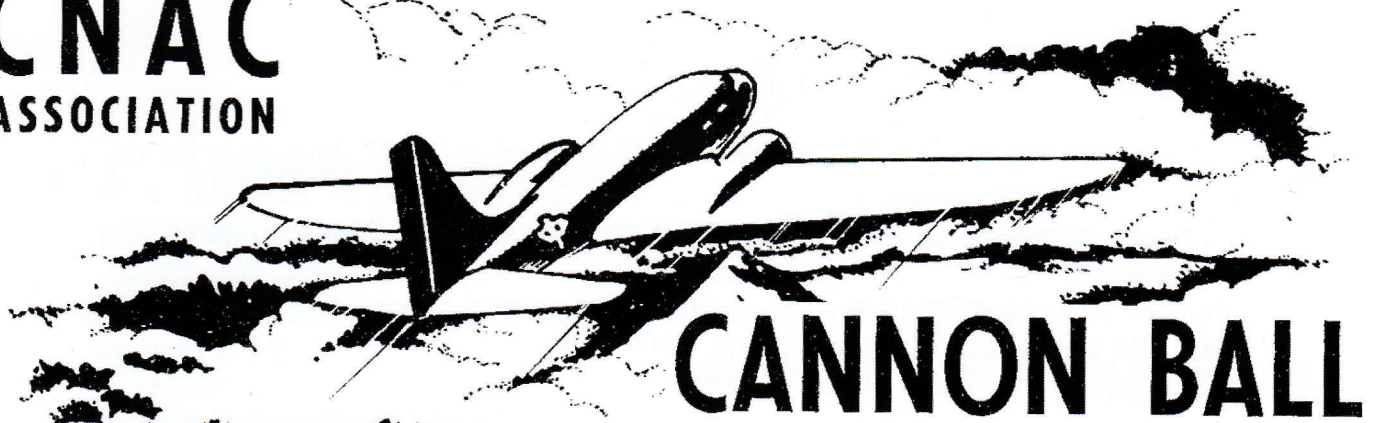


CNAC
ASSOCIATION



CANNON BALL

MARCH 2016

EC

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303 YEARS OF CNAC GLORY



Captains Moon Chin, Jack Young, and Peter Goutiere at the 2016 Reunion

REMEMBRANCE AND RECOGNITION

Last year, 2015, was the 70th anniversary of the end of WWII. Anniversaries can be a time for celebration and for taking stock, for reflecting on what has been and what is yet to be. Our September reunion, entitled "Remembrance and Recognition" was very much in this spirit. Our speakers included Bob Willett, who had just returned from China where he was able to get close to the 1942 crash site of his cousin Jimmy's plane, CNAC #60. Billy McDonald who is nearing completion of his book about his father, *The Ghost Tiger: Billy McDonald in China*, spoke emotionally at times about the intense and gratifying process of writing that story (excerpted in this issue). How Man Wong and Angie Chen each gave reports of CNAC related activities in China. Angie's translation of Greg Crouch's *China's Wings* has been published!

Hao Chen told us about his upcoming documentary film project *Return to the Hump*. He hopes to be flying from the US to India later this year. Some newcomers joined us, including Fay Chao, who had just discovered her grandfather's CNAC connection, and Gordon Burgess, a Pan Am buddy of Pete Goutiere. We were particularly fortunate to have Barb Evenson, a long time friend of President Peggy Maher join us for the first time. She inspired us to think deeply about the many heroes among us. She encouraged us to get stories published with some very practical tips. We discussed the reprinting of Volumes 1-3 of *Wings Over Asia* (available through Amazon.com). There are plans to add volumes over the next few years.

Eric Wakin and Lisa Nguyen made a dynamic presentation about the Hoover Institution where some of our members have already donated documents. We are making plans with them for a tour and public program on Thursday September 15 during our next reunion. Save that date!

Moon Chin treated us to a festive and delicious dinner at Tai Wu Restaurant and we celebrated Pete Goutiere's 101st birthday with a beautiful cake.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to this issue, including my mother, Joan Coulson, pictured here helping

me to get the Cannon Ball mailed out. She met my father, CNAC Captain Bert Coulson about 70 years ago, and as they say, the rest is history. *Eve Coulson*





CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION ASSOCIATION

Dear Friends and Members of CNAC Association,

Thank you for your support of the CNAC Association. The CNAC Association was formed as a club or association for former personnel of the China National Aviation Corporation, people who worked for CNAC in China and India from approximately 1935 through 1948.

The founding members wanted to encourage recognition of the part played by CNAC and its people during World War II. They wanted to unite the members in bonds of friendship, good fellowship, and to hold reunions. (*from CNAC Articles of Incorporation*)

Because of that unique time in history and the incredible adventure the pilots and crew shared, the bonds they formed in China lasted their lifetimes. Even today, the second and third generations of CNAC continue the mission. They too want to keep alive the memory of the pilots and crews of whom it is said, "Flying the Hump was the foremost and by far the most dangerous, difficult and historic achievement of the entire war."

Efforts to preserve and keep the stories of the pilots and crews for families in the local areas where they lived or worked, in local, national and Chinese museums or in schools and colleges, have been very successful. I am very proud of what has been achieved in gaining recognition for this small and little known group.

While the CNAC Association never has and never will collect materials or artifacts, we will present ways for you to preserve what you have to pass along to family, or provide information about places you can donate or loan materials. The museum of choice for the pilots and crews of CNAC Association is San Diego Air Museum. They have almost everything ever donated to them on display and had very close relationship with the pilots.

At the 2015 reunion, we had many inspiring speakers, and even had an informal theatrical performance. We watched films. We discussed new technology for publishing, and talked about the goals that CNAC might take on. We heard the Hoover Institute discuss its collection and funding, and learned about a recent trip to China. We also heard about some exciting new projects started, including films and books.

The original *Wings Over Asia, a Brief History of CNAC*, volumes 1-5, are being republished, and Billy McDonald III has committed to publishing *Wings Over Asia* volumes 6 and 7 over the next couple of years. These will all be permanently available on Amazon, and will be available at the reunions as they are finished. Several members have been inspired and have books in the works - please let us know how these are progressing.

At the 2016 reunion, Barb Evenson and others will be available and can help you with organizing and creating a book for your family or for sale. We also plan to travel to the Hoover Institute on Thursday September 15 as special guests. We'll have guest speakers and a few surprises. Please mark your calendar and start making plans to attend the 2016 CNAC reunion to be held at Embassy Suites Burlingame, Wednesday, September 14 through Sunday, September 18. Visit www.cnacassociation.com to see updates and details coming soon regarding the 2016 reunion or call me Peggy Maher [830. 896.5030](tel:830.896.5030) (H) or [830.370.4633](tel:830.370.4633) (C).

Looking forward to seeing you soon! Peggy Maher CNAC Association, President



PAN AM HISTORICAL FOUNDATION ENJOYS SFO MUSEUM CNAC EXHIBITION

Craig Chinn reports: I attended the Pan Am Historical Foundation Annual Meeting last April and met Doug and their President, Pete Runnette. John Hill (Assistant Director, Aviation) purposely delayed the closing of the SFO Museum's CNAC exhibition so that the annual meeting could be held in their lobby and the Pan Am membership could view the CNAC exhibit. President Runnette later sent the following statement, which was read at our reunion:

To the folks of the CNAC Association:

The Pan Am Historical Foundation is committed to preserving the legacy of a grand and unique contribution to aviation history, of which a particularly courageous and exemplary part was CNAC.

It's in that spirit that we wanted to share our appreciation for what your Association has done and continues to do. The work of the CNAC Association preserves the memory of the heroism and sacrifice of those who pioneered some of aviation's most challenging flying, defended freedom in an hour of extreme peril, and gave hope to thousands if not millions when there was no one else ready or able to give China wings. We think you should be applauded for that work.

One of the things our Foundation can do to support your work is to document and preserve some of the memories of those who lived the experiences we'd all like to save for posterity. We thank you for giving us that opportunity during your gathering and want you to know that the results of the work will be available to benefit both our organizations.

I wish I could be with you in person, but for the moment, please accept our hearty congratulations, and of course, a very Happy 101st Birthday to Peter Goutiere!

Sincerely,
Pete Runnette
President, Pan Am Historical Foundation

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CNAC

This is reprinted from the CNAC Association Reunion 2015 agenda.

After the fall of Burma, the only supply route to free China was by air over the Himalayas. The US military, and almost everyone else, said that this could not be done. "The Hump" became China's lifeline during its darkest hour.

The China National Aviation Corporation ferried much needed supplies between India and China under the most adverse flying conditions in the world. The weather was bad with large thunderheads, the mountains were the highest, and the updrafts and downdrafts were the highest of anywhere in the world. In these conditions the pilots were transporting high octane fuel, tungsten, gold, and soldiers, and dropping rice to the starving Chinese. To make things even more difficult, the Japanese were shooting at them.

The route was 500 miles long, stretching from India to Kunming, China. It is called the Aluminum Trail because about 88 aircraft went down along the route, a reminder of how dangerous it was.

The CNAC family keeps its collective memory alive through reunions and the activities of the multi-generational CNAC Association formed in 1954 by WWII Hump pilots to maintain their friendships and memories. CNAC's story, once shrouded within the military record of WWII due to its civilian status, continues to emerge.

The sacrifice and heroism of its men and women and their extraordinary accomplishments are receiving greater acknowledgement. In recognizing their service to Allied efforts in World War II, the United States granted veteran status to CNAC aircrew members in 1993. The same year, a Hump Flying Monument was dedicated in Kunming, China. In 1995, a number of CNAC pilots were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal by order of the President of the United States. Ongoing research and publications continue to illuminate the historic achievements of the China National Aviation Corporation as its legend continues to inspire. SFO Museum



(photo above, Captain Starr Thompson, exalted creator of reunion nametags on left, with filmmaker Hao Chen)

"Flying the Hump was the foremost and by far the most dangerous, difficult and historic achievement of the entire war." Albert Wedemeyer, Commanding General, American forces in China

"Our country could never put into words our grateful appreciation of CNAC. They provided the glimmer of hope in our darkest hour." Madame Chiang Kai-shek

"Without CNAC planes supplying the Flying Tigers in the early days of the war...China most assuredly would have fallen to the enemy." Captain Dick Rossi, AVG Flying Tiger/CNAC

"No introduction or explanation of what lay ahead could have prepared me for what was to come. I left China knowing that a bunch of great young men would not return with me. Their bodies were swallowed by the Himalayas, their lives ended so prematurely." Captain William J. Maher

"The hardest part for me was when I heard a plane was missing. You could only hope and pray and wait." CNAC Captain

"The crews pushed their aircraft far beyond what anyone thought possible, we knew that each load of supplies would slow the Japanese advance." CNAC physician Reginald Farrar, first editor of the CNAC Cannon Ball



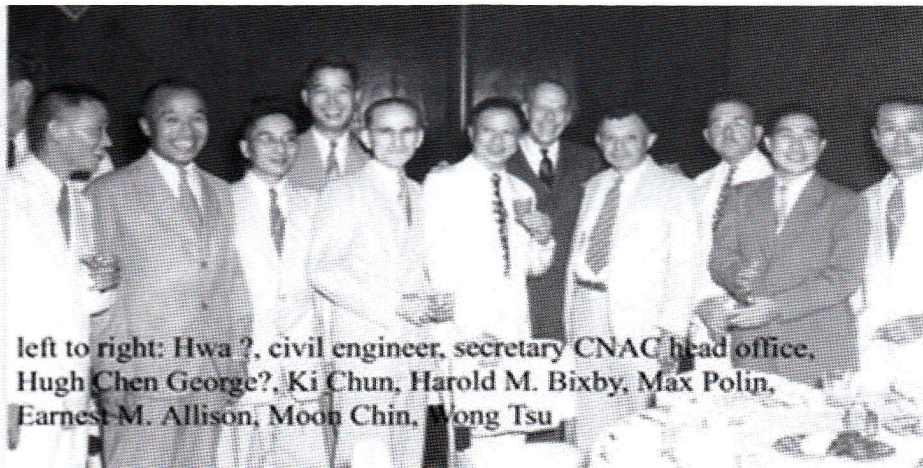
CNAC Reunion breakfast in the Embassy Suites atrium---(left to right) Xavier Lee, How Man, Pete Goutiere, Greg Crouch, Susan Ip and Susan Ennis.

Last September, just days before the start of the reunion, CNAC President Peggy Maher received an email from Fay Chao who had discovered a mention of her grandfather on the CNAC website. She wrote, "I had no idea that he was part of CNAC. He lived with us when I was young and I remember that his English was excellent which was rare for a Chinese his age. He was well educated and a real gentleman. Thank you for putting together some history so that we do not forget what happened." Less than a week later she (center, above, talking with Angie Chen) and her daughter, Jessica Li (far left) flew from eastern Canada to join us for a day at the reunion!



Dear CNAC Friends:

I've been back a week. I'm really thankful for the 1 day I was able to spend with you in San Francisco. I learned a lot about the significance of CNAC. I had heard about the Flying Tigers but knew nothing really about CNAC. I came to appreciate the significance of everything that happened as a result of so many things working together. I really appreciate what you all are doing.



left to right: Hwa ?, civil engineer, secretary CNAC head office,
Hugh Chen George?, Ki Chun, Harold M. Bixby, Max Polin,
Earnest M. Allison, Moon Chin, Wong Tsu

In this picture my grandfather is the first person on the left. It indicates that the second person from the right is Moon Chin. I wonder if this picture might jog someone's memory about my grandfather Yeh Ting-Yuan. He was not a pilot but was working for the Chinese Aviation Bureau until CNAC was formed. He was with CNAC from 1929-1949 and was head of HR.

I hope more people will become aware of the history of that time and appreciate the contribution of the men and women who risked their lives to save China! Fay
Fay Chao

THE POWER OF YOUR STORIES AND DECADES OF STRONG BONDS

A newcomer's view

By Barb Evenson

I've been thinking about the CNAC reunion for a few months now. The following thoughts come most frequently.

First, it stood out for me that many people have devoted a great deal of time to various aspects of the organization. As an outsider, it was impressive to see how many people are devoted to sharing CNAC's story, whether it is in print, online, in video or in person.

Facilitating the contributions of individuals is an important part of maintaining a vibrant and healthy organization. It is also important for any organization to build ways to include newer people in organizational work and to develop strong leadership. Ultimately, it is the path to sustainability, which is another way of saying that the organization's mission will continue.

Thinking about succession before it is required is best. People who do as much work as some of your people are doing will not be easy to replace, and may not be replaceable on short notice. Yet circumstances sometimes change suddenly. Bringing in new people helps lighten the load in the present, and creates more stability for the organization and its mission in the long run.

A few examples of hard-to-replace-quickly people that stood out to me - Tom Moore (website), Peggy Maher (fundraising), Eve Coulson (Cannon Ball), Angie Chin (advocate in China), Valerie Parish Kendrick (membership), and Craig Chinn (technology). Other people make great contributions as well, and making sure the work can continue is important to everyone.

Questions to ponder as an organization might be *Who will be the next person(s) to do that work? How will you give them the knowledge to do the job? Is anything written down? How nice would it be to have some help? When will you start to pass along what you know?*

Second, I heard so many good ideas, some personal projects and some small work groups. But without support and follow-up, it is easy to let these things go by the way. People are busy with their regular lives, and choosing this or that day to digitize video, or sort photos, or look through papers, or write that article, or make an appointment with that museum, or call the interesting person you met at the reunion - sometimes it makes a difference to know someone is eagerly waiting for the results.

In general, organizations do this through working committees and informal project groups. I think those might be a bit formal for smaller CNAC projects, but a little structure might help people get stuff done and feel good about progress.

Project partners can make a difference; people interested in a project might call or email regularly to ask how it is coming along. Maybe you might call someone to see if they need a little help, or thank them for the work they are already doing.

Like most all-volunteer organizations, CNAC has more work to be done than hands to do it, and some of that work is urgent. Jump in anywhere. Contact the president, Peggy Maher, if you aren't sure who else to contact.

Finally, I was amazed at the deep relationships that people have with one another. People found one another to share information freely and support one another's interests. People were positive and supportive, and seemed to genuinely like one another. Whatever differences of opinion you all might have on details, you are 99% in agreement.

It seemed to me that the bonds of the original CNAC members were so strong that they brought together second and even third generations. Honestly, this spirit was just beautiful to watch.

I look forward to seeing what you are able to accomplish together.

THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE US OUT THERE

Jerry Yellin, an Army Air Corps veteran who flew combat missions in the Pacific during WWII, and a youngster at the age of 92 compared to CNAC pilots, has a compelling story. Here is the introduction to his blog, to be found on his website, captainjerryellin.com.

"I will be writing about the interesting people, events, books I have read that influenced me, experiences I have had that changed the course of my life, the war, the marriage of my youngest son to the daughter of my hated enemy, the Japanese, trips I have taken as well as commentary about our country and our place in the world in the coming months. As my life unfolded my experiences became more profound, more interesting and much more demanding of my internal inspection. My dear wife, Helene, whom I married when she was 19 in 1949, passed away on June 23, 2015. She was the mother of our four sons, David, Steven, Michael and Robert. They all have been my teachers, as was Helene. Now my grandchildren, Paul, Hannah, Rebecca who live in America, and Kentaro, Simon and Sara, who live in Japan, are playing their role and influencing my life too.



You can reach me at captainjerryellin.com. I do not charge anyone anything for appearing or speaking at events around the world. I cannot, however, pay for my travel or expenses when traveling. I hope we can connect and help bring all of us together as people who are flying together on our Planet, EARTH."

ELEPHANTS HELP ALLIES FLY THE HUMP IN W.W.II

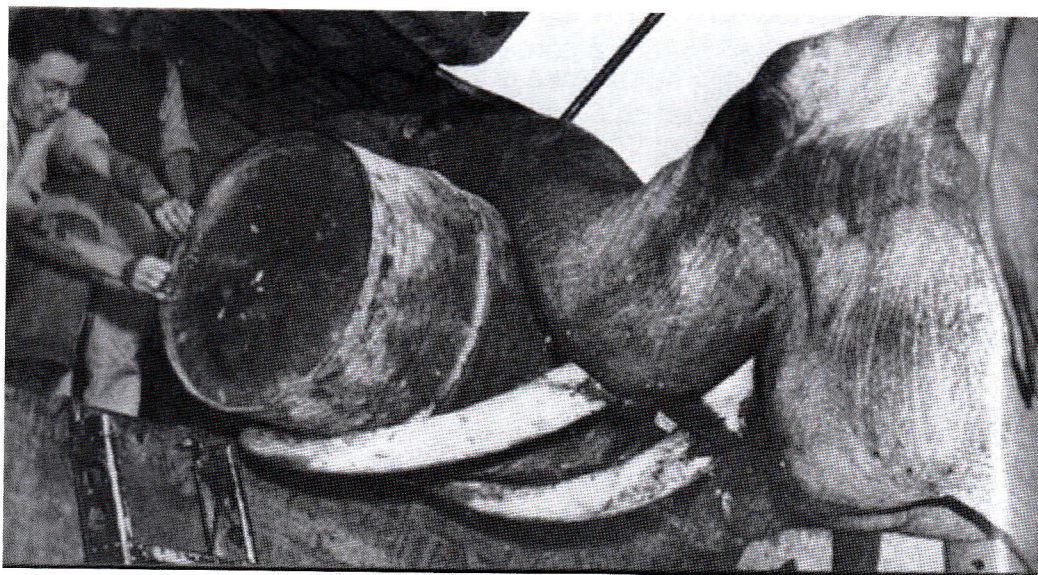
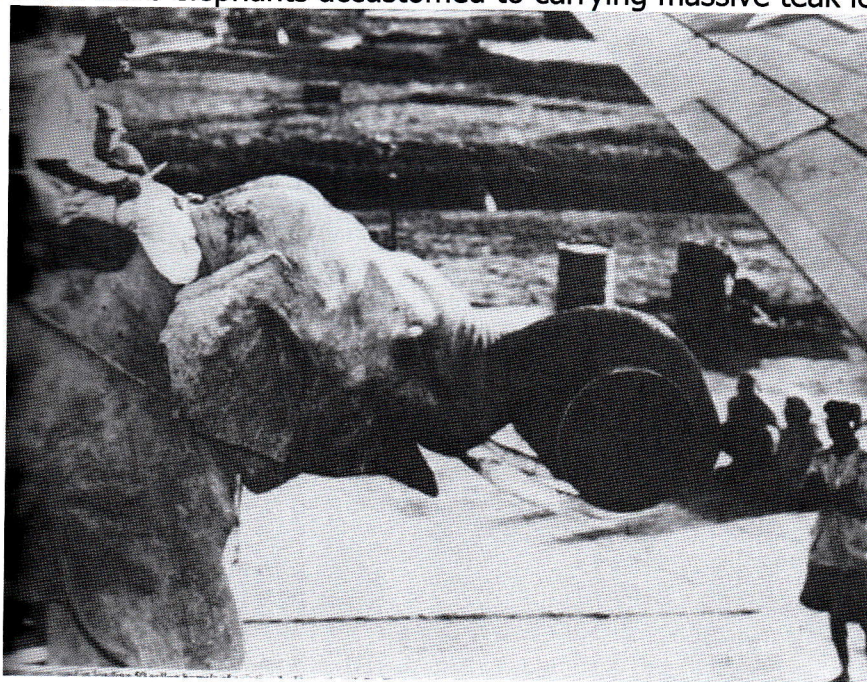
Last spring, in her inimitable way, President Peggy made another unexpected CNAC connection, Ed Story, who is a founder of The Elephant Story, an organization dedicated to elephant conservation. Ed's account below appeared on their blog May 21, 2015 (the-elephant-story.com/blog). Check out the website, which also features beautiful and unusual items for sale through their store in Comfort, Texas. The photos are courtesy of Giff and Chris Bull. Giff is the fellow on the far left in the photo of the elephant giving CNAC pilots a lift near the end of this story.

I recognize that is a strange headline for something that happened over 70 years ago. Nonetheless, the important role of elephants in this very vital military operation just recently came to light for those of us deeply involved in elephant minutiae. However, first we need some background for the younger folk as to what "flying the hump" was all about.

Flying the hump was the name chosen by allied pilots flying supplies over the Himalaya Mountains from India to China during the Second World War. The Air Transport Command of the US Air Force and China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) flew over 700,000 tons of supplies to Kunming, China from 1942 to the end of the war. In fact, the first mission was to resupply Doolittle's Raiders in April, 1942. Captain Moon Chin who flew Doolittle from China to Burma after the raid lives in Hillsborough, CA. Doolittle's co-pilot lives in Comfort, Texas, where the Elephant Story Store is located.



An important component of the materials and supplies flown was fuel in 55 gallon drums. As such drums can weigh over 300 pounds, a convenient forklift was needed, though no such device existed in India at that time. On the other hand, there were elephants accustomed to carrying massive teak logs.



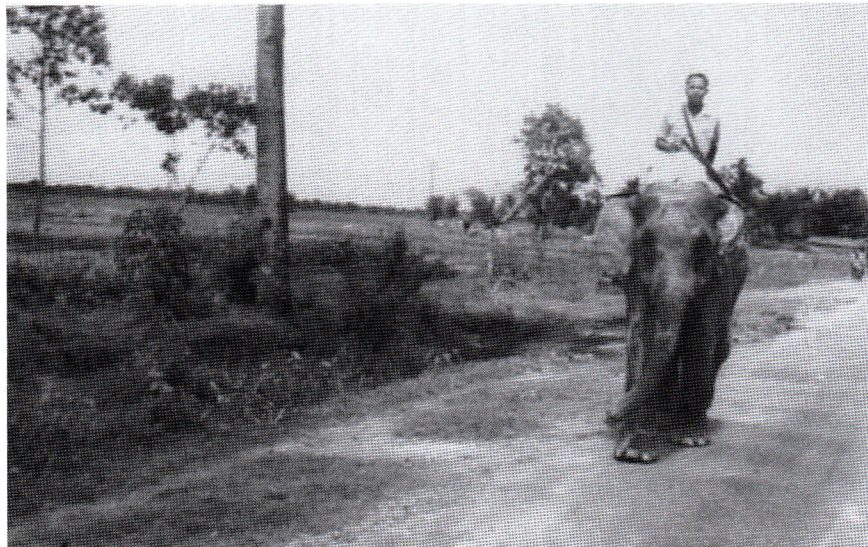
Apart from carrying the drum, it had to be lifted into the aircraft.

In another instance, an elephant was able to provide transportation to the crew of a CNAC plane that crashed in a rice paddy on take off. Indian paddy may grow the best Basmati rice around but they are filled with loads of fungus that are hazardous to one's feet.



Flying the hump was a dangerous business given the high altitude and difficult weather conditions. One of the peaks they flew over translated into English as "Elephant Head Gouge Mountain" as when elephants used a game trail on one side of the mountain, they had to turn a corner that was so steep that their tusks scrapped groves in the mountain.

We all owe a special thanks to the brave flight crews with us today and a place in our memory for the over thirteen hundred air crewman who perished. Also, a word for the elephants giving them a helping trunk along the way would be appropriate.



BILLY McDONALD AND ASSOCIATES ARE GOING TO CHINA!

Billy "Mac" McDonald Jr. joined CNAC in 1940 and was Chief Pilot there from 1943 to 1947. Prior to that, he worked as an American advisor to the Chinese Air Force from 1937 to 1940, and was Chief Instructor at several Advanced Schools, the last in Kunming. In addition, he flew Claire Chennault's famous Hawk 75, reportedly flying both observation and combat missions, during the Sino-Japanese War. Before going to China, McDonald was one of only four members of Chennault's aerial acrobatic group, known as the Men on the Flying Trapeze.

China has several museums with exhibits where McDonald, among others, is remembered for his help in defending China against Japanese aggression during the Second Sino-Japanese War from 1937 to Japan's surrender in 1945.

His son, Billy McDonald III, has been invited to visit several prominent museums this June to present reproductions of his father's Command Wings and copies of his upcoming book, *The Ghost Tiger: Billy McDonald in China*.

Hosting events will be the Nanjing Aviators Association and Nanjing Anti-Japanese Aviation Martyrs Memorial Hall (Nanjing), located near Purple Mountain, the China Civil Aviation Museum (Datangshan Mountain near Beijing), one of the world's largest aviation museums; and the Kunming City Museum (Kunming), which houses the Flying Tiger Museum on its second floor.

He will also give a public lecture at the museum at the former Yunnan Military Academy (YMA), whose graduates fought under Sun Yat-sen to overturn the Qing Dynasty, and defended China against Japanese invasion.

Angie Chen, CNAC's great friend in China, is organizing this tour and will also accompany the group as guide and interpreter. McDonald will be accompanied by his wife Nancy, daughter Maggie and friend Dr. Ed Boyd.

Dr. Boyd is traveling with them to gift his father-in-law's Flying Tiger memorabilia to these same museums. Dr. Boyd's wife, Shirley, is the daughter of Flying Tiger Lieutenant Colonel Jasper J. Harrington.

McDonald hopes that this visit will add to the friendship between the CNAC organization and the museums in China where CNAC's pilots and legacy are honored.

The following pages are excerpts from *The Ghost Tiger: Billy McDonald in China*

Origins of the Men on the Flying Trapeze

Army demonstration team

Colonel John Curry, Commanding Officer of Maxwell and the Army Air Corps Tactical School (ACTS), had gone to Auburn for the dedication of their airport on April 4, 1932. The Navy's formation team put on a spectacular show. In contrast, six Army planes from Maxwell flew over in competent but unimpressive formation. Colonel Curry authorized Captain Claire Lee Chennault to organize and train a three-pilot demonstration Army team that would compete with the Navy.

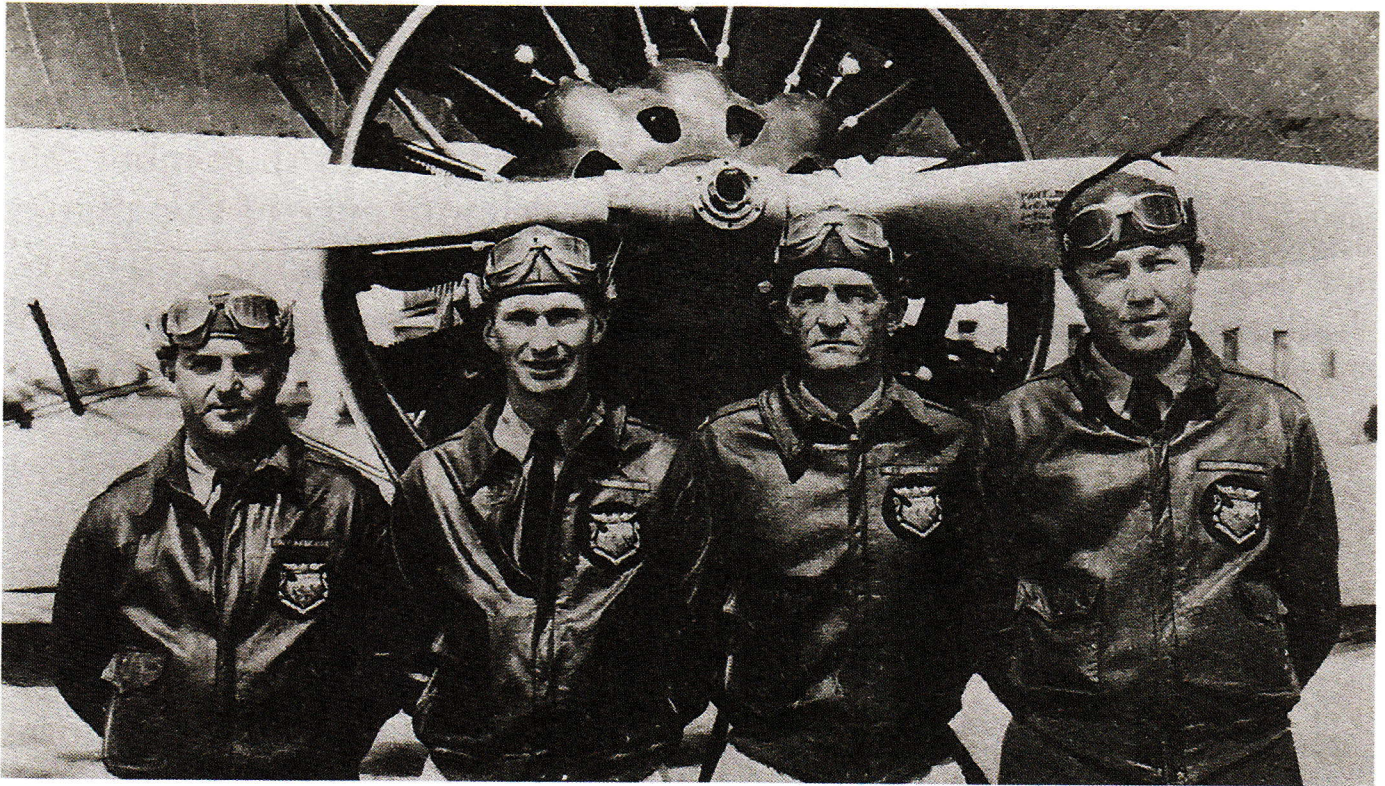
Claire Lee Chennault was originally from Louisiana, and had graduated from Louisiana State University and its Normal School, becoming a high school teacher. A good teacher no matter the subject, he was also a student of fighter pilots and warfare, and had been flying since World War I. In 1922, he graduated from pursuit pilot training and was Chief

of the Pursuit Section at the ACTS in the 1930s. He was also a great pilot.

Chennault decided on a simple but tough test to determine if a pilot was good enough to be a wingman. To make the team, a pilot had to stay with Chennault's plane during 30 minutes of aggressive acrobatic flying. Many tried, but only two men made the cut. Chennault selected Sergeant Luke Williamson as his number one wingman and Lieutenant Hayward S. Hansell as his number two. Mac joined several months later as the alternate.

The team served as a lab for testing maneuvers and tactics which would become part of the training program for the Chinese Air Force, and the famed Flying Tigers. It was also a way to educate Chennault's fellow officers on the importance of pursuit planes. The military had switched its focus to bombers, and Chennault's pursuit planes were not popular among the officers at ACTS or elsewhere. Chennault did not believe the standard military book adequately prepared pilots for the new realities of air warfare, another belief which did not endear him to his fellow military officers.





The original 4-man team, the "Men on the Flying Trapeze"

William C. "Billy" McDonald, alternate, Haywood S. "Possum" Hansell, left wing man; Claire Lee Chennault and John H. "Luke" Williamson, right wing man. At Maxwell Field ca 1933-1934.



TOO UNFAIR FOR WORDS

*A recounting of the CNAC inaugural passenger flight from Shanghai to Canton that crashed,
November 24, 1933* **By Ben Barrett**

When my grandfather, Harold M. Bixby, went to China in February 1933 at the behest of Juan Trippe, President of Pan American Airways, his mission was two-fold:

- 1) To represent Pan American Airways' ownership of the minority interest in the China National Aviation Corporation, the acquisition of which interest was then under negotiation,
- 2) And to do "missionary work" in the furtherance of Pan American's ambitious and seemingly visionary project of flying the Pacific.

He arrived in Shanghai on February 13, 1933, just as CNAC was beginning to transition ownership from Clement Keys and the Curtiss Wright ownership to Pan American Airways. Bixby clarifies in *Topside Rickshaw* the date of transfer being on March 31, 1933 rather than April 1, 1933, "for obvious reasons".

Bixby spent his first few months there getting established, and learning the ropes. According to his log book, his first flight in China was on May 20, 1933, in a Stinson J-6 with Ernie Allison as pilot, and Jimmy Doolittle. From that date forward, his flights were sporadic, but numbered about 36 for 1933. Many of these flights were survey flights to establish potential for commercial passenger and air mail routes. One such trip took Bixby and the other four members six days in July. They headed south from Shanghai to Canton and back, with stops on the way down in Foochow, Swatow, Hong Kong and then to Canton. The direct return trip from Canton to Shanghai took 8 hours and 43 minutes. The Sikorsky S-38 (either NC-16V or NC-17V) equipped with twin Wasp engines allowed the CNAC management to partake in the survey. The readers may recognize the roster: William Langhorne Bond, William Grooch, P.Y. Wong, Robert Gast and Harold Bixby. Bixby took many survey trips including those to Manila and Zamboanga.

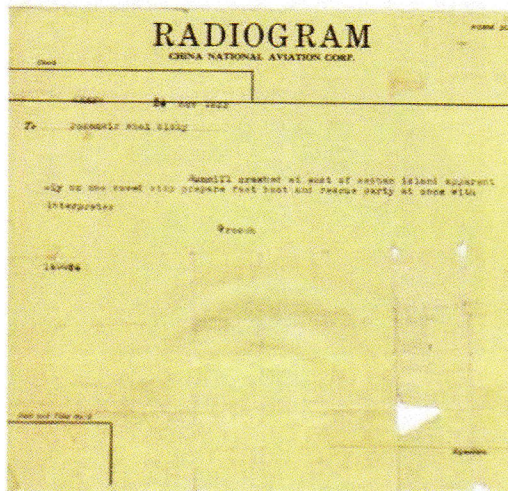
The first airmail from Shanghai to Canton was in October, 1933. Multiple successful airmail flights to and from Shanghai and Canton occurred without incident, for a month. The next logical step was for passenger service. So November 24, 1933 was set as the date, and fog had set in on Shanghai as it so often does in November. All seven passenger tickets were sold. Among the 7 passengers in the Sikorsky S-38 (NC-16V) were Lady Carlisle, niece of Sir Miles Lampson (British Minister to China) and Lincoln Reynolds (American vice Consul to Foochow).

George Rummill was the pilot and William Ehmer was co-pilot. Punctuality and reliability were of utmost importance to the airline. So they tried once to take off at 6:15 AM, and it became evident that it was too foggy, so they returned to the aerodrome. They were all disappointed and frustrated that this inaugural passenger flight was delayed. This was a major blow, and remember, this was way before radar. "Go" or "no go" was a judgment call, every time. And the pressure was on to "go", but only if safe. Operations Manager Bill Grooch had left after their first departure at 6:15. Upon returning to the aerodrome, Rummill and Ehmer asked William Langhorne Bond whether or not they should try again. Discussion ensued, and Bond left it to the pilots

to ultimately make the final call. So after delays, the pilots decided to go, agreeing to report in every half hour by radio. And it was after 35 minutes that Bond realized that something had gone wrong. So he phoned Grooch, who immediately requisitioned another S-38 and he and Hugh Woods took off on a search party. Bond and Ernie Allison joined them in a Loening. By the time the search parties found the wreckage, the injured had all been transported to the hospital.

Grooch sent the telegram to Bixby saying: "*Rummill crashed at east of seshan island apparently no one saved stop prepare fast boat and rescue party at once with interpreter. Grooch*"

So Grooch sends a telegram indicating that "apparently no one saved..." therefore Bixby is assuming everyone is has been killed, when in fact, NOBODY died. Injuries, yes. But nobody perished. While it's unclear when Grooch sent the telegram, it's safe to say that he did before he and Woods left in the other S-38, so it had to have been a few hours of pure Hell that Bixby went through, waiting to be corrected as to what really did happen. I cannot even imagine the anguish he must have been going through. This is not meant to take anything away from the victims!



**Countess Injured
in Airplane Crash
on Chusan Island**

SHANGHAI, Nov. 24. (AP)—Countess Carlisle, niece of Sir Miles Lampson, British minister to China, was reported seriously injured in an airplane crash on Chusan Island, north-east of Ningpo today. No one was killed.

Lincoln Reynolds, Viola, Calif., American vice consul to Foochow, was said, in the independent advices reaching here, to have been slightly injured. All occupants of the plane were reported to have been hurt.

The plane, owned by Pacific American Airways, a Chinese concern owned jointly by the Chinese government and Pan-American Airways, was reported carrying seven passengers and two pilots, one of whom was understood to be George Rummill, an American.

The plane was said to have crashed against a mountain on Chusan Island during a heavy fog.

An airplane load of doctors was dispatched from Shanghai to attend the injured who were to be carried by boat to Chapu on the north shore of Hangchow bay from where they were to be brought by automobile to a Shanghai hospital.

Bixby wrote his wife a letter on Sunday, November 26, and said: "*Debs, it was all so awful seeing the passengers off at 6 A.M. and then the worry- the news at 2 PM that all nine were dead and the hours of worry afterward. It's all a terrible night mare now which I want to forget if I can. The whole thing was just rotten luck and no one is to blame. I've so told N.Y., the pilot and Grooch but on the first trip with passengers it just seems too unfair for words.*"

So while this was a setback for CNAC, the good news was that nobody perished. Bones healed, and the airline carried on. Grooch wrote a lengthy letter to Andre Priester, Chief Engineer for Pan American, how Rummill should be reinstated. But apparently, Rummill returned to the United States and was reassigned to another division of Pan Am.

This story is but one of a million incredible stories that took place in the history of CNAC, and it's my intention to merely share one of them. Many more details can be learned in Bond's book "Wings for an Embattled China". I encourage others with fun, anecdotal, historical or other stories to please share them. We owe it to those who were responsible for such an incredible story. It needs to be told!

NOT TO BE MISSED
Charles and Anne Lindbergh Exhibit
Morven Museum and Garden, Princeton NJ
by Ben Barrett



On November 21, 2015, A. Scott Berg, author of Pulitzer Prize winning "Lindbergh" spoke to a sold out audience at the McCarter Theater in Princeton, NJ. Now bear in mind that he wrote the book 16 years ago, and he STILL sold out the venue. Mr. Berg gave a wonderful, dynamic lecture about how his book

came to fruition, and how he gained access to the 1500 or so boxes of files give to the Yale Library by Charles Lindbergh by writing Anne multiple times. Anne finally wrote Berg back, on blue "air mail" stationery, and stressed to Mr. Berg how he needs to covet that letter, granting him permission to access the files, as he was the first and only person granted access.

Charles and Anne Lindbergh continue to this day to be celebrities. And if you are one of those who are still interested in either of them, I cannot stress enough how fabulous the current exhibit is at the Morven Museum and Gardens (www.morven.org). The professionalism and attention to detail is exceptional. The graphics are phenomenal. The history comes alive through videos and artifacts on loan. There are entire walls that are covered with photographs that have been enlarged to fit, custom, to the space. When an entire wall was dedicated to one enlarged photograph, they went as far as to cut out the photo and fit it over the thermostat so it appears seamless. The photos are cut to fit around the handrail/wainscot going up the stairs. They clearly went above and beyond for this exhibit.

The entire upstairs of the main house of the property is dedicated to Charles, Anne and the lives they lived. I would suggest allowing at least an hour, and more like 2 hours for just the Lindbergh portion. There are artifacts including the medal given to him by Hermann Goering which spent the bulk of its time in a drawer, out of sight at the Missouri Historical Museum. But here, you can see it up close. Other collectables on loan can be viewed as well. The exhibit runs through October 23, 2016.

I would absolutely put it in the "not to be missed" category if you find yourself within striking distance of Princeton, NJ. You will not be disappointed. I hope to get back in the summer to witness the gardens in their full glory too. And the house tour on the first floor regarding the Stockton family and their history in the United States and specifically New Jersey makes for a lovely, educational day.

WHAT THE HELL?

(Written July 15, 1944 by Captain Bert Coulson—a glimpse of life off duty in Calcutta)

If there is a subject upon which I had rather rant and rave than all others, it must be a very intolerant discussion of the slavishness of your pukka proper Englishman to stupidity, fusty tradition and downright inability to look any situation squarely in the physiognomy. Similar in all respects is he to his attitude in the military sphere...his strategic retreat is reminiscent of nothing so much as the last of a line of inbred bulldogs who has lost his grip and stubbornness at the same time: on being challenged by a cocky terrier, he wheels about from an easy victory with only one purpose in mind...to better be able to contemplate the scene over a soft shoulder and flaccid behind while in full retreat.

But in saying Englishman, I am making an important distinction: Britishers who are not English are not so often befuddled with a strictly national shortcoming. Britishers from Wales, Ireland, Scotland, or the Dominions are not so encumbered; they, praise be Allah, are unEnglish.

In this respect I shall never forget an encounter I had with a Britisher in a Calcutta lift. I, in high good spirits over some lascivious joke I had made, strode into the elevator, yelled "Good morning!" at the other occupant, and promptly fainted upon being greeted cheerily. When I had recovered, I, to my amazement, heard the man singing with an entirely unEnglish lack of inhibition, and wondered, "What the hell?" Upon informing him that by no stretch of the grace of Satan could he be an Englishman, he very abruptly agreed in a Dublin accent thick as the wing of a Spitfire. We like to be confirmed in our prejudices, and I was.

On another occasion I was riding merrily along Chowringee...the name which serves for the main street of the second city of the Empire...when I spied a lovely creature of the other sexual persuasion whom I felt might profit from my ministrations. Accordingly, I yelled "Goar Mah" at my Jehu, he wheeled the old wreck of a Chevrolet with accustomed Sikh violence, and we came alongside the object of my asinine aberrations. I told the driver to follow us at a leisurely pace and walked into step with the fair one. What follows is the resulting rout:

"Dear lady, the very sight of you has enlivened my morning to the extent of stripping my gears were I a high speed aviation engine. Since that I am not, I still should like to register my appreciation by offering you the noisy hospitality of my taxi."

No response...the lady marched stiffly ahead at the military rate of 120 steps per minute, chin in, chest out, and all flanks stiffening as for assault, that lovely face solidified into a gargoyle.

"But how does it come that you are unwilling to exchange pleasantries with me...your visage indicates you are not too shy for conversation, and your ears

appear to be in such trim as to hear my intelligent utterances. I venture to assert it has been some weeks since you have heard intelligent conversation such as I can offer, to say nothing of a ride in my car. From the gate we are taxing our respective metabolisms or metabolae with, you must needs be rushing to the burning Ghats for your worst enemy's funeral...let me assist you there, and only incidentally bemuse my emotions with imagined caresses from your pale hands."

A quick glance sideways at me from an immobile countenance, and a continuance of our headlong pace. I could hear my bearded Sikh softly swearing in the distance behind us...he knew at such speed we would throw a rod any minute.

"My dear girl...I usually give up easily in such cases, but now you have me in mortal pain: if you are deaf, dumb, turning to stone or in need of prayer, please indicate any or all such states by thumbing your nose at me. My American great-heartedness would perish at the thought of leaving such a lovely lady in the lurch. Please say on, or rather, thumb on, sweet siren."

The lips moved, the chest heaved, nay, undulated, the chin oscillated and the lips actually moved, with a resultant series of terse words: "Sir, considahately do naht foace me to be roode to you," upon which the Alert being over, she resumed the grueling pace.

Being thus encouraged, I barely missed an uncovered manhole for whose cover four GIs were shooting craps on the Maidan across the way, and weakly replied: "But by all that's good, grand and pukka, have I been rude?"

"No, but you will foace me to be so. Please desist."

"Fair enough, apple of my orbs, but what objectionable nimbus of horror hangs about me that you refuse to make conversation with me? Would you refuse to attend a dinner, dance, Maypole dance, bullfight, cricket match, or wake with me on the possibility that you might be foaced to be rude?"

Again the fair head swiveled about and I got the full blast of a strident female voice which by its overtones I knew could be resonant, persuasive, cajoling, tender and ardent: "Sir, you are not comely, clean-shaven, handsome, richly dressed or full of reserve, but I should be more than willing to accompany you in a multitude of pleasures and sins calculated to make Bunyan jitterbug in his celestial home, were it possible. But since it is naht, I beg of you to depaht my company, and finish the encounter. Please do not make me become roode."

Well, at least she was not deaf and dumb. At the most, what could I lose but a few hundred rupees ticking inexorably away on that taxiwallah's meter? And anyhow, you always fail except the last time you try, the early bird, damn the torpedoes...make up your own damn aphorisms.

"My dear, all then is well. You said, 'were it possible', and I commend your use of the subjunctive. If you don't walk me out of my good lung, romance is about to triumph. After all, we're young and healthy, it's a marvelous monsoon ayem with positive assurance of rain on the tiles, soon, and let's get to it. I shall tell you many great but pleasant lies, and you shall enumerate my shortcomings, and all will be idyllic. Please tell me quickly what makes you say 'were it possible', that I may soon dispel that obviously feminine illusion, and sit us down on yon approaching kerb to breathe hard or apply for artificial respiration before we clamber into my chariot. I importune again, why say 'were it possible'?"

With what awful scorn, what terrible accusation of scrofulous scurrility came the unrepentant, maliciously final words, "Sir, we have had no formal introduction!"

What the hell?

TOM MOORE ON CREATING THE CNAC WEBSITE

My interest in CNAC unknowingly started about 1992 when I decided that I wanted to really get to know the uncle (Emil Scott) that I had always wondered about because of his world travels. Thanks to Dick Rossi, my research got off on the right foot when Dick told me that he didn't know my uncle, but knew about the accident that killed him in Kunming on March 14, 1942. My general interest in computers and the advent of the Internet made it a natural for me to build a website in honor of my uncle.

In October of 1999 I built the first unofficial CNAC website. After talking with Jim Dalby, and Jim talking with then-president Bill Maher, the official CNAC website opened for business November 6, 1999. Thanks to the efforts of CNAC Captain John Kenehan, and his son John, we established our own domain name of cnac.org. Thanks also go to Peggy Maher, daughter of Captain Bill Maher, for underwriting the hosting of the site. We went live with our own domain name on April 12, 2000.

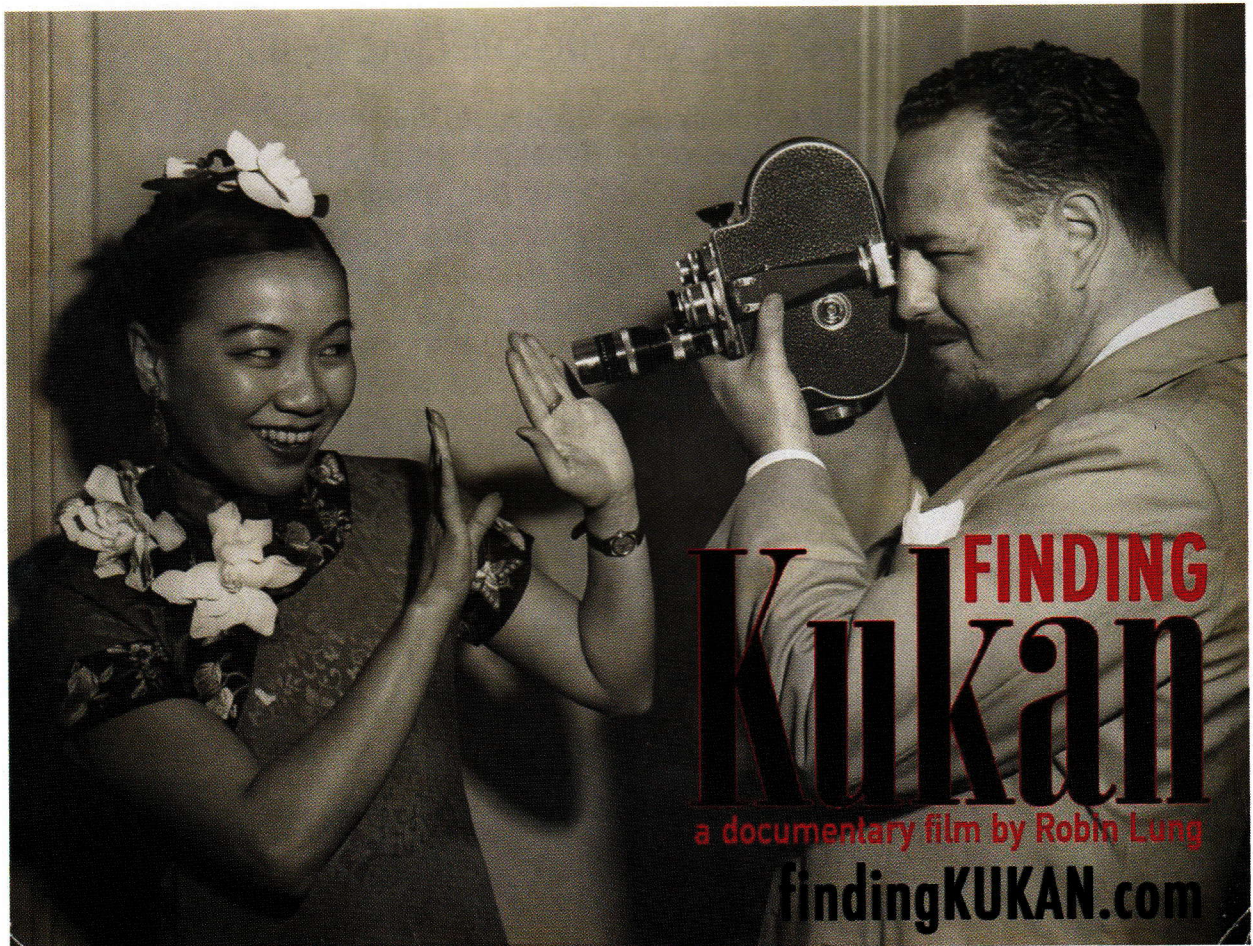
The site has continued to grow with the help of former CNAC employees and their families. I/we now hear from spouses, friends, siblings, nieces, nephews, children, grandchildren, and even some great-grandchildren of former CNAC employees. So, if you have anything you'd like to add to this site no matter how big or small, please let me/us know. My email address is pepperbud@dc.rr.com. You can reach me by phone at 760-832-8213. Hope to hear from you!

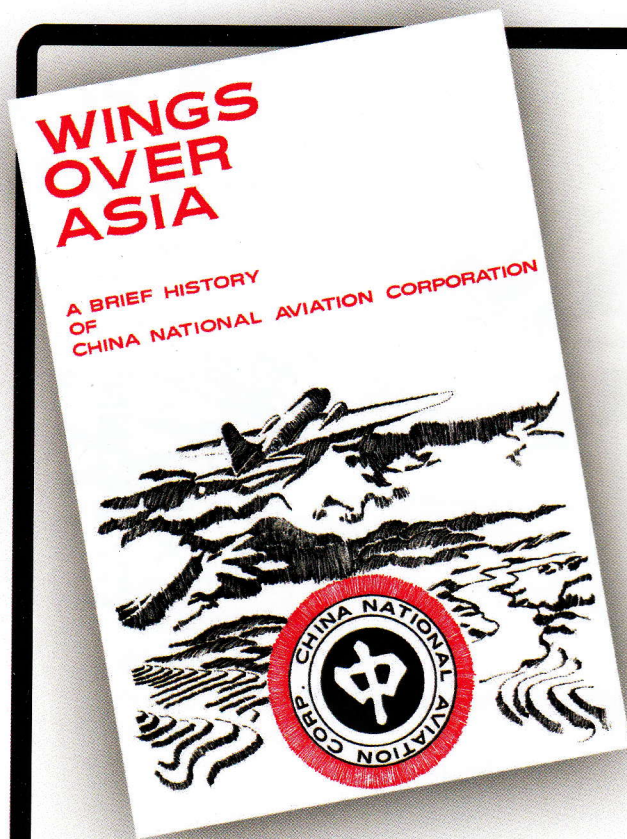
T.O.M.

FINDING KUKAN Update

By Robin Lung

Aloha everyone! I'm happy to tell you that after 6 long years of working on my documentary *Finding KUKAN*, we wrapped production this past summer and we are looking forward to premiering the film this summer or fall at film festivals and then on television. *Finding KUKAN* is about my discovery of a long lost Oscar-winning color film of World War II China called *KUKAN* and the Chinese American woman who helped to produce it, Li Ling-Ai. The film contains many beautiful scenes from *KUKAN* itself, and it should interest those of you who lived and flew in China or who have relatives who did. I am so thankful for the interest and support of CNAC members and would love to meet you at a screening soon. Please feel free to email me at robinlung@hawaii.rr.com for more information and to be updated on the screening schedule.





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