



Cannon Ball

CNAC News Letter
Reg Farrar - Editor

Vol. 1 No. 1, Mar. 15, 1973
132 Gifford Avenue
Jersey City, N.J.

July, 1971, we had another joint meeting with the AVG in San Diego Calif. This is a very pleasant city and we were in a very nice hotel out on the Bay. We had a bang up time and renewed old friendships. There were 58 CNAC members there. (You should have been one of them).

Everything started with registration and first hello's. We then went to Tijuana in Mexico, where we had dinner and then went to a Jai Lai game. Some did a little shopping and then back to the hotel. The next day there were tours of Marine Land, golfing, and deep sea fishing trip. In the evening everyone embarked on a stern wheeler for a trip across the bay to a louau. On Saturday night we had our banquet. Our guest speaker was General Bruce Holloway, Commander in Chief of the Strategic Air Command. He is an old China hand and member of the AVG. With him was Col. Henry Chiu. We had never had better relations with the Air Corps nor has the Air Corps been represented by more personable and likeable men.

We held our business meeting when we had the pleasure of electing Art Chin our new President. As to the rest of the officers, the same sorry bunch were re-elected. I personally think this was a great choice for Art was one of the late group that came after the war years.

Robert Potts Schmidt veteran pilot and CNAC Captain was also honored with a plack remembering his great contribution to the effort we made in China. His efforts have been often overlooked and certainly long unrecognized

AND SO ON TO OJAI

The big event of 1973 is coming up fast, folks, so start planning and marking your calendar.

The dates are July 5-7 but.....

The Fourth comes in mid-week this year, so if you want to be at Ojai for the full week, get your reservations in pronto. The Inn is beginning to fill up for the first part of the week and reservations will be hard to come by for the early part of the week. If you want to get there in advance and warm up for the rest-of-the-week's festivities, you'll need to let the Inn know soon.

We're going to be able to make some travel arrangements for you and as in the past, it will be first come first served, so start thinking of dates and places. As in the past, we'll be able to provide limited service out of Boston, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Seattle and San Francisco. As you'll recall, the accommodations are small but as for service, you fly with the fastest. Since this will come at vacation time for airline staffers, Ed Pinke says it will help a lot if you get your travel choices in early.

As with all aspects of our economy, prices at Ojai have gone up. The rates will be \$50 a day for a two-people room. If children are brought along, the following rates will be in effect:

- Through 3 years of age - \$4.00 a day for food and crib
- 4 through 7 - \$8.50 a day
- 8 years old and over - \$15.00 a day

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400 East 58th Street
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14 Maryland Road
Maplewood, N. J. 07040
Tel.: (201) 762-9021

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DR. M. DAISY ATTERBURY
Secretary and Editor
Butler Hall, Apt. 5-P
400 West 119th St.
New York City 10027
Tel.: (212) UNIVERSITY 4-0200

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The Shanghai Tiffin Club of New York, has invited us to join them at their April 19th meeting at the Flower Drum Restaurant, 815 2nd Avenue, between 45 and 46th Street, N.Y.C., at 6:15 P.M., Dinner \$5.00. All interested in membership are welcome. At its monthly meetings speakers offer timely topics relevant to China and the Orient

In Memorium

Casey Boyd
Ray Hauptman
Peer Carr

November 24, 1970
October 13, 1971
January 23, 1972

Dr Robert Gallagher of AVG

Pilot Seniority List

Sharp	Kirkpatrick	Moore	Grappeshette
Woods	Hamel	Kurzman	Hurst
Pottschmidt	Strafer d	Mc Bride	Meyer
Moon Chin	H. Smith	Dalby	Hung
Mc Donald	York	Kenehan	Wilson
Higgs	Nasholds	Blackmore	Powere
De Kanzo	Bejief	Hanks	Maloy
H. U. Chen	Boyd	Snyder	Mc Cracken
H. R. Chin	Shilling	Monahan	Terry
Moss	Hinkle	Du Vze	Duding
Loane	Maupin	Quin	Anderson
D. Wong	Gibson	T. Wong	Hannon
Sharkey	Weiner	L. Moore	Lucas
Soundby	Bartling	W. H. Smith	Bull
Allen	Watson	Pollock	Reynolds
Petach	Farrell	Hing	Roundtree
Hall	Carroll	Fong	Roberts
Robertson	Stuelke	Bussart	Yule
Poon	Kusak	Wiss	Billin
Rossi	Uban	Codray	Dione
Goutiere	Biving	Mierer	Mah
Hauptman	Holmes	Miller	Sullivan
			Schuster

Not very many names are on this list but it the longest list with sequence .There are about 290 names on our membership list who were pilots. Will you all add to this listing and in the next letter I will add the corrections. We need this for every department so you will be seeing this appear later.

On March 15⁷² we had ^{in LA} a regional meeting at the Mandarin House Restaurant in New York City .This time Al Mah came down from Montreal and locally Rus Armstrong, Oakley Smith , Carey Bowles, Pappy and myself to name a few. We missed some of the locals like Hugh Chin, Jack Burke Red Holmes and Frank Meyers. Bus Loane was in Majorca so could not make it.

We have these little meetings 2 or 3 times a year here in New York. Why doesn't someone get some local meetings going in L.A. Miami or in the Northwest. Anyone can do it: all you need is the inspiration. Pick a place and write to the local guys in your area. Most of you have membership lists. Through the years we have had some good times here. We dont wait for the reunions which come only every two years.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

Remember when Sharkey was sleeping. Robby got a dead boa-constrictor and placed it near his head. Sharkey woke up and saw that snake about 6 inches away from his eyes. He went right up through the top of his mosquito net. We never did find out how he did it.

Intecontinental Corp. sold CNAC for 3000 PAA shares in 1933 worth \$282,259, and an option to buy more PAA at \$25.00 a share before March 1935.

1873 or 45% - Intecontinental
2287 or 55% - Chinese Government

When Chiang came into power there were 38 War Lords with separate currency. Chiang unified China and drove the Communists to Chang Shi.

John Service and John Davies Jr. were junior officers in Chinese ring. They wanted to sell Chiang out.

Without CNAC China might have been deserted but it provided a tangible link with the outside world. After showing the way it provided an important part of the "Hump" link with China throughout the war. Its pilots were probably the best group of all weather pilots ever assembled.

In 1944 it flew 9000 trips, 10,000,000 miles, and 35,000 tons, 38% of the Total of all the world routes. It flew 323 trips and dropped 1,837,000 lbs. of rice to the builders of the Ledo Road.

Royal Leonard missed Chingking. It made him mad so he went back and shot the location - found it 10 miles off.

1943-4 Stillwell wanted Yunan troops in Burma or CNAC would loose planes. Stillwell said we did more damage than Japs dropping rice.

What was the APO Number in Calcutta?
Answer next issue.

Stillwell called Generalissimo Peanut Head.

A Jap asked for let down in overcast at Chengtu in perfect English. They gave it to him and he bombed hell out of them. When B 29's would bomb Japan they would wait for them to return to Chengtu.

The Chinese Generals, many semi-autonomous, defected when Chiang lost American support after W W 2. While he had the power backing he held on. They were opportunists and defected.

Crap game in Dinjan - 30,000 rupees in one pot

Battle of Sou Chow was the end.

LAST DAY IN SHANGHAI
JERRY COSTELLO

Well the night I am referring to is in April 1948. I'm sorry, 1949, when a bunch of us guys were ordered to leave the city of Shanghai, and there were three of us. The last three guys who were in the city of Shanghai to evacuate were Captain DeSavitore, Captain Johnny Vivian and myself.

There were only three airplanes remaining at Lanwah Airport on the night this was taking place. And there was numerous shells and all kinds of bombing and strafing. Not strafing, but bombs and artillery coming in from the other side. Vivian, DeSavitore and myself were sitting there waiting for the last evacuees coming out of the city of Shanghai. So the funny part of this whole story is, from the way I'm looking at it is, because it was funny to me, after we had set there all night waiting for what was going to be the final alarm when everybody was supposed to go, numerous automobiles and large trunks and supplies, personal belongings belonging to Chinese Generals and their wives and kids and everything else arrived out at the airport. We would promptly put them aboard these three airplanes that were sitting there at the terminal where the CNAC operated out of for years and years. We all operated out of there. We all knew it very well.

As we put these things aboard the airplanes we noticed there were mortar shells starting to arrive from the Garden Bridge, which means that the Communists had taken the Garden Bridge at this time. So, all us guys jumped in our airplanes, promptly fired up our engines and taxied out to - but the funny part of the whole thing was that as we taxied out, I was number two man, Johnny Vivian was behind me, and DeSavitore was the number one man. As he got out there on the runway he sat there. He started up the engines and started to check the mags. I asked DeSavitore "what the hell are you checking the mags for - you're going to go anyway aren't you?" So he answered back, "I've got a rough one." I said, "why don't you shoot a little alcohol to it like we've been doing all day and we'll procede from here." He said "OK I will" so he put a little bit, about 50 inches to it, and he said "By God it did clear it up and all of a sudden I got sixteen instead of eighteen." So we promptly all shoved off from Shanghai and that was the last all three of us guys ever saw of the city of Shanghai.

Book Reviews:

Royal Leonard (died June 21, 1962) - Just read his book "I Flew for China", Doubleday Doran & Co., N.Y.C. I had to advertise to get a copy.

I also read a book "Tiger for Breakfast" the story of Boris Kathmandu (earlier of Calcutta) by Michael Peissel, Dutton, N.Y. 1966.

"The Communist Conquest of Shanghai", Publishing Co. & Crestwood Books, P.O. Box 2069 Arlington, Virginia, 22202 - Price \$2.75.

"China, The Remembered Life" by Paul Frillmann, Houghtin Mifflin Co., Boston, 1968.

"The War for the World" by Major General Thomas Lane, 1968, Twin Circle Publishing Co., 86 Riverside Dr., N.Y., N.Y. 10024, (paperback \$1.00). This is a clear exposition of U.S. Foreign Relations since W W II - A Must!

MANPOWER SHORTAGE

Submitted by Jake Fassett

It was a noise more eerie than the wail of a jackal at two ayem on a rainy morning. The banshee couldn't hold a screech to it. Brother, that noise was rugged. It sounded like a tuba umpaahing in high notes meant only for raucous blue-jays plus a rhythmic Hee-ah-hoo! which could only issue from a human larynx. God above -- it was indescribable, but it was worse than that, too. Of course it couldn't have been a tuba with a screaming cat in it, so what the hell was it?

You can guess how curious was the uproar when you learn that I was safely under my mosquito net on the verandah of a plantation house overlooking acres of tea-bushes and miles of jungle in Upper Assam, India. As pilots we used it as our hotel and I had gone up to bed early. The dining room and center of story telling and buffoonery were below. The noise was drowning out the arguments, hangar flying, monsoon rain, and the snores around me. I surmised as I stubmled down the stairs that one of our pilots had finally become Hump-happy and traded in his sanity for a happier state.

My first impression was that the native bearer-waiter was throwing an epileptic fit as it was he from whom the noise emerged. He, the center of a half-admiring, half awe stricken group of men, was contorting himself in perfect rhythm, all the while producing that symphony of din. His bare left arm was slapping out a time beat against his bare ribs, as a bass drummer keeps time with his foot; his right arm was now slapping his back and now his stomach, and his mouth managed the other sound effects. Oddly enough, his feet did not dance; they merely shuffled after his weaving body or remained perfectly still.

Suddenly the diversion ended abruptly, the boy looked up expectantly, breathing hard, and we again recognized him as one of the lads who faithfully served us daily. Someone handed him two rupees before I discovered what was going on. It seemed that one of our men, who spoke Hindustani and Assamese well, had surprised the stalwart lad, minus turban and dhoti, learning the dance from a local high priest while on a stroll in the jungle. He had inquired, found that the priest took it seriously but the bearer did not, and offered two rupees to perform his newly acquired gymnastic for us.

It became an amusing but forgotten incident until, owing to the rapid changes of personnel in the hostel, the boy was obliged to dance more often than work in order to satisfy the newcomers who had missed the original edification. Now as every one knows, the servant-bearer problem is a difficult one in the upper jungle. You must pay well-trained bearers well to get that close to where they think the Jap is, but if you pay them too much, they will retreat to the villages to be king for a day or so. Such was the case with Bachygurra, and Jake Fassett, our quietly efficient hostel manager, had a problem.

Appealing to the pilots was no good. Being bush pilots on the toughest freight haul in the world, they were as good humoredly incorrigible as a camp full of loggers. Jake, having been a hotel manager for years, and naturally quiet and retiring, believed in

the worst theory for controlling Indian servants - that is, being kind to them. Surprisingly enough to all the pukka proper Englishmen nearby, it worked for Jake. But as a result of his apparent defection in wielding the iron hand, he couldn't bring himself to discipline Bachygurra relative to said rascal's dreams of becoming a native capitalist at two rupees a throw.

Jake tried everything: persuasion, easier work, a promotion from number eleven to number nine boy, and even bought him a new turban, but all to no avail. We sympathized with Jake, but the exhibitions went on just often enough to keep Bachygurra in a state between working and dancing and Jake in a quandary as to whether he should fire the loafer or shoot him.

I put it down as the exception to prove the rule - for all his other good servants who venerated Jake as the 'goo-rate Ah-meer-eee-kain Sah'b who kindly is', but Bachygurra was the only one he had failed to convert.

Some nights later, my protesting senses indicated that the Upper Assam Love Dance (as, among other things, we had come to call it) was again being perpetrated. This time, however, the screeching tones were louder, more awful, and full of all the misery of the nether domains. Since native payday had just come and gone, I considered Bachygurra drunk and thought it worth the while to observe the effect of local alcohol on his art. To this purpose I again bounced down the stairs, and upon sighting the dining room, needed a drink myself.

For in the center of the room, slightly to one side, and firmly held by two of the twenty men in the audience, was Bachygurra, his eyes and mouth spread like clampshovels with awe. But he was not only immobile - he was stone-still as if the wretch had just turned into a pillar of black salt. He may as well have been, and me too, when the extent of the blasphemy on all that is good, grand and unholy caught my eye. Because the object of horrified attention was none other than pink-jowled, balding, chubby, and modest Jake Fassett himself!

Now Jake drank on rare occasions but never became loud or even expansive. No doubt the poor man had lost his senses over the problem of Bachygurra and the thousand we posed for him daily and was by suggestion and transmigration turning into a native.

But no - his dance finished and breathing like a leaking steam engine, here was Jake, confronting Bachygurra with a horrible leer and demanding imperiously as his tenor voice would permit: "Two rupees from you or I dance before your village -- yes, even the doctor of the jungle who taught you -- two rupees, you unholy rascal, or out you go to the crocodiles!"

A howl of glee arose from the other servants who were peering in all doors and windows. This was better sport than a jungle wedding on the night after payday.

Bachygurra, no longer burra babu big-shot among his own, was forever doomed. Had he been Chinese, he would have suffered faceless throughout life. But on fishing out his rupees and duly paying Jake his just remuneration, we made one last feeble effort to regain a bit of prestige. "Bachygurra come good boy now, Jake Sah'b - work hard and see witch doctor no more. But give coming next day off, Bachygurra teach Jake Sah'b to slap stomach, not behind side -- gods giving bad time for such insult!"

C-NAC CANNONBALL

Refrain:

Hear the mighty engines
Hear the Captain call
I'm headed back to Dinjan
On the C-NAC Cannonball

Verses:

1. I've got a girl in Dibragar
She's long and she's tall
She's coming down to Dinjan
On the C-NAC Cannonball
2. The Captain says, "We're going down"
The Co-pilot says, "Ding Hao"
If you haven't got an engine
You'd better bail out now
3. The might mountains are rough
The army boys do say
The army gets the medals
The C-NAC gets the pay
4. When you get to China
You'll find a cozy ditch
Then back to dear old Dinjan
A needle from Doc Rich
5. Few people now remember
Those days of which we sing
When C-NAC planes were flying
From Dinjan to Kunming
6. A lonesome plane is flying
Over old Moulmam
After years of silence
C-NAC flies again
7. Harken to the engines
Across the cloudy draw
We're headed to our maker
And a meet in Hoky Taw

The last three verses are new. Why don't you write a few new ones to add to the story of CNAC

V. DE SALVATORE
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