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Edited by Horace Sutton

The Nine Lives of CAT—1

IT WAS A DAY LIKE MANY another day for the upstart airline that was known as CAT—more formally named CNRRA (Chinese National Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) Air Transport—that in this year of 1948 was carrying more cargo by air than any airline had ever hauled before.

Captain Robert Rousselot, of Joplin, Missouri, late of the Marine Corps, lost an engine on his C-46 aircraft over the mountains of central China and he ordered his crew to kick the cargo out of the door. Cartwheeling end over end went bale after bale of Chinese currency worth at the time the equivalent of U.S. \$4,000,000 (inflation being what it was in China, one wag said later the money probably depreciated 30 per cent before

it hit the ground). Very little of the money ever was recovered.

Captain Felix Smith, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, nosed his C-46 upward from the Hungjao airport in Shanghai and headed for Kunming in Southwest China carrying medicines and relief supplies. He would bring back a load of wolfram. He would also bring back a few bullet holes in the starboard wing. The "agrarian reformers"—Mao Tse-tung's determined band of Communists—already were restless.

Stuart E. Dew, of Hamburg, Arkansas, pushed his C-47 toward Lanchow in northwest China, where it was so cold his engines froze solid. Things were a hell of a lot better, he mused, when he was flying for the General. Before he joined CAT, Stu Dew had been the personal pilot for General George Catlett Marshall as America's top military figure quested the length and breadth of China in a pathetic search for a formula for peace.

Of such almost routine incidents—for CAT—were the makings of one of the most colorful, romantic, and in some respects mysterious airlines in the history of aviation. In CAT's nearly twenty-two-year history lie enough plots and situations, replete with "dragon ladies" and international intrigue, to keep a TV series stocked with material for several generations. But today the outfit founded by General Claire Chennault and once called "the world's most shot-at airline" is in the process of closing down its international passenger operations in the Far East. It will continue, however, to offer its ancient, but immaculately maintained, C-46 domestic service on its headquarters island of Taiwan.

Many an old Far East hand—some whose lives are actually owed to a timely CAT mercy evacuation flight, sometimes with Communist troops at the other end of the runway—will suffer a twinge at the company's decision. CAT had one of the highest percentage rates of repeat passengers in the airline business, old-time passengers who liked the service offered by the Chinese stewardesses in ecru-linen (summer) or smoky-gray (winter), slit-skirted *chi pao* (*chiung sam* in south China) uniforms and never tired of repeating with a chuckle, "Man, fly CAT and the best leg of your journey will be on one of the stewardesses."

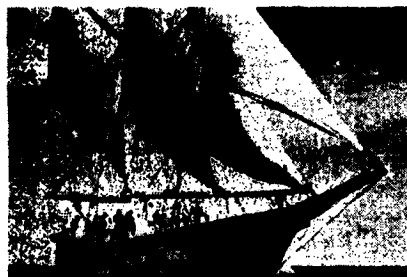
The end for CAT came on the drizzly, slightly foggy night of February 16 of this year when the airline's "Mandarin Jet," a Boeing 727 leased from Southern Air Transport, picked its way through

murk from Hong Kong for a landing at Taipei's Sung Shan (pine mountain) airport only 12 miles and two minutes away. Suddenly out of nowhere, trees and buildings loomed. It was too late. The 727 crashed and burst into flames. Twenty-one persons, including the wife of the pilot at the controls and the wife of an assistant vice president of CAT, were killed. Miraculously, forty-two survived, several of whom calmly got in taxis and drove into Taipei—one to the airport to meet mystified friends he knew would be waiting. It was only the second crash of scheduled services in CAT's history; it also was CAT's only jet, which many found difficult to believe in the light of CAT's vigorous, full-color advertising campaigns and the schedules flown by the company.

The crash wrote touch-down for CAT, but the Chinese calligraphy had been on the wall ever since CAT's first crash on June 20, 1964, near Taichung in central Taiwan—a highly suspicious crash of a C-46 domestic airliner that claimed the lives of fifty-seven persons, including that of perhaps the richest man in Asia, Dato Loke Wan Tho—the Malaysian movie magnate—and several of his starlets from his Cathay Studios. The full story of this crash has yet to be unraveled; what is known has not been told because it has been kept under official and perhaps officious wraps. There has never been, for instance, an official airing of the part played by two apparently demented military men aboard who had stolen two radar identification manuals (about the size of a mail-order catalog) in the Pescadore Islands; hollowed them out with a razor blade so each would hold a .45 caliber pistol. The manuals and one pistol were found, but fire and perhaps inadequate investigation marred the evidence. It was never definitely determined if the weapon had been fired.

Gratitude has never shone as the strongest trait in the Oriental character, except perhaps within the family system itself. If the Nationalist Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek owed CAT gratitude for helping forestall the inevitable Communist onslaught and for aiding the development of the Taiwan refuge, it did nothing to show it in the days that followed the 1964 crash. An unprecedented campaign of abuse against CAT was mounted in the press; members of the various Yuans (legislatures, so to speak) cried for blood. In an obviously high-level plot, CAT's head office was raided and records were seized, resulting in what amounted to the doubling of income tax bills for CAT employees (the added amount was paid by the company).

The owners—and there is some doubt in some minds about just who they may be—decided at that time to get out of



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the international passenger business. But how to do it was the question. The Government harassed from the *yin* side and refused to let go from the *yang*. It wouldn't at that time agree, in other words, that CAT should go out of the international passenger-carrying business. CAT had to go along because it had to have the approval, or at a minimum, the cooperation, of the Chinese Government to protect the much larger parts of the complex of which the scheduled airline was only the tail, and a very bobbed one at that.

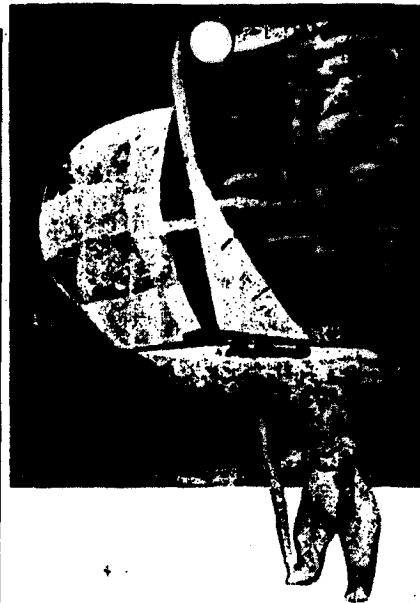
The reasons for the "jump-on-'em-when-they're-down" reaction are not all buried in Oriental mystique. American management was resented. Even though CAT was billed as a Chinese-owned airline, and even though it was listed as the designated carrier of the Republic of China, it was, by corporate legerdemain, practically and effectively, an American-operated airline. And the American management, to be charitable, did not at all times operate with the velvet tonils and patience that orders the way of life in this part of the world.

Every developing nation, it has been said, wants two things it probably shouldn't have while it is developing: a steel mill and an airline. Nationalist China resisted the steel mill, but not the airline. With a group of retired air force officers as the nucleus, the Government gave its blessing to the founding of China Airlines (CAL) in 1955 and made ready to push it to the fore if CAT ever stumbled. If, in the eyes of the Chinese, guided by the mass communication media, CAT stumbled in 1964, then it must have been felt that with the February 16 jet crash the airline wobbled over the cliff.

There were, indeed, from the public's viewpoint, some aspects deserving of headlines. The pilot actually flying the aircraft was Hugh Hicks, fifty, of Hannibal, Ohio, the assistant chief pilot of CAT. He had been checked out in the 727 at Seattle, Washington; he had been to Hong Kong with his wife, Gloria, on a holiday. When the craft was airborne, he asked the pilot in command, Stuart Dew, the same captain who air-chauffeured General Marshall about China, if he could get some time in at the controls. Dew, forty-five, is a quiet, pipe-smoking, slightly built man; easy to get along with, it might be said. He agreed. But he moved, not to the co-pilot's righthand seat held by a Chinese flyer at the time of the crash, but to the "jump seat" behind the flight controls.

As assistant chief pilot, Hicks, a sandy-and curly-haired pipe-smoker who taught flying in Indonesia in the early Fifties, lived basically a desk-bound life with little chance for actual flying. One of the last statements transcribed from the flight recorder was the Arkansas

SR/May 11, 1968



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drawl of Dew saying: "Aren't you a lit low, Hugh?"

Both of them were injured, painfully but not seriously, and they have been put on trial on charges of negligence, malfeasance of duties, and related misdeeds. Dew, as the pilot in command, faces imprisonment of five years if convicted; Hicks, two. Those supposedly privy to Chinese voices have said the pilots will be convicted but given suspended sentences with probation which would require them to remain on Taiwan for the duration of their stay of confinement.

The International Airline Pilots Association and other pilots' groups are watching the case with considerable apprehension. There is a possibility the IAPA may boycott Taipei if the pilots are convicted. The charges themselves are unprecedented. So far as is known, no commercial pilot anywhere has ever been prosecuted on criminal charges following a crash.

Against this background and with, it is understood, a difficult-to-measure amount of encouragement from the United States Government, China Airlines has more and more elbowed CAT out of the international flying picture. Last year it inaugurated 727 services to Tokyo and Hong Kong, then took over CAT's routes from Taipei to Manila and

Taipei to Seoul—two lucrative routes. It got a second 727, and talks about operating five in the not-too-long a time, including routes to Hawaii and the U.S. mainland.

The former air force generals and colonels now running CAL, headed by former general Ben Y. F. Chow, are a tough, hard-nosed, unforgiving lot. If they have anything to say about it, CAT won't be forgiven for what are considered to be slights to the greatness of China. They feel CAT deliberately refused to expand services because of capital risks involved. It's a point that could be debated with equal eloquence from either side. —ARNOLD DIBBLE.

(This is the first of two articles.)

Arnold Dibble is the former public relations director of CAT. He now is on the staff of United Press International in Tokyo.

Once By The Pacific (1967)

By Stewart L. Udall

POETS, as Shelley claimed, are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. Any man of rueful honesty, if only on his way home from the last symposium, may come to the thought after Shelley's, which is that poets do better out of office. Now Secretary Udall suggests a third thought: how good it is when those in high office find themselves raised above data and memoranda to a height of feeling at which the substance of their official concern moves them to poetry. Let legislators be acknowledged poets and we shall all, I must believe, be better governed. We welcome Secretary Udall to the roster of SR poets. —JOHN CLARKE.

At sunrise near a city on a beach
I heard the wash of surf
The calls of birds
The chiming of church bells
A fog horn's far-off song
A dog's cry and a boy's

Tender noise like this
Has salved the waking mind
Since Homer; but sullen morning came
And engines ripped the urban air
Annulling all the subtle sounds.

Must all the soft chords go,
Torn by a savage celerity,
To caress us only at dawn and dusk?
Or must we curse the sonic time
And brace our ears against the din?

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Booked for Travel

Edited by Horace Sutton

The Nine Lives of CAT—2

ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL, romantic, and often mysterious of the world's airlines is CAT, the Taipei-based company which grew out of the wartime network operated with great dash by the late Gen. Claire Chennault. In its twenty-two-year history it amassed an unbelievable string of adventures as well as a reputation for operating the most glittering flying machine in the Asian skies.

When CAT's famed Mandarin Jet, a Boeing 727, crashed outside Taipei last February, its surviving American pilots were ordered to stand trial for negligence and malfeasance of duties. It was an unprecedented move in airline circles, and marked the end of CAT's international operations for which it was celebrated in the Far East. CAT's place will be taken by China Airlines, a Chinese-owned and government-blessed company formed by a group of retired Air Force officers. Although the plans and hopes of China Airlines are ambitious, the memory of CAT from its earliest days under Chennault to its famed Mandarin Jet will linger among those travelers who fly the ports of the Far East.

Under Chennault's never-to-be-hidden-under-the-bushel leadership, the origin and the early days of CAT operations on the mainland leave few questions. But CAT and the complex of which it is the smallest, but most public, part have mystified and confused

many today. There are many who see the spoon-stirrers of the Central Intelligence Agency in the pot. CAT certainly has strong connections with the U.S. Government, but so does every airline with headquarters in the United States. This is the game of "corporateness," connected no doubt with taxation and profit, in which entities are set up with the flick of a lawyer's pen.

At the top of CAT's pyramid is the Pacific Corporation, a holding company incorporated in Delaware which in turn is the parent company of Air America, Inc., with headquarters in Washington, D.C., which in turn owns Air Asia Company, Ltd., one of the world's largest aircraft maintenance and repair facilities employing close to 8,000 employees at Tainan in southern Taiwan, which in turn holds a service contract with CAT, which is the way the Americans operate the "Chinese-owned" airline. There are other offshoots as well.

The chairman of the board of Air America is that old, lean tiger of the Pacific in World War II, Adm. Felix Stump (Ret.). The board includes such figures as Robert Goelet, of an old and wealthy Manhattan family. The complete organization is said to make \$10,000,000 a year. It's not a small grouping. With more than 11,000 employees, the outfit ("outfit" is the word used by most employees since there just isn't any other way to describe it) in terms of its nearly 200 operating aircraft—ranging from the tiny helio-courier to the 727—is one of the largest aircraft operators in the world.

The direction of the empire is centered in the iron hands of George A. Doole, Jr., a former Pan American pilot who pulls the strings from his office on Connecticut Avenue in Washington. His man in the field is Hugh L. Grundy, managing director of CAT, president of Air Asia, and a director of Air America. This tall, courtly, graying native of Springfield, Kentucky, works from a comparatively small office on the seventh floor of the Central Building on Taipei's main street, Chungshan Lu.

The bulk of the outfit's fleet operates in Vietnam, Thailand, and Laos under contract to U.S. Government agencies—usually the AID (Agency for International Development) mission, although Air America also carries out contract flying from Japan and for some time operated regularly scheduled flight

services within the Ryukyu Islands, services that now have been taken over by a subsidiary of Japan Air Lines. Air America's pilots haul just about anything anywhere, dropping rice and blankets and medicine to Meo tribesmen in the mountains of Laos or outposts in Vietnam and, so it is rumored, sometimes "hot rice"—weapons and ammunition.

The company is no Johnny-come-lately to the Southeast Asia area, having operated from Hanoi and other cities in the early 1950s. And in 1954, operating under a contract with the French Government, the outfit flew supply missions into Dienbienphu, where the company lost its greatest legend—the pilot known in flying circles everywhere as "Earthquake McGoon," a 300-pound giant of a man. Terrence McGovern was his real name, and he was from Jersey City, New Jersey. When he flew, they had to modify the seats in the cockpit; his food capacity was as legendary as his flying. When his C-119 Flying Boxcar went down, grown men cried. In 1949, he had been captured by the Communists in China. Only a few months later, he walked into Pop Gin-



gles's hangout in Hong Kong and announced: "They couldn't afford to feed me." It was always thought that Pop Gingles had arranged ransom for the great McGoon.

Thus the complex continues in the spirit and image of the original CAT. When General Chennault and his main partner, the late Whiting Willauer, who later became ambassador to several Central American countries, founded CAT, China no longer was a sleeping giant, but it was a crippled one.

Eight years of war that started at Marco Polo Bridge had left the nation's land, water, and air transport shattered. UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) supplies piled up on the docks of China's port cities; salable produce, cotton, tobacco, tungsten, and other commodities moldered in the interior. To alleviate this crisis, CAT was born.

The birth certificate, or founding document, was signed in the Broadway Mansions on Shanghai's Bund on October 25, 1946. Chennault, who directed the famed Flying Tigers before the United States got in the war and then the 14th Air Force after Pearl Harbor, had gone back to his native Louisiana for retirement and some catfishing. But China was in his bloodstream, and

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there was good reason to believe he was in love with a beautiful, young newspaper reporter named Chen Hsiang-Mei, who later became his wife and wrote a touching account of the romance, *A Thousand Springs*, under the name of Anna Chennault. And so Chennault scratched around for capital and manpower to start the airline that would be known as CAT.

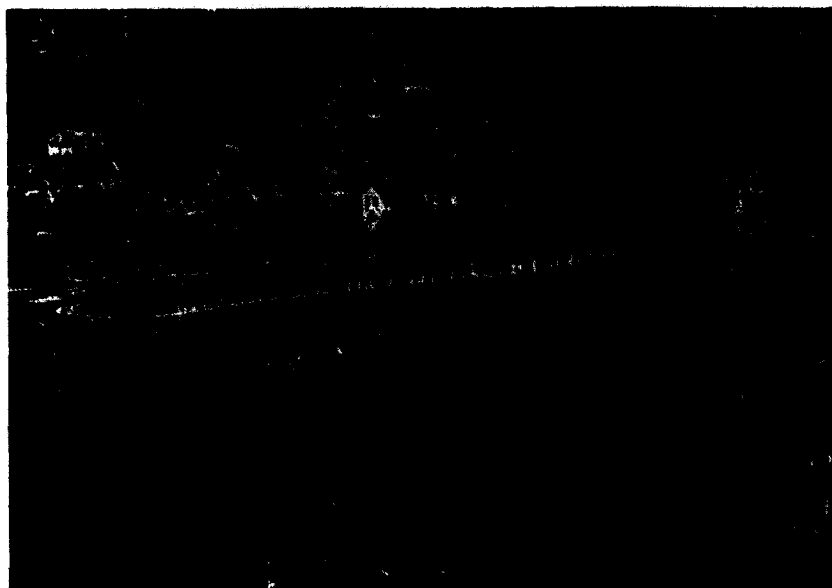
For capital he turned to many sources, including a number of Shanghai bankers and industrialists. One of them, Dr. Wang Wen-san, became chairman of the board of CAT. His personality is almost as colorful as the airline. Dr. Wang writes songs, plays operettas (some in English); he is an authority on the Chinese dance and opera and he is an inventor. One of his inventions is a water filter for pipes and cigarette holders.

For manpower, Chennault hired a group of beardless young men fresh from the military, and many of them still fly for the organization. They were sent to bases in Hawaii and the Philippines to scrounge for surplus aircraft—C-46's and C-47's. The airline's first aircraft, a C-46 piloted by Paul Holden of Greenleaf, Kansas (who died of a heart attack last year), and Frank Hughes of Syracuse, New York, landed on December 18, 1946, at Canton's White Cloud airport, where elephants turned pink by airport dust presented constant landing hazards. By October 1947, the airline was operating eighteen cargo aircraft—fifteen C-46's and three C-47's. During its first eight months of operation the airline set a world's record of 2,921,212 ton-miles flown—hog bristles from Weihsen, cotton from Tsinan to Tsingtao that saved the jobs of 19,000 employees of the China Textile Corporation which was on the verge of a forced shutdown. Chennault and Willauer slashed air cargo rates by one-third and refused to carry anything that smacked of luxury items.

But the Reds were on the move, and CAT found that more and more it was carrying human rather than material cargo; whole orphanages were airlifted to safety, and a world's record evacuation of 7,000 persons was made from imperiled Mukden. Suddenly, CAT was in the passenger-carrying business whether it liked it or not. But it still carried cargo and laid the pattern for the Berlin Airlift by supplying a major city—Taiyuan, with a population of 2,500,000—completely by air for the first time in history. The Taiyuan airlift enabled tough, anti-Communist Marshal Yen Hsieh-shan to hold out for months against Mao's encircling forces.

But the end was in the making, and, after closing down more than thirty bases, CAT reluctantly departed the mainland on January 15, 1950. Much

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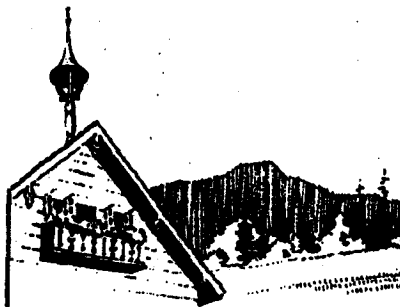
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of the company's equipment was transported on a purchased landing ship, the LST-118, which was navigated down the river from Shanghai by the "captain of the CAT Navy," pilot Felix Smith, who besides being a flier still holds his third-mate's license in the Merchant Marine. That LST, after the company settled restlessly on southern Taiwan, was to become one of the world's most unusual airline maintenance installations, a floating machine shop with, among other things, a 90-foot parachute-testing shaft right down the middle of the ship. So primitive were conditions on Taiwan at the time (there were only five motor vehicles operating on the entire island) that CAT had to set up its own schools, using the LST facilities to repair toasters and even a small printing press to print report cards for the school.

The future looked anything but bright. But on June 25, 1950, the Korean War broke out. CAT's airlift capability suddenly became as sought after as a beauty's hand, and during the first hazardous months of the Korean conflict CAT pilots hauled up to 30 per cent of all airlifted supplies landing in Korea. In this era, CAT was reorganized and CAT, Inc.—as differentiated from Civil Air Transport Company Limited (CATCL)—was formed. CAT, Inc., was later changed to Air America.

CAT started passenger services that before its demise covered 5,083 unduplicated route miles to seven countries in the Orient—Japan, Korea, Okinawa, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, and the Philippines. On July 11, 1961, the first lady of China, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, inaugurated a gleaming new Convair 880 passenger liner and CAT became the first purely regional carrier in the Orient, and among the first regional carriers in the world, to operate purely jet service. The Mandarin Jet was more than a passenger plane. In a way it was a flying museum which displayed the rich traditions of the ancient Chinese culture. There were moon gates and lion knobs and travel panoply from the days of Confucius, Chinese characters wishing long life and blessings, and, of course, CAT's symbols—the five-toed dragon and the Phoenix.

Most of the 1,600 CAT employees will either be absorbed by other segments of the complex or retire. But the yeast has gone from the sometimes wild blue yonder. —ARNOLD DIBBLE.

*(This is the second of two articles.
The first appeared last week.)*

Arnold Dibble is the former public relations director of CAT. He now is on the staff of United Press International in Tokyo.

Chess Corner—No. 124

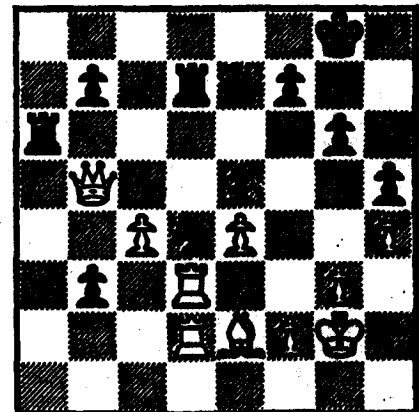
WHEN a player wins a game, he often essays the same opening pattern a second time; when he loses, he shies away from a painful recollection. Not so with Boston's marvel, Harry Nelson Pillsbury, in his set-to with world champion Dr. Emanuel Lasker. When Pillsbury lost to Lasker at St. Petersburg in 1898, he waited seven years for a return bout, echoed the same debut, and clobbered Lasker in a new, inspired variation.

And not so with Czechoslovak grandmaster Vlastimil Hort. After he lost recently to the three-time Soviet champion, Leonid Stein, in a longshot qualification for the world title [See CHESS CORNER NO. 123, April 13], he welcomed a repeat opening performance and showed Stein the error of his ways.

Hort won after many vicissitudes. The game was a difficult positional struggle. In a tense tail-end melee, Stein's Queen was trapped—and that was enough. Here it is:

CARO-KANN DEFENSE

Stein White	Hort Black	Stein White	Hort Black
1 P-K4	P-QB3	21 N-B1	B-R3
2 P-Q3	P-Q4	22 N-K3	BxN
3 N-Q2	P-KN3	23 RxB	N/R-N5
4 P-KN3	B-N2	24 B-B3	R-Q3
5 B-N2	P-K4	25 Q-N2	QR-Q1
6 KN-B3	N-K2	26 K-N2	Q-K2
7 O-O	O-O	27 P-R4	Q-K3
8 P-QN4	P-QR4	28 B-K2	N-Q5
9 PxRP	QxP	29 R-QB1	R/1-Q2
10 B-N2	P-Q5	30 P-R5	N/Q-B3
11 P-QR4	Q-B2	31 Q-R1	R-Q1
12 P-B3	PxP	32 Q-R4	Q-K2
13 BxP	R-Q1	33 R-QN1	R-R1
14 N-B4	B-K3	34 Q-N5	RxP
15 N-K3	P-R3	35 Q-N6	R-Q2
16 Q-N1	N-R3	36 BxN	PxB
17 N-B4	BxN	37 R-Q3	R-R7
18 PxB	P-QB4	38 R/N-Q1	N-Q5
19 R-K1	N-B3	39 R/1-Q2	R-R3
20 N-Q2	P-R4	40 Q-N5	P-N8



Resigns.

—AL HOROWITZ.