

CNAC CANNONBALL

ASSOCIATION

YEAR OF THE DRAGON

~~APRIL~~ 1, 2000

MA ✓

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THIS ISSUE ANNOUNCES THE REUNION IN OCTOBER 2000
AT THE HANAIEI HOTEL IN SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

Again we meet in California. For some of us its a long trip but for us in the East it's worth it.

For you Californians, come for a day, stay overnight but come - no matter what your beef or other affiliation. There are fewer and fewer of us. You were all CNAC or wives of CNAC. It may be your last chance

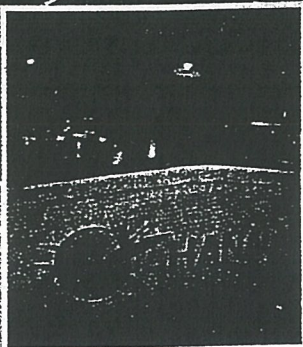
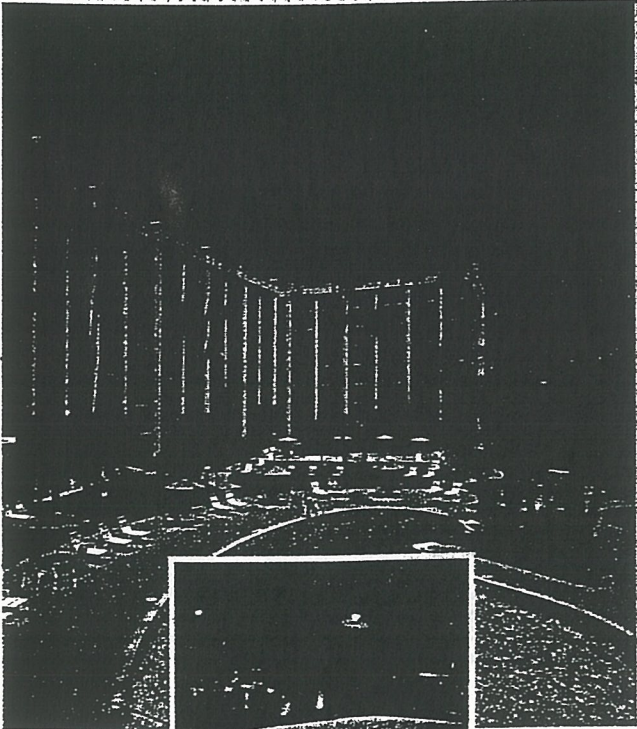
I have omitted Roy Farrel's story this issue. It will resume in the next.

Also it's a good time to pay your dues. Make Jerry happy. Some goes to publishing the Cannonball some to the CNAC Saga being put together by Melody Makers. We should know more about it at the next Reunion.

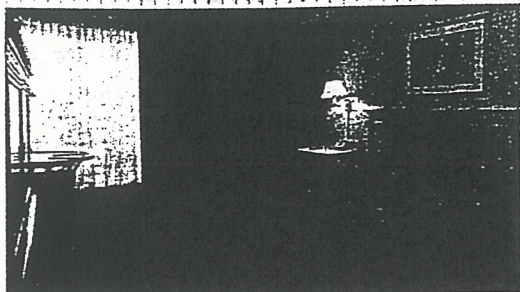
Read Mangun's story. He and I spent a few months together in Peking 1945-1946. We went to the farewell and closing of the Japanese Restaurant in the Wagon Lot's Hotel New Year's Eve and danced to Onward Christian Soldiers with the Japanese waitresses. He taught me how to play Be Doo. He gives you a different view of our experience. The Cover of his book points the way. We should all be doing what he did. If you wrote something to Melody Makers send me a copy.



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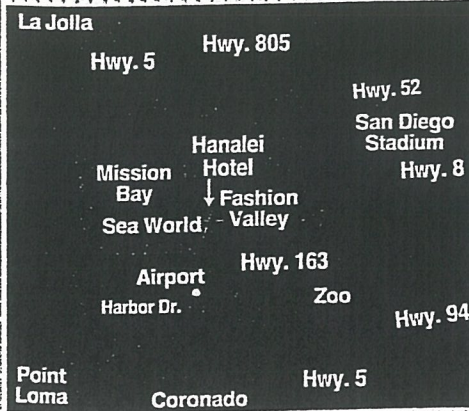
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WILLIAM J. MAHER

P. 4.

THE ONIAC REUNION WILL BE
OCT. 12-13-14 AT THE HANALEI
HOTEL. SAN DIEGO. WE SHOPPED
AROUND AND FINALLY GOT A
RATE WE COULD LIVE WITH 99.⁰⁰ ^{NITE.}

DAD BY ASSURES ME THAT WE
WILL BE VERY HAPPY WITH IT.
THE TIGER LINE REUNION &
RECENTLY THE EMER SQUADRON
HAD THEIR REUNIONS THERE.

IT IS LOCATED IN MISSION VALLEY
GOLF COURSE. HAS A POOL NICE ROOMS.
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TO THE SHOPPING AREA NEARBY
WITH ALL THE BEST STORES -
NORDSTROM, SAK'S ECT.

THE TRANSPORT FROM THE HIPPO
SERVICES THE HOTEL FOR \$²⁰.
AND IS NOT VERY FAR. SORRY
WAS SO LATE GETTING THIS
SET UP BUT OUR NEGOTIATIONS
WITH OIAI AND MORGAN RUN FELL
THRU. TOO EXPENSIVE.

HOPE YOU GET THIS OUT IN
NEXT CANNON BALL.

620858

Robert Sherwood
317 North State, #201
Bellingham, Washington 98225
(360) 733 4585

Nov. 29, 1999

Dr. Reg Farrar
319 Euclid Ave
Lock Arbour NJ 7711

Dear Reg:

Thanks for sending the photo back. I intended to mention that the young lady in the picture is my cousin but was afraid nobody would believe me.

As you perhaps know, Tarbet in the photo was killed on take off of a C-46 in China in early 1946. He and I had been flight iunstructors at Sequoia Field in Visalia, CA before going with CNAC. He was a Morman from Utah and told me that when he was about 20 he and a friend chose to do their missionary work in Paris. He was light hearted about it. They had a lot of literature to distribute. They would walk the residential areas, ring the doorbells, and when the good, Catholic housewives discovered their church affiliation the door would slam and they could hear the beads ratling.

Audrene and I took in the wine tasting cruise. We had a good time. There were about 90 passengers on board a first class Cruise ship along with our host Chuck West and his wife. About half of the passengers were former CNAC and their wives. Chuck has written a book about his life which is interesting, and I am sure he will send you a copy without charge if you write him.

Best wishes for the Holiday Season.

Bob 

Clinton Mangun
CNAC

On July 24, 19xx I received a book on the autobiography of Clinton Mangun. To be accurate, it is a masterpiece of writing and presentations. I doubt that he wrote it for publication but as a ~~xxxxxxx~~ to his son.

Legacy
Several of us have written volumes which have been published. We are serializing Roy Farrel's unpublished book. Maupin wrote an exciting piece which we published in the Cannonball. Parts of Mangun are being published.

Clinton Mangun was a mechanic in Calcutta, Dinjan, Shanghai and Peking.

You will be impressed by these excerpts from his volume. It is time for you to follow and write your memoirs. There are so few of us now, but so many stories to be written.

The contribution many of us made was small. I was there only one year. To me what I did was almost insignificant yet I was a part of the whole to which each of us belonged. Bond Sharp and the others guided us but there was more than that. We were and still are the CNAC.

Personally my experience and time in India and China flavored my life for ever after. I have almost by accident been intimately involved with our Association. I can truthfully say each and everyone did more than I. It is a time for you to write your own, even in longhand. Do it for history and for your descendants.

Christie Hanks as you know accomplished what we thought was impossible when he reached Fox's plane number 53. He is working on a movie of his trip. While he is doing it independently, he deserves your support.

M
Y
L
O
G



"For

#1

Son"

C. "Mac" Mangum

Chapter V111

DINJAN

Arriving in Dinjan was to be a new chapter in my life. Garrott was standing on the ramp under the wing wetter than a drowned rat. His pants were wet up to the crotch. I got down out of the plane and walked over to him. He told me that the reason for wanting me was that he had discovered that the records on engine times for the entire fleet had gotten screwed up and some of the engines were flying over twice their normal over haul time. As a result he grounded half of the fleet. That would be 14 engine changes in addition to normal maintenance (100Hr.Cks ECT) with no additional mechanics.

We walked down the flight line to meet Art Pendergast. He was about to taxi a plane out of the mud where it was parked because there had been no one to signal the pilot where to park. The Wheels were up to the axles in the water. Art started the engines and opened them up to take off power with the brakes off. When the plane began to slew around, he hit the off brake and the plane popped out and he parked it on the strip. This was my introduction to Art, a small wiry man, an excellent bush mechanic and well respected by mechanics and pilots. We went over to the operations building and I met operations manager Bob Blair and H B Dean Jr. the son of Executive VP of PAA. Then I met Captain Woods and his wife and secretary Madge. Woodie as he was called was in charge of the Hump Operation. He had been shot down with a load of passengers and managed to crash land and save everyone on board.

Dinjan airport was located in the Assam valley in north eastern India. The valley was the place of departure for the flights over the Hump. At one end of the runway were rice paddies, at the other end a tea plantation. If we landed in the tea plantation, it cost \$5.00 for each tea plant destroyed and \$25.00 for each of the tea plant shade trees. Our living quarters were rented from the tea plantation. They housed the English staff workers in normal times. It was about a fifteen-mile drive to our staff house. Part of the road was a dirt road cut through the jungle for about three miles. Hidden in this jungle were all kinds of ordinances, everything from small arms ammo to the big stuff including 500 lb. sea mines. The sea mines were used to blow a clearing in the jungle making a place where helicopters could land. About four miles before reaching our quarters was the Chinese Staff house. Ours would be built near the Chinese staff house in a few months.

The flight line consisted of a paved taxi strip on which the planes parked with their main wheels on it and their tail cones touching the water in the potholes off of the strip. The crews got out of the plane onto the hood of a Jeep, this was Monsoon time. The flight line, revetments and maintenance shed were all cut out of the elephant grass. It was tall as an elephant, thus its name. The maintenance building was "a bamboo basha" about fifteen by thirty feet. This building had a thatched roof and woven bamboo mat walls. Ten feet of it was for stores. The rest was work area. About one hundred feet away in a clearing cut out of the elephant grass was another "basha". This was the dining hall. Meals were brought from the staff house and served here. The toilet was near the flight line. It was a small six by eightfoot "basha" with the sides open at the top. Inside was a trench about

a foot wide and six feet long. The airplane's "Honey Buckets" were emptied in the elephant grass behind the planes. At a later date the muddy area would be filled and covered with a steel landing mat. This mat got so hot in the summer that one could not stand on it in the sun.

Art got new engines from Air Corp. Supply. They brought them to the planes leaving one in front of each wing. The mechanics took the propeller off and put it on a dolly. Then they disconnected the engine from the firewall and up ended it on an old tire under the wing. Hopefully staying out of the rain. This was where they removed the exhaust system, engine mount, accessories and other parts from the old engine and installed them on the new engine. This went on day and night for about ten days until all the planes were flying again. A few days later the mechanics invited Garrott and me to a farewell party they were giving for Art. Luckily, we were able to draw our liquor rations for the month and add them to the cause. It was a banquet with all kinds of Chinese delicacies including the famous 100 year-old eggs. The Chinese were surprised and relieved when they saw me use chop sticks. They had forgotten to get a fork for me from the American hostel. Try drinking beer and Whiskey from a rice bowl gom-bay (bottoms up) style after every toast and there were many. It's an old Chinese custom to get the guests drunk. They did a very good job of it.

A few weeks later we found that good running engines became sour after changing spark plugs on 100 hr. Services. Investigation revealed that the overhauled spark plugs we were getting from Calcutta were breaking down when they heated up on take off. The reason was they had been overhauled to many times; the electrodes were too thin and opened up when they got hot. We cured this problem with new plugs from the Air Force and throwing the old ones into the Elephant grass behind the service area. This action caused some problems with Calcutta. They said that we had a number of spark plugs that should be overhauled. Please ship on the next plane because their men didn't have any plugs to overhaul. We sent them a supply of new plugs and told them to find other work for those men.

We had planes grounded due to lack of tires. It seems that we were low on the priority list at Air Corp. Supply. It is amazing how this priority was changed by two bottles of Carew's Fine Old Gin that was left in the Jeep glove compartment when I visited the Sergeant at Air Corp. Supply. We never had a tire shortage after that.

Madge told me that my three months was completed and that I was due my nine days leave in Calcutta. I took the next plane to Calcutta. I saw Garrott and we discussed Dinjan and how things were going. From his office, I went over to our hostel and selected a bunk. After lunch some of the new pilots staying in the hostel said they were going into town and ask me to come along. After shopping and some sight seeing we decided to have supper at the British American Club. I had a couple of Scotch and Sodas at the bar before we sat down to supper. During the meal I might have had a couple more. I was tired and it had been a long day so I went back to the hostel. There was no beer in Calcutta. The English stout or beer or whatever it is called has to stay at sixty-eight degrees or it spoils. It was too hot for it in Calcutta. The next morning I awoke with a hang over so bad that I was afraid I would not die. After a while the light bulb lit up. Four Scotches with a meal never phased me I was sober and tired when I went home. The answer was that the first drink

was Scotch and the rest was Jungle Pani (jungle water- Bamboo juice). When cut with soda water you could not taste the switch. From then on I drank my Scotch neat or I had a Gin Tonic. The day before I left for Dinjan, Gudeman arrived. I was not surprised, the help we were getting from the states was not very good and I knew Belem was being downsized. I had asked Garrott when he was in Dinjan after our big engine change to see if he could get Shorty Adams from Bahia. Shorty had asked me to put a word in for him with Garrott.

Our pilots had a lot of things to contend with that were not in the book; an empty C-47 with 800 Gal. of fuel is heavier than a fully loaded passenger DC-3 was allowed to fly in the states. Now add our normal load of cargo to that. Sometimes there were mix-ups on loads and double loads were put on. Single engine performance with our normal load was below sea level.

New pilots would make a number of flights to Kuming riding as co-pilot with one or more of the experienced pilots. After he was checked out, he was then limited to so called day light flights. These flights were pre-day light take-offs from Dinjan. At a certain time of the year a big black cloud would sit of the end of the runway before dawn.

When we had a dawn departure for a Day Light pilot and a big old black rain cloud was sitting right on the end of the runway it was really easy to tell operations the plane would be delayed a little by maintenance and no need to use another plane. I did not blame anyone for not wanting to take off and hit that mess about the time you broke ground.

The English had two daily flights each way over the HUMP, these flights were piloted by Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders. All of them were trained by CNAC and checked out by our senior pilots. They stayed with us at our hostel.

When Gudeman came to Dinjan, a big fellow about my age came with him. His name was Ferdsnider. He came out to the field maybe twice. The rest of the time he laid around the hostel complaining about the work. Like a typical New Yorker he started calling one of the New Zealand pilot a Bloody Limey. Needless to say, the little guy climbed up his leg and blacked both his eyes. Ferdsnider was sent back to the states.

Gudeman took over as head of maintenance. True to form the first thing he did was talk Woodie into getting him his own new jeep.

One morning we got word that one of our planes was stuck in Suifu with a starter that would not work. Gude asked our number one Chinese mechanic if he would go to Sue Fu and repair the plane. The mechanic replied that he would rather not because it was dangerous and he was not getting that kind of pay. He said that he would go if he was ordered to. I got some tools and a starter from stores. We had a plane leaving for Suifu so I got on board. The pilot was an ex Flying Tiger by the name of "Catfish" Reins. He was one of our senior pilots. He never said very much and never got upset. After we had been flying for sometime, Catfish asked if I wanted to sit in his seat while he went aft to the toilet. I sat in his seat noting the altitude and heading. The co-pilot was

trying to fly the plane but wasn't doing a very good job. He wasn't holding altitude let alone the heading. When I asked, he was glad to let me take over. I tuned in the Directional Finder and got the proper heading. The air was smooth. We were on top of the clouds at about 18,000ft. flying up a valley. Catfish came in the cockpit, took a DF reading, checked the heading, turned around without saying anything and went back in the cabin and went to sleep. After about two hours, when we were going through the 16,000ft. pass at the end of the valley, he came up front and took over. I sat in the co-pilots seat. He explained that the floor of the valley was about 15,000ft. That was 10,000ft. above the single engine capability of the plane. That mechanic was correct when he said the flight was dangerous. We let down in the Yangtze River gorge and landed on a grass runway. When I said good bye to Catfish, he offered to sign my logbook. I told him I didn't keep one. I didn't want anyone to think that I was a Catapillar tractor driver. He laughed and headed for the chow hall and I went to see about my sick plane. (A pilot applying for a job with CNAC had a logbook showing more than 2,000 hrs. Flight Time. When the logbook was verified most of this time was accrued while driving a Catapillar in South America.)

After giving the new starter to the mechanic and verified that this would cure the problem, I went to the chow hall where I met Captain Reynolds with whom I would be returning to Dinjan the next morning.

In the morning before taxing, Captain Reynolds pointed to two large black marks on the cliff on the other side of the river. Two of our planes hit the cliff within thirty minutes of each other when they were trying to land in bad weather. On the return trip, we took a different route due to bad weather. This time the valley was even higher. We cruised at 22,000ft and the ground was only about 4,000ft below us. The air was crystal clear. When you looked down on the floor of the valley, it was dry and barren and you thought it was only a few hundred feet away. The mountains on either side were covered with snow and towered above us. This was truly awe inspiring and humbling scenery. Especially when you knew that if the plane lost an engine and you survived a landing, you would never be rescued in this high and desolate country. I was glad when we got out of the high mountains and were able to start letting down into Dinjan.

About daylight one of our planes ran out of gas in the landing pattern. Gude and I drove out to see what it looked like. It had landed in a dry rice patty on the far side of the road to Lido. We drove over to it in the Jeep and I climbed on the wings and checked the fuel in the tanks. The Aux. Tanks were dry and the Mains had about fifty gallons in each one. It looked like the Pilot for got to switch tanks. This would be easy to do after flying all night, tired, probably short on Oxygen and landing into the Sunrise. In addition, the copilot didn't speak English and didn't know anything about flying the plane.

The Air Force took the wings off, loaded it on a flat bed semi and put it behind our maintenance building. We took off both nacelles and stripped it of all the parts that would be needed to upgrade our other passenger DC-3 with Pratt & Whitney engines and hot air heat. The hydraulic system I used to make a machine to brake the old tire bead loose from the rim of the wheel making it a lot easier to change main gear airplane tires.

Our fleet consisted of Airline DC-3s and C-53s with wooden floors, C-47s and C-47As with metal floors, all of these planes were heated by a boiler in the exhaust pipe. If allowed to run dry, it would over heat crack and not hold water. Try riding in an old touring car, no curtains in the middle of winter in Montana. That is what our flight crew had to endure because we lacked the spares. With the C47Bs came hot air heat from the exterior of the exhaust pipe and plenty of it. Then came the C-47Cs with their Desert Air Scoops. The operating instructions were confusing, resulting in taking off in the Hot Air position. As a result we almost lost several of our newest planes before we were able to get the nonfiltered air scoops and change them.

One evening at super I griped about the food. Woodie and Madge were there. They often came over from the Tea Plantation Managers house where they stayed, to have supper with us. Madge asked me for a suggestion? I suggested that we could have a barbecue and potato salad. She asked what Kind of meat? I told her chicken or pig whatever Jake Facet the Hostel Manager could get. She asked Jake if he could get a pig and chickens? He said no problem but the Mayonnaise was rancid when it got to India. She asked me if I would do the cooking and make the sauce? I was stuck, me and my big mouth now, I had to put up or shut up. I said yes but that I would need some help making the fire pit and preparing the meat. As to the potato salad I said that I would show the cooks how to make Mayonnaise with the Mazola Oil in Facets' storeroom. Facet said not a problem and a date was set.

Some of the pilots said that they would make up the Eliminator. A mixture of gin, whiskey, GI Lemon Lime powder and seltzer water in a clean garbage can. A few days before the date, I left work early making the fire pit and showing the cooks how to make mayonnaise. Our cooks were Indians and all they knew were English dishes and cooking. They were very glad to learn new dishes and ways. At breakfast the day before, Facet told me that the barbecue would have to be called off. He said the cook was sick that did all of the butchering. I told him that I would butcher the hog if I had some help with the scalding. He told the "pani walla"(water boy) to help me. We set up a drum on rocks so we could build a fire under it. The drum was under a tree limb. We put a rope over the limb to facilitate scalding the pig. The next morning at daylight the pani walla built a fire under the drum. In the meantime, I killed the pig and we hoisted it up to bleed. When the water was boiling, we immersed the pig in the hot water. I left it in the water for a few minutes and then we pulled it out. I slit the skin to see if it had loosened. It had not so we put it back in the water for a little while longer. This time when we pulled it out I was able to run my hands under the skin and peel it off. No one had ever heard of skinning a pig. They always laboriously scraped the hair off after loosening it with hot water. After cutting up the pig I gave it to the cook to cool in the refrigerator. In the kitchen, the cooks had cut up the boiled potatoes and make the mayonnaise. From Facets' storeroom, I got some pickles, olives, mustard, ketchup and some other condiments. I assembled the potato salad and the cooks put it in the refrigerator. It was now close to noon and time to get the charcoal in the fire pit started. With the fire hot I put the bigger pieces of pork on the grill because they would take longer to cook. Then I put ketchup, vinegar, mustard and spices in a pot let them heat. This was the barbecue sauce.

By five the chicken and pork were ready to serve so I turned every thing over to the Chef.

A cook came out with a goose, he said that Madge sent it over to cook. I put it on the grill and told the cooks that I doubted if there would be time to completely cook it because it had to cook very slowly to get the grease out without burning. They could finish it in the oven.

Every thing went off nicely, the meat and potato salad was a success, the Eliminator was working. Dean was sitting across the table from some of us drinking a beer and making a big deal of it. Beer was a scarce item. When he went to the toilet, he left a half empty bottle of beer on the table. We promptly filled it with whiskey. Dean returned and proceeded to finish his bottle of beer commenting that it was the first time that he had felt a couple bottles of beer. Woodie had invited a number of Air Force Brass to the barbecue. When Woodie and his guest approached the Eliminator, Dean popped up and went over to serve. While he was serving and talking to a Colonel, the whiskey took over. He started pouring at the cup and went up the Colonels arm to his elbow.

That made my day. Facet had tried to make me loose face when he told me that the barbecue would have to be canceled because the cook to butcher a pig was sick. He wasn't sick. He thought I didn't know how to butcher a pig.

Sometime in late December, I started feeling bad, but I still went to work. Madge had suggested that I go see the Tea Plantation Doctor. I kept putting it off, thinking that I would start feeling better. This time she told me that if I didn't go she would take me. I knew she meant it. The Doctor checked me over and took a blood sample. The next day he told me I had Cerebral Malaria. I didn't take him very seriously. He was an Indian Doctor and I didn't know that much about Malaria. I could still do my work. New Years day about 4:00am a couple of our pilots came in from a flight. While they were having something to eat, they must have heard me having a chill while I was sleeping in the adjoining bedroom. In any case they got me up and put me in a command car and took me to the Air Force Hospital. They checked me in and the nurse put me on a cot near her desk. Then she took my temperature twice. At about six I was moved to a bed on the porch on the west side of the Hospital and my temperature was taken twice. At eight a Lieutenant came drew some blood and took my temperature twice. At nine a Captain came and took my temperature twice and ordered some pills for me. I took the pills but they would not stay down. At ten a Major came drew some blood and took my temperature twice. In about ten minutes I was moved inside and hooked up to a big jug of quinine solution. From then on I knew nothing until the next evening. My only memory is that my head felt like it was inside of a big drum and someone was beating the hell out of it. After about four days and with an escort I was able to make it to Officer's mess, about one hundred feet away. Muff and Gude visited me and left a bottle of gin. After they left, I gave it to the Master Sergeant that was taking care of me. I couldn't drink and I knew he would appreciate it. It really paid off with all kinds of extras. During my stay he and I became good friends. I asked him why on my first day in the Hospital everybody took my temperature twice. "Was that normal procedure with new patients?" He told me the reason was that no one had ever seen anyone alive with a temperature of 107.4 living let alone walking. During the rest of my stay I was given GI letters to censor in my spare time.

When I came home from the Hospital I found that Gude had moved me into our new hostel and I was his roommate. I was very weak from the high fever. Fever burns a person up. I could not walk one hundred yards without resting. While I was recuperating, I would go out to the field and

take it slow and easy. I made a stove for the room out of old brake drums, ashtrays from pistons and other little conveniences. I made a seltzer water tank from a low pressure oxygen tank by filling it with water and then charging it with carbon dioxide.

Changes had been made at the airport while I was in the Hospital. The flight line parking area was resurfaced with landing mats, a maintenance and stores building was erected out of steel and corrugated asbestos. In front of the building was an area with covered stands for the mechanics to service an airplane. Joining this building was the restaurant for passengers and mechanics with toilet facilities. In front of the restaurant was an area for parking the passenger planes for service while the passengers were eating.

One day while a passenger plane was being serviced by the mechanics, the sweeper coolies were cleaning the interior. Gudeman, after watching the coolies for a while decided to move in and set an example for the coolies to follow. After working up a sweat, he found that he was doing the job and the coolies were content to hand him the mops and buckets of water and watch while he did the job. That evening he asked me what was with the coolies. I told him that he was now learning things about the caste system that wasn't taught in school. When you are at the bottom of the caste system, you have neither shame nor pride.

When things were finally starting to smooth out for us, we got a new type of plane, C-46Fs. A bigger and better performing plane, so we were told. It was a much better plane than the earlier versions. It carried twice the load of a C47 higher and faster. It was also a bigger plane in every respect. Resulting in everyone treating it with a lot of respect. This was obvious in the fact that we never lost any C46s on the Hump. Close calls don't count.

We soon found that it had some surprises for us. On take-off the spark plugs were breaking down and not firing. This caused some very scary take-offs. We cured this problem by using different Spark Plugs from a different manufacture, AC instead of Champion. The spark plugs made by Champion worked best in the C47s.

When we arrived at work one morning Operations told us that one of our C-46s had belly landed in a rice paddy after take off. We drove out on the road to Lido. Sure enough there it was about a couple miles off-the road. The newly planted rice paddy was full of water. We walked along a levy to the plane. The crew told us that both the engines lost power just after take off. I had a couple of mechanics open up the top cowling. There was our problem, the rubber adapter between the air scoop and carburetor had sucked in and was laying on top of the carburetor thus blocking the airflow into it. This grounded all our C46s until we could make and install a metal sleeve that would prevent this from happening. In the mean time, the plane looked to be in good shape and worth saving. Since I had previous experience of this kind, (I recovered a C-47 that landed on Marajo Island in the mouth of the Amazon) I got the job. My crew consisted of one Hong Kong Chinese mechanic, (the others didn't want to wade in the mud all day), six Assamese natives and a Mahout with an elephant, none spoke English. The natives didn't Speak Urdu (the language of India), only Assamese and there was no Babu (translator). Our transportation was a GI six by six truck and a

wooden sled pulled by the elephant in the rice patty.

At the staff house we loaded two large pots in the Jeep and some empty paper lunch boxes. One pot contained rice, and the other curried eggplant. This was for the native help. They were vegetarians. The curried eggplant went on top of the rice. We went to the motor pool and I got the truck loaded with the food and crew. On the way to the Air Port came my first surprise. Practically no brakes, I had to pull up on the steering wheel and stand as hard as I could on the brake pedal in order to stop. We loaded the sled and heavy rope, empty fuel drums and a hand pump with a gasoline hose. When we arrived at the site on the road closest to the plane, we parked the truck and unloaded. About this time our elephant and Mahout came out of the jungle on the other side of the road. When we rented the elephant, it was also necessary to get a feeding permit for him from the Indian Government. By law an elephant can only work six hours a day. The rest of the time is for feeding.

We hitched the elephant to the sled and loaded everything and everybody on except two men who went into the jungle to cut bamboo poles. We started out for the plane with some of us on the elephant. That was a big mistake without a thick cushion to sit on, the back of the elephant is like sitting on top of a wire brush. As the elephant walked along pulling the sled loaded with empty gasoline drums and the rest of the men, he would pull up the newly planted rice plants, slap them against his feet washing the dirt off and then eat them. The Mahout directed the elephant to the side of the plane. We climbed down from the elephant and some of the men unloaded the drums and others began unloading the cargo. The men who unloaded the drums began filling them with gasoline from the plane. When the sled was loaded with cargo, the elephant pulled it to the road where waiting men loaded it on a truck. My men would load the sled with empty drums for the return trip.

After a few trips, the cargo was unloaded. On the return trip bamboo pole that two of my men had cut in the jungle, were loaded on top of the drums. This time the Mahout stopped the elephant in front of the plane and the men began loading the filled drums. All the work was being done while wading in mud and water a foot deep. Can you picture men not weighing a hundred pounds wrestling with a three hundred-pound hog in a foot of mud? This is what was involved in defueling the plane. When the drums were filled, we loaded them on the sled and took them to the road. I didn't want any more gasoline spilled in our work area than I could help. There was enough fuel floating on the water to cremate us. On the return trip, the load was more jungle construction material cut from the jungle.

When the sled arrived with the bamboo poles, the natives took out their machetes and began erecting the framework of a building. By quitting time, the Basha, a bamboo shed was complete and the plane was empty of cargo and four hundred gallons of gasoline. We returned to the truck and with the help of the elephant load all the drums of gasoline onto the truck. The elephant was trained to handle logs. He would lift the drum onto the truck with his tusks and hold it from rolling with his trunk until two of the men got hold of the drum. This operation stopped the traffic on the road. I think everybody had a camera.

When I took the truck back to the motor pool, I asked the mechanic why the hose to the brake vacuum boost cylinder had been removed? His reply, (Indian logic) "it was leaking and that made the motor run bad so he took it off and the engine now ran good." I asked what about the

brakes? He said you could still stop the truck. I gave up and took my cold wet feet to the hostel and a hot shower.

The next morning the truck was loaded with more empty drums. We had eight hundred more gallons of gas to take out of the plane's fuel tanks before we could start lifting the plane. We drove out to our parking spot beside the road and unloaded the drums and put them on the sled. The elephant arrived, we hooked him to the sled and went out to the plane. This day while defueling the plane we spent improving our work area. A dike was made around our basha so we could have a dry place out of the rain.

While this was going on, the elephant stood there sleeping. I noticed that the elephant had leeches on him the same as the rest of us got. These we removed by catching the blade of a knife on the hook on the back of their head and then scraping them off. This pulls their sucking tube out and there is little or no bleeding. Any other way you will break the sucking tube of and it will bleed for twelve hours or more. The reason is the lining of this tube had an anticoagulant in it. I went over to the elephant patted him and then scraped off several leeches. He looked back at me and you could read thanks in his eyes. Another time he was pulling the sled past a wing tip and his hip brushed against the navigation light and broke it. He looked at me as if to say I'm sorry it won't happen again and it never did. Loading up and going home was uneventful, everyone was tired from the first day.

The next morning the truck was loaded with, aircraft jacks, runway landing mat and large timbers. When we arrived at our roadside parking spot, the elephant helped unload the jacks from the truck, other men loaded the sled with landing mat and timbers. We floored the Bash and under the plane where we would be working with landing mats. The next sled load brought the tail jack and timbers. We jacked up the tail, unlocked the up latch and the tail gear fell down and locked. That done we put several layers of landing mats under the tail wheel so it wouldn't sink out of sight in the mud and let the jack down. While this was going on, the remaining fuel was removed from the plane. When we went home, we felt like we had made some progress.

The following morning, we loaded up the truck with more timbers and the remaining jacks. When we arrived at our roadside parking, we unloaded the truck onto the sled. By this time, the Elephant arrived and we went to the plane. It was slow dangerous and time-consuming work. We put a truck jack on top of timbers under one wing and raised the plane high enough to get a timber under the wing. Then, we let it down on the timber, and removed the jack and went to the other wing and did the same thing. This process was repeated until the plane was high enough to get the C46 wing jacks in place. We managed to raise the plane about three feet before we went home.

The next day, we raised the plane high enough to get the C46 jacks under the wings. The jacks are about six feet tall. The plane is tall. Nineteen feet from ground to cockpit. I used the emergency release and the landing gear came down with a big splash when the wheels hit the mud and water on top of several layers of landing mats. This was a big relief because there was no way of knowing if there had been any damage to it on the landing. We went home that night knowing that the end was in sight.

In the morning, we jacked the ship higher and got the main gear down and locked. We lowered the plane and it did not sink in the mud. The landing mat did the job. With the plane on the wheels, we began removing the timbers and the jacks. They were loaded on the sled, taken to the truck and loaded. While this was being done, some of the men began washing the mud off the under side of the plane.

The following day was spent cleaning and inspecting the plane and engine for damage. The belly of the plane was bent and wrinkled, nothing structural, just skin and circumferentials. I checked the engines and the propeller shaft. In spite of the propeller blades being bent the shafts were not. The propellers would be changed after the rice harvest and the paddy was dry and hard enough to drive a truck on.

The next day we finished cleaning the belly of the plane and then we sprayed it and the engine with an anti-corrosion oil. We cleaned the area, locked the plane and said good bye to the guard.

After spending all this time working in the rice paddy water my feet were a mess. They were raw and infected with some kind of parasites. Madge said my Calcutta leave was due and that I could see the company Doctor and get my feet treated.

We had a plane going for over haul the next day and I was on it. I spent the night in our barracks that were on the field behind the offices and near the infirmary. I could hardly walk. In the morning the first thing I did was to see Doc. Richards. He looked at my feet and took some tissue. Then had the nurse treat my feet and gave me some ointment to take with me to apply later. From there, I hobbled over to Garrotts' office. He was glad to see me and I gave him a run down on 116 and other things in Dinjan. He told me that Fred, one of the American mechanics that had been with CNAC for a long time, was having financial trouble. It seems as though he was smitten with this Anglo Indian gal and that every pay day he would give her his pay check and she was supposed to give him some back. He didn't get much back. Not enough to live on. I told Garrott that I would be staying in Captain Ladd Moores' apartment which was in the same compound where Fred lived in a garage apartment. I said I would see if I could find out what was going on and let him know.

After seeing the Doc. in the morning I went into Calcutta to Ladds' apartment. After getting settled in, I went down to see Freds' apartment. I met his house boy Cookie. He was Burmese and did the cooking, shopping and maintained the apartment. This was a rarity, normally if you had Indian labor you would have to have a cook, a house boy and a sweeper coolie (Caste system). Cookie spoke good English. I asked him if he would cook a meal for Fred and me if I paid for the food? He said atcha (glad to). We took a taxi to the market. On the way I told him not to worry about money that I would like a good steak and plenty of it. He got water buffalo steak and other things that we didn't have in Dinjan. On the return, I inquired about Fred's girl. He had the taxi drive past her place so he could point it out. He said that he could not understand what Fred saw in this girl. She was making plenty of money from the American Merchant Marine; entertaining sailors. She was on

their recommended list. When Fred arrived, Cookie served us with gin tonics to drink while he grilled the stakes. After supper, I asked Fred if he would like to work in Dinjan? He said yes but what would he do with his apartment and Cookie? I told him that he could keep them. Shorty, Gude and I would share expenses with him. This would give each of us a place to stay on our days off (nine days every three months).

The next morning, I rode out to the field with Fred and saw the Doc. He said that there was not anything bad in the culture. My feet were looking better and not as painful. I went over to see Garrott and told him what I had learned about Fred and his so-called girl friend. I, also, told him of the scheme I had hatched to get Fred out of town and out of her hold on him. He wanted to know if I had discussed it with Fred and how he felt about it. I told Garrott that Fred was ready to leave now if it could be arranged. We were short on help after Ferd Schnider left, not that he did anything but lay in the sack while he was there. Garrott and I walked over to the hangar and Garrott asked him when he would be ready to leave? Fred said that he would go to Dinjan when I went. I told Fred that I would see him at supper. I walked back to the office with Garrott, he thanked me for my help and then called the motor pool for a car to take me back to town. When I arrived at Freds' place, I took my sandals and socks off and put my feet up. Cookie brought me a drink and I gave him money to buy some more steaks. When Fred came home, he thanked me and I gave him three hundred Rupees for three shares in his apartment. I had not asked Gude or Shorty about this deal but I knew if Gude didn't like it, Shorty would be glad to split with me.

The rest of my stay was uneventful. Ladd got his time in early and came back. He loved Chinese chow and so did I. We had sharks fin soup, prawns as big as my thumb and many other delicacies including birds nest soup, which I think is over rated. The departure day arrived; my feet were healed. Fred and I boarded the plane for Dinjan.

Gudeman met me at the plane with his jeep and I threw my luggage in it. He told me that the C-46s had given us another surprise.

Capt. Reynolds' C-46 lost both engines due to carburetor ice while going from Dinjan to Kumming. He put the plane on Auto Pilot in a slow decent and then went to the back of the plane with his crew and helped them put on their parachutes and then he put on his chute. When they removed the emergency door, Capt. Renyolds looked down and recognized the river below. (I believe it was the Brown) He went back to the cockpit and guided the plane to a more open area in the valley. After the plane descended into warmer air he was able to restart the engines and finished the trip.

On a C-46 there were none of the usual warnings for carburetor ice, such as loss of manifold pressure and loss of engine power, just a complete loss of power. The only warning we could find was a decrease in Cylinder Head Temperature. From then on the pilots kept a close watch on the Cylinder Head Temperature.

Sometimes, miracles do happen in maintenance and the mechanics get some training on the

equipment they have been servicing. In this case, Fred and I were sent to Kuming to attend an Air Force class on the C-46s we had been operating for several months. This was a welcome change for us. Dinjan was sweltering hot and Kuming was high, dry and cool. (7,000ft.) the school was about ten miles north east of the airport. The school was very informative and well organized. It ran from eight till four for ten days. With these hours, we were able to go into Kuming in the evening and enjoy some excellent Chinese food, Peking duck and other delicacies.

The morning, after school was out, we were scheduled to return to Dinjan. The Chinese changed our schedule. During the night Chang Kai Chek sent his troops into Kuming to capture the Governor of Yunan Province. Governor Lung had all his troops down on the Burma border fighting the Japanese. Chang Kai Chek was jealous of governor Lung and considered him a threat to his position. Chang Kai Cheks' troops were holding the north side of town. This blocked our Chinese crews from coming to the airport. Without any Chinese crews, our planes could not fly.

On one of our trips going into Kuming for some Chinese chow, I took a wrong turn and went into the west side of Kuming instead of the North Gate. Operations told me that they could not get any crews from town because the North gate was blocked by soldiers and no one was allowed through. They said that the crews were waiting at the ticket office in town. When I found out about what had happened, I asked our Chinese Hostel manager to come with me as a translator. We got in a jeep and set out for our ticket office in Kuming. The route into town was a success until I made a left turn instead of right. When we recognized some National soldiers carrying big pots of rice and a couple of skinned dogs, we realize that this was Chinese GI breakfast and we were in enemy territory. We had driven across no mans land and didn't know it. The soldiers didn't pay any attention to us when we did a one eighty and headed back. We heard only a few shots that were fired at us. When we arrived at the ticket office, all of our crews were waiting to go to the field. I told them that I would take three crews to the field and that I would return with a truck for the rest of them. While they were loading up, a US Navy pilot approached me. He told me that they had two crews waiting at their hostel. I told him to have them come to the ticket office and they could ride with me to the field on the truck when I returned. The trip to the field was uneventful. When I pulled up in the front of operations with three crews, everyone was happy. Our Airline was back in operation. I traded the jeep for a truck and went back to town. This time, I didn't make any wrong turns and arrived without incident. Everyone was glad to see me and got on the truck. The operation manager said that he thought that there were now enough crews to last for several days. We arrived back at the field without any problems. Fred went back to Dinjan. I was told to stay in Kuming for a couple of days in case I might be needed. That night when you looked down on Kuming from our hostel at the airport, the night sky was lit up like a Fourth of July celebration. The Chinese like to do their fighting at night. It makes a bigger show at night.

That night I asked Muff our chief mechanic if the Chinese had ever done this before. He said no but one time some of the Chinese soldiers tried to rob one of the big Air Force storage buildings on Christmas Eve. These buildings are constructed with big doors on either end so a truck can be driven in one end and out the other. The Air Force heard that a robbery was planned and told the

guards to abandon their post and have a party off to one side. That night the Chinese drove up in a truck broke open the doors and started to drive in. That was when the 50 caliber machine guns mounted on two jeeps opened up and killed all of them. The Chinese didn't believe this could happen to them and tried the same thing again on New Years Eve with the same results.

A couple days later, I took a night flight back to Dinjan with Captain Moore. The night was clear and cold. We sat there discussing the events in Kuming while watching the navigation lights on planes pass by. While sitting in the co-pilot seat, I was mulling over the events of the past few days and wondering what was next. The right engine began to vibrate and Captain Moore turned the propeller anti-ice. I settled back in my seat and relaxed. Then I found out why you should always wear a seat belt. The ice came off of one of the right engine propeller blades and hit the fuselage just behind my right elbow. If I had not been wearing a seat belt, I would have cut my head on the overhead escape hatch. To make matters worse the engine got extremely rough until the ice came off the other propeller blades. I got a lot more than C-46 schooling on this trip.

We had a C-46s abort take off and get stuck in the mud off the end of the runway. While the plane was being unloaded, I drove around the area to lay out the best route back to the runway and found an abandoned well in the middle of it. The best direction was forward, backward, there was some soft ground. We dug out in front of the main wheels, then Shorty Adams and I got in and proceeded to use the Pendergast system, full throttle until we got rolling after that only when we felt it start to settle. When we got to the well, I straddled it with the main landing gear and shoved forward on the yoke until the tail gear was clear of the well. We taxied to a revetment and waited for the mechanics. The plane was inspected, fueled and released for flight.

The end of the month was approaching and most of the pilots had got their flight time for the month in. Madge asked if I could barbecue some ducks? I asked if the ducks would be cleaned and ready to put be on the fire and how many? She said they would and there would be seventy-five of them. When the morning arrived, I got my favorite Pani Walla to cut some green bamboo poles. He cut them in pieces about six feet long. Then, split them in to narrow strips with a point on end. These I gave to the cooks to thread the ducks on. By now, I was a good friend of the cooks. I had taught them some things about American cooking. When I put on a barbecue, they didn't have to cook. It was like a day off and they could dress in their best to serve Woodies VIP guests. While the cooks were fixing the ducks, I put the potato salad together and made the sauce for the ducks. In both cases, I improvised with what was available and what I thought might taste good. Next, I had the Pani Walla make a rack at each end of the fire for the bamboo spits to rest on. Next, he built the fire and got the charcoal going. I put the ducks on close to the fire so they would sear and start to drip. Then, I raised them so they cooked slowly to get the grease out. When the ducks were done, I turned them over to the cooks. My work done I was hot and tired. I took a shower and then laid down for a nap. I didn't wake up till seven o'clock. If the cooks hadn't saved a duck for me, I would not have had any.

One hot afternoon the tower called and said that one of our C-47s had bellied in on take off. Gudeman and I jumped into a Jeep and went out to the plane. The prop blades were bent forward so that meant that they hit ground with power on. This was good news because there would probably

be no damage to the engines especially since the prop blades were the toothpicks and not paddle. Toothpick blades were better for high altitudes and they were easier to keep the ice off. I sent a mechanic for a tow bar. When he arrived, he hooked it onto the tail wheel and towed the plane to the revetment. The next day the mechanics removed the bent propellers, jacked up the plane, checked the landing gear and down locks for proper operation, installed new propellers and released the plane for flight. In the heat of the afternoon and the hot runway thermal currents could cause the plane to become air born before it had flying speed. Without flying speed the plane settled back on the runway.

Another end of the month rolled around, this time Woodie asked about what we could have for a barbecue. I said that three pigs would be nice and then I would make some sausage for him and Madge. He thought that pork would be a welcome change. A date was agreed on. That evening at supper, I spoke with Jake our hostel manager. He said that he would purchase the hogs and charcoal for the occasion. The cooks would prepare the potatoes and mayonnaise for the potato salad. I told him that I wanted the same pani walla that I had before to help me. He agreed and we went out side where the pani walla was working. Behind the dinning room was an open area and adjacent to the kitchen was an open area. In this area was a building about ten feet square with no walls just floor and roof. In this building on one side we set an eight-foot sheet of corrugated asbestos on top of saw horses. We put some bricks on top of the asbestos and on the bricks we put a section of English Landing mat. The mat made an excellent grill and was the same length as the asbestos. This made a barbecue pit big enough to roast three pigs. On the other side of the building were a work table and two chairs.

In the morning, I took my knives with me when I went to breakfast. After breakfast, I sharpened my knives and several pilots volunteered to help me butcher. Others had their cameras to take pictures. I told them I would meet them out back and went in the kitchen to get the pani walla. When we went out side, he already had the drum of water heating and the charcoal ready to light in the barbecue pit. The hogs were lying near by with their feet tied. Some of the pilots asked how they could help. I told them that after I killed the hogs they could help me butcher them. After I killed the pigs, I looked around and there was no one insight. Later they apologized to me saying that it was too much for their stomachs. The pani walla and I skinned and butchered the pigs. We started the fire and put the meat on the grill. By now it was lunchtime and one of the waiters brought my dinner. The pani walla went for his lunch. After lunch, I boned and cut up the shoulders putting the pieces in a large pan along with the bacon pieces. I seasoned the meat with sage, salt, black and cayenne pepper. The cook and an aide took the pan into the kitchen to grind into sausage. I told the cook to fill two bread pans with the sausage and save for Captain Woods and Madge. The rest of the sausage no one was to get any of it without me personally telling him. Later on, the cooks brought the diced potatoes, mayonnaise and condiments. I made the potato salad and sent it back to the kitchen. About four-thirty the meat was cooked and I turned it over to the cooks. I was hot and tired. I had been working in the heat since six o'clock in the morning non stop. A good shower relaxed me so I laid down for a little nap. I awoke about seven-thirty and went to the mess hall. There was no barbecue left so I had the cooks fry me some eggs with sausage.

One morning when we arrived at the field, Captain Woods was waiting for us. The Air Force had asked if we could help Combat Cargo by hauling supplies to Myitkyina in Northern Burma where Merrill's Marauders were retaking the city from the Japanese. Merrill's Marauders had their leaves canceled and they were called out of the hospitals to do this. The reason was that after they turned the town over to the Chinese, they failed to guard the town and the Japanese retook it.

Com. Cargo was busy dropping ammunition and supplies to soldiers in the surrounding that were fighting the Japanese. Several pilots volunteered and I volunteered to go in on the first plane and return on the last. We flew to a strip north of town, landed, pulled off the runway, shut down the left engine and kicked the cargo (ammo and drums of aviation fuel for the P-47 Fighters) out the door. When the tower (A Jeep with a radio) cleared the planes, they took off in pairs in the opposite direction from landing. Reason was the Japanese were just off of the other end of the runway. This went on for a couple of days until one of our planes returning from Kuming landed due to a broken cylinder head on the right engine. I sent word to Dinjan to send me some tools and a ladder. While waiting for a ladder, I went to the Japanese end of the runway where there was a crashed C-47 laying on its belly. This made it easy for me to rob a cylinder and piston from an engine to use on our plane. Help arrived that afternoon (one of the American mechanics). We worked till dark. Some of the GIS invited us to join them for K-rats. We were able to improve the meal with a crate of eggs that was on the plane, probably for our mess hall. The next afternoon, we returned to Dinjan. The following morning we were advised by Com Cargo that our help was no longer needed.

That afternoon while I was in the office, Woody and Madge expressed how good the sausage had been while it lasted. They asked when they could expect some more. I asked them if they liked cold slaw with their barbecue. They said "yes but where would I get the cabbage." I said from China. Madge brought up amebic dysentery. I told her that I was going over to the Hospital and talk to the Doctor who treated me for Malaria. I wanted to find out if there was something the cabbage could be soaked in to make it safe. They agreed that this was a good idea. The next morning, I went to see the Doctor and told him what I had in mind. He gave me a solution to soak the cold slaw in over night. I invited him to the barbecue on behalf of Woody and Madge.

I saw Jake and gave him the solution the Doctor had given me and explained its use. He thought the addition of the cold slaw was a good idea. He said that he would have the Chinese Hostel Manager get the cabbage since he was always importing food for his Hostel from China.

A few days before the barbecue while I was having breakfast, one of our pilots made the comment that I was going to have another excuse to get drunk, I stood up and left the table. Out side I met my friend Captain Moore and told him what had happened and that as far as I was concerned the Barbecue was off. That I was going to advise Woody and Madge. He begged me not to tell Woody because he would fire him. I told him that I would see him at supper and we would discuss it then. That evening, when I arrived at the hostel, Ladd and several other senior pilots met me and asked that I go ahead with the barbecue. They had the pilot with them. He apologized and offered to help me. I told him that I accepted his apology and that I would see him at breakfast on the morning of the barbecue. After breakfast, while I was killing the pigs I took a look at the pilot. He

had turned a little green but recovered before he became sick. That would have been embarrassing because his fellow pilots were taking pictures. The pani walla had the water hot so we started skinning the pigs. I showed him how and he was a willing learner. Next, we butchered the pigs and prepared the meat for sausage. In the mean time the pani walla had the charcoal burning and we put the meat on the grill. After lunch we made the potato salad and I had the cooks drain and dry the thin sliced cabbage that had been soaking over night in the solution the Doctor had given me. When it was dry, we added the mayonnaise and seasoning. It was now about four-thirty; the meat was cooked and I turned every thing over to the cooks. This time after my shower I wasn't so tired and was able to enjoy the occasion even though I went to bed early that night. The next morning, I told the cook to fry some sausage for my pilot helper. He told everyone present that he now understood why I was so tired after cooking all day out there in the heat. He said "that a babecue this size was a big job for two men." He didn't know how I was able to do it alone.

Late, one hot morning, the tower told us that one of our C-46s had aborted take-off and was stuck in the dirt off the end of the runway in the same general area as the one I had previously taxied out. Gudeman said that he would take care of it. I was busy with some other aircraft problems. When I went into Operations to release a plane from maintenance, Woody called me into his office and asked if I could help Gudeman get the plane off of the end of the runway. The tower had called saying that the pilots were complaining about the hazard. In parting he told me that this was VJ Day and that as soon as we got the runway cleared, we could all have the rest of the day off.

I drove over to where the plane was and I could not believe my eyes. The tail of the plane was on the ground and the tail gear was laying about thirty feet away hooked onto a tow bar. I walked over to where Gudeman was standing shaking his head. He told me that he had obtained two Air Force C-4 Cats with drivers and hooked them to each gear with cables and pulled the plane back onto solid ground. He unhooked the Cats and hooked one to the tail wheel tow bar. The plane moved a few feet and the main gears sank into the ground, the Cat didn't stop and the tail gear came out of the plane, guts, feathers and all. I told Gude that while he was digging out the main gears, I would go get the sled that we used in the rice paddy. The sled was behind our maintenance building. With the help of some mechanics, we hooked a tug to the sled, put a couple of old airplane tires on it and towed it to the plane. We jacked up the tail and then lowered it onto the tires on the sled. The Cats were reconnected to the main gears and the tug to sled. We then proceeded to the nearest revetment with it and took the rest of the day off. The plane was later repaired and returned to flight.

War was over and things began to change. There were fewer Hump flights. People were returning to the States. CNAC was preparing to move from Calcutta to Shanghai and to open passenger service throughout China. Shorty Adams was going to Chungking as chief mechanic.

My friend Muff, chief mechanic of Kumming quit and joined some pilots and a wealthy Indian to start an airline in India. When this happened, I was assigned to take his place. I had asked Captain Woods for this job when Gudeman came to Dinjan. He told me at the time that I was needed in Dinjan. I packed my bag and got on a plane for Kumming.

Chapter 1X

KUMMING

I was glad to be in Kuming, no more heat rash, no more mosquitos or malaria, just a line station job, no 100hr. services or major repairs.

My day started early as it had in Belem. By six A.M. I was at the field. This way I could check with the night shift and see the early morning departures off. After the day shift started and the morning rush was over, I would return to the staff house for breakfast and then return to the field. I had been on the job for about a month when two Gold Pricks, Dean and Blair came up for a few days of R&R. I noticed that they were just getting up, about nine o'clock, when I was having breakfast. I didn't think any thing of it until about two weeks later when I heard that they had told Captain Woods that I was going to work at nine o'clock in the morning. When I learned of this, I had the head of operations write a letter to Captain Woods explaining my work schedule.

I never cease to be amazed at the human race. Here are two men my age sons of millionaires and not a thing to worry about other than their sun tan. So what do they do? Pick on some poor mechanic trying to do his job whose father never had two quarters to rub together. I would rather be poor than be like them.

One evening I received word that I was to ride with Captain Potschmidt on a flight carrying supplies to a US Weather station that was in the Gobi Desert at the west end of the Great Wall of China. The next day we took off early and headed north. The mountains guarding the south side of the Gobi Desert are snow capped the year round. When we crossed over the mountains to the desert side, we could see green areas coming out of the mouths of some of the valleys and running a short distance into the desert. The Gobi Desert, at this end, is like a large flat valley between two mountain ranges. There are no trees, just dried grass. As we flew west over the floor of the valley, you could see outcroppings of coal veins. Dromedaries were transporting some of the coal. There were miles of these outcroppings of coal that had never been touched. When we arrived at the airport, the only thing to indicate it as an airport was a windsock. There were no runways or markers of any kind. A plane could take off in any direction and have a ten-mile runway. While taxing after landing, we almost ran over a deer that was grazing on the dead grass.

That afternoon, we rode into a small town near a gate in the Great Wall. En route, we passed by caves dug into the hillsides. As we drove along parallel to the Great Wall, you could see many places where tunnels were dug into it. We were told that these were homes. The reason the people dug caves was that wood was non existent. The west end of the Great Wall is made of mud. There are not even any stones available. It seems that caves are easier to make than adobe homes and a lot more durable. The town was very small and nondescript. We had lunch in the only restaurant. For an appetizer along with our tea they served salted and dried watermelon seeds. The seeds were tasty but very difficult shell.

The next morning we left for Chungking. Our cargo consisted of drums of automobile gas. In the Gobi Desert there are oil wells producing crude oil with an Octane higher than automobile gas. In other words no refining is needed for use in your car. Gasoline was scarce in Chungking. We landed at an airport about thirty miles from Chungking. The gasoline was removed and bales of pig bristles were put on board. This airport is used when the airport below the city on an island in the river is submerged during the flood season. We arrived in Kuming about sundown.

One morning, I found the fastest way to become the most popular person on the Base. I discovered that our store keeper came back from Air Corps Supply with two drums of propeller anti-ice alcohol one of them was labeled medical alcohol. On investigation the label was correct. Stores emptied the drum into clean Jerry cans and locked them up in the storeroom. I put two of the cans in my Jeep and went over to Air Corps Supply. There, I swapped them with the Captain in charge and his Sergeant for two new empty cans. At lunch time, I brought to the hostel four cans and gave them to Quinn the Hostel Manager for safe keeping. That evening, a Navy Chief came by and I gave him two cans to share with his men and officers. The next morning I went over to salvage and gave them a can. Air Corps Salvage had given Muff two C-47s that were scheduled to be chopped up.

All Muff did was put instruments and pilots in them and send them down to Calcutta. I had also found them a good source for parts and other items. In the afternoon I went to the Hospital where one of the Doctors I knew from when I had Malaria. I traded him two cans for several containers of glycerin. This was to smooth out the alcohol.

After supper Quinn came to my room and suggested that since it was nearing the end of the month and we had the makings for punch he wondered if I would do the barbecuing. They had heard about it when we had them in Dinjan. I asked about the pigs and he said that his Chinese cooks would do all of the butchering and anything else that I needed. I told him that I would be glad to and that I would let him know at lunchtime. By then, I would know what I could use for a grill. In the morning after our normal rush subsided, I went over to Air Corps Salvage. I told them what my problem was and invited them to the barbecue. They said that there was no problem and proceeded to build a barbecue grill out of an old fifty-five gallon drum cut in half. It was a labor of love complete with a lid so it could be used as a smoker as well as grill. When it was finished, we built a big wood fire in it to burn away any unwanted odors. I came back at lunch time and they loaded it in my jeep. At the staff house I told Quinn my answer was in my Jeep. He had a couple of house boys unload the grill and set it up where it would be used.

The day of the party, I started the grill after lunch. This would be the easiest barbecue that I had ever done. The cooks did every thing and what they didn't know they were eager to learn. Quinn was in his element. He went around with a tube of cups in one hand and a pitcher of what I called Mule Piss. The reason that I gave it that name was that it was yellow and kicked like a mule. There were a number of Military guests from the various services. Everyone enjoyed the food and unlimited drinks. There was only one altercation and that was after the guests had departed. Quinn, before he got into the hotel business, I believe was a professional boxer. He was well built and had a voice like a fog horn. When he came on the two fellows that were trying to fight, he let out a

bellow and told them that they had to drink a glass of his Mule Piss and then they could continue. After they did his bidding, I don't think they could hit the floor with their hat let alone each other. I thought that this was the most unique way of stopping a fight that I had ever seen.

In my mail was a letter stating that a new mechanic was assigned to Kumming. Fred Pittenger was coming up from Dinjan and would be my assistant. He had come to Dinjan shortly before I left for Kumming. He was part of a group that came from San Francisco after the war was over. They didn't have any heavy maintenance experience. Their experience was working line stations, fuel, oil and tires. Their leader was a fellow who was a little older and had a big line. He had aspirations of getting rich on post war deals as did his buddies. I explained the routine to Pittenger and let him get used to things and the way they were done at this line station. One big difference in this station was that all surplus fuel was drained from the cargo planes that were returning to Dinjan. This fuel was used for our passenger flights to Chungking and return to Dinjan. This procedure was started when we started flying passenger planes over the Hump. The Chinese mechanics did this without the need of any supervision. Several weeks had passed, there were fewer flights over the Hump and none at night. Pittenger was well acclimated to his new job and the environment.

When I thought that all I had to do now was to look forward to moving to Shanghai and setting up a domestic airline. Operations forever changed things for me. Two planes with crews and two mechanics were to go to Chengchow to haul Chinese Nationalist troops into Chengteh. I was to go as mechanic and Operations Representative. One of the pilots was my friend, Captain Renyolds. I wasn't worried about Pittenger handling things in my absence because the Chinese would help him.

We left in the morning. I rode with Captain Renyolds and the mechanic rode with Captain Mc Cracken. We arrived about noon and were able to make two flights to Chengteh. While the planes were gone, I asked my mechanic to help me arrange for gas and oil. The Chinese didn't know anything about gasoline or where to get it. They took me to see the Japanese Captain who was in charge. This area was still under Japanese control. The Captain was originally from Chicago and spoke English. He wondered if Baseball was still being played in the states and how the Cubs were doing. I told him that I had been out of the states for four years and I didn't know. He had drums of ninety-octane gasoline delivered to the airport. To my surprise, he came to the airport with a number of Japanese soldiers to aid in the refueling of the planes. Without him and his men, the job would have been almost impossible. In order to put gasoline in the plane, one drum was balanced on another to fill a five-gallon can with the top cut. Then the can was handed to a man standing on a drum in front of the wing. He in turn would hand it to a man on the wing who poured the gasoline into the tank. This was the method that we had to use late into the evening to be ready to fly the next day.

These flights went on for five days. Captain Renyolds was making the last flight that afternoon. He told me that it might be dark when he returned and that he would be landing to the north. Since there were no lights of any kind at the airport, I told him that I would stand on the south

end of the runway and would flash my lighter when I heard him. This way he would know where the runway began. In the mean time when Captain Mc Cracken returned, he brought back some soldiers that had been wounded while on board his plane from ground fire. When Captain Reynolds returned, it was decided to terminate this operation. It had gotten too dangerous.

The next morning I had enough gasoline put in the planes to get us to Chungking. I thanked the Japanese Captain, gave him some CN (post war Chinese money) and told him I hoped to see him in the States.

For this assignment we would all receive citations and letters of thanks from the Chinese Government.

CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION

MEMORANDUM

No. <u>FNCH6-19</u>	Date <u>January 23, 1946</u>
To <u>Mr. C. K. Mangun, Jr.</u>	From <u>W. C. McDonald, Jr.</u>
Dept. <u>Operations</u>	Dept. <u>Operations</u>
Station <u>Calcutta</u>	Location <u>Calcutta</u>

CITATION FROM MINISTRY OF COMMUNICATIONS

It gives me great pleasure to enclose a copy of the citation awarded by the Ministry of Communications together with a copy of the Managing Director's letter relative to the excellent way in which you carried out your duties when you flew on special missions between Chengchow and Chengteh in October 1945.

John D. Gable

For W. C. McDonald, Jr.
Chief Pilot

Encls:

Chapter X

TOUR

The Chungking airport is on a small island about 2,500 feet long below Chungking in the Yangtze River. The runway is 2,200 feet long. It is made of big square blocks of granite about two feet by three feet buried three feet or more into the ground. When the Yangtze River floods the island is under several feet of swift running water, thus, the big cobble stones for the runway. The passenger terminal and the restaurant were of the typical bamboo "basha" construction. These were removed prior to the flooding and rebuilt after the water receded. The city was some 1200 feet up on the top of the canyon wall. In order to reach the city the passengers had to climb several hundred steps. There were two approaches to the airport. One was to use the P-47 approach. Come in over a ridge the same height as the city and about two miles of the end of the runway with gear and flaps down, clear the houses on the ridge by about one hundred feet, pull the throttles all the way back, flare out and you are on the end of the runway. If you are not, you go in the river which is deep and dirty. The second approach is to come up the river canyon at one thousand feet above the river. From the ridge there are six five-eighth inch power cables crossing nine hundred feet above the river. As soon as you cross the cables with gear and flaps down, you make a lazy Ess and land. Take your pick. You get a thrill either way you land.

It is hard to believe that a B-29 got lost after a mission and was running low on fuel landed on this runway. This says a lot for the training and the capabilities of our Air Force Flight Crews to land such a large plane under these conditions on such a short narrow runway. They removed all the guns, ammo and anything of weight from the plane. With minimum fuel they were able to take-off and fly to the other Chungking airport thirty-five miles away.

At the airport, we were told that in the morning we would be hauling two planeloads of transportation and communication dignitaries and their baggage. We would be told our destination before take-off.

My friend Shorty Adams met me and told me that I could go with him across the river to the Standard Oil staff house where he and the crew stayed. I walked around with him while he took care of some arrivals and explained the operation to me. We took the launch across the river to the staff house landing and then climbed up several hundred feet to the staff house. After supper some of the pilots and Standard Oil employees had a friendly card game and invited me to join. I declined because I was tired and I didn't know what tomorrow would bring.

The next morning after breakfast, we went back across that nasty river to the airport. When we arrived, we were told to fly to Chungking's other airport and pickup our passengers and cargo.

At the airport, the cargo was loaded. Mail bags full of money for the railroad and communications workers and the baggage was placed on top. The passengers sat on both sides in the bucket seats. Captain McCracken's plane carried a similar load.

On this tour, we flew over and made a survey of the entire central and northeast railroads in China. I did not keep a logbook of my flying time so I do not have the names of the cities we visited. Even if I did, the spelling of their names has changed so much that you could not recognize them now, also, the sequence in which we visited them would not be correct.

We flew over the railroad at a fairly low altitude so that the members of the party could get an idea of the condition of the roadbed. This was the first time they were able to do this and had no idea of what condition the Japanese left them in. The Japanese maintained only the roads that were of importance to them at the expense of the others.

One city that we came to was quite picturesque with a wall all around it that was intact. From the air the city appeared clean and neat. In one corner of the city inside the wall was a runway on which we landed. We were greeted with a lot of pomp and ceremony and then taken to our hotel. The next morning at breakfast, we were informed that we would not be flying that day. We were given a tour of the city and the places of importance. One of which was a large tomb on the side of a hill over looking the city. It was very impressive and comparable to the Jefferson and Lincoln memorials in Washington, DC. This was the tomb of Sun Yat-Sen the founder of the original freedom movement for the people of China. Mao Tse Dong later changed this movement to communism.

Next morning at breakfast we were given our flight plan for the day. After take-off, I noticed that we were missing some mail sacks and a couple of passengers. This was a normal practice on this trip. The mailbags contained back pay for the railroad workers and the passengers could be their future bosses. In flying over the countryside, one could readily see the price that some of these peasant farmers were paying for having a lot of ancestors. When you looked down you could see a small fenced in enclosure with a house in one small corner of the land. One third of the remaining land was used for ancestral burial. This didn't leave very much land for the poor farmer and his family to make a living on. The airport where we landed was very active. The Japanese controlled all the airports, where we landed, and they serviced our planes with fuel and oil. They also controlled the cities. The Chinese had not set up local governments yet. The next morning we went out to the airport. I wanted to check the planes over and Captains McCracken and Renyolds were interested in the Japanese planes. When I was finished, I joined them in their tour. There were a number of planes of different types flying. The starter system was quite unique. A mechanic had a pick up truck without a cab and a long shaft running forward over his head. He would drive up to the front of an engine and connect the shaft to the cranking coupling on the front of the propeller cone. When the pilot was ready, the mechanic would start the truck and put the power to the cranking shaft. When the engine on the plane started the shaft automatically uncoupled and the mechanic backed the truck out of the way. On one occasion, the pilot failed to get the engine to start. The mechanic got impatient. He opened the engine on the truck wide open and had the propeller turning so fast I thought the plane would take-off. The pilot finally turned the switch on and it started. There were a number of different types of bombers and fighters here. I was interested in two of the fighters. One was a copy of the Air Force P-51 and the other a copy of our P-47. The P-47 carried an engine that

was a copy of the engine that was used in the B-19 and later in the B-29s. How and where did they get this information? I am still curious.

The next morning our destination was Peking.

We landed at the south airport and were driven into the Peking Hotel in the heart of the city. The Japanese had stripped the rooms of everything but some old iron bedsteads. There was no heat or hot water because the boilers had been removed by the Japanese for use in their military installations. The next morning we learned that since our loads had decreased Captain McCracken would be going back to Shanghai and that I would stay with Captain Renyolds for the rest of the tour, also, we would not be going anywhere for several days. When I learned of this, I asked Captain McCracken if I could trade him a bad magneto for a good one. Since he would get a new one in Shanghai, he said OK. The Chinese mechanic went with me out to the airport. We changed the magnetos and did some routine services on the engines. When we removed the engine oil filters, we found them to be collapsed and covered completely with engine carbon. This was another surprise. The Japanese were using detergent oil in their engines and we were not. This resulted in all the carbon in the engines coming loose and the filters doing their job. (The Japanese were a long way ahead of us on oil) We cleaned the filters and reinstalled them. They would still do their job even though they were bent.

In the morning Captain McCracken left for Shanghai. Captain Renyolds suggested that we see if we can get into the Forbidden City. The Forbidden City was the home of the rulers of China long before Marco Polo until Dr. Sun Yat-Sen overthrew them early in this century. No common people were allowed into this walled inner city when China was ruled from here thus the name Forbidden City. We tried several small gates in the wall before we found a guard that would accept our gratuity. We were lucky because this was not very far from the north end of The Forbidden City where the throne room was located. The wall was some twenty feet high and several feet thick at the base. We entered into a big open courtyard paved with stones. Along the walls were low structures, which could have been living quarters. At either end of the courtyard were large buildings. We went north and climbed a double marble stairway. Separating the two staircases by about five feet was a marble sculpted area. We were told the reason for this design was that the Emperor rode in a sedan chair. His bearers walked up the stairs but never touched the area where he passed. We passed through this large empty building which was beautifully painted inside. The next building looked like the rest of the big ornate buildings. Inside was the throne room. In the back center of the room was a large dais about three feet high on which sat the throne. On the dais surrounding the throne was all kind of gold and jewel encrusted things that had been gifts to the Emperors from foreign countries. On the floor around the room were all kinds of things. Some were carved from jade, some from ivory or rare woods. This room apparently held what was left of the Imperial splendor. Why the Japanese protected these objects, I never know. We left the Throne Room building and went south going through many identical large buildings. After about two miles we reached a large building that formed the south end of the Forbidden City. This was the Great Hall. It was a huge building when it was built.

The next morning we traveled north to the Peking University. To go there we had to go

through the North Gate. At this time there was still a high wall around Peking with only four gates. The University appeared to me to be just as modern in a campus layout as the one I went to in Arizona. From here we went to the Summer Palace. The Palace is north and west of the city and within sight of the Great Wall. It is situated by a small lake. I was told this area is always cooler in the summer than the rest of the countryside.

In the lake near the Summer Place was a boat made of white marble. On the main deck there were several tables and a deckhouse of marble. The upper deck was open with a railing made of marble. To board this boat, we crossed via a marble gangplank. The boat did not float but from the distance it looked like it did. The palace had an audience hall and a private dining room. By the dining room were the Royal quarters. All of these buildings had a common large over hanging roof. The living quarter floors got their heat from the tunnels under them. These tunnels had fires in them during the winter. Some of the rulers used the Summer Palace the year around because it gave them more privacy.

En route to our hotel, we stopped at a large building. Inside were tables and stalls with all kinds of used and new things for sale. This was the first Flea Market that I had ever seen. I bought a Leica Camera and accessories in new condition at a bargain. Captain Reynolds bought a Zeiss Camera and the other members of the crew bought a number of items including cameras.

At breakfast we got our departure orders and went to the airport. While the baggage and cargo were being put on the plane, we were busy taking pictures of Japanese planes with our new cameras. When we got on board and saw that the baggage and cargo were properly tied down. The quantity appeared to be about the same as we had been carrying. There was also the same number of passengers so the Captain and I went to the cockpit and waited for clearance. The one and only runway had a very strong crosswind. At the end of the runway was a brickyard with a tall brick smokestack. When the plane broke ground, Captain Reynolds began fighting the controls and called for gear up. I tried the gear lever and it would not move. The latch spring had come off and I had to get out of my seat to raise the landing gear. This seemed to take forever and we barely had flying speed. In the mean time both engines were shaking badly and belching black smoke and not producing any power. The smokestack and brickyard were coming up fast. I looked at the throttles and manifold pressure gages. The throttles were wide open and the manifold pressure was forty-eight inches. Our engines were set to operate on one hundred octane fuel. We were using Japanese ninety-octane fuel. I remembered that for lower octane fuel you should use less manifold pressure. As soon as I reduced the manifold pressure the engines quit belching smoke and smoothed out. You could feel the plane surge forward. After we cleared the brickyard, the Captain asked me what I had done to fix the engines. When I told him, he said that Murphys' Law had caught up with us and sent the radio operator to check and see what kind of cargo was under the passenger's baggage. When he returned, he told us that there were a lot of cases of dry-cell flash light batteries. We were over loaded. While taking pictures, we assumed that the load had not changed and almost lost our ASS. We were airborne and we would burn off enough fuel before reaching our destination. This would facilitate landing

Our destination was in North Western China. We were met by the usual number of greeters but this time the road was lined with people all the way into the city. Our hotel this time was a pleasant surprise. The Japanese hotel manager greeted us in the lobby with the formal Japanese greeting. This was a Japanese hotel in all aspects. The room was just like one sees in pictures. The floor is covered with woven bamboo mats. The sleeping portion of the room is raised and separated from the other part of the room by sliding doors with colorful paper windows. Our room was on the fourth floor.

There was a common toilet on each floor with unstoppable plumbing. The toilet consisted of a room with several urinals on one wall. In the center of the room spaced three feet apart was a row of ceramic elongated bowls that were higher in the front than in the back. You squatted over one of these commodes and it was bombs away. There was no plumbing between you and the tank four floors below. The building was constructed so that the toilets were staggered over this one tank. In China this tank would be emptied into a square wooden tank on a push cart early every morning. There would be similar carts that would go house to house buying the feces. Then, they would go out in the country and the farmer would buy a pail or so and pour it into one of several large urns that were buried in the ground. The farmer would then add water and allow it to set until the bacteria broke it down. Only then would the farmer pour a cup at the roots of his plants. Not on them.

The bath was another experience. We were told that there were no baths until two PM because it took that long to heat the water. The bath was located on the second floor. The Captain and I were each given a light and a heavy Japanese kimono. I undressed, put on my light kimono and went down to the second floor to take a bath. I found the room and went into an area where there were hooks on the wall to hang your kimono. From here you went through a door in a frosted glass partition. In one corner of the bathroom was a tank about five feet by six feet and three feet deep filled with steaming water. Along one wall were four sets of hot and cold water pipes. In front of each was a little stool with a little wooden bucket beside it. I was standing there trying to figure how to soap myself up in this doll house setting when I walked a Japanese girl. At this point I didn't know what I had gotten into so I waited. She motioned me to sit on one of the little stools. While sitting on the stool she soaped me all over kneading my muscles while doing so. Next she rinsed me off and I was now motioned to go soak in the tank of hot water. In a little while she had me get out of the tank and gave me a brisk rub down with a towel. When I got back to the room, I told the Captain about the bath and how relaxing it was, something both of us needed after almost meeting St. Peter on that take-off in the morning. The next morning we went back to Peking.

Chapter X1

PEKING

When we arrived back in Peking, I was told that I was now the CNAC maintenance representative in Peking. The plane was to continue on to Shanghai. My room and office were in the Wagon Litz Hotel. The liquor stock in the bar was almost nil and the carpets showed wear but other than that the hotel was in beautiful condition. The Japanese left this hotel alone possibly because it was Swiss owned. My room was in the front of the building on the first floor at the head of the stairs. On one side was the bathroom and the bed, the rest of the room had a table and comfortable sitting chairs. On each floor there was always a Valet to attend to your every need. He took care of my laundry; shoes, tailor and he even had a pair of fur lined boots made for me. The dining room was typical European with the walls all paneled in wood. The food was English and about as tasty. By the time you got served your order of fried eggs they were cold. The hotel was in the heart of the city not far from the main gate of the Forbidden City.

The Airport that we would be using was West of the city about ten miles. It was controlled and operated by the US First Marines. There were no passenger facilities. There was an area where we parked our passenger planes. The rented cars were allowed to bring the departing passengers into this area as well as pickup the arrivals. The cargo planes parked some distance away in a restricted area.

I left the hotel every morning seven days a week about six. This was the time that the West Gate to the city opened. Peking at this time had a wall completely around it. The gates opened at six in the morning and closed at dark in the evening. The Chinese Army controlled the gates and they took their job seriously. The Communist Chinese soldiers had killed several people. I returned to the hotel after the last ship was serviced. My driver did not like this because we had been shot at several times and I would have to bribe the guards at the gate to let us pass.

When I first came to Peking, the prices of furs were very cheap and they had any kind that you wanted. My problem was that I had three pay checks in dollars in my pocket but I could not cash them. However, I was able to purchase a "furrier cross" of gray squirrel for my mother. If one visualizes a coat that has no opening in the front and it open at both sides and under the arms. This is a furrier cross. The skins are all matched and then sewed together in this shape. I was also able to buy some heavily embroidered things made of heavy silk.

One afternoon I had a pleasant surprise when Dr. Farrar got off of one of our cargo planes. He was one of the company doctors in Calcutta until every thing was being moved to Shanghai. At this time he decided that he wanted to continue his practice in the states. Before he returned to the states, he wanted to see all of China that he could. We rode into town together and he was able to get a room in my hotel. After visiting for a while, Doc asked about where we could get some good Mandarin cooking and Peking Duck.

As I had done before when I was looking for bargains in furs and silks I inquired of my room boy about the best restaurants. He directed to a restaurant that was south of the Forbidden City and south of the railroad. It was in the oldest part of the city on a narrow street with sidewalks about three feet above it. Every morning at four A.M., the sidewalks would be covered with butchered pigs. This was the pig market for all of Peking and had been for several hundred years. By seven A.M. all the pigs would be gone and there would be no sign of what went on earlier that morning. The restaurant was over five-hundred years old. On both sides of the entranceway were two rows of what appeared cloak hooks. Hanging by its neck on each of these hooks was a duck ready to roast. In the winter in Peking it never gets above freezing so this area was a good refrigerator. The waiter put an identifying mark on the duck we selected and escorted us up stairs to the dining room. We told him what we wanted with the duck and he returned shortly with a large wooden bowl of boiling water and chop sticks, porcelain spoons and the rice bowls. The host washes of the chop sticks in the water. Then he puts the spoons and bowls in and leaves them until food is served. Everything stays warm and clean this way. This was the procedure used wherever I went except in the modern big city restaurants. While we were waiting for the duck to be cooked, on the excuse of going to the bathroom, I looked in the kitchen. Some ducks were hanging by their necks attached to strings over charcoal. A cook with chop sticks would rotate them occasionally. The kitchen for all of its age seemed to be very efficient. The waiter brought in the duck and showed us our identifying mark before carving it. After carving the duck he took the carcass back to the kitchen where it was made into soup. In old China the last course was always soup. This way you always left the table with a full feeling. Which we did.

One cold windy afternoon Doc stopped by my room and asked if I knew of any good place to eat that was close to the hotel. The only local transportation we had were rickshaws and we felt sorry for the poor half-frozen coolies pulling them. I told Doc that I had the right place but that he would have to eat without wearing any shoes and I hoped that his feet did not stink. I had discovered that in the back corner of the dining room was a door. Behind this door were several Japanese dining rooms complete with Geisha girls. These were built for the Japanese officers use during the occupation. We removed our shoes and went in. The girls seated us on pillows at a low table then they sat beside us on our right side. In the center of the table was a hai batchi full of hot charcoal with a cast iron frying pan with out a handle on it. Each diner had a little thimble size saucer set in front of him. Every time it was empty the girl filled it. The food was brought in on big platters in an artistic display. The meat was raw and cut paper-thin. The girls placed the food and seasoning in the pan with their chopsticks. They then put a raw egg in your rice bowl and stirred it with the chopsticks. When the Suki Yaki was cooked they would take some of it with the chopsticks, dip it in the egg and put it in your mouth. The raw egg some how prevented it from burning. After the meal, we danced in our stocking feet on the bamboo floor matting. That was a new experience.

In winter in Peking, they enclose the vacant lots with bamboo mats. Then they flood them several times with water, which freezes, into nice smooth ice. A small tearoom is built in one corner where you can change to skates or have tea and rice cakes while you rest. These areas were also lighted at night so the people could skate after work. The lakes in and around the Forbidden City were frozen all winter and were used by everyone, from the toddler to the ninety-year-old. I was

amazed at how many of the populace in Peking skated. The American Embassy flooded the open area between the wall and the building. When Doc and I received invitations to a Christmas ice skating party, we went to the flea market and bought ourselves skates. The area was lit with colored lights and everyone had a good time.

In late January, Doc went to Shanghai on his way back to the States. By February it was clear that I was no longer needed in Peking and my replacement arrived. I received orders to report in Shanghai.

Chapter X11

Shanghai

I arrived in Shanghai on a damp, cold and rainy afternoon. This was typical Shanghai winter weather I was soon to find out. I rode into the city on a truck. This was the regular employee's transportation. I stayed at the Grand Hotel located in the business district close to the waterfront. This is where our pilots stayed. This hotel and all the others in Shanghai had no heat or hot water because the Japanese had taken all the boilers for future use in their Military installations. The only heat was by large urns filled with burning charcoal. There was one in the bar and one in the lobby.

The next morning I rode with Gudeman in the truck out to the field. There was a hangar there big enough to accommodate a C46. Considering when it was built it was huge and modern for its time. There were overhead electric powered chain hoists on tracks. The structure of the building was in good shape even though the floor had an inch build up of grease and dirt. My job would be taking care of the morning departures replacing Gudeman who now had a desk, but no Jeep and worked weekdays only with several new hires from the states. I learned that my good friend and mentor Martin Garrott had returned to New York to be Line Station Maintenance Superintendent. His Assistant Frank Mica was now in charge. Chief pilot Captain Sharp and my good friends from Dinjan Captain Woods and his wife Madge had left for the states. This explained why things were in such a mess and would only get worse.

In about a week Gudeman found a one-room apartment for rent in the center of town and asked me if I would share expenses with him. I asked him when I could move in. He told me that we would have to get some beds first. We went to see the apartment and found that it came with a houseboy who was also a caretaker for the owner. I asked him if he could get us some rope beds and he said yes. That problem was solved but we needed hot water for some baths thanks to the Japanese. The houseboy said that it was no problem for two US dollars he would get enough hot water for a bath. On a near by side street was an entrepreneur who specialized in hot water.

My day started at 4:30 A.M. when I caught the truck for the hour ride to the field. Along the road we would pass the pushcarts with their sewerage tanks. They would go from house to house buying the night's production from the maid. He would look in the chamber and then make his offer. After a little dickering a deal was made and he would dump it in the tank and continue down the street shouting his business. After we left the city, we passed these carts stopped along the road selling their wares to the local farmers. This must have been a huge business.

When I arrived, some of the mechanics would be preparing to pre-flight the planes. This consisted of having coolies rotate the engines by pulling on the propeller blades. This was done to eliminate the possibility of a hydraulic lock due to a lower cylinder filling with oil while the plane sat over night. This process became a problem over time. Some of the planes were parked with their engines above six to twelve inches of cold rainwater. Nobody wanted to get their feet wet in this

weather because there was no heat to dry your shoes. There was no way these planes could be towed. I pointed out to Gudeman that there was a lot of other parking places that were dry where the afternoon shift could park the planes. My suggestion was ignored. The next morning I instructed the mechanics on how to clear the engines by using the starters. This was to be done only on the planes that were parked in the water. In a few days I was called into Gudeman's office. The assistant Maintenance Engineer gave me a lecture about engine damage using the starter to clear the engine.

After he finished, I asked him if he ever saw anyone wading in the water pulling the props through on a flying boat and then walked out of the office. There were maintenance problems when some of the pilots for one reason or another didn't want to take a certain flight. They would complain to Gudeman or this Assistant Engineer I can't remember his name. Shorty called him "Bird Brain."

After some weeks passed, one of the pilots came up with a new gripe on one of the newer C-46s. His complaint was that there was some kind of vibration back in the tail section. Soon another pilot complained about another plane with this mystery vibration of the tail. In the meantime these planes were flown by other pilots without any complaints. I told Gudeman that this was above and beyond the qualifications that we should have this Assistant Engineer ride a test hop with us. By now Gudeman could see how he had been taken in by some of these pilots and wanted to put a stop to it. Gudeman asked one of the senior pilots to test fly the airplane for us. We told him of the mysterious vibration problem and that the Assistant Engineer would be on board in the back with me to check on this problem. Gudeman would be his co-pilot. I suggested that maybe a Power Stall might show up this vibration better and everyone agreed. Gudeman got the Assistant to come along telling him that this problem was over our heads and we needed his expertise. We all got onboard and took off.

At about 10,000 feet we leveled off and I went back to the tail of the plane with the Assistant. About six feet in front of the AFT bulkhead there is a step down of ten inches. I suggested that he might sit down here in case it got a little rough. When he was seated, I signaled the pilot and he put the plane in a power stall. You think, the tail is coming off when you do this with a C-47; you know it is coming off on a C-46. After the stall as the plane went into a dive, Gudeman opened the engine cowling flaps wide open. This caused a terrible buffeting of the tail and a lot of noise. While all this was going on, I was holding on to a rail on the side of the plane and standing beside the Assistant with my hand on his shoulder. As the plane leveled off, I looked down at him. He was white as a sheet and frozen rigid with fear. After landing I helped him out of the plane and he went to his office without saying a word to us. It was noon and we went to the chow hall. After that test flight, we never had any more mysterious vibrations. Later Bird Brain came back to the States by boat. I wonder why?

Fred Stinson a tall likable fellow who took my job when I went to Dinjan came up from Calcutta, which was now just a line station. He went to work on the same shift as in Calcutta.

March came and went and things did not improve. The senior pilot friends of mine were leaving. Ladd More started an Airline in Jakarta Indonesia. Maupin went out there. Some went to work for Dick Prescott's Flying Tiger Airline. All of the senior mechanics had never received a raise in the two years or more they had been with CNAC and were not to get one now, neither would they get their earned state side paid vacation. All of these employees would be replaced for less money

with war surplus people, flight and ground personnel from the states.

Shorty was brought from Hanchow and was working on the day shift. The three of us discussed our future with CNAC and decided it was time to move on. Pan Am was making a survey flight into Shanghai in early April and we could return to the states on it.

We turned in our resignations and proceeded to get ready to return on the Pan Am flight. Then came the low blow when we went to update our shots. Everyone returning to the states from the Orient must have a valid plague shot. This was a new regulation. So new that there was none available and would not be for some time to come. We would miss our flight and the next one would not be until May.

Finally, we were able to get our plague shots and were ready to leave. Early in May three of us and one of our senior pilots Don Codre went out to the Military Airport along with a couple of truck loads of well-wishers. After many pictures and good byes, we finally got on board. We were on our way back to the states. Next stop Manila.

Chapter X111

Manila - Guam - Honolulu

We arrived in Manila in the afternoon. Several approaches were made to the field before landing. This was done because there were fourteen Pan Am Captains on board getting qualified to fly this route when Pan Am started their scheduled flights to the Orient. When we arrived at the Manila Hotel, the signs of war were very obvious, the building was pockmarked by shells and the windows were blown out. The room that Shorty and I stayed in had the windows broken out. Just mosquito netting was over the openings. We went down to the bar to join Fred and Don. The bar was very unique. You could look up and see the moon and stars. The roof had been blown off in the war. While we were enjoying our drinks a shower came along and we took our drinks into the lobby. The shower was over in a few minutes and we went back to the bar.

The next morning we were told that our flight was delayed due maintenance. We knew it was pilot check. Pan Am took us on a lengthy tour of Manila, lengthy because some areas were not passable due mines and other hazards. The people all spoke good Spanish. Our guide did not speak any English so I became the interpreter. (Now the entire country speaks good English.) The public buildings were beautiful and massive. They were constructed of reinforced concrete to prevent earthquake damage. The Japanese used the buildings as fortifications. After the Allies used heavy artillery on the buildings and were still unable to get the Japanese out, they went in with tank flame-throwers and roasted them out. The buildings were a blackened mess of reinforced concrete. Most of the rest of what we saw of the city was devastated. In the morning, we left Manila for Guam.

We arrived at Guam in the early afternoon. As usual we made our several practice approaches before landing. This time we stayed in Quonset Huts. I found them very unique and I think they would be safe in a hurricane. After we got comfortable, Don and Fred asked us if we wanted to go to the Officers Wine Mess with them. Shorty declined in order to catch up on his letter writing. The Wine Mess sat on top of a little hill and had a beautiful view of the bay. As we neared The Wine Mess, I told Don and Fred to let me handle things. If you walked in and asked to buy a drink they would throw you out. We waited until a couple of Navy Lieutenants drove up then we introduced our selves. We were wearing our CNAC uniforms. I explained that we had just finished a long tour in China and would like to buy them a drink. They said the Mess was short on whiskey but was floating in beer. We told them that beer would taste delicious to us and we would buy the whiskey for them. After a few drinks they said they had to leave but as their guest we could stay and buy as much as we wanted. We thanked them and they left. My experience in Bahia paid off.

The next day on the flight to Hawaii I over heard some of the passengers complaining to Don and Fred that they had been denied entry into The Wine Mess. Don and Fred told them that they had no problem at all buying all the beer they wanted. They said you had to know the right person.

We arrived in Honolulu in the morning and went through Immigration and Customs. Immigrations gave me a hard time with my passport because of the number. It was a "5" handwritten

in ink. I was finally able to get a supervisor to understand that it was the fifth passport issued by the American Embassy in Shanghai since the war and that they had their own passport numbering system.

In customs, I declared everything and told the man that the reason the prices were so low was that I had purchased them while China was still under Japanese control. He said no problem and hoped that my mother would like the Gray Squirrel coat. Suddenly from across the room a booming voice said "now show me how you wear these." He was holding up a pair of silk pajamas and other unmentionables that he had taken from Don Codre's bag. When Shorty and I got to the hotel we decided that we would have some ice cream and a shake before we took a siesta. Our body clocks had some adjusting to do.

That evening our clocks had readjusted and we were ready to get some good old state side food. We walked down the street and spotted a Hamburger Stand. We ordered cheeseburgers and thick shakes. When the waiter brought my cheeseburger it had lettuce on it. Seeing the lettuce I asked the waiter if he would bring me a quarter head of lettuce with lots of Mayonnaise on it. He said he couldn't sell it to me because he didn't know the OPA price. I told him I hadn't heard of OPA and I would pay whatever he said. He said he still could not do it. I asked him to see the chef. The chef came out of the kitchen with a butcher knife in his hand looking for trouble. I explained to him that we had just arrived after four years in China where you could not eat uncooked vegetables because of dysentery. I offered him five dollars and asked if I could get the lettuce. He ignored it and said that it was on the house. That way the lettuce would not be subject to OPA. I thanked him and he brought me a third of a head of lettuce and a bowl of Mayonnaise.

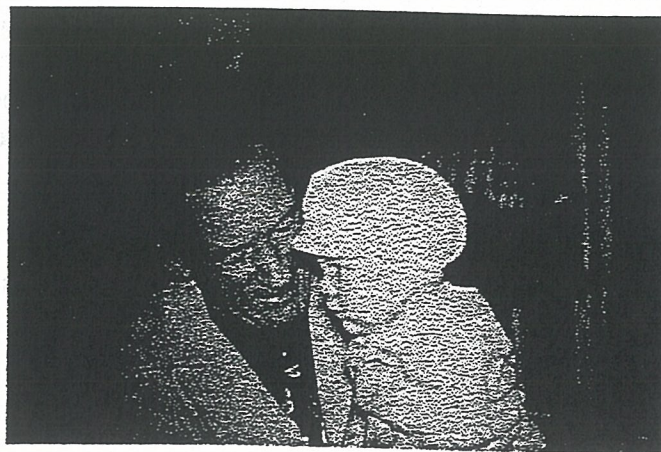
We left the restaurant and walked down the street looking in the stores and enjoying a new feeling. After a few blocks our noses did us in. We picked up and followed the aroma of popcorn popping to a pool hall. We each bought a bag and decided to shoot a little pool. Soon tiring we quit and started back to the hotel. On the way back we encountered some Chinese sailors walking four abreast. Remembering how they used to push into the street in Shanghai. I asked Shorty should we and he looked up at me with that funny little grin of his and said "with pleasure." When they came to us, we dropped a shoulder and kept right on walking as though nothing happened. The two that had been walking on our side of the street almost fell down. When they recovered, they started to come after us but their buddies talked them out of it. That would have been fun. The only difference between Shorty and me is length of arm and leg.

In the morning we took a tour completely around the Island. It was different and beautiful but we were anxious to be back in the states.

Late that afternoon we took off for the states.



John, "Shorty" Adams
and
Wife



Fred, "Cousin", Stinson
and
#1 Son, Gary

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Chinese-American pilots in the war, 1937

When Japan invaded China in 1937, opening the Asian area of World War Two, the small Chinese Air Force that opposed them included airmen who had been born in the United States but had returned to their ancestral home. Two of these pilot ~~may be~~ were considered the first American aces of World War Two.

The first group of these pilots were ten classmates of the "Portland Chinese-American Aviation School" who graduated in 1934 and came to China to join the Cantonese Air Force. This provincial (Guangdong) group was incorporated into the air force of the Central government of China in 1936.

Art Chin (Chin Shui-Tin) b. Portland, OR. Flew with 28th Pursuit Squadron (Hawk II) Combat from August 1937 to December 1939, (Gladiators. 5 victories. Returned to Portland in 1949. Retired from post-office. *The 1st US Ace in WWII.*

Another pilot earned his wings in California:

John "Buffalo" Wong (Wong Sun-Shui) b. Los Angeles, March 1914 Also 17th Sq. (P-26) on August 15, 1937, 5th Group cdr. (I-153) March 14, 1941, killed in one of 1st fights with Zeros. 8 victories.

Other Chinese-American pilots included:

John Wong (Wong Pan-Yan) b. Seattle, WA. Led 17th Squadron, Boeing P-26s. August 15, 1937. Two victories by Sept. 16, 1938. Returned to Seattle.

Clifford Louie (Louie Yim-Qun) b. Portland. 28th Sq. in 1938, 2 vict.
Hazel Lee (Lee Ah-Ying) Wife of Louie, in WASPS, killed November 1944, ferrying P-63.

Y.C. Lui (Lui Yim Guan) ?

Y.H. Soh (Soh Ying Siung) b. Portland

K.L. Ma (Ma Kwok Lim)

Y.P. Wong (Wong Yuen Boh)

H.C. Liao (Liu Siu King)

To Hugh Crumpler 2105 8-20-97
from Jim Daily

July 28, 2000

Reginald & Mary

319 Euclid Ave

Loch Arbour, N.J. 07717

REGINALD & MARY FARRAR
319 EUCLID AVE.
LOCH ARBOUR, N.J. 07711

Tom D. Moore
330 Ironwood Cir.
Roseville, CA 95678



This is to inform you of the death of Robert L. Nash (Bob) of 30929 Via Rivera, Rancho Palms Verde, Ca 90275. Bob died at home on July 2, 2000 at age 83. He was buried at Green Hills Memorial Park in Rancho Palms Verde.

Sincerely,
Bertrude M. Nash
Mrs Robert Nash
30929 Via River
Rancho Palms Verde
Ca 90275