karachi, but the American and British Army had moved in and the merchants' prices were way up. Saw some swell star rubies and sapphires but they wanted too much money. Cameras which usually sell for $40 - $50 in the states sell for about $250 here. Liquor is fairly plentiful, but that is all.

Oct. 7 - KARACHI, INDIA TO CALCUTTA, INDIA

This is a night trip and nothing interesting has happened. The ride into town from the airport was a pleasant one, though.

This is the second largest town in the British Empire, but the filthiest one I have ever seen. There are a lot of diseased people walking around begging. Lepars and natives with various venereal diseases are walking about. One held up street car traffic for quite a while because he was too weak to move and nobody dared touch him.

The funerals are unusual. Friends just carry the fellow on his bed through the streets to place where the body is cremated. Some sects tie the corpse in a chair. They park it in the street when they visit taverns on the way to the cremation ground.

Our next flight is from Dinjin, Assam, India to Kunming, China.
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**Gone to Hogay**

First appeared in 1941 to 1944

**Editorial Note**

This document contains a table with various entries, including street addresses, cities, and states. The table is formatted in a clean, readable manner, with clear headers and data entries. The data appears to be related to a historical or archival context, possibly indicating a listing of places or locations from a historical period. The document seems to be part of a larger collection or series, as indicated by the mention of a starting year (1941) and an ending year (1944).
The China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) played a significant role in the history of modern China. Originally the corporation was formed in 1929 by the Chinese Government and the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. By 1933 the ownership of the airline had been changed to the Chinese Government and Pan American Airways.

Shortly before America's entry into the Pacific War, CNAC pioneered the famous routes over the Himalaya Mountains (the Hump) between India and China. When the Burma Road was cut off by the Japanese Army during WWII, these routes became the only source of outside supply for China. As part of the U.S. Army Air Force Air Transport Command, CNAC's operation of a military airlift over the Hump became one of the more glorious chapters in WWII history. It was the world's first major airlift, and it was a pilot's nightmare. The 500+ mile routes traversed some of the most treacherous terrain and violent weather in the world, with none of the modern navigational aids we rely on today.

In the early days of WWII, CNAC provided airlift for the Flying Tigers, transporting personnel and supplies to and from various Flying Tiger bases. After July 4, 1942, when the Flying Tigers were disbanded, many of the Tiger Pilots joined CNAC. Flying as much as 150 hours a month, in unarmed C-47 transports, these pilots had to fly the Hump seeking cloudy weather by day or at night to avoid the marauding Japanese fighters.

After the Burma Road was lost in April of 1942, CNAC crews, who were adventurous pilots from many countries, made more than 38,000 trips over the Hump, transporting vital personnel and approximately 114,500 tons of materials to the Chinese and American forces in China, Burma and India. These missions continued until August 1945.

CNAC also played an important role in the Burma Campaign by dropping supplies to Chinese and American ground forces, evacuating beleaguered Chinese and British troops and supplying the Ledo Road project with men and equipment.

It was a cruel and demanding operation, from which many CNAC planes and their crews never returned.
President's Message...

We have found that through the years there has been an increasing demand for our educational programs, and more and more people are expressing a keen interest in our library and archives for research. Each year over 23,000 school students are exposed to our various Aviation Heritage activities, some for a few hours and some for week long, year round, classes. Also, those of you who watch aviation oriented documentaries will notice the frequency that the San Diego Aerospace Museum is listed in the "Credits" as a source of information.

All of this is very commendable, and we are proud of our success. However, sometimes success has its price. The price, in our case, is that we are running out of space for proper educational, library and research activities. Many times our educational classes are being conducted in the Theater, or the Board Room, or some other space that is available at the time. Valuable books, films and archival materials are often stacked in the hallway outside the Library or in many secure, but unhandy, areas throughout the Museum. If we are to grow, and meet our future needs, we must provide adequate space for education and research.

We have selected Wayne Donaldson, a well known and capable San Diego architect, to study our options regarding a new library and classroom. Our present plan is to build a new, 21st Century, Library and Research facility and to remodel the present Library into a good classroom.

Turning to our exhibit floor, we have two new and spectacular exhibits:

On the west wall of the Hall of Fame area, our Executive Director, Ed McKellar, has created a colorful display called the "Progress of Air Transportation." Thanks to Ray Crowell and his model building artists we have a long row, high on the wall, of transport airplanes from the Ford Tri-Motor to the present day 747 and Concord. Under the airliners there is a dazzling display of international airline posters that generally relate to the airplane and airline above the poster. We have the original of these beautiful posters in our archives. This exhibit is a real plus for our museum, and Ed McKellar is to be congratulated.

Also, we have painted our DC-3 nose section olive drab like the C-47s flown over the "Hump", by the China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) during WWII. On the wall adjacent to the C-47 and next to the Flying Tiger Exhibit, Jon Petrie, our New Zealand artist has created a breathtaking mural of the Himalaya Mountains (the "Hump") between India and China. This exhibit memorializes the contributions made by the American, British and Chinese Air Force crews, and in particular, CNAC crews while they were part of the American Air Transport Command during WWII.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I can report that our 1995 International Aerospace Hall of Fame Investiture program was a resounding success. On Saturday March 11th almost 300 guests filled the Banquet Room at the Marriott Hotel on the Bay as we inducted Mrs. Olive Ann Beech, Capt. Lirey Jeppesen and Astronaut John Young into our Hall of Fame. Wally Schirra as the speaker, TV personality, Bob Dale, as Master of Ceremonies, with the Marine Band and Color Guard captivated the attendees. We have been receiving reports that this was the most enjoyable Investiture ever. To those that supported this event we extend a big THANK YOU!

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War Birds Acomin'

Mark your calendars; three famous World War II aircraft from the Confederate Air Force will be on display at Gillespie Field from Tuesday, June 6 until Sunday, June 11. This is a rare opportunity to see the B-29 "Fifi", the B-24 "Diamond Lil" and the C-46 "Tinker Belle" up close and personal. Tours daily from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. The planes will be parked at the Gillespie Field Administration area. Those interested in seeing the aircraft up close will be requested to make a tax deductible donation of $5.00. Tours will also be available inside the aircraft for an additional charge. For more information call Bob Neumayer at (619) 286-0160.

This is not a museum sponsored event.

The Museum's new "Over the Hump" CNAC mural.
HAL SWEET, CNAC PILOT

This is story within a story.

In September '94 I visited Mabel Sweet Palmer. I found Mabel by asking pilots that I met through my work at FedEx if they had known Hal. Finally someone told me that he had been a drinking buddy of Hal's. He knew where I could find Mabel.

I had looked for Hal for many years. The reason goes back to '41. In that year when I was 7 and my brother, John, 5, we lived in Chengtu, China. My father, F.E.L. Dobbs, was a British civil servant; my mother, Alice Gibb Dobbs, an American born in China of Methodist missionaries.

In November '41 my parents went to Hong Kong on business where they got caught in the fall of Hong Kong—my father killed and mother imprisoned in Stanley camp.

When my parents did not return our Chinese house boy found a "western" family in Kunming and took us to Dr. Bill Fenn. I don't remember Dr. Fenn's wife's name; their daughters were Mary Frances and Sarah Alice. John went to stay with a Dr. Green's family.

In '42 my mother was repatriated to the U.S. on the Swedish ship, The Gripsholm. She immediately set about arranging for my brother and I to come to the U.S. Somehow, perhaps through the Red Cross, Hal Sweet volunteered to take charge of us. We flew the Hump to India and continued on whatever plane was going toward the U.S., arriving in Washington D.C. a month later under his care.

Hal was born in 1904 in Salt Lake City, UT. When he was young his family hoped that he would become a surgeon, because, they said, he had the hands of a surgeon. But when he was about 12-13 years old he saw an air show and became enthralled by planes. From that day on all he wanted to do was fly. About this time Hal and some of his buddies decided to build a plane for themselves. It was never known if the boys could accomplish their dream of building a plane because one day soon after the sheriff came and hauled off the incomplete project. The boys had not paid for all the supplies they'd purchased.

Hal learn to fly when he was 14-15 years old and flew whenever possible. His first flying jobs were barnstorming. Barnstormers flew around the countryside appearing at fairs and carnivals and, to add to their income, they would also take folks up to fly over their hometowns. The post offices soon discovered that this was the quickest way to move mail so arranged for barnstormers to be the first air mail carriers.

In the early 1930's Hal went to the Philippines to fly a mail route. Passenger service did not exist at that time. No one thought that people would want to go on
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- **Note:** All entries are assumed to be in sequence and readable. The table contains detailed information about each individual, including their address, city, state, zip code, home phone number, office phone number, and a note indicating whether they are deceased. The dates of death range from 1949 to 1995.
planes in the 1920-30's. Hal met his future bride, Mabel, in Manila in about 1933.

When Hal met Mabel she was working in a bank after graduating from business college. Life in the 1930's in the Philippines was considered very gay with endless rounds of parties and dances. To add to the social climate of the times "western" ladies were in great demand because of the disproportionately low numbers of them compared to the number of English and American military and businessmen in Manila. (So much so that English [and possibly also American] girls came out as nurses and teachers with the express purpose of meeting single men.) There were also plenty of servants to take care of the house and children and generally make life comfortable for the "Westerners." From their first meeting Hal made up his mind that he was going to marry Mabel and did not waste any time in telling the other men to stay away from her!

At the airfield from which Hal worked there was a large metal cistern used for catching rainwater. The inside of it had just been painted orange—probably with the same paint used to paint ships—a paint with a high copper content. Shortly thereafter, one of the mechanics got very sick and had to return to the U.S. Then Hal became ill but he refused to return to the States where he would be far from Mabel. He entered the local hospital.

While in the hospital Hal asked a friend, "What do you think about my getting married?" His friend replied, "That would probably be the best thing you could do—you are wearing yourself out trying to get back to Manila to see Mabel." Hal and Mabel were married in '34 in the Manila Cathedral. It was not a large wedding because Hal was not Catholic. Mabel said she was a great innovator—the first bride in the community to wear a short wedding veil when she married Hal. After this many of her friends chose to follow her lead.

Hal and Mabel lived in the Philippines from 1934-1938 and in Hong Kong in 1938-39 when all nonessential persons were told to leave because of the war threat in China. Hal and Mabel had 7 children—the last one born after Hal died of a heart attack in 1948. When Mabel told me that they had had 6 children before the war I knew why he helped two small refugee children in 1942. Mabel confirmed the fact that Hal loved children. He once said to her, "I always want to have a baby in the house."

I do not know when Hal left the Philippine mail service to join CNAC, or if there were other airlines in between. For some reason I vaguely remember that he was with TWA, but I am not sure about this and I failed to confirm it with Mabel.

Hal was one of two pilots who flew the last few flights out of Hong Kong as the city was falling to the Japanese. Mabel said, "Hal flew for 72 hours without stopping—back and forth from Hong Kong—until it was impossible for him to land because the Japs were closing in on the airfield." This exodus is described in the book Prisoner
of the Japs, by Gwen Drew. Hal was also on the Hump run, but again I do not have much information.

Mabel Sweet Palmer is a petite, charming, interesting lady with a lovely round face and huge dark eyes. The beautiful dark wavy hair of her younger days is now white. While I was there Hal's son Gregory (and Gregory's son Courtney) were visiting from Los Angeles. Gregory, who was only 1 1/2 years old when his father died, looks very much like the photo of Hal that Mabel gave me. Both Mabel and Gregory love to tell stories and I could 'hear' Hal's love of story telling through Gregory's and Mabel's stories. (Mabel said that she and Hal often stayed up until the early hours telling stories when he was home in the Philippines and Hong Kong before war.)

If anyone knows more about Hal Sweet, or knows anyone that was in Stanley Prison I would like very much to hear from you. Please drop me a line and I will call you.

Jennifer Dobbs Shaalan  
2285 Evelyn  
Memphis TN 38104

tel:  Home:  901-725-5923  
Work:  901-922-5783

Reginald H. Farrar, M.D.  
319 Euclid Avenue,  
Loch Arbour, New Jersey 07711

Address Correction Requested