

**CNAC**  
ASSOCIATION



# CANNON BALL

DECEMBER 2012

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Bill Gilger, Oliver Glenn, Moon Chin, Ken Healy, and Peter Goutiere at the reunion.

Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has.

-Margaret Mead

Sig  
Her

## EDITOR'S NOTES

Hurricane Sandy is now history, but as I started to assemble this issue of the Cannonball, the gathering storm was beginning to look like a serious problem. Just before I lost power, internet and phone service for 5 days, I contacted a number of you with requests for photos, stories, answers to questions. It turned out to be a good idea, because as I spent several days in my dark, mostly quiet house (except for the occasional outburst of news from my hand crank radio, and walks of the neighborhood to marvel at the huge downed trees), you were helping to put the pieces of this issue together. When I did venture out three miles the center of my small New Jersey town where the library and coffee shop had power to charge my cell phone and laptop, I found not only many of the images and words I needed for the Cannonball, but the concern and support regarding the aftermath of the storm one expects from family members. Which you are, to me, and which I believe we always have been and continue to be for each other, for nearly 60 years now.

As with our trip two years ago, "you had to be there" comes to mind when trying to describe this year's China trip comprehensively. Angie Chen provided a great factual summary of the celebration at the museum, and in this issue are some wonderful photos, and coverage of our visit to the Peninsula in Shanghai and our meetings with embassy, consulate and local friendship society officials. There was plenty of talk of "next time", and there was a feeling among many of us that we have just scratched the surface of what we might do to promote goodwill with the Chinese people while continuing to keep the CNAC story alive.

So about the Margaret Mead quote. The last day of our China trip, it occurred to me that the CNAC Association has been nothing if not "a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens" from day one. As I looked around the hotel dining room at breakfast, from Moon and Peter, through the second generation and two third generation members in our midst, I thought about all that the original CNAC employees who joined together to do what must have had many "can we really do this?" moments. Years after I thought I understood the CNAC story, an encounter with a stoneroller made me realize what an improbable venture establishing an air transport was in the beginning.

**Save the slightly different date for next year's reunion**-instead of the week after Labor Day, we'll converge on the Embassy Suites starting **Wednesday, August 28, 2013** and say our goodbyes **Sunday, September 1, 2013**, in time to get home for any Labor Day picnics and family gatherings, and also to avoid a big increase in room rates at the hotel the following week.

I do hope you and your family enjoy this much more colorful than usual issue of the Cannonball, and that this issue inspires you to get in touch with an old friend, or share a Hump story with a young family member. Have a wonderful holiday season, and here's to all the best for each one of us in 2013!

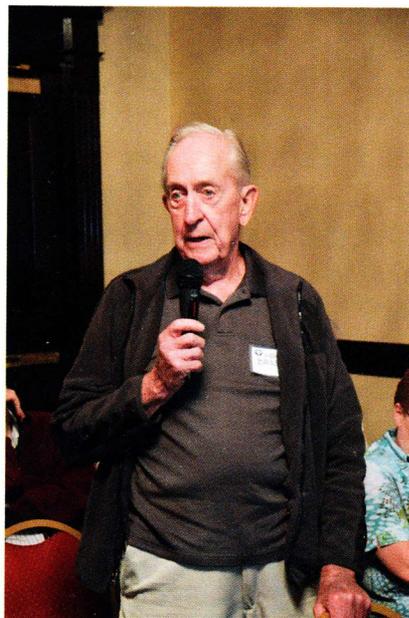
## NEWCOMERS, REUNION 2012

A brief introduction to some of the people who joined us for the first time:

HOWARD BRADY (in his own words)

I read the book "China's Wings" and finished it at the very end of August. IN the epilogue I noticed that you had a CNAC web site. Then I saw that CNAC was having a reunion in one week. I e-mailed CNAC and ask if I could join your group explaining that I had flown the Hump along side of CNAC during the last half of 1943.

We were an American Airlines volunteer group assigned to the US Air Transport Command. Our operation was named Project 7A. The project was assembled in Natal Brazil, South America and flown over Africa to Tezpur India to fly the Hump for a six months period. The project involved 10 of our C-87 (cargo version of the B-24) aircraft and the necessary flight and maintenance crews carry out the operation. I personally completed enough trips over the Hump to qualify for the Air force's "Air Medal". My old Project 7A group is pretty much gone and no longer has reunions. Anyway, I was glad to be accepted by your CNAC Association and enjoyed a well-organized CNAC group for your 2012 reunion. Greg Crouch wrote an outstanding book and was instrumental in my attendance at the reunion.



MILES SOBOLESKI

Grandson of Peter Goutiere, Miles arrived in San Francisco from his home in San Diego equipped to assume the role of official CNAC Association photographer. He was a fine traveling companion, not only keeping pace with his grandfather Pete,



but in his modest, unassuming way, making sure that not a single photo op was missed. We think he may have set a new world record during our visit to The Great Wall, getting to the top and back before many of us had left the first gift shop.

(a rare photo NOT by Miles, taken by Liu Xiao Tong, also a fine photographer)

Sig  
He

## SUSAN IP

Prior to the reunion, we received this message— I am Susan Ip from Hong Kong, and I am the granddaughter of Capt Chan Man Wai (also known as Ed Chin), who worked for CNAC beginning in 1935. I have just been introduced to the CNAC Reunion by Captain Jack Young & his wife Louise. My sister, my mom (the daughter of Ed Chin) & myself would like to attend the reunion, especially my mom is so looking forward to meet her long lost uncle Mr. Moon Chin. *[Editor's note: Susan and her friend, Curt Lam attended the reunion; her mother and sister joined us in Beijing, and were thrilled to meet Moon]*

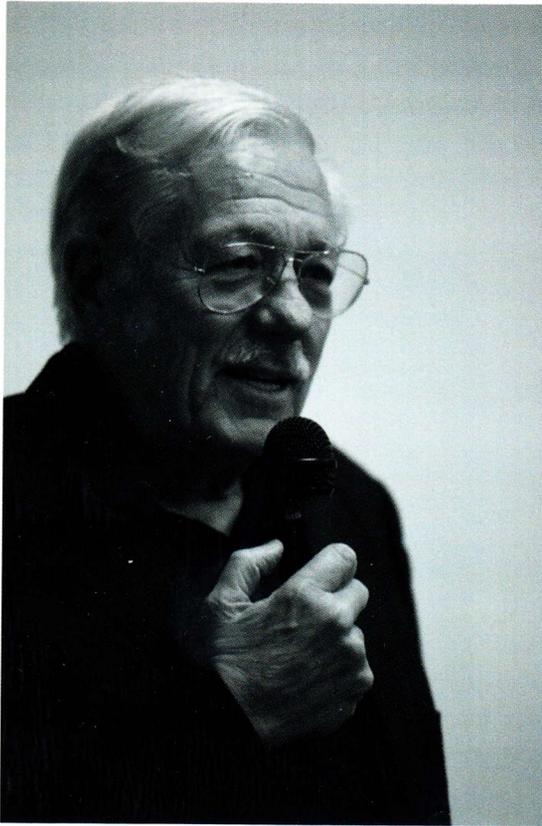


My Grandfather Ed Chin was born in 1911 and died on March 7, 1988 in Hong Kong. He has two daughters and two sons. He lived in Paris for a while with his other daughter and son, returned to Hong Kong with his eldest daughter (my mom Ada) and youngest son for the rest of his life. His wife, my grandmother died in 2001 in Hong Kong. Now, his daughter and son are living in Paris, his youngest son lives in New York and my mom lives in Sydney & Hong Kong.

By the way, my God grandfather, Captain T. Y. Chan, the eldest brother of T. L Chan, was also one of the members who died in 1946 in a plane accident. Need more time to put all materials together, stay tuned!



Susan's grandfather, Ed Chin together with Bing Chinn and Jack Young



#### LANGHORNE BOND

How can we think of Langhorne Bond as a newcomer? His father's story is embedded in the lore of our group, and his father's role in the development of CNAC is well known. While some of us had the pleasure of meeting him at the CNAC exhibition opening at Wright Patterson, this was the first time he had joined us at a reunion.

In Greg Crouch's words, "The great surprise to me was meeting Langhorne and his wife, Queta Bond. I had no idea they were coming, and I jumped out of my skin when I was introduced. Langhorne is the son of William Bond, my main character in *China's Wings*, and I must say, he looks just like his old man, except bigger. Langhorne is my size, over six feet tall; I think his father was quite a bit smaller. I'd interviewed Langhorne many times, and he, Queta,

and Langhorne's brother, Thomas, were all tremendously helpful throughout the writing process. Deepening the Bond family's aviation connections, Langhorne headed the FAA during the Carter administration." A hush fell over the crowd when he was introduced and began to speak. Among other things, he said he hadn't fully realized what an amazing man his father was until he read *China's Wings*. He spoke with great pride about his accomplished wife (who holds a Ph.D. in molecular biology and biochemical genetics) and daughter, a pilot.

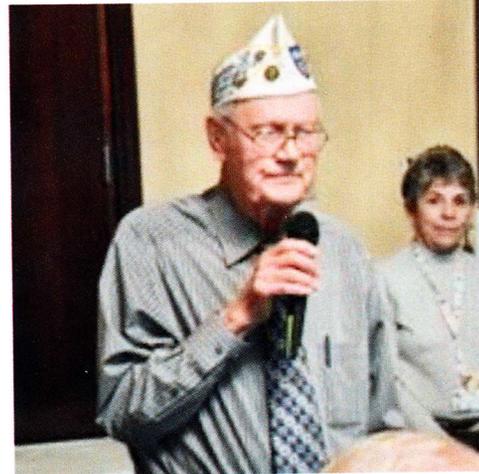
#### LESCHER DOWLING

*We were fortunate to have Lescher Dowling, of the China-Burma-India Veterans, editor of their publication, "The Fortune Cookie", with us during the reunion, and he gave permission to reprint this report of his experience. We hope to see him again next year!*

When I arrived at the Embassy Suites in Burlingame, I was a little apprehensive because I had no connection with CNAC, other than the fact that I was in the CBI during the time period that CNAC was flying the Hump alongside the US Army Air Force. I had also flown the Hump from Kunming to Chabua India on the way home after VJ Day. I brought my CBI Veteran's white hat but did not wear it into the hotel. I was soon greeted by Valerie Kendrick, given a name tag and introduced around. I then realized that these people were far too young to have had any connection with the original China National Aviation Corporation. My puzzlement was soon solved when people started introducing themselves as the son or daughter of a CNAC pilot or told me that their grandfather or their Uncle

Charlie wa a CNAC pilot. These were second and third generation relatives of original CNAC pilots! Heck. I was a FIRST generation CBI Veteran, so I got my CBI Veteran's white hat and wore it the rest of the day.

I had arrived around noon so was in time for the light lunch. The afternoon presentation started with introductions of First Timers. Of course, that included me so I made the most of it by introducing myself as a CBI veteran, not infantry, or signal corps, nor even Army Air Force but as a *Muleskinner* from a veterinary company. I briefly outlined our duties in the CBI an Animal "Mash" Units, taking care of Chinese pack artillery mules. WE had gone over with a boat load of Missouri mules, spent four months in Burma, four months in China and three months in India on the way home. And of course, my clincher was, "we were all pilots, we would go down to the stables and take a broom and a shovel and we would pile it here and pile it there!"



Afterwards I was stormed with questions like: what were the mules used for, why did they raise mules in Missouri, did you bring them back with you, are mules really more sure footed than horses, and are you a veterinarian? After that I felt I was accepted. I met several of the original CNAC pilots and had some interesting conversations with them.

#### JUDY AND ROY FARRELL, JR

Roy Farrell Jr., whose father was one of the founders of Cathy Pacific, had not been seen at a reunion for a number of years. Roy and Judy were enthusiastic participants this year, and we hope to hear more from them, and see them again! Wasn't it worth the trip just to get to pose with Moon and Pete?



*Moon*



## LIZ WRIGHT ZUCHETTO

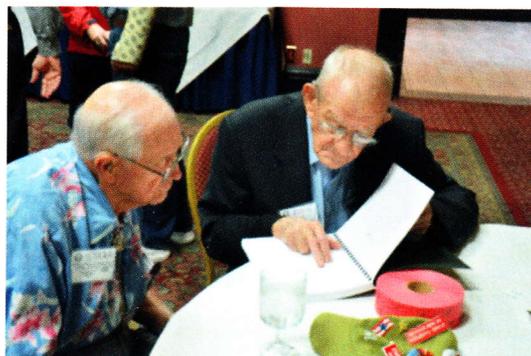
Liz, Nancy Alison Wright's daughter is a delightful addition to the ever-expanding second and third generation of the CNAC Association family. She distinguished herself on the China trip by having the most stylish wardrobe, magically



contained in a backpack (her only piece of luggage!). Her journalist instincts, her humor and insight, and adventurous spirit made her a great traveling companion. As it seems that writing runs in the family, and we can hope that she will lend her talents to this publication in the future.

Liz, second from the right, with her mother Nancy; Eugene Liu and sons Paul and Bruce  
EUGENE, PAUL AND BRUCE LIU (above)

Son Eugene and grandsons Paul and Bruce of CY Liu, who was Managing Director of CNAC in the late 1940's, joined us at the China Civil Aviation Museum ceremony, and at the luncheon afterwards. Eugene is the Honorable President of BCCA (Beijing CNAC/CATC Association), and lives in Sidney, Australia. He and Nancy Wright knew they had a connection through their parents, and after meeting on September 12, corresponded by email. Nancy wrote Eugene to thank him for sending her an article he'd written about his family titled "A Face and Voice Forever Alive." She told him in how close the article relates to Allie, her mother and herself and their friendship with his dad. He then wrote her the following: "Thank you Nancy for the very interesting letter. I started to realize the close friendship between your family and ours. Thinking back, how unfortunate that our families have lost contact with each other for so long, but now through the CNAC family we have re-united once again. I hope that we can keep up with the communication from now on!" Eugene expressed great interest in attending next year's CNAC reunion, and we hope he does.



These guys (Starr Thompson and Uncle John Parish), NOT newcomers!

## WHERE IN THE WORLD IS CLAYTON KUHLES?

At the moment, he's at home in Arizona, but he would love to be back in Asia on a recovery mission right now. After his fine presentation at this year's reunion about locating CNAC #60 last November, President Peggy Maher encouraged everyone to consider making a fully tax deductible contribution to Clayton's 501(c)3 organization, by visiting his website [miarecoveries.org](http://miarecoveries.org), or by sending a check to MIA Recoveries, Inc., PO Box 12871, Prescott, AZ 86304. Without the support of CNAC members, last year's recovery mission would not have been possible. It was a tremendously gratifying experience for those of us who did contribute, and it meant so much to our member Bob Willett and his family, whose relative Jimmy Browne was on that plane. Some would say that the entire CNAC Association family benefits when any one of these discoveries is made, when one of our own is "brought home".



Clayton making his presentation at the 2012 reunion (photo by Curt Lam)

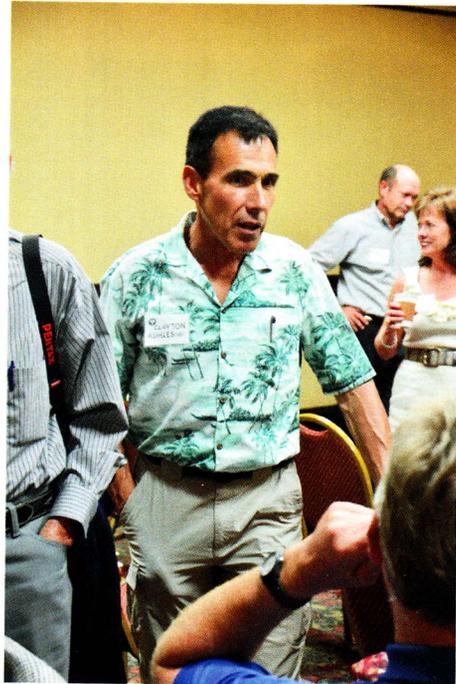
Clayton never stops thinking of new projects, and here is news he recently sent:

Family members of B-24J #42-73308 a.k.a. *Hot as Hell* are currently organizing a fundraising event to cover my costs to return to *Hot as Hell* and recover the crewmembers. The fundraising event will probably be held at the synagogue in Burlington, VT sometime before the end of the year, and they are asking US Sen. Bernie Sanders to be the guest speaker. Gary Zaetz of Cary, NC is the nephew of the plane's navigator 1st Lt. Irwin Zaetz, and he is spearheading the fundraising drive. The Zaetz family is from Burlington, and are personal friends of Sen. Sanders. I found *Hot as Hell* on Dec 07, 2006. Please see my website for the site report and photos of this aircraft discovery. If their fundraising event

is successful, I'll leave shortly thereafter for northeast India to recover the *Hot as Hell* crew. My team and I will camp in the jungle at the crash location for a month or so to fully excavate the site and recover the crew. I'll personally deliver the recovered crewmember remains to the US Embassy or Consulate in India. It's important to note that the US government declined to go to this aircraft wreckage site due to perceived safety and logistical concerns. I then offered to do a non-governmental recovery of the site, and the families of the crewmembers readily accepted my offer.

After the *Hot as Hell* recovery is completed, I'll attempt to reach some of the 12 or more additional US aircraft wrecks which I'm aware of along the mountainous India-Burma border. Weather conditions at the higher altitudes will determine how many of these additional US wreckage sites I can reach this season.

If funding can be found, I'd like to go to the island of New Britain (province of Papua New Guinea) this winter, and find the long-missing B-17 of Brig. Gen. Kenneth N. Walker. Gen. Walker was aboard one of his B-17's as an observer on a bombing raid on Japanese shipping at Rabaul in January 1943. His B-17 was shot down by the Japanese and disappeared over a mountainous area in remote central New Britain, and has never been found. Gen. Walker remains the highest-ranking Allied soldier MIA in combat during WW II.



Finally, I'd like to remind the CNAC Association members that MIA Recoveries, Inc is a 501(c)(3) non-profit public charity, and their donations are fully tax-deductible under the IRS code.

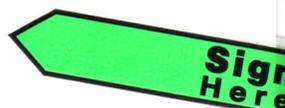
Anybody who donates at least \$1000 to MIA Recoveries, Inc will be listed as a sponsor on my website [www.MIArecoveries.org](http://www.MIArecoveries.org) and also in any TV documentary or print media publication about my MIA recovery missions. Of course, a donor can opt to remain anonymous, if they wish.

Kathy and I very much enjoyed attending the CNAC reunion this September, and we look forward to being there again next September.

Best wishes,

Clayton

[www.MIArecoveries.org](http://www.MIArecoveries.org)



## REPORT ON THE CHINA CIVIL AVIATION MUSEUM EVENT

Angie Chen

The China Civil Aviation Museum visit on September 12, 2012, turned out to be a great and exciting success. All the reporters and attendees, not only the CNAC Association group members, were very satisfied and happy.

Highlights and outcomes of the visit to the museum:

- All members got a chance to stand on the stage to present their donation items, were photographed with the host and CAAC leaders, and received certificates from the host.

- The 2 veterans, Moon Chin and Pete Goutiere, and the 4 CNAC Association VPs (Craig Chinn, Eve Coulson, Valerie Parish Kendrick and Tom Moore) were seated on the dais and each had an opportunity to speak

- Following the longer than expected (though very well received) donation ceremony, a seminar in which each member of the CNAC delegation had prepared to speak about their relative; however, only Craig Chinn (representing Uncle Moon), Miles Soboleski (representing Uncle Pete) and Valerie (presenting her father, Leonard Parish) were able to speak, as time run short. Angie will collect a copy of all the presentations along with the translation and burn a disc to CCAM, as they really want it.

- Uncle Moon signed a copy of his biography on the scene for CCAM, and Uncle Pete donated his book, *Himalaya's Rogue*.

- CCAM designed quite a lot of "happy spots" including a big panel with all 13 first generation's photographs on it. You can imagine how exciting it was for each of us to find and pose with our relative's photo. There were so many happy moments that day!

- VIPs who attended the ceremony: CAAC Chief Pilot (top pilot of whole China), Mr. Jin, US Embassy Attaché General Stilwell, ATMB VD Zhang, CAAC Archive director, and 4 CAAC top historians.

- The historians are so excited to build a connection with the CNAC Association. One is creating a CNAC Hump pilot/martyr lists to be included in their history book. Another historian suggested collaborating with CNAC Association to do further research, or even establish some research architecture.

- Tom Moore distributed a lot of his name cards which include the CNAC website information, printed in Chinese and English.

- Uncle Moon's ID card and personnel form, a very precious original item, filled in when he joined CNAC in 1933 was found and donated to display in the CCAM by a CAAC historian. When Uncle Moon visited the evidence of his first connection with CNAC, he discovered that the operations manager who signed his ID card was Chuck Sharp. So we asked Carol Slade to see it with Uncle Moon together. Moon and Carol were photographed together in front of the display of Sharp's first flight of the Hump and Moon exploring the new Hump route.

- Uncle Pete, in addition to Miles' presentation on behalf of Uncle Pete, wanted I to talk so much that I arranged for him to talk in the afternoon section. Uncle

Pete was so happy and he talked about the "teamwork" of the Hump airlift and donated an airplane pedal picked up in CNAC's old runway in Lijiang when he revisited there in 2000. Director Han is very, very happy and said the museum will bring in a big roller soon.

--Eve's donation of Uncle Bert's blood chit (#107) is a very precious original item for CCAM, for most of the blood chits found in China could not be traced back to their original owners' history, whereas this one is known with certainty to belong to Uncle Bert. In addition, it has added meaning because of his story of survival after his plane (CNAC #97) went down on August 31, 1944, and after parachuting out, he survived a 6-day ordeal in the jungle.

--Craig's donation was another highlight, for the luggage tag, with Uncle Harold's name on it, directly related to Harold's 600+ Hump flights and his status as the first Chinese flying across the Pacific.

--We have other unexpected happiness too. For Ed Chin, his family did not have much to show/donate for there are so few things left. The family was only able to donate a photograph of Uncle Ed Chin taken in the war. However, only one day after the visit, 2 CAAC historians rang me up to tell me that they found some additional photos from that period of Uncle Ed! I have contacted the family to send the great photos for them.

In total, 26 CNAC Association members, including some who did not attend the visit, such as Peggy Maher (on behalf of Bill Maher), Mike Little, Bob Willett, and Greg Crouch, donated more than 200 artifacts including some precious original items (July theme exhibit 40+, Sept. visit 160+) to the China Civil Aviation Museum. All donors received CCAM certificates.



The official group portrait of our delegation with museum officials, US and Chinese government representatives, historians and other dignitaries following the morning's speeches and presentation of artifacts

T.O.M.

*Murray Orr*

CHINA CIVIL AVIATION MUSEUM EVENT  
Beijing, China, September 12, 2012

*Each of us was asked to speak at the daylong celebration of the CNAC exhibition, and in the form of a brief biography of the person whose legacy we had come to celebrate at the museum. Here are a few of them:*

CAPTAIN ERNEST LOANE, JR.

Over 70 years ago, my father, Capt. Ernest William Loane, Jr., came to China. He stayed for 8 years flying airplanes in this great nation.

First, he lived in Yunnan-Yi and was a flight instructor for the Chinese Air Force. He then flew with the American Volunteer Group, in General Chennault's 1st Pursuit Squadron, until July of 1942. In August of 1942, he joined CNAC and flew 453 Hump trips until the end of hostilities in 1945. He continued to fly for CNAC until October of 1947 and was a pilot for Civil Air Transport until 1949. From the end of the war until the uprising, he lived with his wife in Shanghai, where his first two sons were born. His third son and his fourth son, myself were born in the United States.

Once when he was flying in China, a passenger who was pregnant went into labor. The air was rough so he flew the plane higher where the air would be smoother for the mother to give birth. After the plane had landed safely, to my father's amazement, the mother walked off the plane holding her newborn child in her arms.

I am thankful that we are gathered here to remember all these great airmen and all of the people who labored in countless ways to keep their planes flying. I hope that our cooperation and friendship can grow for another 70 years and more.

-Steven Loane, son

CAPTAIN LEONARD LEE PARISH

He was born July 18, 1920 in Lockney, Texas. His parents were Rueben Parish and Leah David Eskridge. Len spent his early school years in a little schoolhouse in Pleasant Valley, Texas, located between Wichita Falls and Iowa Park, Texas.

His high school years were spent at Iowa Park High School. He was well thought of by his peers and faculty. He was president of his class for all four years of high school and lettered in all four sports, breaking a record in track and excelling in football. After high school, he went on to college where he first flew in Coleman, Texas. He first soloed in the latter part of 1939. His brother John, then ten years old, tells the story that Len called home and invited his parents to his graduation from college. Confused, his mother asked what graduation, knowing it was too early for him to graduate. He tactfully said flight school. She hit the roof!! That's not what she wanted to hear! And that's not what she sent

him to college to become! Poor little John (Len's brother) had to go by bus to Coleman with "one mad Mama"!

After graduation, as a member of the Enlisted Reserve Corps, Len completed his Instructor's Course September 30, 1941 under the legendary William "Clent" Breedlove, of Clent Breedlove Aerial Service.

Len went to Corsicana, Texas, where he went to work for the Army Air Corp program, Air Activities of Texas, 2552<sup>nd</sup> AAF Base Unit (Contract Pilot School, Primary) Corsicana Field, Corsicana, Texas. During his time there he was promoted from instructor to senior instructor, flight commander, and finally had charge of employing, checking, and training student instructors.

T. J. Creviston, Director of Flying and B. W. Woolley, Director, Air Activities, sent letters of recommendation to China National Aviation Corp, 135 East 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, Suite 5800, New York, New York and Pan American Airways Systems after Len applied for employment. After assurances were given by all concerned, CNAC, Pan Am, and the Army Service Forces, Eight Service Command that he would not be discharged from service employ while overseas and he agreed not to quit while overseas, Len was officially hired by CNAC in 1942.

Effective November 21, 1944, the date of his enrollment at American Flyers, Fort Worth Texas, he was added to the CNAC payroll. After the completion of his course, he arrived in Calcutta, India. His assignment was limited to co-pilot for a period of six months until the company was satisfied that he could command the aircraft over the air routes flown by CNAC. Eventually he was promoted to senior pilot and some time latter as an authorized CNAC check pilot as well as assistant operations manager in Shanghai under Ernest M. Allison.

His advancements and expanding aviation and business career lasted until CNAC ceased operations in 1949. Prior to these events, CNAC was struggling to stay afloat. They had obtained contracts from the United Nations to fly relief supplies, under the UNRRA program (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Act), to war torn China in an effort to help the Chinese people recover from the devastating effects of the Anti-Japanese war and WWII and to boost the bottom line flying air transports. CNAC also provided passenger services to the provinces of China though that became more dangerous as the civil war progressed, and inflation rose. Operations were suspended in some of those areas. Dwindling resources were the norm and business was tough. He set up the CNAC bases at Peking and Chinchow and in late April of 1948 scheduled flights carrying supplies into the northern cities. Captain Parish stayed in the employment of CNAC in Hong Kong until all operations ceased in 1949. --Valerie Parish Kendrick, daughter

## CAPTAIN URSEL (BERT) COULSON

My father, Bert Coulson, loved China, and he loved the opportunity for adventure and new experiences that came with being a CNAC pilot. Born in a small town in the southern state of Arkansas in 1917, He graduated from college with honors, the only child of parents who barely finished grade school. After training and serving his country as a pilot with the Navy, he was hired by CNAC in 1943, and flew from Calcutta to Kunming and other points in China. Fortunately, he had learned to use parachute, a skill which saved his life in August of 1944, when his plane went down in the jungles of Burma due to engine failure. He had flown the Hump 99 times.

As a child I knew that my father had been a pilot, and though he tried his hand at many careers, from public relations, to teaching, the ministry, acting, and radio announcing, I believe nothing ever could compare with his time as a CNAC pilot.

While he was an able pilot, he was also a prolific writer. Through his stories, typed or sometimes hand written on the back of flight maps, I have come to know about tiger hunts, my father's impressions of China in those days, homesickness among the pilots at holiday times, what it was like to fly the Hump, and some of the ways my father and his comrades passed the time in between flights. My father died in 1959, but had he lived long enough, I am quite sure he would have immersed himself in the CNAC Association gatherings and enjoyed swapping tales of those remarkable times together. He certainly would have loved to be here today, standing with Moon Chin and Peter Goutiere.

As I said before, my father loved China, but he loved my mother more. A few years after returning home, he still longed to go back to China and talked about it often during his courtship of my mother. One day she said, Bert, you can go back to China, but I won't be waiting for you! That made up his mind, and a few months later, they were married. And though he never found his way back to China, I like to think that my presence here today, and his presence in this museum have made that dream of his finally come true. —Eve Coulson, daughter



## ERNEST M. "ALLIE" ALLISON

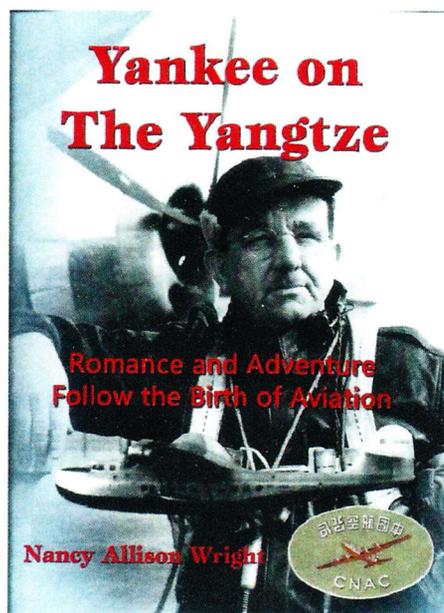
My father, Ernest M. "Allie" Allison, China National Aviation Corporation's Operations Manager, helped open China to commercial and passenger service. Allie's enthusiasm for China and its people knew no bounds. On October 21, 1929, he inaugurated Hankou to Shanghai via Nanjing and Jiujiang, flying the amphibious C-2H Loening Air Yacht, CNAC's first airplane. One of his great pleasures was introducing Moon to the Loening. He later introduced CNAC to the Douglas Dolphin, DC-2, and the converted C-46 Air Prince. Allie took pride as Moon captained the DC-2. With Hankou as a start, Allie went on to survey all of China's air routes. He inaugurated flights for tourists along the Yangtze Gorges.

In 1931, he originated service to Chongqing via the city of Wanh sien, and inaugurated service from Nanjing to Beijing. He opened service from Hankou to Yichang and Wanh sien. On May 26, 1933, he established air service between Chongqing and Chengdu in the Stinson Detrioter, a favorite of Moon's.

In December 1933, Allie and K. I. Nieh took a survey flight in a Stinson Detrioter over a proposed new air route of Hankou-Canton-Yunnan-Chengdu. Bad weather, forced an emergency landing, and they were detained in French Indo China for 16 days. After August 13, 1937 and the Japanese bombing termed Bloody Saturday, he flight tested bombers for the American Volunteer Group AVG (Flying Tigers), and worked with General Clare Lee Chennault. Allie became advisor to China's Commission on Aeronautical Affairs. My father flew for Chiang Kai-check before and during the Japanese invasion.

In 1947, my father returned to China as Operations Manager with both my mother and me. As quoted in my article for Air & Space, his efforts for CNAC extended into the late 1949s. Allie considered taking the planes to Mainland China. On October 20, 1949, CNAC members celebrated their 20<sup>th</sup> year. As quoted in my article for Air & Space Smithsonian, "Chinese were neither Communists nor Nationalists. They were potential passengers, and he wanted to give them an airline."

--Nancy Allison Wright, daughter



Available at Amazon

or

Contact:

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## CNAC ASSOCIATION ADVENTURES IN DIPLOMACY

In the beginning, the mission of CNAC Association was purely social. Get together the men who flew the Hump for CNAC, and bring the family, have some great meals, cocktails, golf, travel sometimes, trade stories and reminisce. In the past ten years, new ideas have crept into the conversations at the reunions. What do we do with memorabilia? How do we make sure the aviation museums, school curriculums, our government and the Chinese remember the story of CNAC, and get it right? How do we keep our group relevant and our reunions meaningful to second and third generation members, as well as interested others? This line of thinking led to the trip to China in 2010, as well as the one this past September. We were drawn to the China by an invitation to participate in a celebration of the opening of an exhibit dedicated to CNAC's history at the China Civil Aviation Museum in Beijing. Many of us brought pieces of the past, flight pins, a blood chit, papers, photos, which were gratefully received at the museum (a full report by Angie Chen can be found following this account).

In advance of our 2010 trip, Morgan Lew recommended getting letters from US government officials that our delegation could present when we met with Chinese leaders. These were so well received that we doubled down on this approach for the 2012 trip and came up with letters from US Congressman Rush Holt (D-NJ), US Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-CA), Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta, and US Ambassador to China, Gary Locke.



What we didn't foresee as a result of this effort was an invitation to the US Embassy in Beijing. It came just days before our departure for the reunion in San Francisco, requiring some adjustments to our already full schedule, but we would not have missed it for the world (we were told Ambassador Locke delayed a previously scheduled trip one day so that he could meet us).

Ambassador Locke speaking with our delegation

We arrived at the embassy the morning of September 11, passing through heavy security with flags at half mast, just after a ceremony held in commemoration of the attacks on New York and the Pentagon in 2001 (and hours *before* the attack on the embassy in Libya). We were escorted into Ambassador Locke's office, notably decorated with two of the most fragile of mementos that one could choose to personalize a workplace, never mind transport halfway around the world---a beautiful paper dragon kite suspended from the ceiling, possibly 20

feet long or more (a nod to Ambassador Locke's Chinese heritage), and an impressive glass bowl on a pedestal, immediately recognizable as a Dale Chihuly, an artist world renowned for his massive blown-glass installations, a meaningful display by the former governor and fellow native of Washington State.

Our second experience in citizen diplomacy was arranged by Liu Xiao Tong, author of *Flying the Hump*, who attended last year's reunion and told us of his heroic and painstaking efforts gathering stories of former CNAC employees in China. We were hosted at the Civil Aviation Flight University of China, where our pilots were able to tour the airstrip and their cadets were able to meet Moon and Pete and hear about their lives first hand. One of the cadets asked Moon, "Our parents think flying is bad for your health, but you have lived almost 100 years, what is your secret?"

The event, including lunch was co-sponsored by SIFA, the Sichuan Provincial People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, and we were warmly received by their president, Qin Lin and Director, Li Zuode, who hosted us for an elegant dinner the next night in Chengdu. In this



photo, Xiao Tong (far left) is speaking, Director Li is to his left and President Qin is fourth from the left, with flight school officials and CNAC Association members rounding out the panel. We were able to present one or two of the aforementioned letters from US government officials at this gathering. We would like to learn more about SIFA and develop ties with this and possibly other provincial friendship societies in China.

While in Chengdu, Carol Slade suggested that we contact the US consulate and see if we might have a meeting. We were thrilled to be able, on short notice, to meet with Consulate General Dr. Peter Haymond, and Vice Consul Dan O'Hara at our hotel the morning we were leaving for Shanghai. Both were well versed in World War II history and CNAC's role in particular. Consulate General Haymond spoke knowledgeably for several minutes, emphasizing the appreciation that the region has for the efforts of CNAC group during WWII. After his impressively extemporaneous remarks, he and Vice Consul O'Hara mingled with the group. At one point Vice Consul O'Hara, who mentioned that he has traveled the entire

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length of the Burma Road on foot or in a vehicle, could be seen deep in conversation with Moon, tracing the location of remote airfields on the palm of his hand. Moon was impressed. Needless to say it was yet another high point of our trip. In this photo, Consulate General Haymond is in the center, back row, and Vice Consul O'Hara, front row, second from the right (next to Carol Chinn).



Since we were on a roll, we decided to contact the US consulate in Shanghai, and succeeded in arranging a meeting with Kelley Lawson, Consulate Liaison, who told us that his great-uncle, Capt. Myles "Tim" Gahan, was a Hump pilot, and that he discovered that another consulate employee had a relative with Hump connections.



Shanghai Consular Liaison Kelley G. Lawson, center, with Moon and Pete

Will there be a next time? This trip was inspired by an event, celebrating the CNAC exhibition at the China Civil Aviation Museum, but as we learned there are opportunities to forge relationships in China that we are still just learning about. Perhaps we need to invite some of those we met to our next reunion. While a trip like this might be hard to do annually, more frequent contact with those we met in China could help us in building relationships with all involved.

*Moon*

## RECEPTION AT THE PENINSULA HOTEL, SHANGHAI

Near the end of an eventful trip, the CNAC Association China 2012 group traveled a short distance from their perfectly adequate hotel in Shanghai to the Peninsula Hotel for a special event in the Rosamonde Aviation Lounge. The first thing we saw was a full size replica of the Loening Air Yacht, a plane Moon Chin knows well. The walls were filled with history of CNAC and aviation in China, and its quite possible there has never been a group of people who appreciated it more than we did! It was fun to see Moon inspecting the Loening. The spectacular world map displayed in the dining room, showing time zones, and the pioneering international air routes that connected Shanghai to the world in 1936, as well as the emerging domestic routes fascinated us all. After remarks, a champagne toast, some delicious hors d'oeuvre and a birthday cake for Moon and Pete, we were treated to a visit to the rooftop helipad at sunset, overlooking the entire city of Shanghai. Renee Robertson has a longtime association with the Peninsula, having been the unofficial Empress of The Lobby in Hong Kong the 50's. She spent countless hours on the phone with the hotel staff making sure that we had a wonderful experience. Thank you, Renee!



*Renee Robertson* *Moon Chin*

To see a beautiful, atmospheric video account of our visit, go to this link:

<http://gregcrouch.com/2012/aviation-legends-in-shanghai>

## CAPTAIN DONALD K. HASSIG

*CNAC Captain Don Hassig passed away on July 4, 2012. His flying career included his tour as A/C Commander of the B-17 Liberty Belle during WWII, 3 years in China with CNAC through 1949, and 28 years with the Flying Tigers. A memorial was held in August at the Commemorative Air Force Museum in Camarillo, CA 93010. Should you wish to be in touch with the family, write to his son, David Hassig, who lives at 340 Brister Park Court, Camarillo, CA 93012.*

*About ten years ago, Don submitted this autobiography to Tom Moore for his page on the CNAC website--*

I was born February 15, 1919 on a farm a few miles from Cope, a town of about 200 people, in eastern Colorado. I was the third of what eventually became nine kids. When I was six years old I started school in a one-room country school, with one teacher for grades one through eight. After finishing the fourth grade there, we moved into Cope and I went to the big school. It was one building with five classrooms and a gym. Grades one through four were in one room with one teacher, grades five through eight were in another room with one teacher, and the high school had three rooms and two teachers. I graduated from Cope High School in 1936, in a class of ten, and joined the rest of the family in Grand Junction, Colorado, where they had moved to a few months prior.

I had several fun jobs over the next three years, including pumping gas in a filling station, working on a farm, shoveling gravel and digging ditches. The pay for most of these jobs was about \$1 per day. In September 1939 I enlisted in the Army Air Corps and was sent to March Field, California for boot camp, then was assigned to the 38th Reconnaissance Squadron. They sent me to the Radio Operators School at Chanute Field, Illinois. When I completed that, I re-joined the 38th at March Field. We had two or three B-18A's and five or six YB-17's. While there, I was the radio operator on a crew that ferried a new B-17D to Hickam Field, Hawaii. After about ten days in Hawaii, we returned to the west coast by ship.

In early 1941, the squadron was transferred to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Soon after that, the Air Corps announced a program for qualifying enlisted pilots and I applied ASAP. The only difference between the enlisted students and cadets was that cadets had to have two years of college. The enlisted pilots had to have a high school diploma and pass a written test. I qualified and was assigned to the third class. I had primary at Cuero, Texas, basic at Brady, Texas, and I graduated at Ellington Field, Texas, with the class of 42-E on May 20, 1942 with the rank of staff sergeant. About half of the class, including myself, was assigned to the Bombardier School at Midland, Texas, where we flew bombardier students on training flights, mostly in AT-11's. In December 1942 they cancelled the enlisted pilot program and we were all promoted to flight officer. I was then commissioned as second Lieutenant in September 1943. In November 1943 I

went to B-17 school at Columbus, Ohio, then to combat crew training in Avon Park, Florida, where they made me an instructor. After a few months, I was assigned to a crew. After training, we went to Savannah, Georgia, where they gave us a new B-17G and told us to take it to England. We made stops at Manchester, New Hampshire; Goose Bay, Labrador; and Keflavik, Iceland. We were assigned to the 390th Bomb Group, in East Anglia, about 100 miles north of London.

Between October 6, 1944 and March 11, 1945, we flew 35 combat missions over many German cities, including three to Berlin. On our 23rd mission, on February 14, 1945, an anti-aircraft shell exploded right beside the tail. It took off all of the vertical stabilizer and rudder and all of the right horizontal stabilizer and elevator. It also caused the landing gear to extend and it would not retract, the entire electrical system failed, and gasoline was leaking into the lower fuselage from the right wing area. It killed the radio operator and the waist gunner, and wounded the top turret gunner. About 1 and-a-half hours after being hit, we made it across the front lines and landed at a fighter base in Belgium, where we were able to hitch a ride back to England.

After completing our tour, we rode from Glasgow, Scotland, to New York City on the Queen Elizabeth. I then went to C-54 school at Homestead, Florida, and was assigned to Hamilton Field, California. After two transpacific trips to Japan, I was sent, in early 1946, to Shanghai, China, where I was the Air Freight Officer for a few months, then was assigned to the City Ticket Office in the Broadway Mansions Hotel in downtown Shanghai.

In September 1947, CNAC offered me a job, so I applied for a discharge from the Air Corps and went to work for CNAC. During the next two years I flew to many cities in China. It was a very interesting time.

On January 30, 1949, while on a trip from Shanghai to Tsingtao, my airplane, a DC-3, was hijacked by four passengers. One of them had his wife and baby along. They made all of the crew sit in the cabin, with an armed guard nearby, and one of their gang flew the airplane to Tsinan. After he almost smashed it up trying to land, the leader got my copilot, C.L. Hsu, to land it. I guess they would have lost too much face if I had been allowed to do it. Their motive was apparently just a ride to Tsinan, which had recently been taken by the communists.

Besides the crew and the hijackers, there were eight other passengers, including two Germans, one a priest and one a businessman, a Chinese Nationalist Navy Captain, an officer in the Bank of China in Tsingtao and his bride of one week, and three Chinese merchants. The local authorities questioned all of us at least once a day for three or four days. It seemed that they didn't really know what to do with us. The food was not very good, but it was the same as they ate. We were never mistreated physically, but we sat there for five weeks, wondering if we would ever be allowed to leave. We were staying in the Stein Hotel. I don't

think it rated very many stars, but we were assured that it was the best hotel in town. It may have been the only one.

After 35 days, we were put on a the train one evening with an "escort" of ten soldiers and one officer, and rode all night to Wei Hsin, where we spent a day and a night. The next day we rode in the back of a truck to some small village where we spent another night. The next morning they hired some bicycles for us, with a cooley to pedal while we sat, sideways, on the luggage rack over the rear wheel. The "escort" left us there. We did pretty good for a short time, but a head wind came up, and the coolies couldn't pedal, so we all walked to the next village. We tried to find a horse-drawn cart, or some other means of transportation, but all we could come up with was some coolies with wheelbarrows, so we hired them.

At the next village, it was the same thing. Finally, after three or four groups of wheelbarrows, we came to a Nationalist Army Post, and they let the Navy Captain use their phone. He called the Chinese Navy Base in Tsingtao, and they sent a truck for us. We finally arrived in Tsingtao about 10:30 p.m. It had taken us about three days and four hours to make 200 miles. The next day, the other crewmembers and I went to Shanghai on a CNAC flight. I took a few days off then went back to work. I stayed with CNAC until it folded in late 1949.

After coming back to the United States, I got my ATR, under the G.I. Bill, in Long Beach, California. I was hired by the Flying Tiger Line in January 1951, and stayed with them until I retired on my 60th birthday on February 15, 1979. During those 28 years, I flew the C-46, DC-4, DC-6, Connie, CL-44 and DC-8. At various times I was based at Denver, Colorado; Detroit, Michigan; Salt Lake City, Utah; Chicago, Illinois; Newark, New Jersey; Idlewild (now JFK), in New York; San Francisco, Burbank, and Los Angeles, California, with periods of a few weeks in Tokyo; Churchill; Manitoba, Canada (DEW Line), twice, and probably some others that I don't remember. My trips took me to a large part of the world, including four or five trips that went all the way around the world.

On April 5, 1957, I married Emily Hajduk, a stewardess for Flying Tigers. Our son, David, is now a 757/767 captain with American Airlines. His wife, Karen, is a flight attendant, also with American. Our daughter, Karyn, is a secretary, and her husband, Paul Naumo, is a truck driver. They have a son, Anthony, and daughter, Christine, who are both in high school.

After retirement, I bought a pickup truck and a fifth-wheel trailer and headed for Alaska. I spent ten of the first twelve summers of my retirement in Alaska, mostly on the Kenai Peninsula. Most years I would go up in mid-May and come back in early September. In 1982 I bought a 17-foot Boston Whaler boat, and in 1986 I upgraded to a 24-foot Bayliner with a closed-in cabin. I caught a lot of salmon and halibut, and enjoyed it all very much. I sold all of them in 1990, and we now have a small motor home and do a little traveling, but most of the time

we stay pretty close to home. Our daughter and her family live 10 miles from us and our son and his wife live about 40 miles away; we see all of them frequently.

I am now 83 years old, so I have had a relatively long life, and I expect it to last a few more years. Some of it has been boring, a small part terrifying, but most of it somewhere in between these two extremes, and all of it has been interesting, at least to me. I have had the good fortune to have been associated with many wonderful people, both in my professional life and my private life. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

*[editor's note: there are some fabulous photos that go with this story but which did not reproduce satisfactorily for publication in the Cannonball. It's a good reason to go to the website, CNAC.org to see what you missed here, as well as see what other information might catch your interest!]*

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<http://www.cnac.org>

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T.O.M.

## How to make friends in China (or anywhere)

Some people are really into business cards. Tom Moore, for example. In preparation for the trip to China, several of us had cards made identifying us as members of the CNAC Association. We had noticed two years ago that people we met would be ceremoniously handing us their cards while we were scrambling for scraps of paper on which to write out contact info. And what was not lost on Tom was that most of the people we met had a double-sided card, with Chinese on one side and English on the other. With Angie Chen's help, he created one like that for himself and had about a million printed up. He never missed an opportunity to give one out, even (especially?!) to complete strangers—and it led to a number of interesting conversations or at least, head nodding and smiles. And of course, he got about 500,000 back (impressive, except when you think about the total population of China), which he carefully began archiving in a 3 ring binder. He ran out of pages about halfway through the trip but certainly by now he has visited his local Staples store and all are carefully stowed. Tom thinks of things that would never occur to most mortals but one must admit it's a great way to keep a record of travel.

October 1982

By Paul and Lavon Laube

*(found among Bill Maher's papers; an interesting perspective from a China trip  
30 years ago)*

After living in China from 1944 to 1949 we never professed to "understand" China. So after less than three weeks in China recently, we certainly still do not profess to understand it. But we are glad to share a few impressions, perhaps all too superficial ones.

#### CHANGES

Notable were: the absence of dogs in the cities; no beggars anywhere; spitting pretty well confined to public spittoons, usually covered with a long handled lid; trash receptacles of attractive ceramic figures (dogs, frogs, dragons) usually used; steel beginning to replace bamboo for scaffolding; fewer flies; husky bicycle wheels in place of wooden wheels on wheelbarrows; electric irrigation pumps in place of squealing wooden pumps powered by legs; massive industrial air pollution to a large degree replacing the former "honey dump" stench (although that was noted from time to time); still more and more people; millions of bicycles instead of thousands; more western clothing; no apparent starvation; apparently somewhat improved rural housing; apparently generally healthy (and happy?) people; good public transportation (streetcars, curb liners, buses, water transport, and trains to shame America's railroad system but their air service cannot match ours).

#### UNCHANGED

Hand carts, wheelbarrows; bicycles, piled high with unbelievably immense loads; stoop labor; night soil fertilization (which remains the most efficient method of completing the nitrogen cycle known to man); rare tractors; a great people, basically bright, friendly, curious, with a fine sense of humor; The Good Earth.

#### HIGHLIGHTS

Nearly perfect weather; meeting old friends and hearing of their successes; making new friends and getting to know some of the impressive younger generation; the Shanghai Botanical Gardens where the director, Wang Dah Chun, gave us a personal tour at the end of which we discovered he had been a CNAC co-pilot; spectacular new banzai, gardens in Shanghai; the centuries old and like no other gardens elsewhere Soochow Gardens; silk making; the magnificent ancient buildings which prompted Arnold Toynbee to state, "Compared to Peking, the other great capitals of the world dwindle into insignificance"; T'ien An-Men Square; the total absence of anyone "shadowing" us as we wandered all over freely; Tsiangtao beer and brandy; a number of gourmet banquets; Kunming (fresh air, great scenery, lovely minority waitresses, clean restrooms, reunion with other groups, old stamping grounds for all CNAC and AVG personnel); Stone Forest and Don McBride's paleontology lecture; The Hump

flight (although much disappointment that we did not fly "The Real Hump"); Robbie's narration as we flew the lower hump was interesting and the dipping of the wings in salute to the fallen comrades had most of us choked up; Thai Air—for once lots of room in the plane; simply charming, concerned, efficient young Thai hostesses waiting on us; Captain Johannsen at the controls; and once again, more time for old and new friends.

#### LOW LIGHTS

Drab architecture, gray uninspired, of almost all buildings built since 1950 except for the great public buildings of T'ien An-Men Square and a few others; bureaucracy, which shackles foreigners and Chinese alike (try deviating from the pre-arranged tour as we did to get to Tsinan—never again); the ignorance of some guides even of their own territory and especially of the history of the past 30 years (our Peking guide harangued us at length on how the Chinese defeated the Japanese—not one word about the Americans and near total ignorance of who the AVG and CNAC were and what they did); public toilets—mostly filthy—but many American toilets aren't so great and one of the filthiest we have been in was in Rothenberg, Germany.

But the lowest of the low lights—CALCUTTA!

Would we do it over again? You bet, but Calcutta? Never.

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In August, CNAC Association president Peggy Maher and Charley Boyle took a trip to Ireland, where they had a chance to spend some time with Caroline Farrar, Reg Farrar's daughter. Caroline lives in a beautiful stone cottage in the western part of Ireland.

We hope Caroline will plan to join us next year at the CNAC reunion—although why would anyone want to leave this?



Peggy and Caroline had not seen each other in a number of years, so it was a wonderful reunion of two long time friends!

Sig  
Her



Touring Tiananmen Square and the Forbidden City in Beijing



A toast at Moon's during the reunion

*Moon's*

## **A letter from Bill Gilger--**

September 25, 2012

As I reflected on the recent reunion in San Francisco, nostalgia suddenly struck with the realization that so few of the CNAC pilots were still with us.

It is with considerable amazement that we see following generation folks exhibiting so much interest in CNAC history that they would spend time, effort and money to review the lives of a group that gathered together so very many years ago and so far away.

However, none of these wonderful younger generation people can fully appreciate the attitudes and actions of these guys. I can because I was there for a short while and sat alongside men for whom (as a 19 year old kid) I had great admiration and respect. These feelings have not changed in an 87 year old man.

I was a very young army buck corporal but in the 177 hours flight time with CNAC not once did I detect condescension, arrogance or authoritarianism to any degree. They each and every one treated me as an equal and with respect. And, as my father used to do with the automobile, most of them let me drive, even leaving the cockpit casually giving me altitude and heading. This was in addition to making me feel useful by handling the wheels and flaps.

The main reason for our being used was that we could communicate a little better with the Chinese kickers than could the pilots—and then on the trip back from Dinjan in Kunming in the evening if something happened we could dump the load.

The fact that these men were so cool and casual in not to be easily dismissed—in the 34 days I was with CNAC, 39 planes were lost over the Hump, losing 126 lives. Not one was a CNAC plane. There was a difference between the young inexperienced military pilots and the CNAC group. And yet, although with professional and serious actions, these men wore a casual and friendly attitude through it all.

Regards, Bill

### **A few words from Greg Crouch (author of *China's Wings*):**

For me, it was a huge buzz to feel how happy the CNAC family is with the book I spent so long researching and writing. It's a nice feeling to have finally produced it, instead of always having to say, "I'm writing a book about CNAC." I got as many as possible to sign MY copy, which now looks like a high school yearbook. I just got back from presenting about CNAC and *China's Wings* to the University of Michigan's War Studies Group, 12-15 history professors, all very knowledgeable about modern history.

I don't have any more events scheduled, and probably won't have any until CW releases as a paperback, which should happen sometime in February or March of 2013. With luck, we'll see a big boost of attention in confluence with that event. Take a look at the short talk I did here: <http://www.chinafile.com/chinas-wings>

(photo on address page: Susie and Frank Watson, with Susan Ip at the reunion)

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