

CNAC CANNON BALL

ASSOCIATION



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YEAR OF THE TIGER

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PALM SPRING REUNION

I am told it was a great gathering. I could not go myself but the turn out was great and everyone had a good time. We owe it all to Angela and Gerry Shrawder. No reunion ours or anybody else's succeeds only because a lot of planning and work. From all of us "Many Thanks".

Our reunion in Palm Springs in October was attended by fifty and was enjoyed by all. Hoping to see you in San Francisco.

LAST ISSUE

I screwed up the mailing of the last issue. It came out about October. Many of our members were left out. If you did not receive a copy drop me a line. I will send you a copy. It was a good issue.

REUNION 1998

It has been determined the next Reunion will be in San Francisco in October. The hotel is near the airport.

It's getting late. Lets all come. There are a lot of reasons not to come but come anyway. Our service in India and China oriented most of us sentimentally toward China and the Chinese. Our Chinese members may look at those days differently. Those were different days, and so are these. I look forward to see Donald, Moon, Ced, Tommy and Al.

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



1998 CNAC REUNION IN SAN FRANCISCO

Our Mini Reunion in Palm Springs, attended by fifty members was enjoyed by all. Weather perfect, accommodations and food. Our Reunion in San Francisco will be September 18, 19, and 20th. at the beautiful Embassy Suites arranged by our Capt Arthur Kininmonth. Your suite will be \$119 and you make your reservations by calling 1-650-342-4600 or 1-800-Embassy. Tell them you are with the CNAC group and reserve now and no later than August 1st as we have a block of rooms reserved. After that date the rooms are \$245 on a space available basis. Transportation available from the Airport. PLEASE wear your name tags. A full

| | | No persons | Total |
|---------------------|-----------------|------------|-------|
| Registration fee | \$25 per person | _____ | _____ |
| Dinner 9/19 | 36 " " | _____ | _____ |
| Chinese dinner 9/20 | 41 " " | _____ | _____ |
| | Total | _____ | _____ |

Please list names of all persons included in your reservation.

Should you find it necessary to cancel your trip, contact me and I will refund your deposit.

G R Shrawder, Secy-Treasurer
 1302 Fairway Oaks
 Banning CA 92220
 Tel: (909) 845-9354

The Embassy Suites has complimentary full breakfast and wine in the evening. The rooms are suites with refrigerator bar in all of the rooms.

You are encouraged to pay dues which are \$25.00 per year. Attendance at the reunion or mailing list of the Cannon Ball are not contingent on paying them.



Joe O'Dwyer



Wayne Snider

WINGS OVER CHINA

There is a new issue of these books in preparation. As far as we have been able to find there is no official list of former CNAC employees. Several years ago Pottschmidt listed everyone he knew, most of them were Americans. This is sad because there were many more Chinese. We have few of them in this list. I have no solution. Even some of the names in the present list are uncertain. This edition I believe will cost a few dollars. The others did I think. There will be further information on this as available. I hope the treasury will help to fund this. The manuscript is complete. This maybe the only surviving proof that you were there. Keep tuned for update. Publication is projected to be September 1998 in time for the San Francisco reunion.

Criticism

Should you disagree with what is reported here, please write a rebuttal. Note in an early issue the difference between Costello and DeSalvatore. Lately Sherwood's comment about Gifford Bull. Bull did not see Dracula, he was looking at me.

BACK ISSUES

I have put together a few of our back issues of Cannonball. If you would like a packet, drop me a line, no charge. If I can not give them away - recycle.

KUNMING

Howie Dean was Station Manager, Pappy Quinn was in charge of Commissary, Cliff Grogan was in charge of Radio Repair & I was Chief Mechanic. Several reunions ago I was giving Felix Smith a bad time for not telling the missionary story in his book. He said that he didn't because it did not happen to him. So we decided it must have happened to Indian Jim Moore in as much as Jim was the only other "Free Lance" pilot around.

At the end of the war the U.S. Air Force had a large surplus of C-47 airplanes. They gave them to everyone that had an excuse to have them, but there were no spare parts. The missionary group got two C-47's, St. Peter & St. Paul (Rob Peter to pay Paul). It was a rare day when both planes were able to be in the air at the same time.

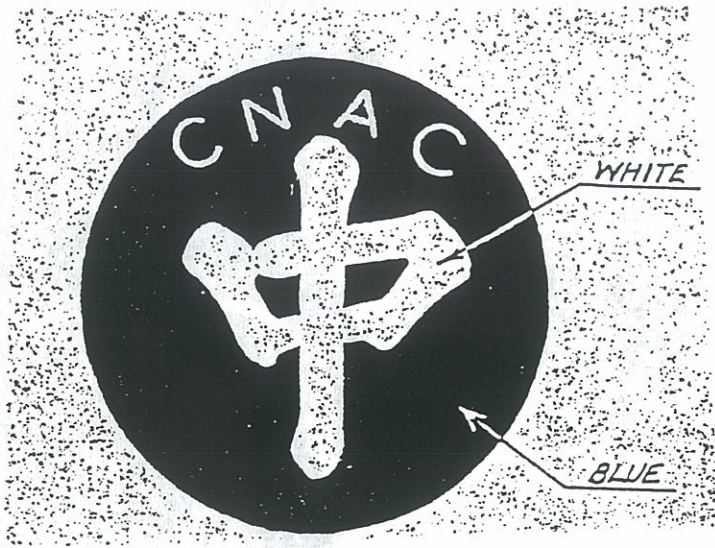
Jim brought two of the missionaries to Kunming. The missionary was a scrawny little fellow and his wife was a big, heavy set woman. The CNAC Hostal at Kunming was the only place to stay so of course we gave them a room. The next morning there seemed to be a problem. The missionaries wife could not find her lower plate (teeth). I asked her if there was any gold teeth & she said no. So we eliminated the Room Boys. Finally we took each item from the room sheet by sheet, blanket by blanket, towel by towel until the room was bare. We also took each dresser drawer and table out and still no teeth. Finally they had to leave. They were going "up country" for 2-3 years and no teeth. Much sadness of course!

Jim flew them as far as as he could. The plane was full of bibles translated into chinese. The bibles were all off loaded & reloaded on ponies and coolies. All took off on a 2 - 3 day trip. Some weeks later I received a hand carried letter from the missionary. He stated that he knew we would want to know how it all ended. It was, he said, a bit personal but here is what happened.

Finally they arrived at their destination. They had not totally disrobed in Kunming due in part I'm sure because our Hostal was only inhabited by men so obviously it was a real bed of iniquity (Note: This is my statement, not the missionaries). They were then able to undress & bathe. At this time the woman found her teeth tucked between her breasts. There was much rejoicing. She would now be able to eat!

End of Story!

FRED PITTENGER



Donald Wong Moon Chin



Wally Smith

Art Chin



Petty



Mac



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PAN AM HISTORICAL FOUNDATION



YOU'RE PART OF PAN AM'S LEGACY

Old China Hand

Those of us who stayed in China after WWII often crossed paths with *Saint Paul*, the Lutheran Mission's C-47. Its olive drab fuselage was brightened with a flaming cross.

It's original pilot, Dick Rossi, claimed he answered control towers, "Amen, brother," instead of "Roger." When he joined GCAC (Greater China Aviation Corporation), I flew *Saint Paul*; and when I joined CAT, Bill Dudding, ex CNAC, became the missionary pilot.

A radio telegrapher's key on an arm of the right seat belonged to the copilot / radio operator / flight engineer / load master / mechanic. This crewman with five hats was Max Springweiler of the Village of Waldkirch, the Black Forest, Germany. Before the big war he had been a flight engineer with Eurasia, the Chinese subsidiary of Lufthansa.

Max impressed us with his gracious manners and modesty. We never knew he had been decorated with China's Order In Silver for his exploits in the Sino Japanese War.

In the spring of 1939 Max was the flight engineer of Eurasia's scheduled passenger flight from Hanoi. When it crossed Yunan's border it was jumped by three bombers of Japan's Imperial Air Force. Captain Herr Rathje dodged into a cloud bank above a hill. His circling dissipated the clouds and the exposed airliner was struck by machine gun bullets. Captain Rathje believed a controlled crash was prudent even though the hill sloped at an angle of 50 degrees and the elevation was five thousand feet. Everyone emerged from the damaged plane unhurt except for the captain who suffered a broken arm and a leg. They hid behind rocks for half an hour while the warplanes circled and dropped bombs, the closest exploding about 300 yards from the crashed plane.

Max repaired the plane and induced some Chinese villagers to shovel and hoe a makeshift runway and the plane was saved.

During our flights it became apparent that Max was known and respected everywhere in China and Southeast Asia. I caught vague hints of other adventures and realized that Max was one of the legendary Old China Hands.

Try as I did, I couldn't unlock his tales. Max's innate dignity made him reticent. He focused on tasks at hand, working methodically and thoroughly, tempering these qualities with gentle humor.

Saint Paul's missionary duties ended in late 1949 when China's mainland fell to the Reds. In lieu of salary, the crew received *Saint Paul*.

Months later the Korean War began and CAT found itself under the aegis of the USAF 315th Combat Cargo Squadron. Short of planes, CAT leased *Saint Paul*.

As a bonus, CAT offered jobs to the owners. Mechanic Otto Hoefft elected to return to Germany where he established a long range trucking company. Max became CAT's manager of long-range charters; and Bill Dudding became CAT's newest pilot. His job was short-lived.

Dudding became an object lesson about inviting passengers to the flight deck. It happened on his first flight from Korea to Itazuki in western Japan where mountains and rain make the approach hazardous.

On that fateful day the sky over Itazuki was blue and the visibility unlimited. Street-smart as an alley cat, Dudding executed Itazuki's instrument approach procedure so he'd have a mental image of the place whenever weather obscured it.

The officer in the jump seat saw Itazuki, but Dudding appeared to be lost. Why else would he glance frequently at map he had pulled from a binder titled *Jeppesen* and swivel his head from landmark to landmark while flying the plane every which way?

The last straw occurred when Dudding told his cockpit guest, "I own this airplane." (Well, a third of it anyway.) That cinched it. The pilot was a nut. The tall, loose-jointed civilian was unfit to transport Air Force material and personnel.

The USAF complaint went to CAT executives who understood why new-hires practiced Itazuki's complicated instrument approach procedures. And they acknowledged that Dudding indeed owned a large piece of the airplane--they had just paid him a royalty. But they sacrificed him to protect their hard-won Air Force contract--CAT's only bread and butter. Dudding went on to fly for Middle East airlines.

Max settled in Taipei with his wife, Ruth and their daughters Susanne and Barbara who attended Taipei's American School. Eventually they moved to Australia where Max became Lufthansa's representative.

A few years ago I felt a strong urge to see Max and Ruth one more time. Their house sat on a hill overlooking picturesque Waldkirch, the village where they were born. Max called it "The house that *Saint Paul* built." We looked beyond a lush valley to the tall trees of the Black Forest. A perfect example of the fickle world of aviation, I thought. All of us had looked upon the missionary flying as a stop-gap job until something stable came along. But the missionaries provided more security than CNAC, CAT, Pan Am or many a corporate job in America. Profits from the lease of *Saint Paul* and its subsequent sale provided its three crewmen with a healthy retirement equity.

Meandering in his garden, Max felt the petals of a flower and said, "Somehow, these seem more important than the outside world." Perhaps they are, I replied.

Max's health was failing. He showed me the finishing touches to his autobiography, intended to be a legacy for his daughters and grand children. It was chock full of photographs.

Max died soon after he completed his life's story. A publisher snapped it up, titled it *AVIATION PIONEER IN CHINA* and distributed it throughout Germany.

Dr. Larry Sall--Associate director for Special Collections, the McDermott Library, University of Texas--wanted Max's book in the library. Also a linguist, Dr. Sall wanted to translate it to English. He flew to Germany to interview Max's daughters. The translation took the better part of 1997 because Dr. Sall worked meticulously to retain Max's literary style while keeping the translation clear and concise.

The father of the momentous project is CAT attorney Jerry Fink who introduced the book to the University, acted as go-between with Max's family and tied loose ends.

The publisher promised it would see the light of day in time for CNAC's reunion in September and CAT's in October. The price has been set at \$25.

Books about CNAC's cousins--Eurasia before and CAT after CNAC--lend perspective. They bracket CNAC and pinpoint its unique place in the continuing drama of aviation history.

Felix Smith

ARTHUR N. YOUNG
342 CAMBRIDGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA 91711

February 11, 1977

Dr. Reginald Farrar
Editor of "Cannonball"
132 Gifford Avenue
Jersey City, NJ 07304

Dear Reg:

You asked me to write something autobiographical for Cannonball. I take it that you had in mind something about my relation to aviation in China.

Before going to China my only connection with aviation was, when Economic Adviser to the State Department in the twenties, I prepared instructions to embassies in Latin America to help Pan-American Airways gain rights in some countries.

I was Financial Adviser in China when, early in 1932, fighting with the Japanese broke out over the Chinese boycott following Japan's seizure of Manchuria. Finance Minister T. V. Soong was active in providing finance and munitions for the Chinese, and I worked with him. As soon as fighting ended he and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek wanted to develop an air force. They asked me to negotiate for American aid. I worked with retired air Major Edward Howard of the Commercial Attache's office in Shanghai. The result was Colonel Jouett's mission which did fine work at the Aviation School at Hangchow. I worked closely with Jouett and the Chinese in helping to get them established, taking part in his meetings with T. V. Soong and the Generalissimo. I helped to buy Fleet trainers for the school, and other items. Within a few months the school was working well -- starting from scratch at a bare airfield with almost no buildings, water supply or power.

The next year the school began graduating good pilots -- the training and selection of young men was left entirely to Jouett's group. Unfortunately Minister Kung, who succeeded Soong, invited an Italian group of flyers at Mussolini's offer. They were headed by a general, while Jouett was only a colonel. And the Italians paid them from remitted Boxer Indemnity money. The Italians intrigued against the Americans, with a fine Italian hand. Also they would fly missions against the Communists, but the Americans stayed out of Chinese politics. The Italians did not select trainees without politics, as did the Americans. The men they trained did not prove competent. The upshot was that the Americans wrongly lost favor, and Jouett's two-year contract was not renewed -- to China's sorrow.

After war with Japan broke out in 1937 CNAC had not only the enormous problems of operations, but had financial problems with the government. W. L. Bond (Bondy) asked me to become one of the directors named by PanAm. I agreed with the approval of the Chinese Government, stipulating that to avoid conflict of interest I would not take part in matters of profit and loss in negotiations of PanAm with the government.

Becoming a director of CNAC soon involved me in their affairs far more than I had expected. Bondy had to spend much of his time in the US working to get planes, parts and pilots. That left me as the "opposite number" of the Chinese Managing Director. While Bondy was away I spent part of most days sitting with the Managing Director and working with him on administration. For some matters I became a sort of liaison man between the company and the Chinese leaders. My work involved such matters as negotiating with British and Indian authorities for the right to fly between China and India. Agreement on this was nearly finished when the Pearl Harbor attack happened. I went with Bondy, and Chuck Sharp as pilot, on the first flight from Sadiya in Assam to China, two weeks before Pearl Harbor. After that agreement on the rights in India was reached at once.

The earlier involvement with military aviation continued during the war. I became well acquainted with Claire Chennault, as he and Bondy and I lived in the same house in Chungking. In 1940 I went to Washington with T. V. Soong to help in seeking American financial and military aid. Before long the Generalissimo sent over Chennault and General Peter Mow to work on getting planes etc. In T.V.'s discussions with top American leaders the idea was born of having American pilots fight in China as volunteers -- I think Navy Secretary Knox was specially helpful in this. This raised thorny questions whether it could be done under American law. But Roosevelt lent his powerful support, overlooking legalistic issues, and we got the go-ahead sign. The particulars were worked out in meetings of Chennault and Mow and me in my Washington apartment. I drafted the papers including the agreements with the flyers. Also with great difficulty we got 100 P-40's that were in the pipeline for Britain, after the British were promised a later model. The planes were shipped and the pilots recruited. The rest is history.

During the years after Pearl Harbor I was further drawn into issues between China and the US, sometimes involving CNAC and sometimes the Flying Tigers and then the 14th Air Force. I had various conferences with Brigadier General C. L. Bissell, who was deliberately given that rank a day ahead of Claire Chennault, whose belief along with General Billy Mitchell that military aviation could amount to something still rankled in high American quarters. Also I saw General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell from time to time. Bissell did not understand the problems and there was much relief on the part of many of us when at China's request he was removed from the scene.

Looking back, I am glad that I had the privilege of taking part in the fascinating and often exciting experiences of China aviation.

Sincerely yours,



Arthur N. Young

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PERSONAL INTEREST STORY - 1929-1937 ERA

Throughout the entire period of CNAC's life the foreign staff consisted of Americans with an occasional 'outsider'. One so-called alien was a German by the name of Eric Just who had been a member of the famed Richthofen Squadron during World War I. He had spent some time during the latter part of the 1920s in Japan as a representative of the Dornier Company demonstrating their flying boats. At the termination of his contract he came to Shanghai and joined CNAC as his seaplane experience was a valuable asset. He was very well liked and his competence and dependability were greatly appreciated.

Eric used to take members of the American staff to the German Club as his guests and often visited the Columbia Country Club, an American Club, as a guest of some of the Americans.

Like most people who had lead an adventurous and exciting life, he was usually reluctant to expound on his past exploits. However, on one memorable occasion while socializing over a few drinks an interesting coincidence was uncovered. One of the other CNAC pilots was Cecil Sellers, an American who had served with the RAF (RFC?) prior to America's entry into the war. Sellers was assigned to a bomber squadron and on one occasion his flight, consisting of seven bombers, was intercepted over Belgium by the 'Red Baron' and his group. Six of the British bombers were shot down and Sellers was the only one to escape and return to England. He was pursued for some distance by a solitary German Fokker

which had him practically in the position of a 'sitting duck'. The German didn't open up with machine guns but followed for a while and then pulled up alongside, waved farewell and turned away. Dates and places were pinpointed and it was conclusively proved that the two antagonists were Sellers and Just. The reason Sellers lived to tell his side of the story was that Eric's machine guns had jammed. Again the futility of war was proven. They became quite good friends with a high mutual respect for each other.

Cecil Sellers, who later transferred to Pan American Airways, lost his life together with the Chief Pilot for PAA, Captain Ed Musick, near Canton Island in the Pacific when the Clipper they were flying exploded in the air while dumping fuel. Musick and Sellers were making a survey flight from the Hawaiian Islands to Australia and had just taken off when trouble of some sort developed and they planned to return to their point of departure but their gross weight exceeded that allowable for landing, thus necessitating the dumping of fuel.

Eric Just left the employ of CNAC shortly before the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan in 1937 and started flying for Generalissimo Chiang. He returned to Germany sometime during 1938 after the breach between the Axis and Allies widened and China became somewhat untenable for German nationals. The last report we had on him was that he was in charge of the night flying activities of a German Cadet school in Munich under Hermann Goering,

LIGHTNING



SILVER

RADIO OFFICER BREAST POCKET PIN



BLUE

GOLD

SILK

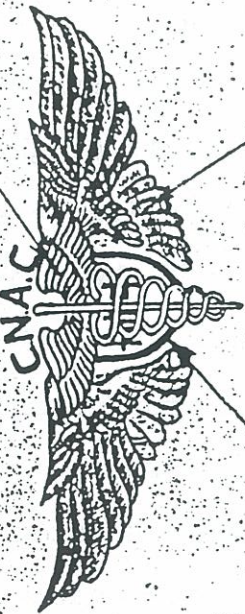
FLIGHT PERSONNEL CAP BADGE



SILK

PILOT & CO-PILOT BREAST POCKET PIN

BRASS



SILVER

RED

MEDICAL OFFICER BREAST POCKET PIN



Robert Rengo



Hank Lambert



Walter Roncaglione



Peer Carr

CATHAY CO-FOUNDER ROY FARRELL DIES AT 83

Roy C. Farrell died at his Texas home 3 January 1996 at the age of 83. Farrell with his partner Syd de Kantzow were the founders of Cathay Pacific Airways, Hong Kong's own airline, in 1946.

Born in 1912 in Vernon, Texas, Roy got a fairly late start in aviation receiving his pilot's licence in 1942. His early career found him flying C-47s over the infamous "Hump" route from Calcutta, India to Kunming, China for CNAC during WW II. During those years the seed of an idea began to germinate in his mind. That idea led to the birth of an airline 50 years ago this September.

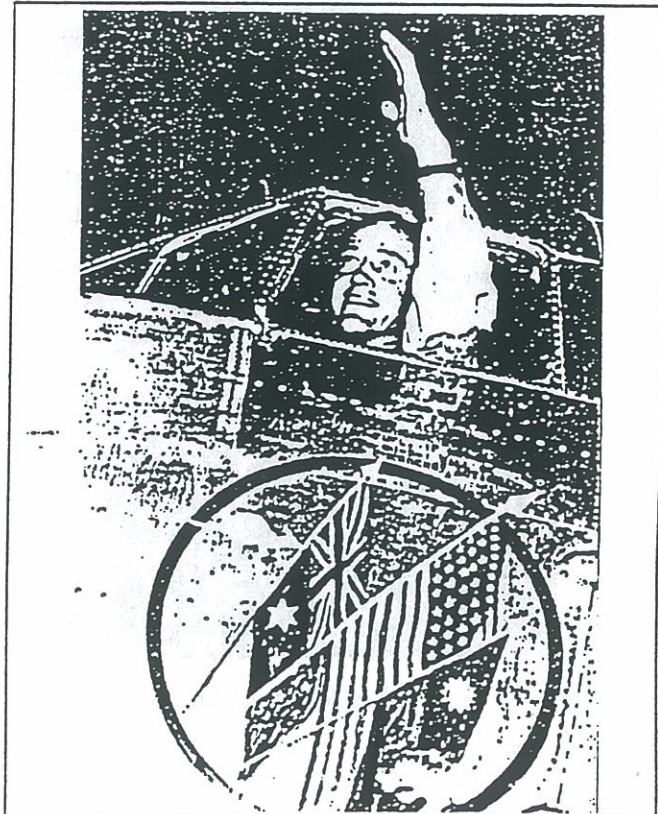
Roy Farrell was a man of vision, ambition and action. The story of how he found "Betsy" is typical of the way in which great things were accomplished in the post war world of 1945. The following story is told by Martin Willing in his book "Betsy, the story of a DC-3."

After several weeks with his family in Vernon, Roy Farrell took himself off to New York to look for a job and also to seek out some of his old compatriots from the "Hump" days. They had agreed to meet in the Lexington Hotel at the end of September 1945 and it was to this establishment that Farrell moved. He had always nurtured the idea of starting his own trading company, and as far back as 1932, he had had an idea of buying an old tramp steamer and sailing it off to Asia to conduct his own idea of a trading firm. With this dream still in his mind, Farrell was sitting in the Riviera Room of the Lexington Hotel expounding his ideas when one of his friends, Lloyd McClellan, asked him why he was not considering an aircraft rather than a ship? It was pointed out that as a pilot, Farrell had a head start on others who might have the same idea, and in addition, McClellan knew that there was a huge supply of war-surplus transport aircraft that were up for disposal. Farrell pondered this for a while, and then thought why not? He had already looked into the possibility of buying a ship, but he found none suitable available, and thus an aircraft would seem to fit the bill. McClellan had read in that morning's papers of a huge store of aircraft that were being offered for sale by the RFC (Reconstruction Finance Corporation) at Bush Field in Georgia, so he told Farrell about it and the latter returned to his room in the Lexington with an idea forming in his head.

The following morning Farrell was up early, and with a small valise, a cheque book in his pocket and much hope, he hailed a cab and ordered it to Penn Station. On the way he stopped at a liquor store and bought a case of Johnny Walker Black Label Scotch Whiskey. Having found overnight accommodation near Bush Field, Farrell was up early the following morning, the 6th of October, and hurried out to Bush Field. The sight that met his eyes was unbelievable, for in front of him were row upon row of C-47s, many of them in better condition than others, and moving through this collection were tractors and vehicles towing many of the aircraft off for scrapping in the nearby yard. As Farrell watched, so more aircraft landed and taxied to a stop in their allocated positions,

and he rapidly made his way to the office of the RFC on the field. Inside he found a Top Sergeant and a couple of clerks who were doing their best to sort out a mountain of paperwork. Farrell explained his desire to purchase an aircraft, but so busy were they that they just told him to go out and look. Farrell inspected C-47s all morning, but was saddened to find most of them in shocking repair, and barely airworthy. He returned to the site office and found the Top Sergeant snatching a quick lunch. Over a sandwich, Farrell explained he was looking for a really "good ship", as he hoped to fly it to Asia, and would the Sergeant know of such an aircraft? The Sergeant was hardly sympathetic, but said that he would try, and Farrell decided to return to New York. After leaving the office, he deposited the case of Black Label in the Sergeant's Jeep together with a note reminding him of his requirement, and the contact telephone number.

The following morning, Farrell's telephone in the Lexington Hotel rang and it was the Sergeant from Bush Field. "Captain Farrell, the ship you're looking for should be in here tomorrow morning at sun-up" he said without any reference to the Scotch or anything else. Farrell thanked him and packed a bag, making his way once more to Penn Station. That evening he visited the site office once more and met the officer in charge who explained the rules to Farrell. If Farrell wanted an aircraft, he had to inspect it at Bush Field, then proceed to the offices of the RFC in Washington DC where the transac-



Roy Farrell and Betsy - 1946.

Frederic Roberts (Bobs) Blair died September 6, 1997 at age 80 in Huntington Hospital, Long Island. He was born April 15, 1917 in Evanston, Illinois, one of five children of Cora Schneider and Milton Johnston Blair. He was a graduate of the Kent School in 1936, Yale University in 1940, Columbia University Graduate School of Business in 1941, and the University of Virginia Law School in 1946. He was a member of Phi Delta Phi and the Raven Society.

During World War II, he joined Pan American Airways Africa in January, 1942, under contract with the U.S. Army Air Force, to work in the establishment of an air ferry and transport route across Central Africa to various termini in the Middle East and India. In November, 1942, he went to the China-Burma-India Theatre to work for the China National Air Corps to establish and maintain an air route over "The Hump" of the Himalayas to China. He took a month's trek in 1943 to the sacred Cave of Amarnath, 12,729 feet in the Western Himalayas in Kashmir, home of Shiva, destroyer and healer, the greatest of Hindu deities. In Kunming, he received notice of official commendation from H.E. Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek for valor in the rescue of copilot P. Y. Huang from the crash of cargo plane No. 59 on November 19th, 1943. He returned to the United States in August 1945 to complete his law studies in Charlottesville, Virginia. In 1946, he married Agatha Gay Johnson Kimmel and began a family with her daughter, Agatha Gay Kimmel. They were divorced in 1965.

In 1946, he was admitted to the bar in Virginia, and to the New York bar in 1947 where he began practicing law, first as a volunteer for the Legal Aid Society, followed by his association with Davis Polk Wardwell Sunderland & Kiendl. From 1946 to 1953, he became a member of the New York State Tax Commission, serving as State Tax Commissioner under Governors Dewey and Harriman. He was a partner in the law firm of Chapman, Walsh & O'Connell from 1955 through 1958, becoming tax counsel for the Rockefeller Brothers from 1959 through 1962. Thereafter, he engaged in the general practice of law up to the early 1980's. He practiced in the U.S. Tax Court, U.S. District Courts, Southern and Eastern Districts of New York and U.S. Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, and the U.S. Supreme Court in 1952. He loved the law.

In service, he gave his time and talents to the Boy Scouts of America, the Legal Aid Society of New York, and the Board of Managers of the Cold Spring Harbor Beach Club. He was a trustee of the Cold Spring Harbor Whaling Museum.

An avid sailor, he completed 19 ocean races from Newport to Bermuda. He was a great and colorful fisherman, well known on the beaches of Martha's Vineyard and Eastern Long Island, and a regular competitor each fall in the Martha's Vineyard bass fishing competition. He was a well traveled and determined skier, from walking Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington to traversing the slopes of Davos in Switzerland.

He is survived by his partner of 28 years, Eleanor Childs; his brother, John Allan Blair; three children, Ann de la Rue, Allen Blair, and Rob Blair; four grandchildren, Thomas, Michael, and Diana de la Rue, and William Joshua Slocum; three nephews, Allyne Howell, Charlie and John Blair, and two nieces, Nancy and Louisa Blair, along with their families.

A funeral service will be held at St. John's Church in Cold Spring Harbor on Thursday, September 11 at 12:00 noon. Internment will be at a later date in Oak Hill Cemetery in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

The family suggests that memorial donations be made to the charity of one's choice.

THE MILITARY CHANNEL

1147 N. CLARK ST. SUITE 204
 W. HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90069
 (310) 659-5510 - OFFICE
 (310) 659-8472 - FAX
 (502) 429-0200 - CORPORATE

From Jim Doherty
 2118 08/20/97

Major Shui-Tin Arthur Chin, Chinese Air Force (Ret) Historic American Second World War fighter Ace.

Born and raised in Portland Oregon, Arthur Chin began his flying career while attending high school in his native Portland. He was busy earning his private pilot's license when Imperial Japan began its bid for the military conquest of China. Alarmed by Japan's growing military aggression in North China, the Chinese-American community in the Portland area decided it could best help Chinese resistance by supplying China with a potential pool of military aviators made-up of young American men of Chinese ancestry.

In 1932, 19 year old Arthru Chin joined thirteen other young Chinese-Americans and sailed for Shanghai, China. However, once in China, several of the young volunteers found that they could not qualify for flying jobs with the differing organizations that then passed for a national Chinese air force.

Following several weeks of inconclusive interviews with uncertain government officials Arthur was accepted as a probationary Warren Officer pilot in the Cantonese Air Force.

In the 1920's and 30's it was routine for the Chinese military to send its promising young officers to advanced military training courses in Germany, Italy and the Soviet Union; Arthur was sent to Germany where he was trained in advanced fighter tactics by the German Luftwaffe at its Fighter School at Bie Munich.

Upon his return to China, Arthur Chin was posted to the 6th Squadron of the Cantonese Air Force and promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant. In mid-1937, Arthur was transferred to the 28th Squadron, 5th Group as the squadron's vice commander. At that time, the 28th Squadron was equipped with the nimble Curtiss Hawk, bi-plane fighter.

On August 13, 1937, the Japanese initiated the first major battles of the Second World War with an all-out attack on Shanghai, China's great seaport city. The following day, August the 14th, would see the first large scale clash between Chinese and Japanese aviators, when a large force of Japanese bombers raided the city of Hangzhou and the Chinese air training field at Jianqiao. Though outnumbered and outclassed by the more powerful Japanese air forces, the few Chinese fighters that rose to meet the attack were able to destroy 6 of the attacking bombers..

Within a few days, Arthur would fight his first aerial combat where he shared in the destruction of a Japanese bomber with several other pilots of his squadron. Two days later, he was credited with the destruction of Mitsubishi Type 96 twin engined bomber on his own.

Following is a serialization of Roys manuscript. It deserves publication. This will be obvious as you read it. It has 296 double spaced pages so it will give me material for a long time. This will not be exclusive content in our newsletter, so do not stop submitting material. The present issue will be a little larger than usual to start everything off.

Roy Farrell

Images In An Oriental Sky

GREENHORN IN TRAINING

When World War II began, I realized that I wanted to go overseas, but I knew one thing a person cannot do successfully is go off and leave a local insurance agency in the hands of other people. If he does, when he returns, he'll find he's busted. Thus, I sold my agency to T.E. Davis, the largest agency in Vernon, and on January 7, 1942, I bought a 40 h.p. Piper Cub.

I'd taken flying lessons a few years earlier but had let my license lapse. (What good would a pilot's license be to an insurance agent? Pearl Harbor changed that kind of thinking.) With help from the instructors at Vernon's Victory Field, I began flying again. I remember that my solo flight was actually not solo. A bumble bee was in the cockpit with me. I was halfway scared to begin with, and the bee added another dimension to the tension of the flight.

When people learn to fly, 30 minutes at the controls in one stretch is usually quite enough. But in early 1942, my waking hours were almost completely filled with flying. Even in my dreams I was letting down only for

brief rests in some pasture--that part of Texas is unbelievably flat--then taking off again and flying. Some days, nobody could fly because of weather conditions, but whenever it was possible I flew in daylight hours (VFR, Visual Flight Regulations), and at night the sound of the motor never quit humming in my head. My one consuming thought was to log enough flying time and experience to get my commercial and instructor's ratings. By the time I had enough time in the air for these ratings, I knew I needed some expert instruction, so I went to Ritchie Flying School and asked Ab Hatch, their senior instructor, to take the kinks out of my flying. Five and one-half months later--on my birthday, 1942--I received my commercial, instructor's, and ground-school instructor's licenses.

With my new certificates, my life changed from that of a businessman to that of a pilot. I kissed Aunt Ethel good-bye and checked into the Blackstone Hotel in Fort Worth. It would be my home for the next 16 months. Bob Singleton had a little field out on the south side of town; he gave me a job instructing both Navy V-12 and civilian students in night school plus flight instruction during the days. In August that year, Owen Johnson came through Fort Worth, recruiting pilots to fly the "Hump." In my interview he told me CNAC had the following requirements:

- o 1,400 hours minimum total flying time,
- o 100 hours "heavy time" (in a plane with an engine exceeding 200 h.p.), and
- o an instrument rating.

I couldn't qualify on any score, but I set out to earn those qualifications as soon as possible. I continued teaching civilian and V-12 pilots, and that work taught me another valuable lesson: you don't really learn to fly until you start teaching somebody else how. They say that's true for any subject, but in flying it's dramatic.

We used to laugh about a "rule of thumb" telling when it's too windy to fly. Old timers used to say that it was too windy to fly when the wind began snapping links from a chain tied to a post. One windy day in Fort Worth, Bob Singleton challenged me to a "slow race." The wind was coming directly out of the south, and we took off from the taxi strip with the noses of our planes pointed directly into the wind. We had no take-off run. We simply held the brakes, applied full power, and rose vertically from our take-off spot. Once we were in the air, we throttled back, remaining almost directly over the spot from which we took to the air. Bob beat me in a 15-minute flight by landing 2 or 3 ft. behind our take-off spot, and I landed almost exactly in the tracks where I'd started.

I heard that Red Holmes flew backwards one day over Amarillo, on one of their windy days, and I can believe it. All pilots have a healthy respect for the wind and, during my time with CNAC, I saw what it could do to airplanes over the "Hump." But that's getting ahead of myself. The fact is that when Owen Johnson came back through Fort Worth in

1943, I had my three ratings and was ready to sign on with CNAC.

Soon after I was hired, Jimmy Porter and Lee Taylor checked into the Blackstone Hotel. They had just returned from Calcutta. Jimmy had been a pilot and Lee a mechanic for CNAC. Lee and Jimmy had been in on the evacuation of Hong Kong. (see Appendix). A night or two before curfew, Jimmy sat me down over a drink. "Roy," he said, "I have a serious question to ask you. Can you support 50 million people?"

Astonished, I told him, "Of course not!"

"In that case," he continued, "don't start trying to support one. Because if you start trying to support one, you'll have 50 million people all over you." Later in India, I finally understood what he was talking about.

Calcutta here we come. Jules Watson and I traveled together from Fort Worth to Miami with a few days' lay-over in New Orleans. After checking into the St. Charles Hotel, I suddenly felt completely free from old responsibilities and was ready for a new life. We showered, dressed, walked out to the front of the hotel--and right there on the street was the damndest crap game I've ever seen: service men shooting dice right on the street, with a policeman standing guard to see that nobody interfered. It was a new life, all right. We finally found our room and beds in the wee hours of the morning. Two days later, Jules and I left for Miami. Red Holmes was waiting for us at Miami's

31st St. Airport. Then, after being in Miami about three days, Red and I received orders to report to operations.

The Minister of Finance for China, Dr. T.V. Soong, had been in Washington for high-level talks with U.S. officials and was being given transportation back to China on a plush C-54. Red and I had seats on this plane, the only civilians aboard except Dr. Soong and his advisors... and that was my first awareness of Dr. Soong. Our pilot was exceedingly thoughtful; he gained about 500 ft. and leveled off, giving us a fantastic view of the gulf. We saw the different colors of water marking the edges of the gulf stream, the pastels formed by coral reefs off Key West, and with each mile we flew I became more keenly aware of the enormity of change in this new phase of my life. Stepping from the plane in Borenquin Field in Puerto Rico was my first encounter with the subtropics, and the beauty and smell of it was overwhelming. Intoxicating.

After refueling, we flew over the Island of Grenada, skirted the coast of Venezuela, and landed at the Georgetown Airport in British Guiana, just 7° north of the equator. I didn't know it, but Billy Lane, my fence-post buddy, was at the airport while we were there. Coincidences of this sort happened to American forces all over the world during W.W.II. Next we flew over what is now Surinam, French Guiana, over the equator and the Amazon River, landing at Belem on the south shore of the Amazon.

Many years later, high in the Peruvian Andes, I saw some of the tributaries at the source of this mighty river. It is more than 100 miles wide at its mouth, and I've been told one can drink its fresh water as far as 75 to 100 miles out in the ocean.

When I stepped from the plane, I looked directly into the jungle (it came to the edge of the revetment), and I saw the trees full of monkeys, jumping and swinging from limb to limb. As I was marveling at the strangeness of everything, up walked one of the Rainwater boys from Oklaunion--a little town only seven miles from Vernon.

Truly, coincidences and marvels never ceased.

After a short delay we were in the air again over the Brazilian jungle, trees and vines so thick that many parts of the ground never receive sunlight, and a few hours later we were in Natal, Brazil, easternmost point on the South American continent. Because of the long hop across the South Atlantic, we were grounded in Natal so mechanics could make a complete check of the plane and its engines. Double-checking would add to the safety of our flight across the ocean: fine. A small Brazilian boy approached, wanting to sell me a donkey for \$5. I bought the donkey and, in the purchase, also acquired a guide and groomsman. The youngster knew I wouldn't be able to take his donkey with me, so he tended to us night and day until departure

time. We had a Cook's tour of Natal, I had my own transportation, and Natal was a beehive of activity. More military personnel seemed to be around than natives. Few souvenirs were for sale, but all the shopkeepers looked to be busy.

After the aircraft and engines were thoroughly inspected and minor mechanical adjustments were made, we took off for Ascension Island. Ascension is way out past the halfway point from South America to the African coast. It's a volcanic island about the size of a fly speck on a large plate-glass window. The Germans kept a submarine or maybe two submerged many miles off the direct course to Ascension, sending out homing signals, hoping to lure aircraft from their true destinations. The island had few permanent residents, and most of those were weather personnel or radio transmission employees.

Ivory Coast, headed east. From Ascension, we took off again, headed for Accra on the "Gold" or "Ivory" Coast of Africa. Accra was the embarkation port for many slaves who had been rounded up by their own people and shipped all over the world. When we landed, Red and I were each assigned a room in an army barracks. Each room had one small window about head high. No sooner had I thrown my bag on the bunk than I heard babbling outside my window. I looked out and called to Red, "Come here, quick! This is something you won't believe and you'll never see again in

your life."

Together we looked out the window at a three-sided stall with its open side facing our barracks, about 6 or 8 ft. from the wall. Five black fellows were inside the stall, taking a shower. On top of the stall, another black fellow was pouring water into a 55-gallon drum fitted with a funnel that sprayed down on the shower-takers. All five were laughing and having the time of their lives, but Red and I felt sorry for one of them. We called him "Shorty." His penis hung only to the top of his kneecap; the others' penises hung below their kneecaps.

"Roy, if I weren't seeing it, I wouldn't believe it," Red muttered. "And even though I'm seeing it, it's hard for me to believe. They look like boa constrictors." The fellows finished their showers, put on their clothes, and went their own ways. No way in the world could they have worn Bermuda shorts...or any other kind.

After an early take-off the next day, we headed across Africa for Fort Lame, just outside Pala, Chad. When our plane arrived in Fort Lame, I noticed all the natives had deep scars on their faces. Later, I learned that, when a baby is only a few days old, its cheeks, forehead, and chin are slashed and ashes are rubbed into the cuts. Each cut is distinctive, different for each newborn--because the scars denote his or her name, family name, and tribe.

Emigres have entered South Africa from nations such as Chad, Angola, Kenya, Somalia, Malawi, Mozambique, and Botswana. It was true then and, I'm given to understand, is still true today: some of the emigres are from tribes barely out of the stone age. In some of those nations, a prisoner will starve to death (if he is thrown in jail) unless his family brings food to him. The local government will not feed him. As late as the late 1970's, every time a ship sailed down the east coast of Africa, it was invaded by as many stowaways as could board undetected, all trying to reach South Africa. Any and all such emigres in South Africa may leave the country any time they please, but their living conditions are so much better in South Africa than in their native countries that they prefer to stay where they are.

From Fort Lame we took off for Khartoum, capitol of the Sudan.

In 1881, an obscure fakir proclaimed himself to be the Mahdi, or chosen one. He vowed to overrun Khartoum, Cairo, Istanbul, and the entire mid east and kill most of the inhabitants.

Because of his unique personality Charles George Gordon was asked by the British Government to go to the Sudan, to restore order and subdue the Mahdi. Single-handedly, Gordon entered the Sudan to carry out these orders.

The Blue and White Nile Rivers converge on the north side of the city. Gordon had a moat dug on the south side of the city, thereby connecting these two rivers and making Khartoum an island city. When the Mahdi attacked, the seige lasted for 317 days, making this defense one of the most remarkable feats in military history. When the city was overrun, Gordon was killed, unarmed on the palace steps. British relief forces arrive two days later.*

* Collier's Encyclopedia, MacMillan Educational Company, 1980
Volume 11, Page 232.

More wartime coincidence. No sooner had we landed in Khartoum than I ran into Ed Parmalee of Electra--a little town only 24 miles from Vernon. Well! Ed took me under his wing and got me a date that night with a beautiful White Russian girl fluent in five languages. That was a skill beyond my comprehension: I barely spoke one language. As the sun came up the next morning, we called it a night. We'd made every night spot in the city, and I had been exposed to Moslems for the first time. A haze still envelops Khartoum for me.

Our plane had developed some engine trouble and, on the second day of our delay, Dr. T.V. Soong came up to me (old Piper Cub pilot) and asked how long I thought it would be before our plane was flyable again. I studiously expressed my belief that it would be only a few hours--and fortunately that turned out to be correct. But I always remember that conversation: it was my first opportunity to talk with one of China's most influential citizens. Dr. Soong and I would meet again under entirely different circumstances.

On that second day, every one of the passengers was bored, so I suggested we go crocodile hunting. Quite a few were enthusiastic about the idea, but I had to call off the crocodile hunt after a few minutes. An army captain turned trigger-happy and fired down a drainage ditch where I was walking. The bullet whizzed just past my head: end of crocodile hunt.

All of us were under the impression that we'd not be able to make the long flight from Khartoum to Karachi without having to stop for fuel at Masirah Island, and Masirah was rumored to be one of the hell holes on earth. On take-off, however, the captain told us we would be flying non-stop to Karachi. Our route took us over Eriteria, the Red Sea, North and South Yemen, Oman, the Arabian Sea, and finally into the city of Karachi on the western side of India. In Karachi, I was struck by the dirty streets, camels walking along like horses had in our pioneer towns before the advent of automobiles. Dirt and lack of sanitation was something people had to become accustomed to if they were to live in India.

In October of 1942 Peter Goutiere was in Karachi. He had been flying for Pan Africa, but found he was subject to the draft and he wound up in Karachi. Pete had been born in India. His father was an Indigo planter, his sister Katherine Weston was enjoying a bit of local fame from having had two books published. Having been born and raised in India^{Pete} spoke perfect Hindi. Pete had been in Karachi for about ten days when Cliff Groh arrived with a CNAC plane he was ferrying from the States to Calcutta. Cliff and Pete met and in the wee hours of the morning of the third night out on the town, Cliff asked Pete how it was that he spoke the language of the natives so flawlessly. Pete replied, "Cliff, I have been here for ten days." Cliff was one of those guys who thought he could do any thing and everything better than any one else, and Pete's statement threw him for a complete loss.

* Although the language was the same, Hindi in Karachi was called Urdu. ' .

Pete got a ride to Chabau in the Assam valley of India on an ATC plane, and on his arrival he said he wanted to join the Air Transport Command, but the officer to whom he was talking told him to go to Dinjan, about ten miles from Chabau, and join CNAC. This Pete did. Woody Woods, the head of operations at Dinjan commented, "We are scouring the States for qualified pilots and here one walks into my office from the tea bushes."

Time came for Jules (who had arrived after we did), Red, and me to leave Karachi, and we boarded a C-46 bucket-seat plane bound for Agra. Pretty soon we were over the Sind, the Great Indian Desert. I have flown over it numerous times, and having seen most of the deserts of the world, I continue to marvel at this utter wasteland. It must be the most forsaken place on earth. A few hours after take-off, we touched down at Agra and were put up in barracks for the night. We showered, put on clean clothes, and headed for the officers' club. That night the only beverage they had was Vermouth, and if anyone thinks nobody can get high on Vermouth, we three can tell them differently!

Midnight was approaching, a full moon was shining, and the three of us were fairly scuppered. I announced to Red and Jules that we were going to take a little trip. Red was all for it, but Jules came along reluctantly. They asked where we were going, and I told them we were headed

for the Taj Mahal. Fair enough.

We caught a cab to the end of the road, and plenty of pedicabs were available for the rest of the journey. As each of us climbed into his pedicab, I sat down so hard it catapulted the driver back over my head. Matter of fact, both of us landed on the backs of our heads, but the pedicab driver's arc was so much higher than mine that he was knocked unconscious. Kerosene from his lantern spilled all around and suddenly he was engulfed in flames. Out of the moonlit night, scores of Indians materialized, and they stomped on the fire until it was out. We revived the pedicab driver, but he was in no condition to carry me on to the Taj. Concerned for his welfare, I gave him handful and handful of rupees, then hired another pedicab, and we three inebriates continued our journey.

The moon high overhead gave a beautiful sheen to everything around us. As we stepped through the entrance to the Taj Mahal a feeling came over each of us that's hard to describe. It wasn't precisely a feeling of reverence. It was more open-mouthed astonishment at such beauty, awe at seeing something so ethereal, so soft, so symmetrical that it seemed to be in another world. We climbed one of the towers and found a truly celestial view of everything below. We wandered the grounds, rubbed our hands across the inlaid lapis lazule and other semiprecious stones gathered from the far corners of the earth.

Shah Jehan started building the Taj as a mausoleum for his wife, Arjemand, the Mogul princess who became the Empress Mumtaz Mahal. Shah Jehan's design was so perfect that each minaret slopes slightly away from Arjemand's final resting place so that, if there were an earthquake, the tower would fall away from and not on the mausoleum. Arjemand bore 14 children for Shah Jehan, and one of his children had his father thrown in prison before the Taj was completed. Nonetheless, he allowed his dying father to see his final resting place from the Jasmine Tower. Here it was that his father died and was entombed beside his beloved wife.

Each of us treasured every moment of the sight. I am still enthralled with the hours we spent surrounded by such beauty--and with the thought of such love of one man for one woman. That full moonlit night in October of 1943 is as clear in my mind as if it were last night. People no longer are permitted to climb to the top of one of the four towers because of the Taj's high suicide rate. But over the years the Taj Mahal and its grounds have earned the name "The Garden of Immortality," and those who have been fortunate enough to see it understand why it is one of the seven wonders of the world.

Two days after our visit to the Taj, we took off for Dum Dum Airport at Calcutta. Almost from the beginning to the end of our flight, we were flying over flooded

fields and rice paddies. The wet monsoon season was dropping its last torrents from small clouds hastening toward the Himalayas. At our altitude, the air was clear and we had a beautiful view of Mt. Everest, more than 200 miles north. We landed at Dum Dum, checked in with operations, and they put us in ground transportation headed for downtown Calcutta.

With my background rooted in small-town West Texas, nothing could have and nothing did prepare me for my first sights of Calcutta. It was...overwhelming, *stunning*. I don't have adequate words to describe my first impressions of the streets, the people, and the odors. "Appalling" comes close. A small cumulous cloud from the summer monsoon had just passed over, dumping an inch or two of water on our route. The streets were teeming with thousands of natives, and most of them--completely- or at least half-naked--were bathing in the gutters for what seemed to be mile after mile. Finally we off-loaded at the Great Eastern Hotel and were shown to our rooms.

After we'd had a bath and put on clean clothes, it was dinner time. The entrance to the diningroom on that warm, humid evening is still clear to me. Even before we reached the diningroom, I could hear string music coming from the direction we were headed: it sounded to me as though every member of the sextet had either forgotten how or never had learned how to tune his musical instrument.

To me, familiar only with my generation's music, "Star Dust", "Sunrise Serenade", "Stormy Weather", and the like -- the sound was more distressing than a flock of buzzards--or a swarm of mosquitoes whining. When we entered the vast expanse of tables and chairs, tended by platoons of bearers in ankle-length white robes, we found ourselves in a hall with enough place settings for a banquet for hundreds of people. Diners were few and far between. Menus were printed in English (no "special of the day") announcing dishes with which we were mostly unfamiliar -- and that dreadful atonal music played on. I needed a good night's sleep. We all did.

The next morning we were out on the streets of Calcutta. One of the streets was blocked off: believe it or not, it was a runway for RAF fighters. Indians in their *dhoties* swarmed on the streets and walkways. Beggars were all over us, pleading, "*Bakh sish, Sahib! Bakh sish, Sahib!*" and we quickly learned our only defense was to draw our arms across our chests, with a movement as if we were going to strike them backhanded, and to holler, "*Jaldhi jal, jaldhi jal*" (Get away! Get away!). I began to understand what Jimmy Porter was talking about back in Fort Worth. With the gift of one rupee, a giver would have beggars swarming all over him. After a few days, beggars learned to recognize "non-givers" and left them alone.

We decided that beggars must have originated

"unions," for if a family outside their caste tried to become beggars, the "union members" disposed of the interlopers quickly. The beggars deformed their children, by the way, to make them look more pitiful and, thereby, to earn more money for the family.

Most of the time in our sight-seeing we were riding in Pierce Arrow touring cars driven by massive Sikhs wearing turbans and full beards. Either they loved their children a great deal or their wives were adept at making them baby-sit, because they almost always had youngsters riding in the front seat beside them. They seemed to adore those little children.

During our tours, we became acquainted with the restaurant "Firpos," the "300 Club," and we received an invitation to the "Fountain Court" in the affluent part of town. Billy McDonald, Frank Higgs, Millard Nasholds, and Sam Belief had rented the entire top floor of the Fountain Court. They had knocked out the dividing wall between the top two apartments, making one huge apartment with two bedrooms on each side and living quarters in the middle. A verandah looked out on the green, plush garden below. We were beginning to get the feel of life in Calcutta, we thought, when we received a call from operations, telling us to report to Dum Dum Airport the next morning for our flight to Dinjan, CNAC's base in the Assam Valley.

In the months that followed, Arthur's squadron was able to replace its older American Hawks with newer British built, Gloster Gladiator fighters. Flying the faster and better armed Gladiators, Arthur's squadron was one of the few Chinese fighter units able to meet the Japanese on a nearly equal basis. By the summer of 1938 Arthur had added two and a half more Japanese aircraft to his score, been promoted to captain and was the commanding officer of the 28th Squadron.

Always fighting on the defensive and nearly always outnumbered in the air, Arthur and his squadron mates continued to claim Japanese victories. By 1939, Arthur was credited with five and a half aerial victories and could claim the title of fighter Ace; and in company with two other young Chinese-American pilots who had accompanied Arthur to China, who also achieved ace status at this time, can very properly be considered the first American fighter Aces of the Second World.

Unfortunately, Arthur's many combat victories did not come without a personal price, in repeatedly taking-on swarms of Japanese fighters, he would himself be shot down and wounded on three occasions.

On December 27, 1939, Arthur would fly his final aerial combat mission by leading a flight of three Gladiator fighters against a large force of Japanese bombers. Unfortunately, in the course of this one-sided battle, Arthur's Gladiator was set on fire and he was very badly burned.

The treatment of his injuries required years of painful surgeries and recovery, and through the efforts of General Claire Chennault and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Arthur was sent home and treated by some of the finest plastic surgeons in the United States.

After nearly six years of recovery and rehabilitation, Major Arthur Chin was reinstated to flight status and returned to operational flying in China. Assigned to CNAC, Arthur ended his war-time flying career by piloting Douglas C-47 and Curtiss C-46 transports over "The Hump."

In October, 1997, Arthur will be honored as one of the first seven American aviators ever inducted into the American Combat Airmen's Hall of Fame; and at that time, he will be further honored by the American Fighter Aces Association with an historic commemorative painting by noted Aviation Artist, Roy Grinnell.

BAC
- Mission
From
JEFF
GREEN

IN MEMMORIUM

JBG

Robert Rengo failed to wake up March 31, 1998

Jim McDivett passed on February 6, 1997

Art Chin (Major Chin, Shui-Tim)

Frederic (Bobs) Blair died September 6, 1997

Roy Farrell passed on January 3, 1996

REPORT: THE JUNE TRIP TO CNAC #53 ON THE HUMP

FROM: FLETCHER HANKS TELEPHONE AND FAX: 410-226-5494
PO BOX 560, OXFORD, MD 21654

TO: THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE CNAC #53 FUND

DATE: JULY 4, 1997

Thanks to your financial and moral support, I have been to CNAC #53 and returned home with more information about the wreck. The trip was more difficult than I had anticipated.

After 3 days of negotiating with the authorities in Yunnan Providence, we left Kunming, June 10, by bus for Dali. The next day we went on to Luisi. The following day we traveled, what I think, is one of the most dangerous roads in the world, that 44 miles to Pima, which is the border town 17 miles west of the Pima Pass. There are no guard rails on this road and several rock slides block the road every day, some slides go completely across the road with boulders as big as a bus. After a large slide, a dynamite crew moves in to blast a path. A thousand Chinese reduce the big stones to brick-size with sledge hammers and chisels for the road builders to place neatly together by hand to form the road. It was reminiscent of how they built our runways in WW II.

Pima is a town of 2500 people that is supported by the large lumber industry that cuts the mahogany and fir in Burma and bring it over the Pima Pass to the saw mills in all the towns I passed through, including Kunming. All the large trees are moved down the mountain side via the streams. Constant dynamiting is heard all day in Pima as they dislodge the logs from the stream beds. Since these logs are heavy mahogany 5 feet in diameter, it is very dangerous work. Only Chinese do this work throughout that part of Burma.

We arrived in Pima at night after waiting hours to get a road slide cleared. We checked in at the number 1 hotel: wooden beds, four to a room, over the bar that blasted state-side music most of the night, slit-trench toilet with no toilet paper, no soap, no towels, no baths, no showers and only cold water.

A sidewalk restaurant served up a delicious meal while we sat on 8" high stools and ate off a 18" high table. A candle was placed on the table to discourage the insects.

We went to Pima in anticipation of reaching the crash site via Burma. This would have been a 3 1/2 hour climb up from a logging road, south of Pima. The Burma border patrol refused to allow our expedition of 8 plus 9 coolies, to enter Burma because I was an American. The Chinese could go but not a foreigner.

Fortunately, Professor Renjie Hua, who has been a Communist for 50 years, had established that the purpose of the expedition was to get me to the plane, so Chairman Yan, had to plan on an all-China route. The route that Red Holmes, Steve Kusak and I took in 1944 was decided on. This route left from Pima Pass and went south along the ridge for 4.77 miles to Fox's Pass. Since only wild animals had probably traveled the route for 44 years, it was difficult to estimate how long it would take. Chairman Yan would have to take his two best coolies and establish a trail for the rest of us to follow.

First, it required the permission of the commander of the Border Police at Pima Pass. "Relations" had to be planned. We couldn't afford a rejection as we had by the Burma Police. We returned to Luisi where material for "relations" were purchased: 13 kilos of pork, 13 kilos of beef, a case of rice wine, a case of Coca-Cola, a case of Camel cigarettes and other desirables. After the presents were presented to the commander, he was very agreeable and approved our expedition and even assigned his two strongest soldiers to protect me all the way. After much shouting and "Ding Hows", we were off on the first day of the monsoon season - rain every day and the ridge constantly in the clouds. This was June 16th the day we had anticipated arriving back in Kunming. After slipping down mountains, then climbing up again for three days we thought we were within a mile of the plane.

Chairman Yan, (that is an impressive title in China) used a hand-held American-made Global Position System to reach the latitude and longitude, supplied by the China survey team as the exact location of CNAC #53. After reaching those coordinates, there was no plane. A large area around it was searched.

After three days above 10,000 feet, constantly wet and tired, the coolies became very dissatisfied. They had been promised a one day climb to the plane, over-night there and descend the next day. All of them were corn farmers who had crops to get back to. These are special climbing people as they have corn crops high above the usual terraces. They were not equipped for an extended expedition. They, like me, didn't have leather climbing shoes nor water-proof pants. They were constantly wet and cold. They cut wood for the fires all night. They stayed wet and slept in fits and starts. Three days and nights of this effort and miserable conditions without favorable results made everyone dissatisfied.

Chairman Yan estimated we were north of CNAC #53 and wisely decided to leave the ridge the morning of the fourth day and follow a stream west until it intersected the road in Burma that the guards used in reaching the plane. We dropped out of the clouds, which raised spirits and before dark we arrived at the shack that the guards lived in while not on duty at the

plane. The shack was 16 miles from Pima in Burma. I wasn't looking forward to being picked up by the border police after refusing my entry a week earlier. My armed body guards looked important to me at that time.

Since I was the guest of honor, I received the first bowl of food and the most used pair of chopsticks imaginable. They made a bed for me on the kitchen table where the smoke was so thick, I had to keep my eyes closed. But it was dry and it was warm.

The next morning we had an early breakfast. We were eager to get to the plane and get back to Pima that night. We re-entered the clouds and climbed to the plane at 10,764 feet. It is one of the most beautiful climbing trips in the world: huge red rhododendrons and white azaleas, waterfalls, 5-foot diameter trees, bears, goats, deer and other wild animals. I did not see any of the animals but the evidence was everywhere.

As I approached the wreck from the Burma side of the mountain, I was surprised to view this huge airplane laid out on the ground before me as I came over the brow of the hill. It was only 50 feet away. The plane was headed straight for me. I had to stop and reflect what Jim Fox saw as he approached his last landing. A scattering of 50 foot high fir trees with very few branches were in his flight path. With heavy snow and restricted visibility in a severe down-draft the day he crashed, he had insufficient altitude to steer around the trees if he had seen them. He hooked his left wing into one of them. Jim didn't stall #53 so it continued to fly and skid to a stop. He almost made it over the hill. That one tree brought him down.

There is a large boulder under the left side of the plane that could have caused the left propeller to break loose from the engine at maximum power and chop through the cockpit, just back of the pilots. The cockpit was in one piece completely free of the rest of the plane. Only high-speed propeller blades could have cut through all the hydraulic lines, control cables and skin that cleanly.

Since a minority group, who hunts with poisoned arrows shot from bows, reached the plane first last October, I assume they removed the wrist watches, belt buckles, wallets and whatever metal parts of the flight bags and clothing that remained after the bears ate the flesh and bones of the crew 54 years ago. The propellers are missing. They had been broken off in the landing. The first salvagers found them easy picking.

A blood-shit, which only Jim would be wearing on his leather jacket as he was the only American, a tube of Phillips Toothpaste and a few feet of exposed film were found in the wreckage. If Jim had walked away from the crash, he would have

undoubtedly been wearing his leather jacket.

I think the key identification pieces of CNAC #53 can be removed and attached to a DC-3 or C-47 airframe and made into a meaningful memorial in the Kunming area. The key pieces I suggest are the: right wing with the CNAC identification in large Chinese characters, identification plate, landing gear that appears to be in perfect condition (it is made of round tubes instead of the square tubing of a C-47) and the small fuselage door. However, Han Wen Bin, Director of the China Aviation Museum at Beijing will determine what it will take from CNAC #53 to convert a C-47 into a C-53. I developed a great fondness for Han on the trip as he and I would stop the climb to catch our breath. He was always looking for ways to make it easier for me. We encouraged each other to take it easy as we were the two oldest members of the expedition.

There are several C-47s, in various stages of deterioration in Thailand. I have talked to Bob Burgin, who is the American adviser to the American-Royal Thai Air Classic Assoc. & Foundation. He is determining if there is a C-47 or DC-3 available in Thailand and how it can be acquired. Bob will be in Thailand in the next two weeks and will report back to me.

If we can't find an airframe on which to attach the key identification parts of CNAC #53, the wreckage can be moved in sections down the mountain side and trucked to Kunming. The parts of the plane can be arranged, plus junk yard parts, as they were when it crashed as shown by the aerial photograph taken by Chennault's photographer, May 1943. It will be a fitting memorial to all flight crews who lost their lives flying the Hump. It will be the only CNAC plane left that flew the Hump.

After the crash site is cleaned up, there will be an engraved granite monument mounted there in memory of the three crew members.

The China Association for Expeditions supplied an excellent professional photographic team of three to make a documentary of the trip which I expect to show at the reunion in Palm Springs in September. By that time, I expect to have plans for a memorial.

At the town of Pima, where many saw mills are located, that area of the town is known as the airport because it was said that the Japanese had an air-strip there. All of us would of seen it. I doubt this story. Pima had been a British fort when the area was controlled by them. It only had a few buildings and all of the roofs were made of beautiful red tiles. We flew over it regularly and I flew very low over it a couple of times. A lot of details will be brought out with the pictures I'll show at the reunion.

The trip was a politically conflicting trip. Chairman Yan wouldn't allow Ge Shuya and Yang Shunfa, the two pioneers who I supported in their trip to the plane January 30 and Judith Mills, my interpreter and consultant, weren't allowed to go with me, neither were the reporters from the two biggest dailies in China. The expedition supplied me with an abominable interpreter who refused to talk to me.

Negotiations and change of plans to the ridge route caused delays that extended the trip from 14 days to 21.

The trip cost more than anticipated. Some CNACs delayed making contributions because it was too implausible that I would ever reach CNAC #53 and making it into a memorial to CNAC was preposterous. Perhaps now they will come through. I will welcome further contributions to help the CNAC #53 Fund get out of debt.

Primitive as the area west of Luisi is it was a great experience never to be forgotten. The very friendly people and the delicious food is what will be forever remembered. Everyone tried to help me, except the interpreter. I made friends for life without being able to converse with them. The soldier in front pulling me up and my doctor behind me pushing me was welcomed the last day. My left leg kept collapsing because one of the nerves to a quadriceps muscle had been severed several years ago. When I became very tired, the three remaining quad muscles refused to do the job. My artificial hip and replaced left pelvis caused pain when my legs split beyond their designed rotation.

The Communist leader of Pima smuggled me through the Burma border on my return to Pima from CNAC #53. That was a great favor. After being very tired from being in the thin atmosphere for 5 days and working harder than I had ever worked, I didn't want to rot in a Burma jail.

Because I had extended my stay in China, I had used up all of my Cipro that was suppose to protect me from food poisoning, my stomach started to complain. Upon returning to Pima late at night, we had to settle for hotel number 2. It earned that rating.

The next morning, June 22, we drove by truck to Luisi and there we boarded our bus for Kunming. With time out for two sidewalk meals, we arrived at the airport at 2:45 PM. By the time I cleared through customs, I was able to catch my plane that was 1/2 mile away from the loading area. The bus driver had driven continuously for 22 1/4 hours.

The Thai Airways plane had plenty of diarrhea pills which was better late than never. I'll be 80 in September, and I think I'm getting too old for these trips. I've been home for a week and I'm still tired.

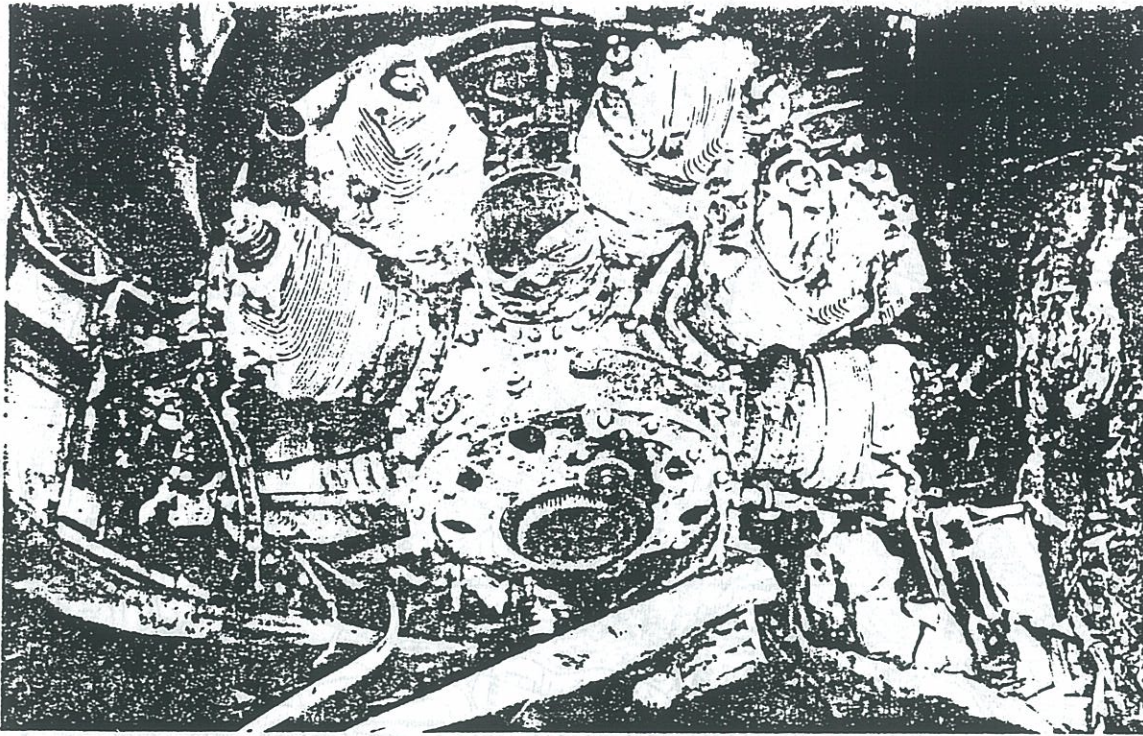
THE FIRST VIEW OF CNAC #53 AS YOU CLIMB OVER THE BROW OF THE MOUNTAIN IS ASTONISHING AS IT IS SO OUT OF PLACE IN A FOREST UNDISTURBED IN 53 YEARS. IT IS LARGER THAN LIFE AS IT IS ONLY 50 FEET IN FRONT OF YOU.



MY CHINESE GUARD AND I SITTING ON TOP OF THE OLD JAPANESE FORT AT THE HIGHEST POINT SOUTH OF PIMA PASS.



CNAC ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE RIGHT WING



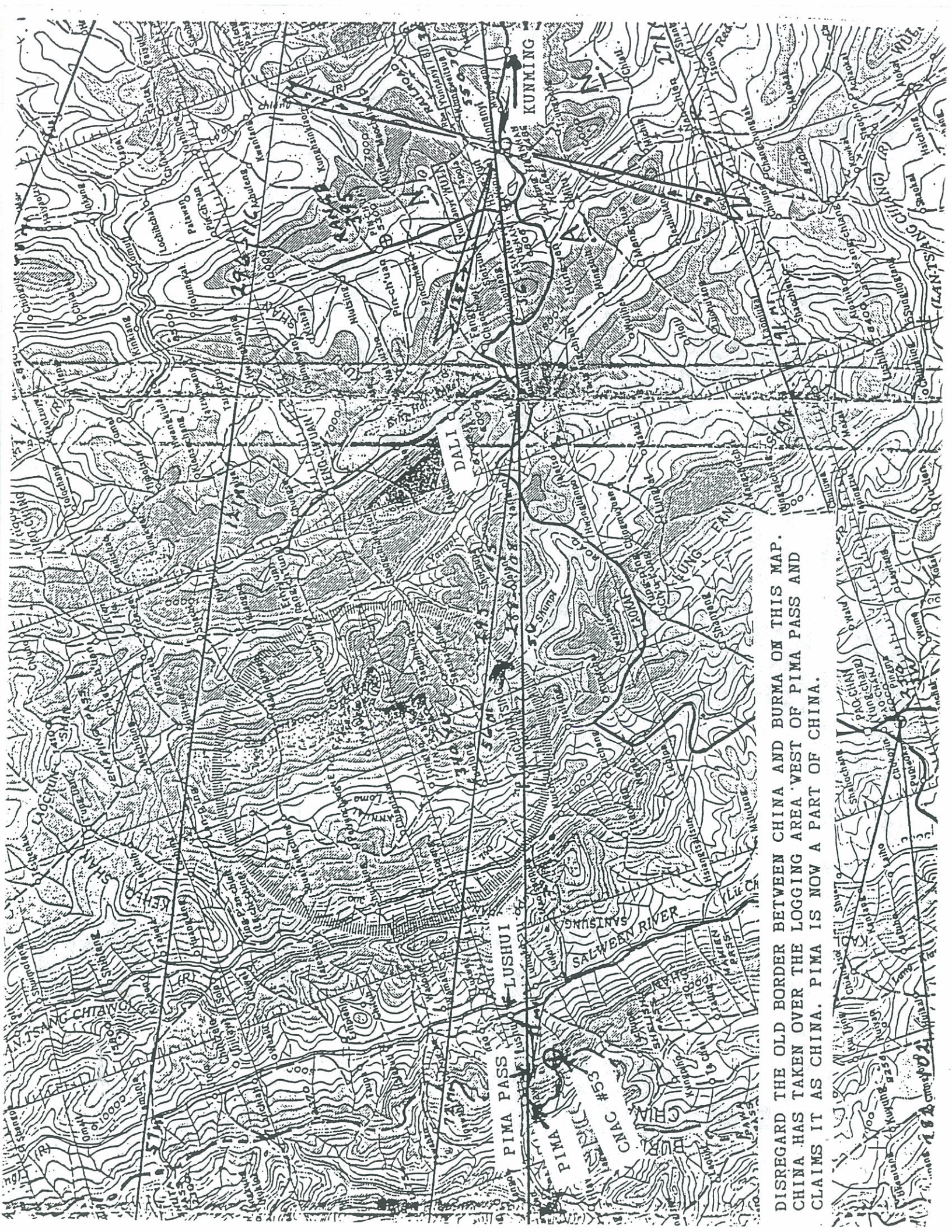
RIGHT ENGINE BURNED ON A PISTON AFTER CRASH. NO FIRE ELSEWHERE.



"WOW, THERE IS CNAC 53. WHAT AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT AFTER 54 YEARS."



RENGIE HUA BIDS FAREWELL AT DALI AND REGRETS HE IS TOO BUSY TO GO ALL THE WAY WITH US. WE BOTH LAUGHED BECAUSE WE BOTH DOUBTED IF HE WAS FIT ENOUGH FOR THE ORDEAL.



DISREGARD THE OLD BORDER BETWEEN CHINA AND BURMA ON THIS MAP.
CHINA HAS TAKEN OVER THE LOGGING AREA WEST OF PIMA PASS AND
CLAIMS IT AS CHINA. PIMA IS NOW A PART OF CHINA.

PIMA PASS

PIMA

CMAC #53

LUSHUI

SALWEEN RIVER

KUNMING

DALI

CHANG

PRO-CHINA
(Yung-chang)
PRO-CHINA
(Pao-ching)

AMERICANS VALIANT and GLORIOUS

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FLYING TIGERS

by

WILLIAM D. PAWLEY

*I*N this summary of the AVG I shall not dwell on combat results, for that story has been put in book form by several authors. I do wish, however, to give credit to those unsung heroes — on the ground, in the offices and in the field — who contributed so loyally to the great cause of assisting a friendly republic wantonly attacked by the Japanese — a nation which for more than ten years had been preparing for war against China and the United States.

The story begins in China, in May, 1939. I had been invited to discuss certain matters of business policy with His Excellency, Dr. H. H. Kung. Accompanying me to Dr. Kung's office were Captain B. G. Leighton, USN, and Edward P. Pawley, both Vice Presidents of The Intercontinent Corporation. At the conclusion of our formal talks I asked Dr. Kung what we, as Americans, might do upon our return to America that would be of the greatest benefit to China and the Chinese Air Force. After some thought Dr. Kung observed that one of China's most urgent needs was for a Foreign Legion of American Volunteer airmen, who would give China's ground forces the air support which they required. Dr. Kung reminded me of the magnificent job done by a group of American pilots in France during the first World War — the Lafayette

Escadrille. Dr. Kung pointed out the great advantage to both China and the United States in having a group such as the Lafayette Escadrille active in the Asiatic theatre. I at once saw the tactical military advantages that would accrue to America, should Japan attack us, by having a nucleus of airmen experienced in Jap air tactics.

We promised Dr. Kung we would do everything possible to put China's problem before various men of influence in the United States. A few days later I flew back to America and Captain Leighton shortly joined me. We talked to many of our friends in the United States. After a number of patient discussions with Chinese Government officials and officers, permission was secured to employ a group of men to join our company — Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company — of which I was President and sole stockholder, and a formal agreement was entered into with the Chinese Government. Dr. T. V. Soong, now Premier, empowered me to employ 350 men — pay their salaries, traveling expenses, assist in the purchase and shipping of the necessary aircraft, receive the planes and assemble them at Raangoon.

Thus the AVG was born.

In Los Angeles, I discussed the problem with my friend Captain C. C. Moseley, World War I ace and an able judge of men. Captain Moseley advised me to engage Richard Aldworth to seek out and hire our personnel. Aldworth was then a patient at Walter Reed Hospital, suffering from an ailment which eventually took his life. We reached him by telephone, told him the problem, told him why the group was being organized. Although ill, he agreed to meet us in New York within three days. Dick Aldworth did a magnificent job, although he knew at the time he took the assignment that his days were numbered.*

Soon the AVG was rolling, although our problems continued.

In mid-November, 1941, I flew to Manila to secure supplies for the maintenance and overhaul of the 47 airplanes left from the

* Aldworth was promoted to Colonel in the U. S. Air Force shortly before his death. For his work in connection with the AVG, our government awarded him the Legion of Merit.

AMERICANS VALIANT and GLORIOUS

original 100 ships that had been sent to China. We desperately needed tires and tubes, Allison engine parts, radio equipment, .30 and .50 calibre ammunition. I found some real friends to whom I explained our urgent needs. They offered every possible assistance, but they had no supplies for P-40's. I did manage, however, to secure 75 tires and tubes, engine parts, radio equipment and some ammunition.

We loaded these precious supplies into three flying boats. Loaded to the gunwales, the ships took off for Singapore. At that port we immediately transferred as much of the supplies as possible into a chartered KLM Douglas, and aboard my own Lockheed. The balance was shipped from Singapore to Rangoon by coast-wise steamer, and arrived there on December 5, 1941.

On December 8th, Pacific date, Pearl Harbor was bombed. That day, after I conferred with General Chennault, we decided that one squadron of the AVG — 18 ships — would be sent to Rangoon.

Two weeks later, the Japs, after arrogantly broadcasting their intentions, came over Rangoon to wipe out the American contingent. The Flying Tigers were ready. The combat situation: 18 American planes against 100 Japs. When the fight was over, 9 Jap ships were definitely destroyed. Two of our boys were killed and another had been forced to bail out, and 4 of our planes had been badly shot up and required rebuilding. From the cracked-up planes 2 were repaired, making a total of 14 planes available.

On Christmas Day, the Japs returned, this time with 120 planes. But they did not reckon with the tactics worked out by Jack Newkirk and the Tigers after the first day's battle. On that day, Roger Reynolds, our Lockheed pilot, Ed Pawley and I watched the results of the new tactics. We saw 120 trained, disciplined, experienced Japs taken on in combat by 14 American boys — 14 boys who had seen combat only once.

When the smoke cleared and we were able to count the results, 24 Jap ships had been shot down. The AVG had lost none, although

their ships, in many cases, looked like flying fish nets when they landed!

The Flying Tigers were really flying. In addition, they were bringing renewed confidence to the American people during those dark days after Pearl Harbor. Their contribution to the morale of the people of China and the United States can never be measured.

* * *

It is difficult to mention all, or to praise enough, those who helped the AVG in its historic career.

Captain HARRY C. CLAIBORNE, Commander RUTLEDGE IRVINE, Captain C. B. ADAIR and Mr. FENTON L. BROWN assisted in the employment program. Others who rendered valuable service as permanent employees of Central Aircraft, in connection with the employment program, were:

Captain BRUCE G. LEIGHTON, Vice President of our company, who played such an important role in the inception of the AVG organization;

EUGENE D. PAWLEY, who handled the Los Angeles-San Francisco offices, helped in the recruiting and received at those two cities all of the 350 men, arranged their transportation, billets and other details involved in the embarkation, ably assisted by W. H. SPURGEON, III;

Mrs. ALICE H. LEONARD, my assistant in the New York office, who for a year served as assistant to Richard Aldworth, handled all of the paper work of the New York office and supervised the AVG records from its inception in April 1941 to June 1944. No one deserves greater praise for days and nights of untiring effort in behalf of the success of this undertaking;

O. CUEVAS, Treasurer, assisted by Frank Kanskic, Richard Malone, Helen Northorn and Helen Smith, handled all of the accounting payments of salaries, bonuses, shipping instructions,