

# CNAC CANNON BALL

ASSOCIATION



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40th Anniversary Issue

CNAC ASSOCIATION FOUNDED MAY 15 1954

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Dear Reg, enclosed are labels for your Cannon Ball mailing. These are paid members. Think I sent you list of deceased members. Bill still has some on his old mailing list. I will send names to you if you do not have. Hope to see you and Mary in LasV. **CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION ASSOCIATION**



CNAC will have their 1994 Reunion October 18-21st in Las Vegas. Our Host, Capt John Kenehan, has reserved rooms for us at Imperial Palace with a large Hospitality room at our disposal. Located on the Strip within walking distance of the Larger Hotels and shopping Mall. Rooms are only \$45 a day! Thank you John! Please notify me if you are going when you send in your dues. A prompt reply is appreciated.

For those of you unable to travel to HongKong, I want to tell you we had a marvelous trip. Our Leader, Capt Roy Farrell, had emergency surgery days before our departure and cancelled. Forty eight members, family and guests on the trip and the 747-400 Cathay Pacific airplane landed after a fourteen hour flight. Landing at seven pm with a spectacular view of the isle HongKong. Weather was 74° while previous week had been 90°. Everyone enjoyed the marvelous breakfasts at Kowloon Hotel. Also dining and enjoying Tea at the Peninsula next door. The tours and shopping greatly enjoyed also. Witnessed several men buying up to five suits; ladies loved beautiful jewelry. Happily we found Roy home from hospital on return and convalescing nicely. Thank you Roy for making our trip possible.

Gerald R Shrawder  
Secy-Treasurer

C N A C

At my age the past is all I have and I savor those memories. CNAC means different things to each of us. To me it was a time of freedom. A kid just out of medical school went off into the unknown, he broke away from what was expected after college, medical school and internship. I wasn't dry behind the ears. I certainly was not a man of the world especially the world I entered. This adventure colored my life ever after. When I came back I went to work as most of us did, making a living, raising a family. I made a lot of mistakes but always I had this brief encounter to remember.

March 13, 1994

Dear Reg,

Following are names of the deceased

CNAC: Carl Brown 91, D Buller 90, Carroll 93'  
Conrath 92, H Fisher 90, John Gable 93,  
Genson 92, Goodrich 92, Grimshaw 91,  
Gudeman 92, Havelick 92, Heilig 89, Histed 91,  
Leonard 91, Mabus 92, McDonald 91, Mei PK 93,  
Miller R 92, Moss 93, O'Dwyer 91, Richards Dr 92  
Terry 89. Cancel Binford-his letter returned  
unclaimed, JGR Shrawder

Does anyone know Fuzzy Ball's first name? I do.

Hogy Taw

In 1979 I credited Bartling with discovering Hogy Taw instead of Scoff. I hope Scoff does not hold it against me when I arrive.

Robbie

The article came to me just like this. I have changed nothing. It is one of the best commentaries about some of us possible. It was written by George "Hog leg" Robertson. George was one of the best. This is an unadulterate Robbie. One of these days I'll relate the story of parts of his life. George isn't too well now but then again he was a little older than most of us. A year or so ago I was privileged to spend a day with him on Merritt Island right near Cape Canaveral. I can only wish that I had the nerve to spend half the life he led. It abounded in adventure variety and the accomplishment of the impossible. Most of were too normal. He did not end up wealthy in money but certainly in color and accomplishment. When Robbie gets to Hogy Taw Scoff will have to move over.

This is a chronicle of my experiences with the best flying outfit bar none in World War II. The outfit I'm referring to is the China National Aviation Corp. better known to the GBI boys as G-NAC the original Hump Flyers having started flying the Ridge in the spring of 1942 with a very few DC-3's and C-53 powered with Wright Engines.

The first trip over the Hump with cargo was made by Chuck Sharp other pilots then were Royal Leonard, Fatty MacDonald, Pop Kessler, Hugh Woods, Potty Potts, Schmidt (R.W.) Sid Dekantzoy, Moon Chin, Hugh Chin, M.K. Low and the illustrious Frank Higgs.

In the July of 42, the American Volunteer Group better known as the AVG was conducted into the 14th Air Force several of the pilots did not want to join the Air Force so they came to GNAC Shepp Dog Shilling, Moose Moss, Catfish Raines, Link Laughlin, Bill Bartling, Al Wright, Lester Hall, Duke Hedman, Carl Brock, Dick Rossi, Bob Prescott, Mickey Mickleson, Joe Rosbert, Buster Loane, Cliff Groh, Van Shep these were all throttle jockeys, Doc Richards came from AVG as the Flight Surgeon, and Sy Semester as a Radio Jockey. Maintenance Chief was Soldinski he was one of the boys that got out of Hong Kong by the skin of his teeth next to him was Arnold Weir.

The above mentioned individuals were all there when I arrived in Calcutta India in late Dec of 1942 having flown as a copilot from West Palm Beach Fla to Accra, Gold Coast with Capt. Buster Loane, he got off the plane there and beat it back to the states on home leave, a tall good looking devil with an AVG uniform on showed up two weeks later and said to me are you Robby if so you are to be my Copilot from here to Calcutta, my name is Raines, with him was a skinny rugged looking man, he said this is my radio operator name of John Hicks, we made a Cook's tour of Africa Kano, Madugri, Ft Lamy, El Fasher, El Geninia, Khartoum, Luxor, Egypt the location of the Thebes and Karnak Ruins the home of Ramesis the Second, and it was there that Catfish and I christened John Detarr Hicks as Ramesis Hicks, will tell you why later. We spent three days there, and proceeded on to Cairo. It was there I found out what a free spender Catfish was, we had ambled out to the Pyramids to a place called Mary, the Pyramids are quite a way out of town, in the morning we started out to walk to the main road, I asked Catfish to hire a taxi, but he could not afford it, after four hours we reached the hotel National where we were staying, I was nearly dead Catfish pulled out a roll that would chock a horse and paid the hotel that was when I found out that Catfish was not a big spender, we left Cairo flew direct to Bagdad, refueled, went on to Basra on the Gulf, refueled went on to Bahrain, then to Sharjah, Karachi, and finally Calcutta arriving Christmas Eve 1942. The day after New Years Catfish and I as copilot flew up to the Assam Valley to a place called Dinjan, it was the India terminal for the China Run.

By this time the senior members of GNAC held executive positions, Chuck Sharp was the operations Manager in Calcutta, William McDonald, was the chief pilot in Calcutta, Royal Leonard, Sid Dekantzow, Pop Kessler, Moon Chin, Hugh Chin, M.K. Low and Frank Higgs were all pilots on the passenger run based in Calcutta. H.L. Woods (Woody) was the operations Manager in Dinjan and R.W. Potts, Schmidt Potty was the Chief Pilot and Check Pilot.

After flying nineteen round trips with Catfish to Kuming China and back Potty checked me out as Capt. incidently did not see much of the Hump until six months later, then I found out why we were flying so high each trip.

When I got to Dinjan I found the following pilots who were not AVG Dick Snell, Al Gings, Gen Genovese, Skippy Lane, Dick Neumeyer, Al Oledenberg, Chuck Sharkey, Les Brown, and Orin Welsh of light plane fame, Ray Allen, Ray Cooper, Russ Johnson. This was the list of personnel when I joined GNAC, all of the copilots were Chinese also all of the radio operators, the mechanics were all Chinese except the supervisors if there was any office work it was done by Woody or his wife Madge, she also supervised the hotel where the pilots lived.

as done for Ray J. Smith

H.L. Woods or Woody as he was affectionally called by the boys was a very soft spoken individual, he very seldom gave an order, and when he did it was still in that very soft tone, but as a lot of fellows found out when he said do not do something like buzzing the hostel drinking while on duty at Dinjan, or turning down a flight for anything other than necessary maintainance, if the individual did not heed these soft spoken rules the next one in the same soft voice would say: GET YOUR BAGS YOU ARE GOING TO CALCUTTA: yes Woody was a very strict disciplinarian but he never interfered in your private life or commanded you to do something unreasonable. Our flight rules were very strict, number One there was no weather on the Hump. Number two no fast timing and no slow timing, Number three never exceed the prescribed power settings, unless in extreme emergency.

Flying with CNAC was not like Airline in the States or Air Transport command in the Air Corp.

All of the ships regardless of type will quote the DC3 C-53 C-47 A & B the standard gross load for any of the plane in the USA or other countries 25,500 LBS. in CNAC our standard gross load varied between 30,000 Lbs and 32,000 Lbs. when a new ship arrived the following items were immediately removed, The Automatic Pilot, One Generator All radio Equipment except one DF one HF transmitter One VHF. all unnecessary CABIN EQUIPMENT IFF equipment and any other equipment that was unnecessary weight, All flying was hand flying that is why our boys that survived were the best Instrument pilot, in the world,

The Airlift across the Hump was in a direct line between Dinjan India and Kunming China, the Distance was 525 Statute miles the Safe altitude on instruments was 17,000 Eastbound and 18,000 Westbound if VFR conditions existed you could make it 15,000 East and 16,000 West that is if you flew a straight course.

The Suifu Run or IPIN was a direct line Dinjan to Suifu located at the junction of the Ming and Yangtse rivers You flew along South of the Mimi plateau behind Likiang Mt. over Sichong The Minimum altitude on instruments was 21,000 feet Eastbound and 22,000 feet Westbound VFR if possible was 17,000 East and 18,000 West unfortunately 85% of our flights were on instruments.

The single engine altitude of A683 or C-47 was 9,500 Maximum with a load was

The Route to Kunming was the route that carried 90% of the Cargo this Course Up until 1945 carried you over 176 miles of enemy controlled territory we flew this section of territory constantly on the alert in VFR weather if you saw an enemy aircraft you gave the following alert on the Radio: GO SEE UNLCE TCM: things got so worrisome in early 1943 we changed all our flights to Night Flight, along with the weather which was considered one of the worst spots in the world, and the fact we did not use cockpit heaters made some of the trips quite uncomfortable especially when you had to climb to 23,000 feet to get on top of the icing level. The weather got Orrin Welch in early 1943 we never did locate the wreck, but assumed he drifted into one we called fifteen five located just north of the Hukwang Valley that was the one that got JeRo, bert and Ridge Hammel one day Later they survived but took them two months to walk out Joe had a broken ankle. In addition to Ice Rain etc. We had to contend with extremely strong winds (At that time we were not aware that is what we now call the JET STREAM) sometimes the winds would be over 100 M.F.H. From the West and North West, One night I flew from Dinjan to Kunming in One hour and Twenty Two Minutes, that is on record in the CNAC files ordinarily it would take Three Hours and Fifteen Minutes. Incidentally I was flying the passenger run from Calcutta to Kunming, that night I arrived at Dinjan about Two AM in the morning to refuel which usually took 15 Minutes While making my outside inspection prior to takeoff I noticed a lump in one of the Main tires about the size of a football. Called Arnold Weir, it took Him until 4AM to change the tire, Thank God if it had taken him sooner would

Not be typing this story now, After takeoff Ceiling was two hundred feet and raining, Climbed up to 22,500 feet over the Chabua Beacon, the turbulence was terrific and the Icing started at about 13,000 feet, finally got on top at 22,500 all the passengers were sick and I cared my copilot was frozen with fear, there was no reception on the radio or was unable to get any DF bearings at all but I had been thru this before so was not very worried, I guessed that the tail wind was about 90MP.H., so after One Hour and fifteen Minutes, I assumed we were over Lam Tali, I looked Down thru the only hole I had seen since takeoff there was Water in Sight, I assumed my navigation was correct, as the Dawn was breaking, I took a second look and behold there was a finger of land protruding out into the Lake, that shook me as there was no finger of land in the middle of Lake Tali, The only Lake that had a finger of land in it was Kunming Lake, Meanwhile I had not been able to get any bearings at all on the DF, or any other radio contact, On recognizing Kunming Lake I called the ATC Tower "Kunming this QNAC 41 Landing Instructions Please" Tower came back "Field is Closed Ceiling 200feet and Rain Visibility about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. I came back "Am Coming in anyway"

Now this is where fate intervenes in the flying business "If I had taken off at the normal time it would have been pitch dark when I arrived over Kunming Lake would not have seen same, do to not contact would have run out my normal ETA and of course been over Kweilin which was in Jap hands at that time. So much for wind and weather, incidently was flying across there one clear night maintaining a track of ~~118~~ / 118degrees but holding a heading of 66 degrees to maintain the track, that night Atc lost about 50 planes that drifted South down in to Jap territory.

My personal opinion is, that weather was our greatest hazard on the Hump Run, we only lost one plane to my knowledge to Jap fire Sammy Anglin got it just north of the Hukwang valley, He made the remark on radio as he was being attacked, we never found his wreck or other crew members, I had two close ones, one Clear night at 15,000 feet near Yunnani was jumped by a night fighter, I immediately turned off my nav lights throttled back the power to a minimum and dived toward Lake Tali knowing I could drop in that area to 11,000 feet. Did not report the incident as I did not want to be called Jap Happy, however the next day when I landed at Yunnani totkae on a load of Chinese Volunteers for General Stillwell, 38 th Chinese Division in Burma the Tower Operator told me a Jap chased one of our planes over toward Tali I asked what time was that he said three in the morning then I told him that was me on my way to Kunming.

the Next time I had a close one was sometime later, was due to leave Kunming early one morning, when the Old Man Called me over to his Office (The Old Man was Claire Chennault C.O. of the 14th, Air Force. He said Robby I want you to do something in the morning, but he also said it is top secret (This is the first time I have told this to anyone so help me God) H-ha, gone and all the other people are gone now so It is alright to tell.

The General Said Am sending the B-25s over to Bomb Bhamo in the morning, and have got to have the weather along the route, I want you to fly the direct route to Bhamo, and Send me the weather every fifteen minutes with your location, took off about a hour before dawn, with a new crew with me asked where my usual CO, pilot and Radio Man was and was given an excuse, which did not phase me as this happened quite often, and I had complete confidence in the crews especially the Radio Oper.

We Took Off and Every fifteen Minutes would give the Position altitude and weather condition, to my Radio Man he would grab the key and a few minutes later confirm the message had been sent and received.

About an hour after dawn we arrived in sight of Bhamo, which is located on the banks of the Irrwady River in Central Burma, we were at 14,000 feet, turned to the radio man sent the report back Bhamo wide open weather clear, however to the North there was a cumulus cloud about 20,000 feet high just after the report was made, I looked down and saw two Jap Fighters taking

off From the field, I looked toward the big cloud and figured I could make it. well to Make a long stry, short arrived back in Dinjin about two hours later, feeling real good knowing that the B-25s were right behind me and had Blowed Bhamo off the map.

When I landed back in DinJin was signalled to park at the end of the runway, this was unusual,

Standing the With Woody Was Capt. MacDonald and an Army officer. I thought to myself something is wrong, The words the Geeted Mewere as follows "WHERE THE HELL OF YOU BEEN THE OLD MAN HAD TO CANCEL THE RAID BECAUSE HE DID NOT RECEIVE ONE POSITION FROM YOU" I was highly insulted and told them the exact detail of the whole flight. The Army took my copilot and radio operator into custody, and after interrogation it was found they were both Japs, or Jap agents. Woody and Mac swore me to secrecy at the end of the runway, because it would ruin the Moral of our pilots if they even suspiomed there were enemy agents in our lots, As I repeat thi, is the first time in Forty years Ive told this story, Woody and Mac, and the Old Man could confirm it if they were alive today.

As I said prviously The Weather was the greatest detriment to flying in China or India, just remembered one more unusal weather experiance we had, Was flying the passenger run between Kunming and Chungking, half way between these two cities Lake Weining is located we approached this point at 13.5 thou, and fset; there was a cumulus cloud over the lake about 20. High. Didnt look too bad as clouds do. We walked into it at 13.5 in less than 15 seconds we were at 16,000 feet being pelted by the biggest hail stones Ive ever seen before or since, they were the size of baseballs and it sounded like we were being hammered with a sledge hammer, the windshield was cracked in several places, looked at the copilot he had put his seat to the bottom and had his head between his knees, Meanwhile I threwed on all the heat on the engines and started to turn around I knew what was back of us but not ahead ppgably more of this turbulence and ice, It took five minutes to make a 180 degree turn it was so rough, and any second was expecting one of those hail stones to come right thru the windows, or cause one of the engines to quit. After ten minutes we were out of it at 17,000 feet and headed back toward Kunming. I looked out the window and the wing and Engine cowling on my side looked like some body had hit them with a 20 lb. sledge hammer, the aileron and flap were shattered, Meanwhile the copilot had come ~~to~~ looked out his window and motioned to me to look out his side, It was the same as mine, we landed at Kunming the mechanics came running and looked at the plane, They asked were you shot up by the Japs?

This aircraft had to have new wings, engtalled before being flown again. also cowling and cockpit window,

So much for the weather if a pilot could fly thru it for one twelve month cycle he stood a good chance of making it the rest of time. Those were the kind of pilots we had in CNAC will give you a list later of all I can remember.

We had a hostel and a small operations set up at Kunming the hostel was run by Rocky Roncaglione one hell of a nice guy he knew his business and we always had good chow to eat. When we were flying nights we would spend the day in the hostel and go back the next night.

There was no recreation there in Kunming so we would amuse ourselves by playing poker and shooting crap.

Here was nothing down town of interest, Jingabuloo Street was visited by the braver ones Jeff Weiner went down one time with Cliff Groh, who incidently was not scared of man or devil, Jeff Had on a pr. of flying boots a flying suit with scarf, heavy leather gloves a helmet, Cliff said Jeff what in the Hell is all that for Jeff said, I heard there was possibility of catching a Chinese cold down here.

The CNAC organization was composed of the greatest group of Individuals ever gathered together in the flying fraternity, starting with our illustrious President, the highly respected William L. Bond, Mr Bond I always called him Mr. Others often referred to him as "Bondy" was about 50 Yrs. of age premature gray hair and blue eyes, that did not miss a trick, he had the knack of knowing how to handle each problem and individual in the proper manner, After the war had finished I was flying between Nanking and Chungking with Mr. Bond as one of the passengers, we had to stop at Hankow to refuel so we all went to the operation tent for a cup of coffee, As we were setting there talking Mr. Bond said to me "Now Robby the war is over we are a scheduled airline, everyone of you boys must be in uniform shaven and put on a respectful appearance to the passengers, No more chewing tobacco, no more coonskin caps and put your forty five in your flight bag, Remember we are a scheduled airline Robby, just then about six hogs ran thru the operation tent splattering mud over both of us, I said Yes Sir Mr. Bond this is a scheduled Airline. Mr. Bond was one of the finest men I have ever know, and I hope he is still with us the last I heard he was somewhere in Virginia.

C.L. Sharp was Our Operation Manager, Prior to the War years he flew in China, he was about five feet eight tall kind of tubby Premature grey Hair Blue eyes and a very pleasant smile, Chuck had been thru the mill was shot down in china and knew all the answers, it was said that when he flew he was cold and unruffled that he "Pissed Ice Water"

He fined me \$200 once for making an instrument landing at San Hupah in Chungking. the ceiling was 100 feet, this was after the war, if it had been before the war ended he would have fined me \$200 for not making the instrument landing, That was the kind of man he was but we all respected him.

Billy Mac Donald, was the chief pilot he was an old China hand having come to china with Claire Chennault prewar, Billy, Chennault and Luke Williams, on were the original Three Turtle Acrobatic team, stationed at Selfredge Field Pre War. Billy was an excellent pilot, second to none he had a very Pleasing personality second to none, and I never met anyone that did not like him, he never interfered with the mens Private lives and was helpful to us all, even when he asked me in Dinjan, after the Bhamo raid failure he did not raise his voice. Billy has gone to Valhalla I will always remember him as a gentleman.

Capt. R.W. Pottschmidt commonly called "Potty" was one of the best pilots I have ever know he was about 5ft 8in tall blonde hair Ice Blue eyes, and very soft spoken, He always had his Ivory cigarette holder with him, Potty was our chief check Pilot, he had flown previously in China and knew all the answers. He never lost his temper and was very cool in an aircraft regardless of circumstances, Potty was one of the Best Poker players that I have ever had the priviledge of losing to. He always come out at the top he was never shady in any way, but had the uncanny ability to outguess the other players, He was a good business man and I think he went back to the States after the war with a good bundle, I hope he is still with us would like to see him once more.

I believe I told you about H.L. Woods "Woody" previously He was the sole survivor of a crash in the Yangtse river at Shanghai the Japs shot him down this happened in early 41 at the beginning of the Jap War he was a very cool and qite man about 5ft. 8in. high Black Hair and brown eyes a pleasant and freindly smile, We all respected him he ran the operation very efficiently at Dinjan, Woody is in Valhalla Ngw God Bless Him



The line Pilots were motley lot, all kinds and professions, We had an Undertaker Two College Professors, A sourdough from Alaska, A French Foreign Legionaire several farmers, musicians, professional pilots, Members of the Air Ferry command, the Royal Air Force, North Atlantic Ferry Command, Pan American Air Ferries. US Air Force and Navy.

Catfish Raines "R.W. Raines" was a former AVG Flying Tiger, Prior to the War he was in the Navy, His claim to fame was I am the sole survivor of Torpedo Eight, that was the outfit that got wiped out at Midway Island just after Pearl Harbor. The Reason Catfish survived was that he had resigned from Torpedo Eight to Join the AVG previous to our entry into the war.

Catfish was about 6ft 2 inches tall and black Hair and mustache, he was a damn good driver, but he suffered from malaria and sometimes he said he could see three runways on the final approach, Catfish was not a gambler he was a business man and saved his money even though he was tight as a tick we all liked him and he was damn good for moral, he survived the war and I assume he is a wealthy business man now, incidently he had to brush off the girls every time he went to Calcutta on leave Would like to see the tight fought bastard one more time, he was one of my best friends.

Clifford George Groh "Cliff" was another one that you could not forget he was about six feet tall Blonde curly Hair and a friendly smile and a very good nature and personality, Cliff was navy before he joined the AVG was a graduate of Northwestern University, fencing Champion and was unusually intelligent, He was a damn good pilot one of the best. Cliff liked the happy life and every time he went to Calcutta, He pissed his money away on the women, the only fault he had was that he asked every girl he went out with to Marry him, consequently us his friends had to do a lot of lying to cover for him, everybody liked Cliff and Catfish and Link Laughlin were an inseperable trio, Having been in the tigers together, they came to CNAC together. Cliff was well know in Jingbaloo street and Acker lane he never saved a nickel, but he was one of the finest boys I called a friend, He has gone now.

R.W. Moss "Moose" came down from Kunming with the AVG boys, before AVG I believe he was Air Force, Moose was one of our best pilots never turned down a trip and had a couple of hairraisers while with us. Moose was a country boy from Georgia and dam proud of it, He was about 5ft 8in tall Dark Hair Brown Eyes and real friendly smile. However Mooes smile disappeared when he was referring to the "SHOE CLERKS" that was his private description of a gutless pilot or a cheap gambler. We had a couple of both of these types, however will not name as maybe their children might read this someday. Moose was a damn good crap shooter and poker player he gambled because he loved it, on the whole I believe he came out winner, Moose sent most of his Surplus funds home to buy a tobacco farm in Doe Run Georgia there is where he is today I hope have not heard from him for quite sometime

Robert P. Hedman "Duke", there was another outstanding pilot, he was with the AVG having held the outstanding record of shooting down Five Jap fighters in one day, Christmas day over Rangoon Burma. Duke was a very quiet fellow he never raised his voice and everybody liked him, his flying record was perfect with CNAC and he never turned down a trip, was always willing to help in any way that included financial, I had a lot of respect for Duke and he was a good friend to me. The Girls also liked Duke as I forgot to mention he looked pretty snazzy when dressed up, I think Duke is still around and I hope he will be for a long, long time

There were a lot of outstanding characters in the outfit, one was "Casey Boyd" bet known by us boys that came from England, he was one of us that went over there and flew in 40-41-and spring of 42, we called Casy "Bitching Boyd from Belfast" Belfast was where he was stationed with the ATA. Casey was a damn good pilot never turned down a trip and had a lot of guts, but he could not help bitching about everything, he had long black hair all over his body and one day when he was asleep some of the boys, planted a few crablice on his back, you should of heard him then, Casey was one of my good friends, and would give you the shirt of his back, he has been in Hoggy-Taw for quite some time now.

Jimmy Scoff was an individual if you ever knew one, God knows how old he was, His home was somewhere in California, and I think he came from the Ferry Command, Jimmy had a chubby round face with curly hair and eyes that rolled in all directions when he was talking, also when he got excited he started to drool and mumble, he would tell the most hair raising tales after a trip. one day Jimmy was on a kunming trip from Dinjan it was instrument, all the way when he got to Kunming, the Beacon was off so Jimmy started to commill around on top actually for over eight hours, then he told his copilot and operator to jump, then he bailed out himself, as he told the tale to us, his chute had just opened good when he felt some bushes under him, and the chute caught on a tree, It was in the middle of the night and he could not see anything, so decided to wait for daylight before trying to move, good thing he did when daylight came he was hanging on a bush on the edge of a nine thousand foot cliff, he got loose and happened to be near a trail North of Suifu just this side of Chengtu after walking for a couple of hours, he came to Chengtu the rest is history, his crew had allready walked out,

We asked Jimmy what he was thinking of as he was hanging on that cliff in the dark, he said he was thing of the two paychecks that Lizzie at #6 Acker Lane was holding for him, you see Lizzie was Jimmies banker in Calcutta, and when he was in town that was his home. On very Dark night Jimmie took off for Suifu, he disappeared Six months later an Indian boy looking for his goats, found what was left of Jimmies plane, the only part of Jimmy that was found was his Jawbone full of gold teeth, I have been told, But dont quote me the Doc Richards to this day uses Jimmys jawbone as a paperweight in his office.

Incidently the wreck of Jimmys plane was less than six miles from the end of The Dinjan runway in the jungles,

"Pop" Hinkle was another one you could not forget, Pop was an ex American Airlines pilot about 45 yrs old, that was why he was called Pop or Pappy, older than most of us, He was a dam good pilot never turned down a trip, but when he got back to the hostel, he went thru each and every trip down to the minutest detail, he would take ten minutes to tell you how he fastened his safety belt. So the boys got together and christened Pop "FLAPTRAP HINKLE" larengitis was a common malady in the Assam Valley, and one day Flaptrap caught it, we all felt relieved, Flap had it for two Weeks, but he still kept right on yapping altho no sound came out. I respected Flaptrap for his ability as a pilot, none of us are perfect, Flap has been in Haggytaw for a long time now.

We had a lot of unusual characters with us, one of them was Privinsal never did know his given name we just called him Pri, first met him in England in 1941, he was in my outfit, never did talk much was a god pilot he came over to China in the fall of 1943, flew a few trips and checked out. Pri. had been in the French Foreign Legion in India prior to WWII and had a bayonet cut in the front of him about twelve inches long. His only recreation was playing poker and red dog, he was damn good at both and very seldom lost. I imagined myself a fair shot with my colt forty five, so when we were setting around the hostel at Dinjan, we would do a little target shooting, and do a little betting, 1000 rupees a shot in those days that was 333.00 in u.s. currency. Pri never took part just watched, so one day I felt very good and issued a challenge to anyone, for 1000 rupees a shot, much to my surprise Pri said Ill take you up Robby, to myself I said this is easy money, we set up the Ace of Spades at fifteen paces and, he said take the first shot, one inch from the center, then he took my pistol in both hand and fired five on a row, punched out. the Ace, I took four more all within an inch, well to make it short, it cost me 5000 rupees to find out that Pri had been a champion pistol shot at Camp Perry. Prior to this he had never told anyone, Pri bought the farm on an instrument landing at Kunming, he was already on base leg at about thirty feet when he hit a tree, he was carrying a load of Chinese money and the people that got to the wreck first, did nothing for him or his crew they only wanted the money which was scattered all over the place, Pri, a copilot got out thru the escape hatch in the cockpit, His face was badly burned, but poor old Pri's feet were caught in the rudder pedals he burned to death, I flew what was left of him down to Calcutta for cremation, his wife was there, and the Indian undertaker had put him in a box three feet long, I asked the undertaker why in hell he did not put him in a full size coffin, "he said why use all of that material if it was not necessary.

The ground personnel we has at Dinjan, were quite a bunch Jim Phillips, was above all things an author by profession, a good man and he used to tell us some interesting stories. I think Jim is still alive and kicking somewhere he should write one of these tales, it would be godd insurance.

John Detarr Hicks "Ramesis" was our radio fixer, one of the best Ive ever seen before or since, he was about 5ft 7in. skinny as a rail 40 years old and weighed 135 soaking wet. It rained 90% of the time in Dinjan, so Ramesis wore knee length rubber boots, his shirt tail hung out once in a while he shaved, but he would spend hours inside those aircraft where the temperature got to 125 degrees, He was the only man in Dinjan that Woddy allowed to drink, he carried a pint of Jing-Bow Juice in his hip pocket when he was working in that rain and God awful heat, he was very proud of his work and got quite upset, if you could not get a JF bearing 175 miles from the station. after the war John Dissappeared, I hope he is still with us, the reason Catfish and I named him Ramesis, was when we were touring the Karnak ruins at Luxor Egypt, there were several statues of Ramesis The second, Famous Eghyptian Phgrouh, Each statue had a phallus that was six feet long, you can imagine the rest. We were down at what was called the Fishmarket, Catfish and I were downstairs Hicks was upstairs we heard a loud scream, we rushed upstairs, there was John in the nude, grinning she was pointing and screaming, we looked and I swear it was atleast a foot long. That was when we named him Ramesis.

Howard Dean was another man that was in the operation, at Dinjan he was a young man very likable and it was said that he had some connections on Wall Street in New York.

Arnold Weir was perhaps the best Aircraft Mechanic that CNAC ever had, he was one of the prewar early birds and had been fired more times by Mr. Bond than any other man, but was always hired back because he could get more work out of our Chinese mechanics than anyone else, they loved him and would die for him if necessary. The only failing Arnold had was, booze, when he got drunk he would stay drunk for a week, and was meaner than a rattlesnake, everybody stayed clear of him when he was on a bender, I had to draw on him once to calm him down, The reason that Mr. Bond kept giving him another chance was that when sober he was really on the ball, the last time Mr. Bond got rid of Arnold he replaced him with a damn good man from Paa. Martin Garrott, Martin stayed with us until the show was over and took over the Shanghai Maintenance. King Clouse was the man in charge of Engine overhaul, we used to get 1800 or 1900 hours out of his engines before overhaul, the same engine overhaul time in the States for this type of engine was 1300 Maximum, am talking about the 1830-92 and the 1830-90 P&W. King Clouse stayed with us until the show was over.

J.B. Muff and Art Predergast were two more damn good mechanics J.B. had one wooden leg below the knee. They were both full of hell and enjoyed the Calcutta night life at the Puerto Rico Club, etc.

Our Medical staff was run by Dr. Richards, when I first joined after about a year he went home, he had had enough and needed a rest having been with the AVG before CNAC, he was a Helluva nice guy and we all liked him.

Doc Richards was replaced by Dr. Reggie Farrar as chief flight surgeon, he was a damn good man and we all liked and respected him until the end of the show, I remember he was giving some kind of head shrinker tests to all the pilots, he called me in after the test and said Robby Im tearing the results of your test up, He said if I turned this over to Mr. Bond he would fire you. So he tore it up in front of me, Reggie and I were always on good terms, he is still going this day and I hope for a long time after he lives in New Jersey now and for a long time edited the Cannonball news.

Doctor Paul Laube came to us in early 45, to assist Reggie but he didnt stay long, fell in love with China and went up to Chengtu to work in a missionary hospital Dr. Laube was a damn good Dr. and stayed in China until the National Govt. Fell to the Commies. He got out by the skin of his teeth along with his family. I believe that he lives somewhere in Iowa now.

Frank Meyers was the one in charge of the commissary in Calcutta. Frank was one hell of a nice fellow, he shared a flat with Arnold Weir in Calcutta, we used to go up there for a little crap shooting, Frank was pretty lucky at that, he also was pretty good at poker Frank was also a lover but a very quiet one and never bragged about his conquests, we all liked Frank and it hit us for a loop when Sharp slipped him the shaft for someone elses mistakes, he left us feeling down in the hoglots, we all tried to convince Sharp he was making a mistake, But Chuck was like a bull he never changed his mind, I hope Frank is still alive, Have not heard from him since he left in 1944.

Charles Sharkey better known as "Chuck" was the youngest pilot in or lot, I don't know his real age, but he looked every bit of sixteen. Chuck walked ding-toed and that made him look more like a kid. He was actually about 20, as he had come to us from the Canadian Air Force, however he was an American claiming Boston Mass as home.

He was a good-looking kid and all the girls in Calcutta went for him, on top of all this he was a natural pilot and was a good worker, he was always seeing Japs, I believe he saw more Japs than all the rest of us combined, but he was good for the Moral with a lot of hair-raising tales, I will not tell you his faults, maybe some relative might read this, Chuck stayed with us until the war was over and went on to Shanghai. One day he was flying up to Tientsen with a load of passengers out of Lungwa, he was making an instrument landing with his watch on a string in the middle of the cockpit he missed and it was all over, it seems we could not keep a clock in any cockpit for long the Chinese Mechanics used to steal them when they had a chance most of us had two watches, just in case, Chuck had married a beautiful Eurasian girl in Shanghai I had to break the news, it was most distressing.

Dick Rossi was another pilot with exceptional skill, Dick was with the AVG before he came to us and had some Japs to his credit, Dick was a good-looking devil and had a wonderful personality, Dick did not go in for gambling drinking etc, He was always on a higher plane, could not stay still five minutes, when not flying was studying Indian Culture Etc. always visiting some place like the Taj Mahal or Bombay or Darjeeling. When the U.S. Army completed the Ledo Road from India to China via Myittha, Tenchung, Paosan, Yunnan with destination Kunming, Dick took two weeks off and drove a jeep on the first convoy to Kunming he said some of the turns were on the hair-raising side. Dick stayed until the show was over, after the war he went with Prescott to the Flying Tiger Airline, Guess he is still there, He was a gentleman and a good friend, would like to see him one more time at least. Dick was a member of the unofficial club we had between us flyers, we called it the three Hundred club after making three Hundred Round Trips across the Hump you were eligible, that would be 600 crossings. The ATC gave out IFCs for fifty one way trips. The average trip Round took about 7 Hrs Plus or minus Twenty Minutes so that would be about 2100 Hours flying time, we had sixteen pilots in the club at the end of the war.

Ray Allen was another outstanding pilot, he was with us in England in 41 and 42, came with us the same time I did Ray was not very big but was tuff as shoe leather never turned down a trip he was also a member of the 300 Club. He liked to play Red Dog and Shoot a little crap, and when he was drinking would not take any crap from anyone no matter how big, but when sober was quite as a church mouse, he was liked by all the regulars, he had no use for the Shoe clerks. After the War Ray joined Prescott's Flying Tiger Airline, and I presume he is still with them he flew the Vietnam Airlift all thru the Vietnam Show, and afterwards joined the freight run, probably pushing a 747 now, would like to see him again.

Charley Sundby was another one he was a little Danish fellow came to us from North Atlantic Ferry Command, Charley was not one of the socializers, but was of a serious nature, his flying was most important to him, he did not gamble or drink, and saved his money, never turned down a trip, and was member of the 300 Club, Charley and I used to go hunting Green Pigeons when we were in Dinjan, They were damn good eating and the native cooks knew how to cook them Charley used to say "Theres a Doe Robby" Being Danish he could not say the letter V so there is a Doe Meant There is a Dovee.

Charley stayed with us all during the war went on to Shanghai where we lived in the Palace Hotel, One Day Charley and I were having Dinner In the Sagoon Hotel, incidently both hotels are located on the Bund in Shanghai, as we were eating and talking, a lady at the next table started to Gasp for breath, we looked at her and she was blue in the face, Charley jumped up grabbed her by the legs turned her upside down and shook her out of her, After about a minute a piece of meat fell out of her mouth she was strangling on a piece of meat, when the manager and head waiter found out what it was all about they apologized to Charley as they had already called the police.

Charley flew out of Shanghai for quite sometime Meanwhile QVAC had got some DC-4s Charley was flying one down to Hong Kong one day it was instruments, he was making his let down at Kaitek when he clattered on of those Mts just outside of the entrance to Hongkong harbor. killed every body on board somebody said Owen Johnson was on that flight but guess that was just a rumour. I liked Charley he was interesting to talk too as his information was always constructive, Charley left his wife well off, he had just sent her back to the states to have their first baby.

Pete Petach was another one of that bunch that you could not help but like and admire Petes real name was Julious but we all called him Pete. Pete had been in England with us, and was a damn good driver Pete was good for the Moral, He never bitched and always had some amusing story to tell If I remember right he played the harmonica, but dont quote me Pete was not a Drinker, he would gamble a little, and I presume he was interested in the opposite sex, Having a good looking chick named Teresa in Calcutta. Pete was also a club member, 300 I mean. After the war Pete got smart and got out of the flying game understand he is in the Computer business now, and doing well, would like to see him again.

We had several businessmen with us, guys that knew how to make a profit and still stay halfway honest, one of the most colorful of these characters was "Indian Jim Moore" Jim went over with the RAF in 40-41 had a slight physical problem so he came back to the USA joined the Air Ferry Command, From there he came to our outfit, Jim was a westerer by birth either Oklahoma or Texas dont know which, he was about six feet tall Black Hair Brown eyes, and had a pleasant smile didnt do much talking, was a fair poker player and a damn good pilot. Jim came with us in 44 stayed until the War was over, quit when we got to Shanghai, took off for Peking with a bag full of Chinese Dollars, on Exchange between the two cities you could make roughly 35% didnt take Jim long to have a fair sized roll then he went to Hong Kong worked out of there for a while and took off for Hangi those days it was called Indo-China. Nearly got himself killed there, but survived with a real bundle, took off for Beirut bought himself a Hotel, and would have lived happy ever after, His Arab partner made the mistake of double crossing Jim, What happened is not quite clear but the Arab was out of circulation for a long time, Meanwhile Jim took off for Bangkok Siam, That is where he is today, Jim and I were always good friends, one time while he was with us one of our shoeclerks that Jim trusted took off with about \$25,000 worth of Jims metal which was measured in Tollas. The Man in question took off for New Delhi to await a boat out of Calcutta, Jim found out where he was the rest is history and the man in question was very very sore in the body for a long time, Could tell you his name but some of his children might read this account

The Gamblers all of them Compulsive, Red Holmes, Jimmy Foxx, John Hicks, Moose Moss, Dicky Stratford, Arnold Weir, Frank Meyers, Bob Prescott, Fuzzy Ball, Potty Potts Schmidt, Jake Fasset, Rocky Roncaglione, Jim Phillips, Howard Dean, Ray Cooper, Privinsal, Van Shappard, Roy Farrell, Jim Binford, Art Frendergat, Cy Semester, and of Course Yours Truly George Robertson. These were the ones that would gamble on anything and was their favorite recreation when not flying or working, you will note these were not all pilots, forgot to mention Skippy Lane and Dick Snell. the sum of money that were involved sometimes were very high Moose made enough to buy his tobacco farm in Doe Run Georgia, most of us pissed it back in the next game or next month, a lot of guys owed a lot when they went to hoggytaw, The average pilot that did not owe when he bought the Farm, was grieved over for fully ten minutes, but the ones that had the I.O.U.s out were moaned for fully Two Weeks, I remember when Jimmy Foxx went down, it was very sad around the hotel Red Holmes had most of his paper. I had a lot of paper, but thank God I would have given it all ten times over to have the boys back that gave it to me. When I left QVAC I owed one of our better players, the small sum of Rupees 68,000, We played five Card Std for twentyfour hours none stop, in his flat in Calcutta it was head to head he and I, When it was all over he had taken me to the cleaners, I still owe him, maybe someday will be able to pick up the tab, Bob Prescott used to play Red Dog, that was his favorite, Red Holmes loved to Shoot Crap but he would play poker and Black Jack too one of our most successful gamblers was Carl Wiss better know as "Candy" in Shanghai he did very well for himself, Sharkey loved to play but was not big time, The games we had in Kunming and Shanghai the usual takeout was \$5000 as Moose used to say that kept the SHOWCLERKS out. Toad Morgan had about \$15000 worth of Paper on one Pilot who bought the farm, it a hook Toad so bad he was crying for two months. I forgot to mention Indian Jim he was one of the Shanghai takeouts Mc Cracken, a Georgia boy flying on the kamikaze run with C-46, Chungking to Hankow, Nanking, was a good gambler, but his luck run out one trip, we never found his wreck, Only once did I ever catch anyone pulling a fast one, One of the Johnny Come lately boys, they were the ones that came in 1945, we were playing in Chungking at the time if he reads this he will know who he is. But all of the old hands played for the Hell of it and there was no cheating.

Now for the good guys, Ray Hauptmann was one of the nicest boys I ever met he came to QVAC the same time as Sammy Anglin, they were asshole buddies, and when Sammy went down it hit Ray very hard, every trip he took he would slide over to the top of the valley looking for Sammys wreck, as I said before it was never found, Ray was really a good boy in all ways Moraly as well as friendly, he never visited the Road or the Lane, he was married and stayed that way, he flew all thru the war and went on to Shanghai, during that time he had Joined the 300 Club on the Hump. He was flying out of Shanghai, when he decided to send for the Mrs. She was due in on a boat and he was all excited, seems like her arrival date was due in about three days, so the gang pitched a party the night before she was due. every body was there with their girl friends, Ray was there but of course no girl, the door opened and in walked Rays wife, he happened to be setting near one of the other boys girls, His wife walked over slapped his face, walked out the door, went back to the ship refused to see him, to make a long story short, she went back on the ship, got home and sued him for divorce, so much for being a good guy it literally broke his heart, he had not been out with any girl for three years nearly. I made my last flight with QVAC, Ray was the pilot he flew me down to Manila, have not seen him since, hope he is alive and doing well would like to see him again.

The social life of the boys when in Calcutta, varied somewhat, we had the ones that moved in the higher society bracket, and we had those that moved in a lower society, will give you the top echelon first, Billy McDonald, Frank Higgs, Chuck Sharp, Peter J. De Marquis Goutiere, Dick Rossi, Roy Farrell and Buster Loane. Pete Goutiere was always hobnobbing with the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Pete spoke fluent Hindustani, so he knew all the high Browns in Indian society, such as Prissy Singh who later got killed in Egypt in one of the first 749 Lockheeds, Prissy was high up in Indian society, being a Brahman, that is the highest caste in India. McDonald was always pitching parties, which he shared with Higgs, the guests were mostly High ranking British and U.S. Army officer, he knew every General in the C.B.I. by their first name, and all of the other high U.S. Officials such as consular Members, Red Cross Etc. I was never invited to any of his shindigs, furthermore I never cared to go. I just can't stand Phony people and bullshit, Pete and Roy shared an apartment in Humayan Court top floor, they used to pitch some lavish shindigs, guests used to be U.S. Officers, Entertainers like ginger Tony Martin, and some Beautiful ladies that were officers in the Wacs Waves and Red Cross, there was always a lot of freeloaders hanging on the edges. The Three Hundred Club that was run by Boris, was a better class night club, that was frequented by the upper echelon, one had to have a tux on if not in uniform, Another Club up next to the Great Eastern Hotel, was the British American Club, slightly lower on the scale, such as Capts, Lts and CNAC no Indians allowed, Gladys Mac Gready was the only Indian Girl allowed in there. Tex Hill famous Ace (Shot Down 22 Japs for sure) made sure one night that she was allowed in, Gladys was one of the Prettiest Girls in Calcutta. Tex and I were good friends would like to see him one more time.

The Puerto Rico Club, was one scale lower on the social scale, Catfish, Cliff and I used to go there along with the lower ranking RAF Officers, it was not uncommon for George Shircoff the proprietor to have to close early almost every night due to the Brawls that used to occur, but George was a good scout his wife was a retired Madam, George had Missappropriated some Money from the American Express Company, after being fired he opened up the club, and made a fortune. Next on the social ladder was Garmens Place on Karaira Road, Then Down to Lizzies place on Acker lane, I have heard rumors that some of the boys frequented these places.

It is very difficult after forty years to remember, all the details, but all in all everybody profited from our presence in Calcutta, one place was Morris's restaurant on Park Street, we used to go there and drink Australian Beer, which was very good, also not cheap about 8 Rupees \$2.50 US, a bottle, on a pleasant afternoon we might consume Rs. 1000, worth when somebody got mean like Ramesis Hicks, Morris would close the joint but he would always let us back in the next day.

And on the Weekends during the racing season there was the Calcutta Race Course, and the Tollygunge race course to help relieve you of a few Rupees. You could bet on the cuff if you knew the bookies, but if you welched you were barred for life.

The boys, usually got bored after about a week in town, and were glad to get back on the hump to get dried out, and make a few more rupees for next month, I was superstitious about saving, them that saved were all tensed up, I'm talking about them that saved it all, and quite a few of them went to Hoggy Taw, so I assumed it was unlucky so did not save too much.

Al Wright was a good example, he and Cookie as a copilot got it on let down at Suifu, seems the Chinese had moved the D.F. station about an eighth of a mile to the west during the night and did not tell anyone. M.K. low a very good Chinese pilot with crew got it right behind Al and Cookie Iwa, right behind M.K. and asked him to talk to me on the Radio the last words he ever said was "Im at 1940 feet" Seconds later I saw his smoke come up behind the smoke from Al's. Being cowardly I beat it away from there and went to Chengtu waited for the fog to clear and went back to Suifu, they had both hit the cliff at the bend of the Ming river, I flew Al and Cookie back with me, it was a good day by the Grace of God if I had been First it would have been me, and if Roy Farrell



Had not missed his flight, you see Roy was scheduled to fly with Al, on that trip but at the last minute, for some unknown they put Cookie in his place, incidently Cookie was one Hell of a nice Guy a country boy from Texas, When I got back to Suifu that day there was a radio message to me from Sharp in Calcutta "Explain why you deavated to Chengtu" I was so mad I felt like wiring back "Kiss My Ass" but I did not even answer his message never heard anything more from Chuck about it, but that incident shows where fate and luck, have a great deal to do in this flying game, but for this fate and luck, both Roy and I would be dead. and this tale would never be written,

Speaking of the Suifu Run That was where we flew all the gold coins to, that President Roosevelt had given to Chiang-Kai-shek to bolster up the Chinese Currency, I myself Flew fifteen Loads, 8000 Lbs. per load and there were more than I do not know who flew them, These were beautiful gold coins minted in USA, Roosevelt's picture on one side and Chang-Kai-Checks on the other, they were about the size of a silver dollar. They were packed in small Oak Barrels that weighed about 400 Lbs. each, All told about \$200,000,000 at \$35.00 per ounce were flown in, The General (Chang) loaded them all on a boat and took them to Chungking by boat up the Yangtse River, none of them were ever seen on the open market, it was rumoured that the General had them all melted down into gold bars at chungking, Incidently when the General was evacuating CHINA mainland for Taiwan, 125 tons of Gold bars went with him out of Amoy on a U.S. Destroyer.

I forgot to mention when the Coolies were unloading one of my loads, they dropped a barrel it broke open that is how I know what they looked like. The next trip up there this was the news, seems like a couple of coolies decided to keep a couple of coins, the Generalissimo, had every coolie that worked on the field shot, so much for that compassionate gentleman. Bastard.

I nearly bought the farm on the Suifu Run here is where luck comes in again. Was flying a load of sheet metal to Suifu, when I got to likiang Mt. it was clear, Had just passed Likiang at 19000 feet when one of the engines quit the nearest field was Yunnani about 85 miles to the South, it was useless to ask the crew to throw out the cargo as the sheets were about twelve feet long and very heavy, as I said before Maximum single engine altitude was 9,500 if you were already up there, my asshole tightened and I put the power on the one that was left and headed for Yunnanni but there was some 13,000 foot stuff to cross before I got to the valley going North and South in the General direction of Yunnani, Just as I got to the 13,000 foot hill, was prepared to go under, when struck an updrft that put us to about 14,000 we cleared the hill got to the valley the best is history, so old lady luck intervened again.

Another little incident that made me feel good, I was on a kunming trip this was when the Japs had Mytkina and the Hukwang valley, When I got to the Ledo hills it was clear as a crystal all the way to the Salween river, So I got down on the deck at tree top level as it would be hard for any Jap fighter to see me. crossed the Hukwang valley jumped over to the Ft. Hertz valley and was just Crossing the Road leading up to FT. Hertz, looked down and there was a large Jap column on the road going north, I was right over the head of the column and three guys on motorcycles saw me and promptly fell off their cycles the column stopped and they all jumped in the ditches on the sides of the road, I was a scared as they were, being a clear day I knew they would radio Mytkina and send up the fighters, I immediately called Chauba the U.S. Air Force field reported what I saw, they acknowledged, So I continued on the deck until I got to the next range of Mts. When I got to Kunming Found out they had sent a flight of B-25s over and knocked out the entire column, It was a good feeling to know I had helped a little.

In the three years I flew the Hump, had quite a few Anus tighteners  
 One night after the Japs had been run out of north Burma was on the passenger run flying from Kunming to Calcutta via Bhamo, Gordon Tweedy was one of my passengers, he often came up to the cockpit and we would bat the breeze. About 2 o'clock in the morning we had just passed Bhamo when we lost the one and only Generator, of course all the lights dimmed, so I shut all of them off, so that I could use what was left in the batteries, when we got to Calcutta, I always carried two flashlight in my flight bag, so every now and then could read the compass, but God was on that flight with us, it was a clear night for a change, so it was not difficult for me to fly, we arrived in Calcutta two hours later, and landed O.K. with no landing lights, also could not contact the tower, used all the juice on the navigation lights, Of course after landing clearing customs etc. the Tower called me over and raised Hell, The Indian controllers were always waiting for us to violate some of their chickenshit rules. They bawled me out for fifteen minutes, and threatened all kinds of punishment. If Gordon Tweedy is still alive he will confirm this trip.

All told I had 21 Engine failures in three years, but the man always let me get away with them, All but one, I was checking Charvill on the Hump run, and had been flying for a week with only one engine driven hydraulic pump working, We had just taken off from Kunming with a load of Hog Brigades headed for Dinjan, I always got single engine speed before taking off, good thing, because I had just hauled her off when an engine quit, you guessed it it was the engine with the good pump, I told Charvill grab the hand pump and Ill see what I can do about getting around, He pumped like Hell the gear was still down and we were losing our fifty foot altitude fast, so I went straight ahead for the lake about two miles ahead, knowing that if I could make the lake could RIDE the Cushion until the gear could be pumped up, but about one eighth of mile from the lake, the honeymoon was over, I sat her down in the Grass just missing an active hut, That was the only crackup I had, Pottschmidt gave me Hell and said it is your fault for flying with only one engine pump working, and I said you would have chewed me a new ass if I had cancelled for that reason. Your damned if you do and damned if you dont I felt real bad about it because I was proud of my record. Charvill was checked out about a month later, he didnt last long, the same day that Pri hit the tree, Charvill hit a little hill on down wind, Pri was on base when he got it the weather was stinking, they both got it the same day. That was my one and only crash in three years, the field at Kunming was 6,240 feet high.

Others were not so lucky, George Wong one of our best Chinese Pilots, CKd bic Mah another good Chinese hit the mt. Just west of Kunming lake Ridge Hammill had a control failure at Dinjan, Fuzzy Ball, down draft got him over Lake Tali went into the side of Tali Mt. Hard Head Warren, on a rice drop Jimmy Foxx Downdraft at the Saween river, Mickelson somewhere between the Salween and Mekong rivers, Anderson Ledo Hills bad weather, Atwater Naga Hills, Marchant got caught in storm between Calcutta and Dinjan, Loomis Kunming let down bad weather, Coulson Hukwang Valley. Smitty, W.H. Suifu Run, Thorwaldson dont know where, Green dont know where, Schroeder presumed shot down by Japs. The above mentioned Pilots, as you will notice have not been mentioned in this tale previously, those that I have mentioned before are not on this list.

Another Character who was an individual was Henry Smith "Hank" Hank came to us from the Canadian Air Force, He was a good pilot and never turned down a trip. He was tall fairly good looking, a smart dresser and looked like a motion picture actor always dressed neatly in a suit or Tux, and was an excellent ballroom dancer, and never wanted for female companionship, also have been told by some of the other boys that he was endowed with an appendage that was fully ten inches long, in being an asset it was the other way around, Hank could not say no, so he consequently married several without going thru the monotony of a divorce.

Hank left us in early 45 and got a job as the personal pilot for the Jamsahab of Jamanager, he took Eddie Quinn with him as copilot and J.B. Muff our one legged mechanic as Mechanic, But Hanks weakness kept him from a life time job, he spent most of his time in Bombay enjoying female company, so the Jamsahib discharged him and gave the Job as pilot to Eddie Quinn, who stayed with his highness, and after the war he and J.B. Started up an airline in Calcutta called Jamair, The Jamsahib financed them and the airline is still operating.

Hank went on to Cairo, then to the States the last I knew he was flying the Dew Line in the 50's after that he came to Miami, guess he is still there, got married again, but he cant shake this one. The last time I saw him he was in the Pool cleaning business.

Roy Farrell was another good pilot, good looking and was always a gentleman, good gambler and business man. He left us right after the war ended, went home came back to Calcutta with a brand new C-47 loaded with about three thousand small suits that would fit the average Chinese, he flew on to Kunming with the load parked his ship, put a couple of Chinese guards on it, and went to the hostel to spending the night, planning to go on to Shanghai in the morning, where he planned to sell the suits, which at that time would have brought about \$200 each. But during the night somehow or other the suits disappeared, the Guards or anyone else at the field, did not see or hear a thing.

Roy cranked up and went to Shanghai, but did not give up he and one of our other Pilots an Australian named Sid Dekantzow took off for Hong Kong, Manila, Guadalcanal and Australia, When they came back we found up they had started up an Airline to be based in Hong Kong called CATHAY-PACIFIC they worked like Hell and made a success of it later on sold out to Butterfield & Swire a big outfit in Hong Kong, the Airline operates to this day according to the last postcard I got from Roy, they are operating 747's. Roy went back to the states and to this day is operating a successful Oil business in Texas and Mexico. Poor Sid wasnt so fortunate he died several years ago, one hell of a nice guy, I liked them both they were always good friends of mine, Maybe Ill see Roy again I hope.

The following pilots I have not mentioned in this article plus all that I have mentioned were the backbone of QNAC, all damn good drivers Bob Gentry, Giggy Gibson, Fletcher Hanks, Hugh Hicks, Ray Hilgert, Bob Jenkins, John Kenehan, Enos Kirkpatrick, Steve Kusak, Hank Lambert, Eric Shilling, Dicky Bird Stratford, Dick Stuelke, Sam Terry, Chuck Uban, Jules Watson, Jeff Weiner Robert Rengo, L.F. Roberts, Al Mah, Dave Majors, Jim Maupun, Donald McBride, Joe Michaels, Ladd Moore, Millard K. Nasholds, Sam Belieff "Fat Sam", Russ Bivens, Don Bussart, Glen Carroll, Don Codrea, Perry, Cuthbert, Jim "Pecker" Dalby, Ralph Drvese, I believe this is a correct list of the Mustard Cutters of QNAC I have mentioned all of the other Mustard Cutters previously, Maybe I forgot Hugh Chin, and Moon Chin, who incidently is running an outfit at this date in Tiawan, not casting any reflections on the other pilots we had Moon Chin was the best pilot QNAC ever had coming from me that is a compliment. long live Moon, hope to see him again sometime.

EXCUSE THE TYPING AND SPELLING.  
HAVE RUN OUT OF GAS  
Robb

MEMBERSHIP

There will be 2 reunions, one here and that ongoing one in Hoky Taw. That one is bigger all the time. As we take that last flight west we "leave wives and children. Some, many or all, may like to hear from us. If we don't have you on our list now let me, Gerry, or Bill know.

Also, it is one hell of a job to keep track of you. You move and keep it a secret. Every issue costs me 40-70 cents postage and it is discouraging to see returns come back after I make a mailing. Sometimes I can find you again but have pity on me - let me know where you are.

Remember dues or not you were CNAC and this is your home  
There are no delinquent members Gerry Schrawder is as bad as  
Poppy Send Money \$20<sup>00</sup> to

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