

CNAC CANNON BALL

ASSOCIATION



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REUNION


It's final - the next reunion will be in San Diego California from September 12th to September 14th, 1996 at the U.S. Grant Hotel. There will be more later.

As of now there will be a dedication of a CNAC at the San Diego Air Museum. Several of us will arrive 1 or 2 days early. The three scheduled days seem a little short.

We are working on a full schedule of activities. The most important aspect of the Reunion is the renewal of old friendships. Remember "It is later than you think." Send your reservation now.



Bill



Jerry

BOOKS & AUTHORS

Few of us may have led a life which we would consider notable. I do not think I have but some have and have taken the time to write about it and actually publish it or get it published. Many of these attempts are out of print but a few are still available. The autobiographies which have been written describe a time and people who were CNAC. As I gather these books on my library shelves I revel. See these, I was a part of it! These were the men who I knew, lived with, and in a small way, a part of.

China Pilot Flying for Chiang and Chennault

Felix Smith

It begins with my last CNAC flight into Chungking's San Hu Pa, backflashes to Pottschmidt and his work, and tells of a trip over the Hump with Potty.

It shows the unlikely birth of CAT--"The harebrained China scheme" that almost crashed before it began--and portrays CAT's work and the characters we encountered during the Cold War--the route that led America from World War II to Vietnam.

For signed copies of China Pilot order direct from:

Felix Smith
12600 West Prospect Drive
New Berlin, Wisconsin 53151

\$24.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling

HIMALAYAN ROGUE: A PILOT'S ODYSSEY, the autobiography of Peter J. Goutiere. "So many of my friends, hearing the wild stories I would tell, encouraged me to write a book. They thought many of the experiences were most fascinating and worth writing about," Goutiere said. "After retiring from the FAA in 1990, it took me four years to come up with a manuscript."

You can order the book, Himalayan Rogue directly from Pete or use the order blank.

Peter Goutiere
7403 Ramblewood Dr.
Port Ritchie, Florida 34668

\$29.95 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling

If you wonder why the same names keep coming up, don't be surprised. It is because they write something I can print. Your story would be in there even if it wasn't too exciting. The news letter is about all our members and for all our members. We didn't know it then but they were "good old days". Tell me more about them.

AN INTRODUCTION TO CHINA

FRED PITTINGER

It was fall, 1944. PAN AM was operating as a squadron of the navy (Naval Air Transport). I was on an atoll named Funa Futi, Ellice islands, located some 700 miles south of Tarawa. The war had passed me by and I was bored. A note showed up stating that C.N.A.C. could use several more mechanics per Bill Newport. Where do I sign up and how do I get there! I sent a note to my boss in Pearl City, Oahu. So did Chuck Sims and Bill Sanford who were already based at Pearl. We were accepted and headed back to New York. We met Ladd Moore, Maupin, Gibson, Shoemaker and many others ready for their second tour. All were awaiting transportation. We went to C-46 school in Buffalo N.Y. and waited and waited. The war ended but C.N.A.C. still needed us. So finally we went, via South America and North Africa, eventually ending up at Dum Dum Airport, Calcutta.

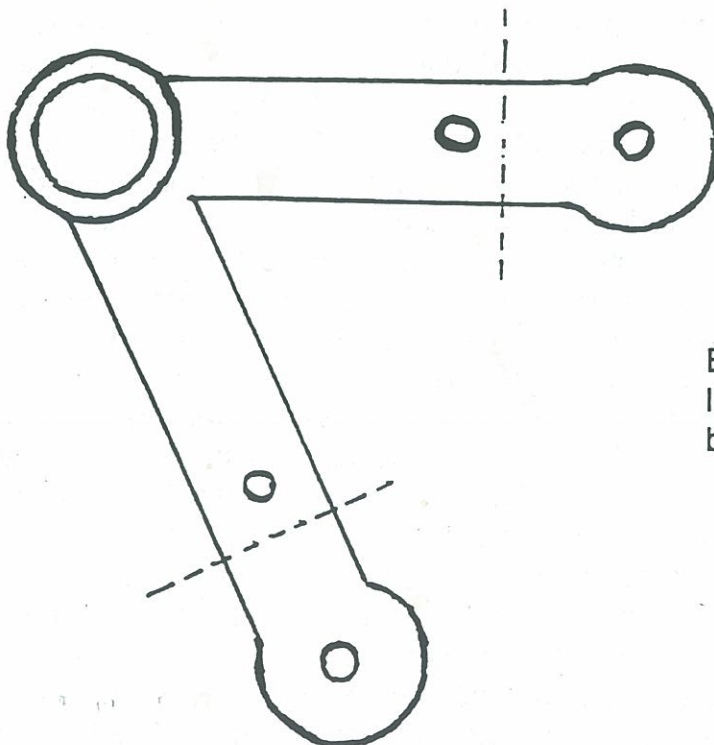
Several days passed as we obtained our various work and residential permits. Word came back that there was a C-47 grounded in Kweiyang with a bad engine. Newport said "Pitt, you're expendable, no assignment as yet, so head on up and change that engine."

A C-47 just out of overhaul was almost ready. Five Chinese mechanics were made available including their leadman, Shorty Wong. From my point of view, none of the mechanics spoke English. We loaded a chain fall, chains, 3 long poles, many railroad ties, spare cans of oil, and the engine on an engine stand and many pieces of pipe for rollers, pry bars, and tools. We were to leave early next morning. I arrived at the airplane early. All of the mechanics were ready. The pilot showed up, It was Hawg-leg Robbie. He stated, "Ha! My new copilot." "No" I said, "I'm the mechanic in charge of changing the engine." "No", Robbie said, " You are my copilot. You have already passed the test. You speak English." So we pre-flighted the airplane, checked the fuel, drained the sumps, filled Robbie's Zippo and then piled on board. The Chinese copilot graciously gave up his seat to me. Robbie instructed me to hold the throttles open with the back of my hand and told me to raise the gear when he told me to. We proceeded to DinJan and fueled . Then across the hump to Kunming. I was deeply impressed with the hump! From Kunming, we flew to Kweiyang. At least I think it was Kweiyang. My memory of names is a bit fuzzy after fifty years. In any respect it was a dirt strip used as a training field by Chinese B-25 pilots. Everything was covered with a very fine red dust. Each time an airplane landed or took off, a thick cloud of red dust would completely blank out the world. We taxied up as close as possible to the grounded airplane. The pilot and crew of the grounded C-47 were overjoyed to see us. We proceeded to build up a "Pig-Pen" of railroad ties at the cargo door. We chained the three poles together, straddling the "Pig-Pen", hung on the chain fall and muscled the engine and stand to the cargo door. We hooked the chain fall to the engine and with much sweat, were able to get the engine out of the cargo door and on to the "Pig-Pen". Then with the chain fall as support, we pulled the "Pig-Pen" apart and eventually lowered the engine to the ground. As you are all aware, there is no way to move the airplane away from any thing between the wing and horizontal stabilizer. Even if we could, we had no truck or trailer available to us. So, with the railroad ties, roller pipes, crow bars, pry bars and muscle, we eased the engine out board inch by inch until the engine was clear of the airplane. My previous experience had been with PAN AM and the Navy. This was the first time I had ever seen two pilots and their crews get their hands dirty and work up a sweat.

As soon as the engine was clear of the airplane, the pilot of the grounded airplane thanked us kindly, loaded his crew on to our plane and took off. This left Robbie, his crew of two and my crew of five on the ground at Kweiyang. Stranded. We had to get the engine changed!

By this time we were beat. We walked about 15 minutes to a Chinese hostel and obtained a room. The beds had woven rope mattresses, no sheets or blankets. We collapsed until first light. We slept in our clothes to try to keep out the lice - the lice won. The mechanics who slept on the airplane to stand guard, were lucky, no lice. After many hours of sweating, the three pole hoist was in place and we were about ready to lower the failed engine. I was not happy. The hoist looked to me to be about two inches too far from the fire wall. I was afraid the engine would swing out and back and possibly break something. I wanted to move the hoist. Shorty Wong did not. He finally took Robbie's arm and my arm and said: "Go tea house". Then pointing at my watch and raising one finger stated "Come back one hour". I gave up. Robbie and I went for a cup of tea. When we got back, the engine was on the ground. But a very sad looking Shorty showed me the mixture quadrant on the firewall. One arm was broken off. I was not pleased. I knew I should have insisted that the hoist be moved. Shorty was not pleased because he knew that the hoist should have been moved. But our problem was of course, no spare parts. I told Shorty to go check with the Chinese Air Force crews to see if an airplane was cracked up anywhere near by. All of this discussion was with me yelling in English and Shorty yelling in Chinese and Pigeon English. Finally he took off while the rest of us got the old engine out of the way and new engine in place, hoist moved and eventually the new engine was mounted.

Shorty got back and we found out that a C-46 had crashed about an hour's walk from us. Robbie and his Hawg Leg and Cigar, Shorty and I, plus hack saw and tools took off and found the airplane. We found a quadrant with the same one-half inch shaft size and with arms at nearly correct angles to each other but the arms were about an inch too long.



Both arms had bearings like our broken quadrant but were about 1 inch longer.