PART II

CAT Beginnings to Korean War, 1946 – 1953

The Beginning and Funding of CAT
How CAT Really Got Going
Looking Back
CAT's Start and Early Years
Linfen Rescue
The Weihsien Incident
Louise Peeks at War
CAT Sets World Ton Mile Record
World's Most Shot-at Air Line
Shansi Wants Larger CAT Fleet
Fall of Canton, Chungking, and Mengtze
Trip to Lhasa, Tibet
Admiral Willauer's Navy
China Mainland Overflight Mission
Flying China Mainland Overflight Missions
Accounting for CAT
CAT Inaugurates DC-4 Service
Flight Hostess
CIA Honors: Captains Norman Schwartz and Robert Snoddy
Operation BOOKLIFT
Start of Korean Airlift
Korean Airlift – Operation BOOKLIFT
French Indochina Special Technical & Economic Mission
Man on the Spot in Saigon

The Beginning and Funding of CAT

Excerpt from the CAT History Project from CAT Association Bulletin, May – Sep 2021 ***by Lew Burridge and Felix Smith***

While Gen. Chennault's efforts received opposition from powerful people, both in China and in the U.S.A., he had some determined and influential friends in both countries working behind the scenes, as well as publicly, in support of his proposals for an aviation answer to some of the needs that were eroding China's ability to survive.

Chief among these friends was Thomas "Tommy the Cork" Corcoran, a Washington Attorney and an FDR favorite in his administration. Tom Corcoran's brother, David, was President of China Defense Supplies (CDS), organized by Tom under the order of President Roosevelt. CDS was chaired by T. V. Soong, China's Foreign Minister and brother of Madame Chiang Kai Shek. CDS was charged to aid the formation of the American Volunteer Group (AVG) under Chennault. CDS was later expanded to be the Chinese Government's agency for bolstering aid in support of the battle against Japanese aggression in China. Whitey Willauer had been a schoolmate at Exeter of W. H. Corcoran, the third brother, and knew the family well. In contact with CDS from October 1942 to late 1944, Willauer stated that he had spent two-thirds of his time in China and the balance in Washington DC expediting "problems concerning the overall Chinese war effort."

In 1944 Willauer was appointed Director for the Far East and Special Territories Abroad of the U.S. Foreign Economic Administration. His territories included China, Japan, Formosa, Korea, and Southeast Asia. In 1945 FDR ordered him to the Philippines to "do what he could to restore the civilian economy of the Philippines."

Prior to that, Willauer had worked on support for Chennault's 14th Air Force through China's Ministry of Communications. He also helped pioneer the Hump Airlift from India to China – the only lifeline free from Japanese occupation. As a result of these actions, he became a close friend of Chennault. He once stated "It seemed a natural thing for us, with our mutual love for China, to return there together to help in China's reconstruction." With Chennault, Willauer gave informal advice and support to UNRRA/CNRRA, the official U.N. Agencies for China assistance. It was recognized early on

that there was an essential need for additional airlift capacity in connection with these programs as there were only thirty civilian planes then in China and not all would be available for the mission.

UNRRA agreed to loan CNRRA the funds required by Chennault and Willauer to purchase surplus U.S. military aircraft. The CNRRA loan had to be repaid and carried interest at 10 percent compounded annually. This then left Chennault/Willauer with the job of raising an additional $250,000 needed for working capital. Negotiations with Bob Prescot, President of the Flying Tiger Cargo Airline seemed promising, until …Prescot had sent his brother to Shanghai to negotiate, but during a stopover in Manila he was shot to death, as an innocent bystander, in the lobby of the Manila Hotel. In spite of every effort made by Corcoran and Chennault/Willauer, this tragedy "dried up" any early prospects for U.S. funding.

As the need for operating capital was now critical, Willauer, through a close Chinese friend formerly with the Chinese Ministry of Communications, Dr. Wang Wen San, succeeded in interesting a Chinese group of investors to make Chennault/Willauer a loan of $250,000 for eighteen months at high interest rates secured by a 40% interest in the equity of the new airline.

While U.S. supporters were appalled by the terms of the loan, it was repaid early. The Chinese lenders also proved to be valuable allies in addressing the infant airline's salary problems and in beating back attacks from those, such as CNAC, that feared CNRRA Air Transport (CAT) competition. [CNAC/PAA and CAT later became good friends.]

Still backed strongly by Chiang Kai Shek, T.V. Soong, the Corcoran Group and other supportive figures in the U.S. and China, operations under the Chinese flag became official on October 25, 1946.

While the end of World War II brought the United States superpower status, it also signaled the beginning of the Cold War and a U.S. foreign policy predicated on "spheres of influence"…Although now a lawyer in private practice, Tommy Corcoran had clients who became integral to American foreign policy goals in both China and the Western Hemisphere.

One month after the surrender of Japan, in September 1945, Tommy and David Corcoran…created a Panamanian company, Rio Cathay, for the purpose of pursuing business ventures in Asia and South America. Around the

same time Whiting Willauer, who had remained in China with Claire Chennault after the Second World War, returned to the United States to seek financing for a new business venture.

Chennault and Willauer believed there were enormous economic opportunities in China even though the country continued to be immersed in a civil war. At the time, commercial travel in China was dominated by two small airlines, CNAC and CATC, each of which was backed by powerful political factions within the Nationalist government. Chennault and Willauer…believed they could put together a modern airline with bigger and faster planes that would ultimately eclipse their smaller and more inefficient rivals. Sensing that commercial opportunities in China were timely for those who knew the right people, Tommy and David Corcoran entered into a partnership with Chennault and Willauer, using Rio Cathay as the legal vehicle for investing in the airline venture.

Notwithstanding Corcoran's contacts in the business community, financing the venture remained elusive. As Corcoran wrote to Willauer, "The romance of China has about worn out in the securities markets…." Willauer, however, persevered and secured a million dollars in operating capital from a combination of American and Chinese investors, including the Chinese government.

Although Corcoran welcomed the financing, it meant that the return on his investment diminished even before the airline was launched. He had anticipated that he would hold nearly 37 percent of the equity in the airline, but Willauer's plan gave a greater percentage to the Chinese government, and Corcoran's share dropped to 28 percent…[Willauer] pleaded with him to remain committed to the airline, telling him, "If today we had to bear the burden of being underfinanced, we would not have the chance of either temporary or permanent survival in China." Against his better judgment, and based largely on his fondness for Chennault, Corcoran promised to help.

The next hurdle was to break into the market – to actually find customers – and it was here that Willauer's faith in Corcoran paid off. Corcoran looked to his old friend Fiorella La Guardia, the former mayor of New York, who was the director general of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. UNRRA, as it was known, was delivering substantial relief via ship to the shores of war-torn China, but the supplies were piling upon the docks because there was no means to ferry them to the

interior of the country. La Guardia asked the Corcoran group to present him with a proposal. [Despite the support of Mme. Chiang Kai Shek, and Ambassador T.V. Soong], it was not enough to convince UNRRA officials, who opposed awarding a contract to an upstart airline owned largely by foreigners. Corcoran, however, went back to La Guardia and pleaded with him. Shortly before he resigned in 1946, La Guardia reversed the decision of his staff and awarded a nearly four-million contract to the new airline…Civil Air Transport was officially launched, and for several months the UNRRA contract provided a steady cash flow with its planes flying more than four thousand hours a month.

How CAT Really Got Going

From CAT Association Bulletin, Jan–Apr 2021, ***by Whiting Willauer***

When Charlotte Knight and John Denson wrote their article for Collier's, "CAT, the World's Most Shot-At-Airline," they did not know that a bullet nearly ended CAT before there was ever a plane in the air.

Louis Prescott was killed by a stray bullet meant for someone else while he was quietly reading a newspaper in the lobby of the Manila Hotel, and his tragic death almost collapsed all the plans General Chennault and I had made to form CAT. Louis Prescott was the brother of Bob Prescott, President of the Flying Tiger Line, then and now one of the pioneer lines in the scheduled cargo business. I do not think that Louis' family will mind if I tell the story, which is basically that of the financial birth pains of CAT.

In the Fall of 1945 when General Chennault and I decided to form a partnership with the purpose of organizing a new airline in China we were two men with ideas, know-how and ideals, but very little cash. We both had sources of income assured us if we would return to work in China, and we decided that we would pool our earnings and devote them primarily to the long range objective of forming an airline. The General worked on many projects in the first post-war year in China, and so did I. These earnings were devoted to CAT promotion.

By October 1946 we had obtained an operating franchise and the original nucleus of CAT's staff was either employed or lined up. Our resources were dwindling fast and we knew that at least three months would have to lapse before we could have any planes from which to earn our operating expenses. Money was needed to send pilots and crew chiefs to Honolulu and Manila to pick up the aircraft waiting there and to put the planes in condition for the trip to China, and money was needed to hire the new personnel we had lined up and to expand into an organization which could handle the future business.

We had figured that it would take about $250,000 of working capital to tide us over until CAT could support itself, and that was why the General and I and our Stateside associates had long before made a deal for financial support from the Flying Tiger Line. Louis Prescott was sent to China to

survey the situation and to act as comptroller of the funds when furnished. When he was accidentally murdered, there was no one available in the Flying Tiger organization to take his place, and therefore the line backed out.

I do not think either the General or I will ever forget the shock when we received the cable that the much-needed financial support had been withdrawn. We were left with an airline franchise and airline equipment, but only enough money between us to carry on as we were and to pay our loyal employees for about a month and a half longer. At the end of that time all would have been wasted.

In 35 days of intense negotiations with Chinese bankers we raised the necessary funds. Our esteemed ex-Chairman, Wang Wen-san and our friend, L.K. Taylor worked with us day and night until this was done.

Looking back on it all now General Chennault and I are glad that it happened this way, except for Louis Prescott's sad and premature death. For through our association with the Chinese banking group CAT became a truly Sino-American venture, and it is basically because of this partnership with our Chinese associates that CAT grew and now holds a permanent place in commercial aviation as "The Orient's Own."

Looking Back

by Lil Finnerty

It was in the Fall of 1945, 44 years ago, Whiting Willauer arrived in Shanghai and looked me up. He told me that he and General Chennault had plans for starting an airline and would like me to work for them. I said sure, I would, having known Whitey in Chungking in World War II during his trips there from Washington as Head of the Far Eastern Division of the U.S. Foreign Economic Administration (I was secretary to the Chief of China Mission there).

Shortly after, I had the job of typing an initial proposal/application to the Chinese Government for the formation of an airline, on my portable typewriter at home. This was the first of at least 25 revisions, before a contract was finally signed with CNRRA on October 26, 1946. The rest is history.

I was then working part-time for the late H. G. J. McNeary, sole representative in China of the American Bank Note Company, who was also in Chungking during WWII. "Mac" had a very posh suite of offices in the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank Building on the Bund, and I was rattling in there all by myself most of the time with very little to do. Since Whitey also knew "Mac" in Chungking, I suggested that he ask "Mac" to share his office so I could work for both of them. This worked out well. The General continued to use that office until we took over a whole floor at 17 The Bund, where we had all the staff under one roof, exclusive of Flight Operations personnel at Hungjao Air Field.

Whitey's main goal in postwar China was to start an airline in partnership with General Chennault. However, he arrived in Shanghai with the credentials of Legal Counsel representing both Time, Inc. and IBM. Whitey's connection with IBM resulted in my having the first IBM Electric typewriter in postwar Shanghai, able to make 12-16 clear copies in one run! Those were the days, remember, when we had to insert carbon paper in between the pages for copies, long, long before the copy machine and the fax machine! The connection was E. M. Douglas, the then Executive Vice-President of IBM, Whitey's brother-in-law. I loved the machine, I was attached to it, it moved with me from Shanghai to Canton, to Hong Kong, and for a short time to Taipei and back to Hong Kong until I moved to the U.S. in 1960.

The only other person around then was P. Y. Shu, who was always present when I had to go out to Cathay Mansions where the General lived, when he wanted me to send telegrams to Whitey when the latter was traveling. This was before we had an

office.

After Whitey and the General had the use of the American Bank Note Company's office another person appeared on the scene. One day, a sergeant in a U.S. Army uniform appeared. He had a letter of introduction to Whitey that he wished to be discharged from the Service and would like a job working in Shanghai. He was Earl Willoughby, and he was hired. There were many days when Earl and I sat in the posh office with very little to do, when both Whitey and the General were out of town selling the proposed airline.

My job, among other things, was being the keeper of codes we used on sensitive communications between the partnership and Tom Corcoran in Washington, and between the management and outlying bases. When Henry Yuan went to Lanchow as a troubleshooter, he and I devised our codes. That was fun!

I am trying not to remember the frustrating and discouraging times, especially the more than a year's waiting when Whitey and the General were trying to approach all possible prospects to start the airline, leaving no stone unturned, until we finally succeeded in signing the contract with CNRRA. The anxiety and danger-filled times during the air support and evacuation of Weihsien and Taiyuan, when some of our personnel were trapped there. Whitey had a piece of shrapnel that fell very close to him during one of his trips into one of the above besieged cities mounted, and used it as a paper weight on his desk as a souvenir which was always a conversation piece. The very worrisome times with dwindling business and income after evacuating the mainland of China, when we were on the brink of bankruptcy. The terrible grief-filled times when we lost personnel. The news of McGovern's loss hit Al Cox like a ton of bricks. He looked stunned, and tears just ran down his cheeks, sitting at his desk while I watched, powerless and speechless to ease his pain. The comical and painful times when the Willauers had a 'cocktail party' every day after work for three weeks. This was necessitated by the death of their big black Labrador. The death was caused by a case of massive rabies, and the dog died the morning after it had slobbered all the guests at a dinner party where it had a free rein of the premises. It was ruled by the Health Department and by our flight surgeon, Tom Gentry, that as a precaution, all who attended the party the night before had to have rabies shots. Those were the days when rabies shots were given in the tummy for 21 consecutive days, and they were very painful. At first, I refused to take those shots, but Louise Willauer persuaded me by telling me how slow and painful it would be to die of rabies.

Oh yes, the annoying times (only to me), when I was enjoying a game of Mah

Jong on weekends at home, Whitey would come and say "Lil, we've got work to do.". It was always something urgent that could not wait until Monday, inevitably a coded message.

However, I consider it my privilege to have worked with Whitey and Al, two most exceptional men. I would not change them for any "boss" in the world.

CAT's Start and Early Years

Excerpt from the CAT History Project ***by Lew Burridge and Felix Smith***

General Chennault's history with China is well known, but that of the Corcorans and Whitey Willauer is less so.

Tom Corcoran's brother, David, was President of China Defense Supplies (CDS), organized by Tom under the order of President Roosevelt. CDS was chaired by T. V. Soong, China's Foreign Minister and brother of Madam Chiang Kai-shek.

CDS was charged to aid the formation of the American Volunteer Group (AVG) under Chennault. CDS was later expanded to be the Chinese Government's agency for bolstering aid in support of the battle against Japanese aggression in China. Whitey Willauer had been a schoolmate at Exeter of W. H. Corcoran, the third brother, and knew the family well. In contact with CDS from October 1942 to late 1944, Willauer stated that he had spent two-thirds of his time in China and the balance in Washington, DC, expediting "problems concerning the overall Chinese war effort." In 1944, Willauer was appointed Director for the Far East and Special Territories Abroad of the U.S. Foreign Economic Administration. His territories included China, Japan, Formosa, Korea, and Southeast Asia. In 1945, FDR ordered him to the Philippines to "do what he could to restore the civilian economy of the Philippines."

Prior to that, Willauer had worked on support for Chennault's 14th Air Force through China's Ministry of Communications. He also helped pioneer the Hump Airlift from India to China – the only lifeline free from Japanese occupation. As a result of these actions, he became a close friend of Chennault. He once stated, "It seemed a natural thing for us, with our mutual love for China, to return there together to help in China's reconstruction." With Chennault, Willauer gave informal advice and support to UNRRA/CNRRA, the official U.N. Agencies for China assistance. It was recognized early on that there was an essential need for additional airlift capacity in connection with these programs, as there were only thirty civilian planes then in China, and not all would be available for the mission. Chennault returned to China from the U.S. in late 1945 and estimated that about 300 planes would be required to carry the ton/mileage needed to meet the cargo requirements identified by UNNRA. When returning to Washington, Chennault and

Willauer found that Pan American Airways (PAA) knew of and had "declared war" on their plan to establish a Chinese operation, which PAA considered competitive to their modest 20 percent interest in the China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC), a PAA/Chinese joint venture. PAA had obtained some well-positioned supporters in the U.S. to assist it in killing any Chennault/Willauer entry into the China aviation market.

At the same time, Chennault encountered resistance to the plan from certain sectors of the Chinese government and some political activists. Willauer later pointed out ". . . it was largely due to the great trust, particularly of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and T. V. Soong, that in 1946 we obtained a 'personal contract' between the Chinese Government and Chennault and me to operate a relief airline . . ."

UNRRA agreed to loan CNRRA the funds required by Chennault and Willauer to purchase surplus U.S. military aircraft. The CNRRA loan had to be repaid and carried interest at 10 percent compounded annually. This then left Chennault/Willauer with the job of raising an additional $250,000 needed for working capital. Negotiations with Bob Prescot, President of the Flying Tiger Cargo Airline, seemed promising, until... Prescot had sent his brother to Shanghai to negotiate, but during a stopover in Manila, he was shot to death, as an innocent bystander, in the lobby of the Manila Hotel. In spite of every effort made by Corcoran and Chennault/Willauer, this tragedy "dried up" any early prospects for U.S. funding.

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While U.S. supporters were appalled by the terms of the loan, it was repaid early. The Chinese lenders also proved to be valuable allies in addressing the infant airline's salary problems and in beating back attacks from those, such as CNAC, that feared CNRRA Air Transport (CAT) competition. [CNAC/PAA and CAT later became good friends.]

Still backed strongly by Chiang Kai-shek, T. V. Soong, the Corcoran Group, and other supportive figures in the U.S. and China, operations under the Chinese flag became official on October 25, 1946.

CAT was restricted under its franchise, however, to carrying only UNRRA/CNRRA cargoes destined for the rehabilitation of China's interior cities and facilities not easily reached by other forms of the disrupted post-war transportation systems – a difficult pregnancy, but at last the baby was born.

Gen. Chennault, Louise, and Whitey Willauer

Gen. Chennault, Whitey Willauer, and P.H. Ho (Director General of CNRAA) signing the Franchise on October 25, 1946

With the franchise signed, basic administrative staff in place, flight crews on standby, operating capital in hand, and CNRRA cargoes en route from the USA, a "home base" needed attention. At one time, Canton's

southern airport seemed most desirable with its local facilities, unobstructed flight path, close proximity to Hong Kong's port with substantial aircraft service and maintenance facilities, plus a more temperate climate.

However, CNRRA Headquarters was in Shanghai. Most of the relief UNRRA cargoes were destined for Northeast, East, and Central China; shipping time and costs would be lower to Shanghai than to HK-Canton; and all other carriers were now based there. So Shanghai became the final choice. By then, a CAT office had been set up in Shanghai at 17 the Bund. It was not an easy decision, even though the CAT administrative and business offices were there for initial organization.

Shanghai had four airports that could be made suitable for air cargo operations. However, the best three were already assigned to others: Ta Shang to the Chinese Air Force, Kiang Wan to CNAC, and Lung Hwa to the 14th Air Force. So the fourth, Hung Jao, was assigned to CAT. Hung Jao, a fighter strip, needed substantial work since being abandoned by the Japanese.

Security was also a serious problem. Weather facilities were absent, as were communication facilities and maintenance shops. But it did give CAT a degree of independence, which was welcomed. Work to upgrade the facility was underway even before the franchise was signed, but financing for it became a larger-than-anticipated problem.

The company went again to Corcoran to raise a second $250,000 needed for improving facilities and equipment to ensure a safe, efficient operation. It was a tough assignment with great urgency, but Corcoran accomplished it by forming a group of investors named Rio Cathay. The terms required the surrender of part of Chennault and Willauer's equity in the airline. Willauer, in his papers, said he was appalled by this, not for himself, but he insisted that Chennault's equity not fall under 30 percent.

The deal was made, and CAT sent its flight crews to Manila and Hawaii to pick up its first five C-47 and fourteen C-46 aircraft.

 G

Gen. Claire Chennault, President of CNRRA Air Transport (CAT), in his HQ Office at 17 the Bund, Shanghai (Var Green)

With the UNRRA / CNRRA agreement signed on October 25, 1946, there was an assumption by CNRRA that CAT would "get moving" immediately on the airlift of food and medical needs to areas isolated (by "Reds") from essential supplies. Very restricted by funding, Chennault also knew that CNRRA officials had little knowledge of the technical facilities and personnel requirements, funding, and time it would take to support the dispatch of the first relief flight. In anticipation of this, Chennault had chosen to recruit AVG associates, military pilots, and technicians who had China experience and had proved themselves proficient in performing under the minimal and restrictive operating conditions during WWII and post-war China.

AVG Ace Joe Rosbert, and in DCA, Doreen Lonberg, also assisted in recruiting former AVG and Flying Tiger Lines pilots in the USA. These pilots were Catfish Raine, Bus Loane, and Bob Conrath. (CAT's original technical team was Ken Buchanan, Chief Pilot; H.L. Richardson, Chief Engineer; Clyde Farnsworth, PR Officer; and Dr. Tom Gentry, Medical Director. All former Chennault men.)

For Operations, his choice was Colonels Richard Wise and Charles Hunter, who were granted detached service from the 14th Air Force. For recruiting pilots, they were greatly assisted by AVG Ace Dick Rossi. Rossi

had come back to China to join GCAC (Great China Aviation Corp.), which was negotiating for a franchise in Canton. He recruited Tsingtao-based Marine Corps veterans Lew Burridge and Var Green, and Naval Air Corps veterans Bill Hobbs and Weldon Bigony for GCAC. But when that corporation failed in obtaining an operating license, the pilots were put on standby in Shanghai (with CNAC veteran Felix Smith) to await CAT employment when CAT became licensed for CNRRA operations.

Shortly after Christmas 1946, CNRRA confirmed that the five C-47s at Clark Field in the Philippines and fourteen C-46s in Hawaii were available for pick-up. CAT activated the pilots who had been on "standby" since November 1946. Chennault selected Marine pilots Lew Burridge and Var Green, Air Force pilots Stu Dew and Paul Holden (after serving General Marshall), and Naval Air Corps pilots Weldon Bigony and Bill Hobbs. Thanks to the work of COL Dick Wise and Dick Rossi, these crews were ready for departure to Clark Field in the Philippines on military transport from Shanghai.

Chennault gave Lew Burridge $500 to cover expenses for the trip with a request that they return any amount that could be saved. The CAT group arrived at Clark Field still in military uniforms without insignia, as there was no time or money to buy civilian clothes or CAT uniforms.

The first CAT planes, three C-47s, were ferried from Manila to Shanghai on January 26, 1947. The pilots, still in military uniform, were Stu Dew, Weldon Bigony, Var Green, Paul Holden, Lew Burridge, and Bill Hobbs (not in photograph), who are shown giving their documents to Colonel Dick Wise.

They were well received at Clark Field, but found that none of the dozens of surplus U.S. Army planes there were airworthy. With the help of a few “moonlighting” Air Force technicians, they selected five with the lowest airframe and engine time. This plan soon required that two of the five C-47s be cannibalized for parts. Working with informal assistance from the Air Force, they created three flyable C-47s. The planes were examined by Philippine Airlines and certified to meet U.S. standards. They flew to Canton on January 25th with minimal fuel due to exhausted funds and cabled their Shanghai office to arrange re-fueling credit with the Standard Vacuum Oil Company (SVOC). They were told that SVOC, Hong Kong, would assist, so they landed there on January 26th after aborting the first CNRRA load to Kweilin due to severe weather. (Three CNAC planes and one Central Air Transport Corporation, CATC, plane had crashed at Shanghai on December 25th due to dense fog.) At arrival in Hong Kong, the crew encountered considerable negotiations with officials because of the lack of recognizable identification on the planes and were held up for necessary clearance and refueling. In spite of the dismal and minimal weather reports, the first flight took off and landed at Lung Hwa and then went on to CAT’s base at Hung-Jao on January 26, 1947.

Japanese Zero on Display at Clark Field (Philippines) 1947.
Clark was the Working Base for C-47 Crews

Manila International Air Terminal - Aviation Crossroads for Regional and International Carriers, 1946 (Var Green)

On January 31st, pilots Frank Hughes and Doug Smith, with UNRRA cargo, a Jeep, and General Chennault aboard, made CAT's first commercial flight from Shanghai to Canton. CAT was at last in business!

Later, Var Green flew a CNRRA relief flight from Shanghai to Peking. On the C-47 pre-flight run-up in Peking, prior to the flight continuing to Taiyuan, a leaking primer line caught fire, and the plane was destroyed on the ground there. The two remaining C-47s continued a very busy relief schedule without further incident.

While Burridge and his men overcame their initial challenges in the Philippines, similar frustrations occurred in Hawaii. For a short period, COL Oliver Clayton was Acting Operations Manager and COL Bill Richardson was Chief Engineer. Acting Chief Pilot Dick Rossi and CNAC veteran Felix Smith were dispatched to Hawaii via military transport, expecting to find CAT's 17 C-46s in fly-away condition, but when they got to Wheeler Field on Oahu, they saw fuselages encased in heavy cosmoline, devoid of engines.

Recently demobilized USN Supply Officer Bob Lee (Chennault's son-in-law) explained what any competent supply officer knows: A war-surplus airplane is kept in perfect condition by pickling the hull and moving its engines and accessories to a corrosive-free facility. Bill Freeman, a former U.S. Army captain in the CBI Theater, was dispatched to Hawaii to manage

the huge maintenance challenges with Susan Pollock (Sue Buol Hacker) as his secretary.

The lead mechanic was Johnny Glass, with Joe Melger and Ronald (Doc) Lewis. The Communications Officer was former AVG and 14th AF COL John Williams. They were followed by Army Air Corps Engineering Officer Oliver Clayton, whose principal assignment was the purchase of spare aircraft parts which were on sale at rock-bottom prices from Oahu's numerous war-surplus outlets.

Lew Burridge and Stu Dew Shopping for Civies in Honolulu

Now, Civilians, Paul Holden and Lew Burridge at Ala Moana in Honolulu (Lew Burridge)

**CNRRA Air Transport C-46 Hawaii to Shanghai –
Note tail insignia (Copyright: Felix Smith)**

From January to March 1947, CAT's two C-47s were kept busy surveying potential landing fields near cities and towns scheduled for food and medical aid, most of which were surrounded and isolated by Communist forces. Many airfields were poorly constructed and suitable only for Japanese light fighter aircraft. Except for major cities (Peiping, Shanghai, Tsingtao, Canton, Kweilin, Chungking, Nanking, Chengdu), ground facilities were almost non-existent. The CAF (CATC) and CNAC had minimum fueling and communications facilities, but CAT found it was not welcome to share them. So CAT had to move quickly to secure landing permits and develop its own essential support services for the large-scale operations necessary to meet CNRRA expectations after the CAT UNRRA C-46 fleet began to arrive from Hawaii in March.

Lew Burridge, Harry Cockrell, and Bill Freeman were appointed Area Managers with headquarters at bases in Tsingtao, Canton, and Peiping. Joe Rosbert headed overall operations from CAT's main base at Hungjao, Shanghai.

Due to CATC and CNAC opposition to CAT services, constant liaison with the Chinese Government, critical to break such deadlocks, was undertaken by General Chennault, Dr. Wang Wen San, Henry Yuan, and David Tseng. China's history up to 1947 provided a challenge for the CAT operations.

In 1945, there was an agreement in place between Chiang Kai-shek and Stalin in which China would, at the end of the war, cede control of the Japanese-occupied industrialized Manchuria to Russia in exchange for a pledge by Stalin to withhold aid to General Mao's communist forces.

Stalin reneged on his pledge. Russia quickly plundered Manchurian civilian and industrial assets and materials, while at the same time arming Mao's forces (as they moved north) with captured Japanese equipment. Russia opened 16 training installations and gave two ports to Mao. The Japanese war "spoils" given to Mao by Russia included 900 planes (w/o pilots), 760 tanks, 3,700 artillery pieces, 12,000 machine guns, armored vehicles, anti-aircraft pieces, and thousands of captured Japanese and Korean soldiers and laborers.

This action by Stalin in 1945-1946 disrupted a smooth recovery and reoccupation of Chinese territory by China's Nationalists and alarmed Washington, causing the U.S. 7thFleet to be moved into Shanghai and Tsingtao in October 1945. This action also brought CAT's Marine pilots to Tsingtao, Tientsin, and Peiping. All Marine bomber and fighter pilots were converted to fly transports (VMR-153) with Tsingtao as their main airbase. Other Air Force, Navy, and civilian pilots recruited in China were also familiar with most of the operating area. Thus, CAT had very experienced personnel in North China as it took on military support and relief services for the areas isolated by communist forces as they moved North.

John Plank and Var Green, Tsingtao 1948 (Var Green)

CAT C-46 Gassing Up in Tsingtao, 1948 (Lew Burridge)

Stationed "back home" in Tsingtao, CAT's Marine pilots had considerable support, such as maintenance, parts, GCA operations, and social activity, from USMC friends across the field from CAT's headquarters.

U.S. concerns over the deterioration of China's effectiveness in recovering and controlling its areas North of the Yangtse River and Manchuria caused, in December 1945, the formation of a mission led by General George Marshall (Stu Dew was his pilot) to broker a ceasefire and a coalition government. Marshall ordered Chiang Kai-shek to stop all advances against the Communists for 45 days during his negotiations between the two parties. On January 3, 1947, Marshall left China with his mission failed, and Chiang Kai-shek resumed defensive/offensive action against the now Russian-supported communist forces.

CAT, however, continued to receive considerable support from former U.S. Military Attaché Col. David Barett, Tsingtao's U.S. Consul General Robert Strong, and the local Chinese Military Commander, General Ting Shih-pan. Chiang Kai-Shek's Northern forces, under the command of General Wei Li Kuang, ignored Chiang Kai-Shek's order to create a strong front line

to force the communists to stay North of Peiping. General Wei chose instead to abandon the countryside and retreat to the cities. Communist forces, then 1.3 million, with increasing control of the countryside, plundered farmers (to pay for Russian arms) and impressed conquered males into their armed forces.

With Manchuria in the process of evacuation, Peiping coming under attack, and nearly all surface transportation in the North disrupted, CAT support to refugees from Manchuria and isolated cities was a critical factor if Nationalist China's defense plans, public morale, and reasonable security were to be maintained. General Chennault welcomed this challenge, and all operations were put on a 24-hour daily schedule to meet the demands. CAT performed admirably under the worst of conditions and saved many thousands of lives.

The CAT contract with CNRRA called for the exclusive use of twelve CAT aircraft at rates 20 percent lower than those of CNAC and CATC (later reduced to 33½ percent lower). This meant that the CAT flights, after deliveries inland of CNRRA shipments, returned empty. In April 1947, the CNRRA contract was amended to make CAT inbound flights available for the airlift needs of other government agencies, including the Chinese Postal Administration. By September 1947, most restrictions on the carriage of cargo and passengers were eliminated.

As inland cities became isolated, one by one, by the Communists, CAT operations from its coastal supply points faced near-endless requests for the transport of vital needs of the many communities cut off from their farms and local supply sources. Their populations became bloated by refugees escaping communist capture and occupation. The key ports for CAT operations were Shanghai, Tsingtao, Tientsin, and Peiping in the East, and Canton in the South. After the fall of Peiping and Tientsin, Tsingtao became the center for CAT's operations, supplying Taiyuan, the last major city north of the Yellow River. These flights benefited from requiring only half the time as those originating in Shanghai.

The growth of CAT, even with limited equipment, was dramatic, resulting in CAT becoming the world's largest cargo airline within its first 18 months of operation.


Harbin
Changchun
Mukden
N. KOREA
PYONGYANG
SEOUL
S. KOREA
Beidaihe
GREAT WALL
Baotou
PEKING
Tientsin
Dalian
Chefoo
Tsingtao
Yenan
Taiyuan
Yellow River
Yellow Sea
Lanzhou
Xian
Nanjing
Shanghai
CHINA
Wuhu
Ning Bo
Hangzhou
East China Sea
Yangtze River
Chengdu
Wanxian
Kiukiang
Wuhan
Chongqing
Changsha
Fuzhou
Taiwan Strait
TAIPEI
TAIWAN
Guiyang
Kaohsiung
Kunming
GUANGDONG
QUEMOY I.
Guangzhou
Shenzhen
Hong Kong
HAINAN
VIENTIANE

China Map

Date	Ton Miles	Employees
January, 1947	0	128
February	40,000	158
March	90.000	206
April	109,000	247
May	286,000	312
June	322,000	385
July	618000	511
August	762,000	556
September	691.000	634
October	1,149,000	708
November	1,176,000	714
December	1,722,000	822
January, 1948	1,931,000	833
February	1,898,000	944
March	1,970,000	1,002
April	3,162,000	1,070
May	2,919,000	1,160
June	3,572,000	1,170

Civil Air Transport (CAT) Growth Chart

CAT's tonnage records during its three years of support to China's cities were beset with challenges. As city after city lost its airstrip, emergency substitutes were built. In Peiping, it was at the "Temples of Heaven"; in Tientsin, a sports area between city walls; in Wei Hsien, the city market and tennis courts. In other cases, any firm ground was used. In Taiyuan, eleven strips ringed the city as Communists shelled one area after another. Finally, a short strip was turned into the mountainside to shelter at least part of the flights in and out. After landings were impossible, CAT crews then resorted to airdrops until the final full occupation of cities by Communist forces.

To maximize available space, CAT's C-46s maintained a cargo configuration with passengers "tucked in" whenever space free of cargo was available. In addition to Chinese government passengers, CAT became the principal carrier for correspondents, missionaries, diplomats, and local officials during the final days of its support to evacuations.

The "Marshall Mission" left China in January 1947, ending coalition attempts.

Weihsien was captured in June 1947, a few days after stranded CAT pilots were rescued.

In 1948, Linfen fell in March and Manchuria in November. During the reinforcement of the defenders of Mukden, our first casualties occurred – pilot, Tud Tarbet; copilot, Har Yung-shing; radio operator, Chan Wing-king; along with sixteen Chinese soldiers.

CAT opened a Cessna 195 operation in Northwest China for communications between Chinese Muslim anti-communist warlords Ma Pu-fang and Ma Hung-kwei on July 19, 1948. USMC veteran Eddie Norwich was killed flying a Cessna when caught in a dust storm in the Lanchow area.

In January 1949, a CAT group in Tsingtao moved to strike over threats by communist agitators, but it was overturned by loyal employees and USMC guards. Lew Burridge's treatise on the defense of the Shantung Peninsula appeared in the U.S. Congressional Record.

In 1949, Hsuchow fell in January, Taiyuan in April, and Hankow and Tsingtao in May. This left CAT flying "round the clock" as China's only remaining airline after CNAC/CATC defections.

Shanghai was surrounded in late May, and Lunghua and HungJao airports were occupied. CAT had sent a C-46 to the Nanking area to witness whether or not the Red 8th Army could cross the Yangtze (a strategic "Indian Sign" in the Civil War). The crossing of the Yangtze was supposed to forebode the eventual fall of the entire mainland of China.

Felix Smith flew this one with Dave Lampard in the right seat while Whitey Willauer and Bob Rousselot watched them depart Shanghai. They saw the Red infantry crossing in small boats without apparent opposition from Nationalist troops, nor did they see any artillery fire. Though they flew low,

about 800 feet, the Red troops didn't shoot at them. It's arguable that CAT was the first pro-Nationalist organization to learn of the crossing of the Yangtze.

Preparing for the Evacuation of Tsingtao—Last Plane Out—Eddie Sims Watches as Var Green Chalks the Day's Schedule on a C-46. It departed when Communist mortar shells exploded on the perimeter of the airport. (Copyright: Felix Smith)

All CAT personnel and equipment were moved to Canton and Hong Kong. CAT's LSTs evacuated heavy maintenance equipment from Shanghai to Canton. The sea-borne heavy maintenance facility (propeller shop, magnefluxing tanks, parachute loft, hydraulic shop, electrical instrument shops) was sea-minded Willauer's brainstorm. Given this WWII veteran LST, the Narcissus (a converted WWII PT boat), and Chinese barge (Buddha), CAT designated Whitey Willauer "Admiral of the CAT Fleet" in fun, but Whitey was quite proud of the award.

One C-46 remained in Shanghai at Kiangwan housing Lew Burridge, Var Green, Earl Willoughey, and Pete Dorrance (who remained as the CAT caretaker for weeks after communist occupation). On May 15, 1949, Lew Burridge opened Amoy as a transit point for the final evacuation of Nationalist Government personnel and assets from Chengtu to Taiwan.

During CAT's temporary evacuation of persons from the last-standing Nationalist cities to Hainan Island, including Mengtze, CAT also evacuated the Bank of China's silver to Hong Kong for surface transit to Taiwan.

Loading the CAT LST in Canton During the Evacuation of Shanghai (Felix Smith)

The fall of Shanghai: CAT LST, Leaving the Mouth of the Yangtze, Bound for Canton (Felix Smith)

Linfen Rescue

Extracts Reprinted, by permission, from "Destiny: A Flying Tiger's Rendezvous With Fate" © 1993 ***by Erik Shilling***

CAT Origin

CNRRA Air Transport (CAT) airline had been started right after the end of the war by Whiting Willauer and General Chennault, and was jointly owned by the two men. The airline franchise had been given to the "Old Man" by Madame in appreciation for the many years of devoted service Chennault had given to the Chinese people…

At the end of the CNRRA contract, partners Willauer and the General renamed the company Civil Air Transport, retaining the initials of CAT. The company had already established a reputation for accomplishing almost the impossible. With Chennault as head of the company, the men worked hard to maintain its enviable record that had been established…Not long after I had been with CAT, their chief pilot, Buck Buchanan, went back into the Air Corps, and I was offered the chief pilot's position, which I took. Shortly thereafter, I was promoted to Chief of Operations. I didn't like the problems connected with the job, and the gripes of the men faced me daily, and I decided it was more fun flying.

Linfen Rescue

As the Communists became active, the Nationalist troops started losing vital cities to Mao Tse Tung. Normally, we had enough advance warning to pull our ground personnel out, but in two incidents, the Commies cut the road from the cities to the airfields, isolating CAT employees. The first city to fall was Linfen, and the next was Weihsien.

Jim Stewart, an American in charge of operations at Linfen, had been trapped in the city when the airfield was taken over. A decision was made to attempt a rescue by flying our surplus Army L-5 into the parade ground and bringing him out. Linfen was surrounded by Communist forces, and the defending general notified us that the city could not hold out much longer and would be forced to surrender…

I had been flying the small observation plane quite a bit, so I decided to make the rescue myself. The L-5 was disassembled and put on board one of the C-46s, which I flew to Taiyuan, the closest available airfield. We assembled the L-5, and I test flew it that evening. It was OK on the test flight, so I arranged to leave for Linfen early the next morning. CAT received word that the general defending Linfen had a daughter that he wished us to take out as well.

I decided to take off at daybreak, since it was rather cold that early in the day, which would help the L-5's performance considerably. The take off and flight to Linfen was uneventful…Flying over the edge of the city, I looked out and could see the Commie soldiers crouched in the trenches, surrounding the small town. I made a mental note as to the disposition of the troops and their distance to the town. On departure, I planned to circle, staying equidistant from the soldiers, in an attempt to reduce being hit by machine gun fire and to gain a safe altitude before setting course for Taiyuan.

I set my landing pattern, planning on coming in over the wall, landing toward the trees…On base leg, I was barely above stall, with full flaps…Missing the brick wall by a foot, I chopped the power and landed like a ton of brick, touching down only 15 feet from the wall…

After talking to Jim, we both knew that the general wanted me to take his daughter out first, then come back for Jim. It was obvious to me that he would be holding Jim hostage, making certain his daughter was flown to safety…After looking the field over, I decided I didn't particularly want to do this twice again…I told the general I would take both his daughter and Jim out together.

I put the girl behind Jim; she was small and fit behind the seat. I started the engine, warmed it up a bit, then went to full power. I released the brakes and started rolling toward the trees. It seemed an eternity as the airplane slowly gathered speed before the wheels finally left the dirt…I had just made a ninety-degree turn to the left to start circling for altitude when black smoke belched out of the exhaust stack, and the engine shook violently.

It was so bad that I decided to return and land, even though with this load, I knew we would run into the trees off the end of the strip. It was safer than crashing, since I thought it would quit any second. As I turned onto the base leg, I saw the parade ground was now filled with hundreds of milling

Chinese who had waited on the side watching the take off. I couldn't land without killing some of them. When I throttled back on the base leg, I noticed that with reduced power, the engine smoothed out. Each time I tried to increase power to climb, the engine became so rough I thought it would quit and reduced power again just barely enough to stay airborne…

At this rate, I knew that sooner or later I would run out of gas and accomplish nothing while doing it. The only thing left was to head for home. That meant out over the heads of the Communist troops. I crossed my fingers and prayed as I flew a scant 15 feet above the trenches, scared as hell.

I still had to sweat out how to get high enough to clear the high plateau to land at my destination. Taiyuan was about one hundred miles to the north and about 3,000 feet higher than our take-off point…After we were clear of the troops, I very gradually inched forward on the throttle, just short of rough. I was able to climb on the good side of fifty feet per minute. When we got to the plateau, I skimmed along the ground with one hundred feet to spare. We landed safely and were met by Whitey Willauer, who was happy to see us back, safe and sound. Whitey said that we had all been invited by Marshall Yen Shi Shan, governor of the province, for a Chinese feast. Like all Chinese banquets, it included much toasting and "Gom Beying," strong rice wine. *(Gom bey, phonetic spelling for Chinese, meaning bottoms up).*

The Weihsien Incident

Excerpt from the CAT History Project ***by Lew Burridge and Felix Smith***

After the loss of Manchuria and the withdrawal of General Marshal's failed mission to promote a coalition government between Communist leader Mao and Nationalist President Chiang Kai-shek, hostilities resumed. The Reds had used the truce period to replenish their forces and resupply with military materials provided by Russia from stores in Manchuria.

Nationalist General Fu Tso Yi surrendered Peiping when his supplies were exhausted and no support came from the U.S. (as he anticipated) or from Nationalist headquarters in Nanking due to the influence of high-ranking officers later found to have been under Mao's control.

The Red push south to capture Shanghai and Nanking faced three strongholds, isolated but heavily defended – each in a critical location to impede a Red victory: Wei Hsien at the railroad hub to South, East, and West; Taiyuan, the largest industrial city in the Northwest; and Xuzhou, the gateway to the Yangtse River and Shanghai.

Weihsien, the first major target of the Red move south, had been supported by CAT airlifts from Tsingtao since surface transportation was cut off by the Reds. CAT (as CNRRA Air Transport) first flew in U.N. relief supplies and food, medical, and communication materials. Later, increased flights flew passengers, mail, and commercial goods, both directions, including its substantial exports of tobacco.

The city thrived off this support, and very close relationships were formed between the CAT Area Manager, Lew Burridge, and staff, and Wei Hsien Garrison General Chang Tien Tso. CAT's Northern Area Headquarters was located at Tsingtao's Tsan Kou Airport, which it shared with the U.S. Marines – a unit under the 7th Fleet Group at Tsingtao's port. It was the former "home" of Burridge and CAT's other U.S. Marine pilots. The CAT group was close to their Marine counterparts and shared some facilities, though Marine involvement in support operations was under diplomatic restrictions.

CAT's Tsingtao operation was breaking all carriage records when his Wei Hsien Manager, Victor Chang, radioed Burridge that his staff was nervous and apprehensive about rumors of Red activity near the city. Burridge

discussed these concerns with the U.S. Naval and Marine commands, the U.S. Consul General, and General Ting Shi Pan, commander at Tsingtao. None could confirm or deny the seriousness of the reports. Burridge decided to fly to Weihsien to meet with the local Nationalist commander, General Chang Tien Tso, and Presbyterian medical missionaries who were residing outside the city serving a substantial clientele throughout the country, often the most reliable information source.

Taking John Plank as co-pilot and Edwin Trout to return the C-46 to avoid an overnight stay, they landed safely at a quiet scene and were invited to spend the night at the Presbyterian mission residence. After a fine dinner with a debriefing from Kirk West, Mission Head, they were told that the Reds were infiltrating the smaller towns well north of Wei Hsien but had seen no large movements yet.

About 4 a.m., a mission staffer (later found to be a Red sympathizer) woke them with news that the mission was nearly surrounded and they should leave for the safety of the city walls ASAP. This advice was taken, and the city gates opened to accept them with a warm welcome from General Chang Tien Tso. The information they had was relayed to General Chang, and he said he was confident he could hold the city. In the morning, he provided a jeep and escort to take them to the airfield just as a CAT C-46 orbited overhead to pick them up. The plane came in, but as it touched down, ground fire peppered the runway, so the pilot continued his run and returned to Tsingtao, leaving Burridge and Plank behind.

The plane's crew radioed their predicament to Tsingtao and to CAT's Shanghai headquarters, where CAT co-owner and Executive Vice President "Whitey" Willauer ordered a plane from Tsingtao to constantly orbit Wei Hsien to observe and report on ground activity. That night, he was there himself to take command of rescue operations.

Cigarette Salesman at Weihsien Airport (Felix Smith)

Weihsien (from the air) — Almost Burridge's Alamo (Felix Smith)

The walled city of Wei Hsien is divided into two parts, the East City and the West City. From the airfield, the pilots rapidly returned to the relative safety of Weihsien and found General Chang waiting for them at the gate of the West City. Chang confirmed, reluctantly, that the airport had been occupied, but assured the two that he would get them out. After discussion, it was decided to create a 400-foot airstrip inside the East City by extending a soccer field there from wall to wall. Within 12 hours, this was done with the enthusiastic aid of the military and the residents.

Willauer observed all this activity from the air and began an attempt to locate suitable aircraft for landing on the tiny strip. He found that the Marines,

aware of the situation, had left an unmarked Marine L-5, gassed up, near the CAT ramp at Tsingtao.

That morning, Richard Kruske slipped the plane into the field. Willauer had ordered "first in, first out," so Burridge and the mail were loaded in. On take-off, trying to avoid buildings ringing the strip, one wing hit a roof, and they crashed, thankfully without injuries. Now there were three to be rescued . . . . . Burridge, Plank, and Kruske.

That night, an attack by the Reds was disrupted by directing the landing lights removed from the L-5 onto the Reds below the walls, backed up by Nationalist sharpshooters piling up the dead below. General Chang gave each CAT pilot a pistol, saying, "Don't get caught!" as they walked the walls with him.

The next morning, Edwin Trout flew in another L-5, but braked into the wall and broke a propeller. However, a replacement prop was para-dropped that afternoon. Attacks were intense that night until the air seemed shrill with the sound of falling bombs. Then all Red attacks stopped – Willauer and his team, led by Bob Rousselot, in orbit above, had dropped tons of empty beer bottles, courtesy of the U.S. Marines.

The following morning, Burridge and Kruske flew out safely in the repaired L-5. Then Rousselot brought in another L-5 to pick up Plank, but crashed without injury on take-off. Next, M.J. Staynor flew the Cub in and picked up Trout. Staynor returned in the Cub but broke a prop on landing, which was replaced in three hours. Finally, Rousselot flew out in the repaired Cub, and Kruske flew in again in an L-5 and rescued Staynor.

Weihsien's walls were pierced by Communist forces a few days later. CAT's Chinese staff escaped the city safely on foot under the direction of Manager Victor Chang and with secret help from the locals.

General Chang, determined to hold strong, led his men through attacks on both cities. He was finally reported killed, brutally, with seventy holes in his body. General Chang's heroic stand, impressive even to the Reds who killed him, earned him a rarely permitted honorable burial.

The loss of Weihsien was a shock to Nationalist leaders in Nanking and led to talks for a "Tsingtao Plan," but the immediate effect was the Reds' capture of Tsinan, the provincial capital, and a massive regrouping by the

Reds to attack Taiyuan – the last real Nationalist bastion in the North. These events will be covered in a future edition of the Bulletin.

The following are excerpts from two interesting commentaries on the Weihsien incident by Louise Willauer and Foreign Correspondent Norman Sklarowitz. The full text of these documents will be available at the reunion or by request. This story is also told in a number of books, including Felix Smith's "China Pilot."

Excerpt from a letter to CAT from Louise Willauer entitled "Louise Peeks at War", April 20, 1948:

"Weihsien is about eighty miles from Tsingtao. It lies on a railroad, but its importance is not because of the railroad, but because of the roads which lead back into the Communist territory from there, and because it is opposite Port Arthur. If Weihsien falls, the Russians can smuggle stuff ashore which will be carried back through Weihsien to supply the Chinese Communists in the whole area. . . The Communists want Weihsien badly. . . When Lew radioed about his predicament, the pilots in Tsingtao organized a rescue. Because the space for landing inside the city was so small, seven light planes were crashed before all the Americans were brought out. . . Weihsien is really two cities, the East city and the West city, on either side of a river, each surrounded by a separate wall. The airport was outside the cities. The first landing strip, which they picked within the walls, was a small one in the western city. One of the pilots tried to go in an L-5 and demolished the plane, although he was not hurt himself. That left three Americans in there instead of just two, so they gaily radioed out, "Please send us a fourth for bridge!" The next night, when there were four in there, they said, "Thanks, now please drop us a pack of cards!" – – – which we did!"

Excerpt from a draft of an article by Norman Sklarowitz, Pacific Stars and Stripes:

"The little planes just barely clear the walls. But they did clear – and that was all anyone cared about . . . On the last run, the men saw the Communist troops remassing below. There would be no stopping them. There wasn't. From the villagers who slipped through the battle lines a couple of days later, Lew pieced together the story of Weihsien's last hours. They weren't pleasant. An estimated 4,500 Nationalist troops died in the siege. When the Reds stormed the walls in the last attack, General Chang let a group

of fourteen officers in an attempt to regroup. Communist machine guns cut him down. There were 70 bullet holes in his riddled body. Yet even the enemy recognized his gallant stand. Chang was buried with the dignity befitting a brave soldier."

With the fall of Weihsien on April 16, 1948, the way was open for the Communists to consolidate their forces for the takeover of North and Northeastern China, taking Tsinan on July 15th, Chinchow on July 26th, Paotow on October 23rd, Mukden on November 1st, Peiping on January 1st, and Tientsin and Hsuchow on January 15th.

During that period, CAT launched its largest airlift operation from Tsingtao and Shanghai into Taiyuan, the capital of Shansi Province, in support of Governor Marshal Yen Hsi Shan. Yen had proven to be an effective opponent of Communist aggression as well as one of the most successful and most admired economic developers. His personal history identifies his passions and explains why he became a close friend of Lew Burridge and Joe Rosbert (both recorded numerous interviews with Yen, before and after he became Premier of China).

Yen Hsi Shan presented Lew Burridge with this photograph when Lew was appointed his Advisor. This appointment facilitated CAT's easy access to Yen and his offices. Done in his own hand, the Chinese Characters on the left are Yen's signature with his chop, and the characters on the right, translated, are Rui Zhu (Lew Burridge, meaning graceful and smart), and Zhu Ren (director or head)

Yen was born in 1883 in Hobien Village, Shansi Province, in a farmer/merchant family. He helped his father, Su Tong, in the family's businesses, where he experienced the faults of the Ching Government and the effect of corruption on his country.

When he was only twelve years old, he fought such unfairness and was elected village leader. In 1900, during the Boxer Rebellion, he organized resistance to German forces and saved his village from occupation.

At nineteen, he entered the military school in Taiyuan. Graduating in three years, he was then sent to Japan by his Government for five years in Japan's military academy. It was there that he met Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and secretly joined Sun's "Tung Mong Huei" movement to overthrow China's oppressive Government.

In 1909, Sun Yat Sen ordered Yen to return to China to organize support in China's Northern region from his Shansi base. He brought explosive bombs on his return and taught at the Shansi Military Academy.

He was given the option to remain loyal to the Ching Government or join Yuan Shi Kai's opposition group. (Yuan's son, Henry Yuan, was a CAT executive). Yen chose to take an independent course and formed a new army in two provinces to stop Yuan Shi Kai from going North, but Yen's commander, General Wu, was assassinated, and Yuan Shi Kai took control of Peking, declaring himself China's President.

With Yen's help, Sun Yat Sen overthrew Yuan's forces. China was then declared a Republic by Sun, and Yen returned to Shansi as Commander-in-Chief.

In 1912, Yen became Shansi's Civil Governor. In 1914, he was also appointed a first-degree general.

From 1916 to 1925, his forces in Shansi were surrounded by avaricious warlords. He countered their threats by developing and implementing effective village governments to safeguard the interests and needs of their people, titled the "six plans" and the "three affairs." His success in Shansi became a national model.

In 1920, 10,000 Chinese merchants who had been driven out of Soviet Russia returned to Shansi. They recounted the terror and cruelty of the Soviet

regime. This led Yen to convene local meetings to explore ways to improve the social systems then in place in Shansi.

In 1923, he was appointed Vice-Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. In 1929, he was appointed Chairman of the Committee for Mongolia and Tibet Affairs.

In 1924, President Sun Yat Sen visited Yen with a plan to incorporate most of Yen's reforms. National implementation, however, was delayed due to Sun's sudden death. He was succeeded by Chiang Kai-shek.

In 1927, President Chiang Kai-shek led his armies northward against the warlords to consolidate his control. Yen joined in this effort by Chiang to unify the country.

Yen was elected to Chiang's Central Executive Committee, the Kuomintang (KMT), Commander-in-Chief of the 3rd Group Army, Chairman of the Taiyuan Political Council, Garrison Commander of Peiping and Tientsin, and a Minister of the National Government.

In 1931, he started a collective "village ownership of farm land" program, an "all manufacturing enterprises to be owned by all the people" program, and a ten-year construction plan to create infrastructure essential for productive enterprises.

In 1932, Yen wrote his book "Product Certificate and Product According to Labor". Chiang Kai-shek was given this book when he visited Yen in 1935, and reproduced it for general reading by his staff, which resulted in several initiatives to improve the image of the KMT Government.

In 1935, the Chinese Communist forces fled from Kiangsi to North Shensi Province (adjacent to Yen's Shansi).

In 1936, Mao's forces in Shensi attacked Shansi and were defeated by Yen's army. Yen's village forces had been organized to defend themselves so that in less than two months, the Communists were forced out of Shansi.

In the same year, Japan attacked China. Yen held Shansi against Japanese attacks and maintained a "truce" with Mao forces while both opposed Japanese movements near Shansi/Shensi. With the war ending in

August of 1945, Yen began a reconstruction program to restore and increase the industrial base of Taiyuan.

In 1946, CAT was asked to play a critical role in Taiyuan's economic survival. As one of China's largest industrial complexes in 1948-49, Taiyuan was dependent on material imports to complement its locally produced raw materials essential to production. Yen had established an import/export company operating out of Shanghai to provide these needs. But as surface transportation disappeared, airlift support was critical. Due to the great diversity of materials involved—basic copper rods, printing inks, industrial controls, chemicals, and paper to fly inward and finished commercial products exported outward forced a very flexible configuration of cargo space. As Taiyuan's free perimeter was lost, cargoes inward became life-saving shipments of rice and medical supplies.

Yen's resources were dwindling, and requests for material and military support went unanswered in 1949, leading him to request flights to Nanking to make a personal plea to the Government for support. John Plank was assigned to meet this request while reasonably safe landings in Taiyuan were possible.

John Plank flew Marshal Yen Hsi Shan to Nanking on April 18, 1949. The next day, Taiyuan came under massive attack, causing Yen to request an immediate return to lead the defense, even if landing there was impossible, in which case he would parachute in. After conferring with Chennault, Burridge refused his request, injuring, temporarily, their close relationship.

Yen despaired for but a few days and then responded to pressures from many in and out of Government to give them leadership as Nanking was threatened both by Mao's forces outside and turncoats inside the city. With President Chiang Kai-Shek in Taiwan and Vice President Li Tseng Jen in the USA, Yen felt he could not refuse any help he could give to those still willing to fight for their freedom from a red takeover. He accepted the role of Premier and quickly pulled the remnants of the Government and the private sector behind alternatives still open for effective action.

Canton, Kunming, Chungking, Chengdu, Hainan, and Taiwan were all under consideration as Headquarters for a final stand. Many business organizations and Government offices had already selected one or more of these alternatives after the fall of Tsingtao, Hsuchow, and before the fall of

Shanghai and Nanking. The Government was moved from Nanking to Canton on April 24, 1949, followed by the CAT Headquarters.

CAT itself had installed its maintenance facilities on an LST and barge, which were moved to Canton from Shanghai in March with Captain Felix Smith as navigator.

As conditions worsened, Chennault and Willauer struggled to keep the airline alive, in business, and supportive of every remaining effort to continue an operative Government on the mainland of China.

CAT LST at Anchor (Felix Smith)

With the portability of its maintenance facilities, CAT could not have survived while replacing its lost bases with new operations in Northwest and Western China.

Louise Peeks at War – *Weihsien*

by Louise Willauer

April 20, 1948

This letter is a hard one to name because there are so many whimsical titles that occur to me. It could be called "Whitey and the Pirates, " or "The CAT has Claws," but I think I will choose "Louise Peeks at War," as I do intend to tell it from my own point of view. After I finish this letter, I will write another, which should come before this according to chronological order, about my travels South and North, but I want to write all about the battle of Weihsien before I forget the details.

Weihsien should really be written Wei Hsien, as all Chinese words are only one syllable long. It is pronounced, "Way Shien," saying the "sh" with teeth together and your lips stretched into a smile. Strangely enough, the words "wei hsien" also mean "dangerous," and when spoken fast, the name of the city and "dangerous" sound exactly alike, although the characters and therefore the tone are different. If you wonder why you had not read that one of the biggest battles of the war was going on there, you are wondering along with the Generalissimo, the National Government, the Chinese Army, the Chinese Air Force, the U.S. State Department, the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Marines, and the members of the press, both Chinese and foreign. Until the CAT men who had been trapped there came out to tell the tale, no one knew that the situation was critical. In fact, the people who should have known were still announcing that everything was under control because the Chinese General who was in command of that area was afraid he might lose face if he asked for reinforcements. I'd much rather have my skin than my face, but apparently, he felt differently, even when he still held the airport and all the men and ammunition he needed could have been flown in, although the alternative was sure death for him. The Commander of the local Garrison, General Cheng, was quite the opposite, but he could not go over the head of his superior to yell for help. Our Shantung area manager, Lew Burridge, has been criticized for flying in when he did and thereby endangering the lives of all the men who tried to rescue him, but he had been told by the highest Chinese military authorities in Tsingtao that all was safe and quiet in Weihsien. Our radio crew of seven Chinese in the city had been clamoring on and off for a long time about the Communists surrounding Weihsien and were begging to come out. Lew went in with another man to

tell them to stop being jittery and show them there was nothing to fear by spending a night there himself. The next day, the airport was captured, and the town was surrounded.

Weihsien is about eighty miles from Tsingtao. It lies on a railroad, but its importance is not because of the railroad, but because of the roads which lead back into the Communist territory from there, and because it is opposite Port Arthur. If Weihsien falls, the Russians can smuggle stuff ashore, which will be carried back through Weihsien to supply the Chinese Communists in the whole area.

The Communists want Weihsien badly, but were not planning to attack it soon. A group of them started to wander South one morning and were quite surprised to find no resistance at all in any of the small towns along their way. By nightfall, they had taken about thirty-five villages without any fighting and found themselves outside of Weihsien. It was all so easy that they expected it would continue to be easy and sent for reinforcements, which converged from all directions. The Nationalist General should have notified Tsingtao of the plight he was in and asked for assistance at the time when they were collecting their forces. He may still have a face, but I hope and expect that by now his former pals have shot his body full of holes.

When Lew radioed about his predicament, the pilots in Tsingtao organized a rescue. Because the space for landing inside the city was so small, seven light planes were cracked up before all the Americans were brought out. The Chinese radio men were still in there, and we hope that they will be able to disguise themselves and hide if the city falls before they can be saved. Weihsien is really two cities, the East city and the West city, on either side of a river, each surrounded by a separate wall. The airport was outside the city. The first landing strip, which they picked within the walls, was a small one in the West city. One of the pilots tried to go in an L-5 and demolished the plane, although he was not hurt himself. That left three Americans in there instead of just two, so they gaily radioed out, “Please send us a fourth for bridge!” The next night, when there were four in there, they said, “Thanks, now please drop us a pack of cards!” -- which we did!

There was another attempt made to rescue the three on the first day. The cub was sent from Shanghai, and a pilot named Fay tried to fly it in. He realized that he could not land when he made a pass at the field, and then, before he could gain altitude, a down-draft caught him, and he saw a wall

looming up in front of him. He kicked the nose around so that only a wing tip hit the wall, knocking off a piece of the wing about a foot long, but the plane was still flying. After that, the only thing for him to do was to head back to Tsingtao, although he did not have enough gas in the tank for a round trip. The gas for his return was in cans in the plane with him. He flew as long as he dared and then began to look for a place to land, knowing that he was still over Communist territory. He finally found a strip of sand beside a river, which was near a town but was on the other side of the river from the town. He landed and began to fill the tank. When he had almost emptied one can, he looked over his shoulder and saw the silhouette of a machine gun being mounted on a tripod behind him, not very far from him. He jammed the top onto the gas tank, spun the prop with one hand, and then had to push the plane to get it going in the sand before he jumped in. He accomplished it all so quickly that the Communists did not have time to fire the gun, and the C-47, which had been escorting him, never knew that he had landed. The men in the 47 were frantic because they knew that he did not have enough gas, and yet he kept chugging along. They were sure he would be forced down at any minute and thought that he did not know it. They even radioed for another plane to circle the bay with a life raft to drop in case he landed in the water.

All this happened while I was in Peiping. I heard about it before I left and started back for Shanghai in a plane which stopped at Taiyuan to pick up another L-5 to take to Tsingtao. On our way, the pilot suggested that we take a detour to look at Weihsien, and I readily agreed. The Chinese Air Force had finally decided to notice the battle and had gone over that afternoon to strafe. The Communists are not in the villages in the daytime, but are out in the country in trenches. They have built a network of slit-back trenches so they can walk all around without being seen from the air. Therefore, very few men can be killed by daytime strafing, but the villages containing supplies can be fired upon. Every single little village around Weihsien was in flames when we circled. We were at seven thousand feet, so we could not see the piles of bodies which were lying all around, nor could we recognize any gunfire, although we learned later that there wasn't fifteen seconds in either day or night without the sound of guns. I might have seen more if I had not been in the co-pilot's seat. The pilot, quite naturally, circled with the wing down on his side, so that I was tempted to crawl onto his lap to see better. We talked to the men down below on the radio. They told us that they had abandoned the strip in the West city and had enlarged and smoothed a parade ground in the East city. It certainly looked small, and we were not surprised to hear that another L-5 had nosed over on the landing there during the afternoon and had

broken its prop. This brought the total number of Americans to four, and the bridge. A new prop was dropped along with the playing cards, but it did not reach them in time for them to repair the plane and fly it out that night, as there was a strict six o'clock curfew.

Fortunately, I went up into the Marine Control Tower in Tsingtao for a cup of coffee while the L-5 was being off-loaded, because I heard my name coming in over the radio just as I was going down to get aboard the plane when it was ready to take off. It was a message asking the Marines to try to locate Mrs. Willauer to ask her to disembark at Tsingtao because her husband was on the way up there. I grabbed a suitcase off the plane, forgetting that I did not have any clean underwear left and that the soiled underwear, which I could have washed, was in the other bag, but who cares about clean underwear to go snooping around wars!

April 23, 1948

Whitey's plane was not due in until around eleven-thirty, so I went into town for dinner at the house where Lew Burridge and some of the pilots live. It was very late when Bob Rousselot, one of the pilots, returned. He had played a most successful trick on the Communists. The boys inside Weihsien had reported that the fighting was becoming so heavy that they feared the city might not hold out until the next day, so Bob had flown over in a 47 and dropped flares and empty beer bottles around the outside of the city. The flares lit up the area like daylight, and the Communists don't like daylight because they can't mass and creep up to the walls undetected, and the beer bottles made a terrifying swoosh on the way down. Lew later told us that the fighting completely stopped after Bob made his drops.

As soon as Bob had had something to eat, he drove me out to the airport again to meet Whitey and Eric Shilling, our Chief Pilot, who came along to see what he could do, although Whitey would not let him fly a small plane in since he had made the rescues at Linfen, which I will tell about later. We sat up long enough to catch Whitey and Eric on what had happened that day and then went to bed for a few hours of sleep.

We all got up before daylight to hurry out to the field again. The cub had been repaired and was ready to fly, but it was foolish to fly it in until we found out whether or not the L-5 was able to fly out. So all the men piled into a 47 to look over the situation. I have never been too angry to have been born

a woman. I almost slipped into the plane unnoticed as Whitey was groggy with sleep, and Var Green, the pilot, expected me to go along, in fact, invited me. But Whitey was more awake than I thought and barked at me, "No women allowed in combat areas!" It was useless to protest that I had already been in "combat areas" and that I couldn't see the difference between flying at 7,000 feet and flying at 5,000 feet, as I knew how severely Bill Freeman had been criticized for allowing his wife to go along on an escort trip over Linfen when the escorting plane had been hit by a bullet.

I climbed into a C-46 and listened over the radio. I heard that the L-5 in Weihsien had been repaired and was ready to make a "test hop" and that the 4 with Whitey in it would hang around until it was safely away from Weihsien-- and then they took the plane out from under me because it was scheduled to fly to Shanghai! I could not go up into the tower to listen to the Marine radio because a stuffy security officer was afraid I might find out something. I felt like telling him that I already knew more than he did and pushing my way up there, but I decided I would save my pushes for a time when I might feel it was really urgent. So there was nothing for me to do but sit and wait, and waiting at a time like that is the agony of torture.

Finally, the 47 returned, and shortly after it came the L-5 with a pilot named Kruski flying and Lew Burridge as a passenger. Then came a long discussion as to who should fly the cub, and that was really hard for me to bear because I don't know much about flying, but I can fly a light plane and have had plenty of practice landing them in small fields. The men were all experienced pilots, but none of them had been flying a light plane recently, except Eric, who had been forbidden to go. When they were trying to decide who was the lightest, I stood there, obviously lighter by far than any of them, and cussed under my breath. Whitey heard me and said, "Don't be a fool! If the Commies captured you, they would ask for the whole airline as ransom, and I would have to be a gentleman and give it to them!" So a fellow named Stainer was picked. He is a good pilot with thousands of hours behind him, but he brought the cub into Weihsien too fast, took a thirty-foot bounce, and cracked up the landing gear. During the afternoon, Kruski flew the L-5 in again and brought out one more man, so that night we had two instead of four men in there, but outside were Communists who were twice as angry.

And now we heard from Lew the story of how the Communists fight. He also told it to the American Consul, the Chinese authorities, and the next

morning to Admiral Badger. A lot of it was news to them, as the Nationalist intelligence has not been accurate. Their most effective fighting is done with loudspeakers, and they have a new line. They plead that brother should not fight brother and claim that they are fighting against the Americans, who are using the Chinese people as a tool to fight their war with the Russians, and they are fighting only against those Chinese who have been "collaborating" with the Americans. They announce that no one will be hurt except those who have been using the people of China as stooges. They tell exactly who will be killed: All Americans, of course, the Chinese Generals and high officers, all Kuomintang members and other Government officials, all bank presidents, etc. What it boils down to is that they are now threatening to kill anyone with brains, where before they were threatening to kill any man with wealth. They name all the men who will die. They named all of our men inside the city by name, including the Chinese radio men. Because of their spies within the city, they knew exactly in which house every one of them was at any given moment. The second night Lew was in there, he went to the Mission outside the wall. The Communists announced that he was in the Mission and that they would take the Mission before morning. He hid, although he knew it wasn't much use, and heard the firing come closer and closer. When it was only about a hundred yards away and he was sure he was doomed, a terrific cloudburst of rain suddenly poured down, and the fighting stopped for the night. The next morning, he was able to slip back into the city, and the Mission was captured that night.

The Nationalists also used loudspeakers, but their line is not so effective as they have nothing to offer, and their propaganda is mostly threats that are not carried out. For instance, when we dropped the flares and beer bottles, they claimed that it was just a warning and that next time, 5-pound atomic bombs would be dropped. The Communist, on the other hand, kept pointing out that the city was doomed and that the men inside had been deserted by their own people – that no reinforcements had come or would come. They gave proof that they were friendly and had no intention of harming their "brothers." The power plant was outside of the city walls and in the hands of the Communists. The Communists kept the plant going for the use of the people inside the city and announced that it was a symbol of their good intentions, which was convincing even though the power was very weak and the light from a bulb was dimmer than that of a candle. It was demoralizing to the wary Nationalist troops, whose morale is very low now anyway. Lew said that if a gun went off outside of a pillbox, all the Chinese soldiers would

come tumbling out with their hands over their heads. But General Chang, the local Garrison Commander, was a hero and a fighter.

He moved around the city all day long and was always in the most dangerous places, encouraging the people to fight wherever he went. He was a conspicuous figure, dressed in a black uniform with a big black hat and always smoking a long black cigar. He often walked slowly around on top of the wall, defying the Communists to shoot him. The men cheered him and fought for him. Until this battle, the defense put up by the Nationalists had been slight, only about sixty men killed in a night during the defense of the city. Lew said that they started bringing in the dead and wounded at four in the morning and that on the first two days they had all been collected by six o'clock, but on his last day, there was a continuous stream of stretchers coming as close after one another as possible for eight hours and still had not stopped when he left.

While in the city, Lew stayed with General Chang and gave him a lot of advice about running the fighting, as well as showing him some new tricks. They took the landing light off the useless L-5 and slung it over the shoulders of a soldier, rigging up a battery on his back. Then this human searchlight climbed up on top of the wall, switched itself on, and swung around until the light revealed some Commies massed for attack. The Nationalist guns got their range, and he slipped down only to reappear in another place. This was so effective that they rigged up some other searchlights not attached to a man. General Chang loves American beer as much as he loves big black cigars, so we dropped in some beer and cigars to keep him going. They had enough ammunition and food to hold out for three weeks. The food they had consisted of rice, noodles, and meat, but no vegetables. Of course, we dropped in many more things besides beer, cigars, and playing cards, but the dropping of supplies comes later in the story.

That evening Whitey and Lew and I had dinner with Bob Strong of the American consulate, and then went out to the airport to talk on the radio to our CAT plane, flown by Bob Rousselot, which was bombing Weihsien. This time, I was able to go to the tower because it was officially closed for the night, and we therefore climbed up in the dark to a dark tower. After Bob returned, we went home to bed, but Eric Shilling, who had slept during the first half of the night, made another trip with flares, beer bottles, and bombs to make sure the Commies would keep quiet until morning, being careful not to get anywhere near the parade ground.

The next day, spare parts were dropped for the cub, and Bob Rousselot flew the L-5 in. Since Bob is big and heavy, he picked the lightest of the Chinese to fly out, but he could not make it and smashed into a telephone pole. A spectator was killed, but neither of the men in the plane was hurt. This seems to be the moment to tell what happened inside the city every time one of the planes flew in. The parade ground was surrounded by onlookers, packed so tightly on every wall and rooftop that it resembled the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. When a plane made a pass at the field, missed and had to go around again, there was a loud, sighing moan, and when a plane made a successful landing, the cheers were deafening. But the Chinese are like children about laughing at someone else's discomfort, so when a plane cracked up the applause and laughter were the loudest of all! This accident made Bob feel that he was too heavy to fly out in a plane with anyone else in it, particularly in a cub, so that afternoon the two others were rescued, and that night Bob was the only American left in there.

We had to go to a dinner given by the local Chinese Government and hurried out to the field afterwards. I couldn't do much about loading the flares and bombs onto the plane and lashing them down except to close the door so no one would see what was going on when an unidentified car came too near. The men who were preparing the bombs didn't know much about bombs. We all knew that the bomb would go off after fifty turns of the little propeller, so when the safety cap had been unscrewed and someone was stringing a piece of wire, it was rather fun to start counting,

"Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine." I tried very hard to find a moment when no one was watching to hide in the lavatory, as I wildly desired to go along on a bombing raid, but they all knew what I had in mind and kept close watch on me. After they took off, we went up to the tower to spend another night listening to the radio.

They were flying "in the soup" so did not find out until they got over Weihsien that the Chinese Air Force was already there. It was a great relief to learn that CAT had finally shamed the CAF into doing a bit of night fighting since it is the only effective kind against the Communists and quite easy because the Communists have no planes yet. So our plane turned back, and we told them to dump their "eggs" on the way as all the territory in between was held by Communists. It was four o'clock in the morning before we got to bed as the plane became lost and went past Tsingtao. The weather was so bad up high that they could not see the flare pots which we had lighted

on the field. We lit the ceiling lights, and they couldn't find that, so we finally had to ask the Marines to turn on the radio beacon, which they did.

In the morning, we received word that Tommy had developed tonsilitis, so I planned to take the first plane back to Shanghai. There is no telephone at the house where we were staying, nor at the "CAT Castle" nearby, where the rest of the pilots live, so we never could learn any news until we arrived at the airport. On this day, we expected to hear that two planes had flown in and that Bob Rousselot had flown out in one alone, and the two pilots in the other. Instead, when we reached the airport, we were told that Kruski had rolled the L-5 over on its back and that Stainer had gone in the cub and had cracked it up again. Both planes could be repaired, but it meant another night with three of our men inside the city when we had brought the number down to one the night before. Someone remarked that it was like the old riddle about how to get the cannibals and missionaries across the river.

At the same time that I took off for Shanghai Whitey took off for Tsinan to talk to the Governor of Shantung Province (Governor Wang) to tell him how desperate the situation was becoming in Weihsien and to beg him to see that reinforcements were sent and that the CAF kept working. Whitey's plane was loaded with packages marked "Farm Implements" to drop in Weihsien on the way by. They made a few free drops and then General Chang below asked them not to do it that way anymore as the supplies were going to the Communists, so they put a parachute on the next load. Whitey was flying the plane at the time and just after the pilot, Var Green, had pressed the bell for the drop, the plane started to nose up towards the sky. Var thought that Whitey had pulled the nose up because he saw some firing aimed at the plane, but when he saw that Whitey was pushing with all his strength, he started to push also, and they both reached for the stabilizer, and they both decided that it was vibrating. Not until they landed did they realize that they each thought the stabilizer was vibrating because of the trembling of their hands.

I found Tommy feeling fine. He had had a sore throat, but it was all better, and he was singing, "I got my wish! I got my wish that I wished on a wishbone!" I asked him what he had wished, and he answered, "To have my tonsils out. I have had tonsilitis, and now I have to have my tonsils out!" It seems that a little boy in his class gained a lot of "face" by having his tonsils removed recently and besides Tommy asked Tom Gentry why people had tonsils out and Tom told him that sometimes when little boys had a lot of earaches they had their tonsils taken out so that they would not have them

anymore, so Tommy thinks that he won't have any more earaches if his tonsils are out.

Whitey came back the next day with the report that all the Americans were out of Weihsien and that the planes would have to have extensive repairs before they could make any more trips in for the Chinese crew. And today I read in the papers that CAT had won its War! The siege of Weihsien has been lifted, and the Central News said, "The whole Communist Shantung offensive may be considered conclusively closed." Of course, the papers do not mention CAT, but give credit, "not only to the gallant stand of the defending garrison but to the assistance of the civilian population who fought side by side with the regulars and to the round-the-clock support by the Chinese Air Force which dropped food and ammunition and kept up a continued bombing of Communist artillery positions." Meow!

By this time, I surely should know better than to believe what I read in the Chinese newspapers. Today Whitey received the following message from Tsingtao: "General decided to give up West City today. All CAT staff stay in East City. Informed, West City became chaotic, and the North corner was occupied by the Reds. All Generals moved to East City, wishing for heavy reinforcements in one or two days, or the city would be absolutely hopeless. Wish to add that CAF air support failure is responsible for the effectiveness of the Communist big guns. CAF's failure to fly continuous night bombing was responsible for thousands of Nationalist night casualties. This is a disgraceful exhibition of Chinese air power. – Burridge" So Whitey had to step back into the war again, but only far enough to notify the proper people in Nanking of what was really going on at Weihsien.

We expect that this will be the last time CAT actively fights an undeclared war, since we are going to make quite certain that no more men of ours get caught behind the lines, but it is not the first time. Eric Shilling went in to rescue an American (James Stewart) trapped in Linfen, near Taiyuan, and then others went in to rescue the Chinese radio crew there. Whitey flew up to Taiyuan and Peiping to beg the Chinese Air Force for air support, but they refused to inconvenience themselves, and we had to use our own transport planes as escort. On the last trip, the escorting plane flew too low and was hit by a bullet, but no one was hurt, fortunately. Governor Yen of Shensi Province was more cooperative. He handed one of our pilots forty bombs to use as he saw fit, so the pilot naturally saw fit to drop them around Linfen.

I have not been allowed to tell any of this before, but now so many people, particularly our enemies, know about it, so there is no use keeping it from our friends. CAT is giving all the credit for the bombings to the Chinese Air Force, and all of us would emphatically deny dropping anything but flares and empty beer bottles if we should be accused of anything so ridiculous. I hope every one of you will do the same when you talk to a newspaperman or to a communist, as Whitey and I care much more for our "skins" than our "faces."

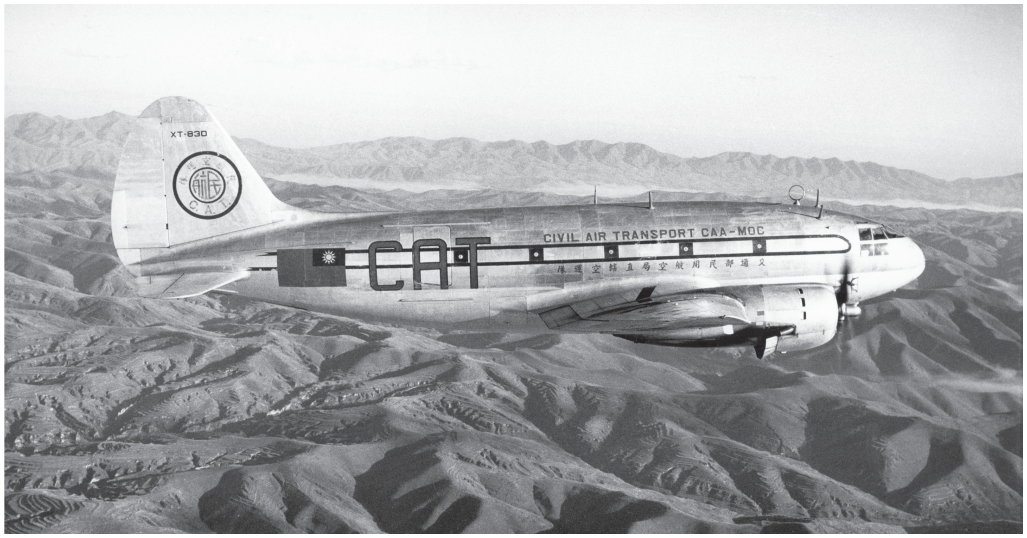
CAT Sets World Ton Mile Record

From CAT Bulletin Vol. 1, No. 11 February 1948

It was a cold windswept January 27th, 1947 when CAT pilots Cockrell, Dew, Burridge, Holden, and Green set down five C-47s at Lung-hwa arriving from Manila. This was the beginning of CAT operations in China.

For three days bad weather stalled the planned instantaneous inception of relief flights by the new CNRRA Air Transport Squadron. Then on January 31st, the lead plane of three C-47s carrying a jeep, and various other supplies and President Chennault sped its way to Canton, in the first CAT flight. Just two days later, the first real relief flight occurred with a shipment of 9,000 pounds of medical supplies from Canton to Liuchow.

From January 31st, 1947 to January 31st, 1948 the planes that sport the "Tiger" emblem have covered 1,930,558 miles of China's rough and spacious terrain. CAT pilots have spent a total of 16,444 hours in the air. The eighteen operable airplanes of CAT have carried 7,686,776 ton-miles of cargo, passengers, and mail. (A ton-mile means one ton of load carried for one mile). This total means that the airline carried an average of over 4,000,000 pounds of cargo per month for the complete year of operation. CNRRA Air Transport set up a seemingly impossible world record in ton mileage for cargo air carriage when more than 1,400,000 ton-miles were flown.



Though CAT was allowed to operate a fleet of 19 planes, with no more than 12 allowed in the air at one time, the operational management considered safe flying attainable with only 15 of CAT's planes. The company kept an average of only eight planes in the air during any day with more than ten in the air at any one time.

However, by far the most impressive factor in CAT's full year of operation is a safety record not equaled by any other airline in the world. Not one accident has marred the voluminous number of flights made. Pilot Captain Robert Rousselot probably saved this record for CAT when he quickly jettisoned CN$ 4,000,000,000 worth of banknotes to avoid striking a mountain after one motor had failed.

The many years of China flying experience compiled by General Chennault and many of his former Flying Tigers, mainly Operations Chief Joe Rosbert, Chief Pilot Eric Shilling, and other "Flying Tiger" pilots was the main factor in the extreme caution with which CAT dispatched and landed its planes.

The airline's weather service is likewise as complete as other facilities. Under Chief Meteorologist Jerome Biederman, the two weather forecasters, nine weather radio operators, and 20 weather observers are stationed at all points of un-schedule operation. A forecaster in Shanghai can make accurate forecasts for any part of China through an intricate system that monitors weather stations all over China, CAF stations, the Royal Observatory in Hongkong, and stations in Japan, Siberia, and the Philippine Islands.

The CAT Weather Service Section draws three surface weather maps and three 10,000-foot altitude weather maps each day, which contain the exact climatic conditions of any spot in China. Thus CAT has been able to move planes to points from where operation would be possible, rather than having them stalled in places of inoperable weather. The section, which is manned entirely by Chinese except for director Biederman, issued 1,137 direct weather forecasts during the first year of operation.

As to engineering, J.A. Prendergast, in charge of engineering in Shanghai's Hungjao base, revealed that there are 288 persons responsible for airplane maintenance on the ground. There is an average of 16 engineering personnel for each plane, plus an average of 7.72 ground crews for each plane.

A system of crating motors, then sending them to the United States for overhaul has resulted in the almost faultless operations of CAT's aircraft.

The results achieved by CAT have had a tremendous effect on China's economy. By eliminating the "bottlenecks" of transportation inland cities in flying exportable cargo to seaports, CAT has provided a total of US $6,329,864.15 in foreign exchange from the sale of these cargos. This figure only applies to the beginning of December. Figures from December 1st through January are unavailable at this time, but will far exceed any one month's outbound cargo that had been flown before December.

The shattered economy of China's interior was bolstered by revenues from the sale of the cargoes CAT carried, which included Tobacco, Tung Oil, Bristles, silver bullion, skins, wool, cotton, wolfram ore, tin, and other mineral products.

The value of relief and rehabilitation cargo carried inland for UNRRA, CNRRA and other relief organizations was more than three times the value of the outbound cargo. As early as March 1947, CAT had begun to carry 800 tons of relief materials a month to Canton and Southwest China alone. In April Chengchow was rehabilitated almost totally and placed on a sound basis of farming revenue by a shipment of 4,700 pounds of cotton and vegetable

seed. In August ten flights of supplies were sent to beleaguered Weihsien with Communists only five miles away. Were it not for CNRRA Air Transport and pilots Burridge and Collins, Weihsien would have been without food, coal, and medical supplies in the face of a severe winter.

In October CAT provided the missing link between isolated Tsinan, Shantung Province, and the cotton mills of Tsingtao to keep Tsinan supplied with food, clothing, and fuel, and to keep the mills rolling, thereby continuing employment for 19,000 people in the mills. This operation required four days of two flights per day, for ferrying medical supplies alone to Tsinan.

It was also in October that Gov. Yen Shi Shan called upon President Chennault's Squadron to fly 1,000 tons of cotton per month for three months from Shensi to bolster the finances of that province.

These have been only isolated instances of the huge services provided by CNRRA, UNRRA, and CNRRA Air Transport. The most dramatic service of all is now being consummated in the present evacuation of 7,000 persons from isolated Mukden. Perhaps the largest air evacuation of persons ever attempted.

Along with other far-seeing individuals in China, Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, president of the old CNRRA Air Transport, the new Civil Air Transport, has emphatically stressed that the skyways are and have proven to be China's greatest link with the world at large, and even in the present great struggle against totalitarianism the airplane will prove to be the balance of power.

Chennault points out that CAT has present, backlog orders for airlifting relief and rehabilitation materials for the next six months. The other airlines are in a similar position, though CAT carries a much larger amount of cargo, being exclusively a cargo line. Thus it is reasonable that China could use several times more than the present number of planes for air transport facilities.

The economy of air transportation has been proven in the amount of foreign exchange acquired for China by CAT's export-bound cargoes.

Many improvements must be made to facilitate larger air communications advantages. These include the laying of airfields and acquiring communications and other facilities that will allow ever-increasing

expansion. CAT alone has spent more than $36,000 in improvements at Hungjao Field, which includes grading and lengthening of the longest runway in Shanghai with the best possible approach area.

Plans of China's Civil Aeronautics Administration are to add three more runways, each exceeding 6,000 feet, and to install night landing lights and complete communications facilities for China's largest airport as soon as funds are available.

CAT will be proud to have a continuing part in the newly born and fast-growing aviation industry in China. It is conceivable that air transportation can become more magnitudinous in China than in any other country, due to the facility of air transport, and the lack of facilities for land and water travel.

The World's Most Shot-at Air Line

by John Denson and Charlotte Knight

CAT – Civil Air Transport won its reputation by flying under Red fire into Korea and China. In the business of adventure for profit, it's Asia top air cargo carrier

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I look toward the sunset and beyond the breast of the sea and there is the edge of Red China. I look into the skies and there are planes of CAT. Half a hundred twin-engine C-46 and C-47 transports marked CAT, the fleet of an extraordinary commercial airline owned and operated by a handful of American civilians, are engaged in a private war with the Communists – a conflict that began on the Chinese mainland five years ago and still continues, with no quarter given and none asked.

CAT, the initials of Civil Air Transport, wages a war of supply. Its planes military cargo that can kill Reds, and commercial cargo, too. There is a legend that CAT once dropped 500-pound bombs on the Communists. No loyal CAT man will admit it. "After all." An executive said, "we are a commercial airline." Nevertheless, put the legend down as true.

The airline is in business for profit but doing business out here on the rim of China is a violent pursuit. The men who run CAT take no unnecessary chances with their capital. They could be called conservative businessmen. Still, CAT's bosses realize that good business sense in the Far East must be mixed with a great deal of personal courage. CAT men do not like to talk of this. They prefer to think of themselves only as executives trying to earn dividends or as operations men and pilots trying to make a living.

But, while earning a buck, CAT has done a lot of good and brave things, and has almost certainly become the world's most shot-at commercial airline.

From the beginning, CAT helped UN forces in Korea with airlifted supplies. CAT planes flew urgently needed food and ammunition to the Nationalist army while it still fought on the mainland of China. CAT hopped

over enemy lines (often under fire)to the relief of Red-besieged cities and brought tens of thousands of refugees to safety. CAT, for a time, broke the economic strangle hold on Chinese cities. CAT carried medical supplies to hospitals all over flaming China during the civil war,. CAT literally snatched the Nationalist government from under Red noses and evacuated its officials to Formosa to carry on resistance.

Today CAT flies nearly every mile of the non-Communist air lanes immediately surrounding China. You can see its sturdy cargo carriers, some painted forest green and some silver with trim scarlet and blue markings, at almost any airfield on these routes at almost any time. You can see CAT at Tachikawa, the huge U.S. Air force base 30 or so miles out of Tokyo; at historic Iwo Jima; at Naha Air Base on Okinawa and Agana field on Guam; at Ashiya, the southern Japan base set among ragged hills; at Taipeh's foggy Chungshan airport on Formosa where Nationalist planes stand ready to meet Red invasion; on Hong Kong's peak-ringed Kai Tak runways, Saigon's Tan Son Nhut field or Bangkok's Don Muang.

CAT chips away – constantly and effectively – at the edge of China.

The airline, which could accurately describe itself as being in the business of adventure for profit, is the creation of two men – the famous "Flying Tiger" from Louisiana, Major General Claire Lee Chennault (U.S.A.. retired) and Whiting Willauer, a native of New York City, a Princeton and Harvard Law School graduate.

Willauer, now in his forties, began to study aviation as a boy – his uncle was Navy Captain Kenneth Whiting, who was taught to fly by Orville Wright – but his primary interest is in transportation as such. He has worked on the problems of trucking, shipping and railroading, and he thinks of aviation as just another form of transportation. His job as president (General Chennault is chairman of the board) keeps him in the air a lot, though. Last year he flew the equivalent of a trip around the world every two weeks, and last February he flew 365 hours, approximately four times the allowable limit in one month for airline pilots in the U.S.

Chennault, in his sixties now, is an old U.S. Army stunt flier and fighter-plane tactician who burst into the world's headlines when he took command of the "Flying Tigers," the American Volunteer Group which signed on to help China fight the Japanese before Pearl Harbor. When the "Flying Tigers" were

incorporated into the Fourteen Air Force, Chennault was made a major general and put in command. The Fourteenth was light on equipment but heavy on results. Chennault's bombers even blasted Formosa, where the general now lives.

Aviation men in the Orient agree that CAT would never have been achieved by men with less leather in their systems.

In his faded-yellow-plaster walled-in home a mile and half from the center of Taipeh, the general told us of the beginning. "When the war ended," he said, "it was obvious that China could never get back on its feet without plenty of air transport. The country's transportation system was wrecked and there never had been enough, anyway. Whitey and I flew all over China on a survey. We came back even more convinced that the two existing government airlines had to be augmented. But how? That was what stumped us.

"Then UNRRA (United relations Relief and rehabilitation Administration) started coming in to help China. The UNRRA people had to get their relief cargoes to the back country. Air was the only way. UNRRA through CNRRA (Chinese Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) put up $2,000,000 in credits – which CAT paid back in full with compound interest. That was enough for five C-47s and 16 C-46s out of U.S. Army surplus. We called ourselves CNRRA air Transport, which was how we got to be CAT."

CAT officially became an airline late in October, 1946, but it was almost another three months before it became an airline with planes. General Chennault and Whiting Willauer had hoped to get CAT into operation in time to participate in the relief of millions in Hunan Province, which was then being swept up by one of the most terrible famines in China's history. The delaying tactics of the government airline prevented this. (Both China National Aviation Corporation and Central Air Transport Corporation, incidentally, later deserted to the Communists. After their defection, CAT bought the Nationalist's government interest in the two airlines – an issue which has been the subject of several bitterly fought, still undecided, international court cases.)

The practical start of CAT came in early December. Colonel Richard W. Wise, of Trenton, New Jersey, short, chain-smoking associate of General Chennault when he was in command of the Fourteen Air Force, called five pilots into his crowded bedroom office at Cathay Mansions Hotel in Shanghai. They were still in the uniforms of the U.S. Marine Corps, the Navy, and the

Army Air Forces. They had been waiting for jobs for many weeks after obtaining their discharges in China. No bunch of pilots was ever more eager to get going.

The colonel addressed the pilots, who sat on the edges of a couple of scarred desks:

"Here is $500. I want you to take this list of surplus C-47 planes and go to the Philippines. The planes are somewhere down there. I don't know where. Pick out the five best, hire any mechanics necessary to put them in condition, pay your expenses, buy gas, hydraulic fluid, have them painted with our design, fly the planes back here and (the colonel emphasized this point) bring back the change because we're short of cash."

CAT had the credits for the surplus planes, but, in its first days, it had to dig deep for folding money. What CAT had beyond the credits and a few hundred dollars in ready money was a collection of first rate pilots just as determined as General Chennault and Willauer to get into the flying business in China. These pilots were no seat-of-the-pants adventurers hoping to pick up some quick money. Nor were they do or die characters out of a comic strip. They saw a career out here, and they have stuck with CAT.

The five pilots Wise talked to that December day were:

Curly-headed Alvin Lew (Lu) Burridge, from Cadillac, Michigan, ex-Marine C-46 instructor and now a CAT executive; a dark-haired, drawling ex-U.S. Army aviator from Hamburg, Arkansas, Stuart E. Dew, who piloted General George C. Marshall around China while he was trying to end the civil war; handsome Paul Holden from Greenleaf, Kansas, a former U.S. Army troop carrier pilot; Var M. Green, whose home town is Pima, Arizona, a Marine buddy of Burridge's and also a CAT executive now, and Willis Hobbs from Arthur city, Texas, a Navy pilot.

The five headed for Clark field near Manila with the $500. Other CAT pilots were to follow. Lu says:

"We were so short of cash that we stayed in uniform so we could eat at the Clark Field mess for less money.

"But even with short of cuts, our $500 was dwindling fast. To get the planes in shape, we hired a couple of Filipino mechanics, partly because they said they were good mechanics but mostly because they had a jeep. We couldn't afford transportation. All of us worked on the surplus planes and we got the first three C-47s ready just after the middle of January. But we only had enough money to paint the CAT insignia – a Disney like feline—on one of them.

"The first three of us headed for China. (The others followed in a few days.) After touching down in Canton (where gas was not available), we landed in Hong Kong to fuel for the flight to Shanghai. We nearly got ourselves impounded. Nobody knew anything about CAT. Nobody could understand why pilots in uniforms of the three U.S. air services would be flying one plane with CAT markings and two others with the military markings still on. Things got so hot at one stage of the argument that we thought we were going to be arrested. Bill Peace, a Kansas City oil company man, helped us talk our way out of Hong Kong."

Many and Varied Cargoes

Without enthusiastic ceremony, CAT was in the flying business – and it was there to stay. From 128 employees and five planes at the end of February, 1947, the airline fleet grew quickly to 18 C-47s and C-46s and 822 employees by the end of the year. During 1947, CAT flew 1,930,533 miles with cargo which included New Zealand thoroughbred sheep to improve Chinese flocks, cotton (by the hundreds of bales), vegetable seed, food for the relief of 5,000,00 Chinese marooned by floods in Kwangtung Province, hog bristles, wool, anticholera serum, Jersey and Ayrshire cattle, 138 baskets of silkworm eggs, Yunnan hams, coal, tobacco leaf, horses, pigs, fish for spawning, all manner of medical supplies for missions and the remote provinces, and ammunition – from hand grenades to heavy shells – for cut-off Nationalist troops.

With the rapid expansion of CAT's operations in China, the airline was making an important imprint on the economy of the country. It was meeting, with a staff of resourceful and daring pilots, the need for some dependable – and more or less safe – transportation in a nation disrupted by the long war with the Japanese and even more torn by the civil war between the Communists and the Nationalists which was beginning to move toward a decision by the time CAT got started.

Chennault and Willauer were also introducing to China a brand of American private enterprise which might well serve as a model for all western business once the Chinese are freed from the Reds, and free trade is re-established. The basis of the Chennault-Willauer method was to perform a service to the Chinese themselves with nothing of old Oriental exploitation – taking much and giving little – about it. At great danger, CAT linked supply with need and very often the airline determined the need and then found the supply.

A Chinese general in Taipeh told us:

"CAT probably delayed Communist conquest of the northern and central areas of China by many weeks, perhaps months. And it flew thousands of tons of relief supplies to areas where an airplane had never flown before. Certainly, the dangerous airlift to cities being attacked by the Communists staved off many retreats."

Nobody can be sure when the first shot was fired of CAT by the Communists. With two engines roaring against the wind, it's hard to hear machine gun fire, but CAT wasn't a year old before maintenance men began finding bullet holes in the wings of the transports. (CAT's bosses take the same chances their pilots do, and both General Chennault and Willauer have had narrow brushes with disaster.)

Particularly dangerous were the evacuations just ahead of the Communist invaders, which started early for CAT. Mukden in Manchuria was among the first CAT bases to fall, and then Tientsin. Harry Kaffenberger, from Dayton, Ohio, landed near the battle lines at the Tientsin field about 10 miles from the city, blowing out a tire. He stood on the field for not more than five minutes when the Communists swarmed down the road. Thoughts of doing something about the tire were quickly abandoned. It's supposed to be impossible, but he took his C-47 anyway, flat tire shredding on the corrugated strip, as the Red troops overran the field.

And at Tientsin, ex-Marine pilot John Plank, of St. Louis, performed what CAT men believe to be still another miracle of flying. Johnny was on a mercy mission, flying medical supplies, while the city was under attack. The field was the center of a racecourse, surrounded by two-and three-story buildings. After the plane's cargo was discharged, the Reds started lobbing mortar shells into the field. The runway was 2,000 feet long, the very

minimum considered necessary for C-46 takeoffs – and Johnny was parked right in the middle of it. But he didn't have time to think about the ordinary rules of flying: when the shelling started, he and his copilot jumped into the transport and without even warming up the engines, started moving – fast. The plane's wings almost scraped the top of the three-story American Consulate building on the edge of the racecourse.

"A C-46 can't take off and climb in 1,000 feet," Lu Burridge pointed out, "but this one did."

Despite all the perils CAT has faced, the line has had only one casualty from bullets – a Chinese passenger on a C-47 cargo flight from Tsingtao to Weihsien.

Burridge himself probably got into one of the tightest spots in all CAT's violent history. This was at Red-surrounded Tsinan. The Communists were applying plenty of pressure to the city, and it was doubtful how much longer the field could be held. Lu flew to Tsinan from Tsingtao, where he was in command of CAT's northern operations, to look over the situation. Lu came in on a plane piloted by Ray Carlton, of Proctor, Texas, and immediately consulted the Nationalist general in charge. Lu says:

"I was assured by the general that the field would be safe for a week or so. I went up to the control tower to ask about weather for the return trip. The bullets started flying while I was in the tower.

"I ran into the plane and so did everyone else. The plane was still loaded with rice. The general grabbed hold of the tail while others – there must have been 30 – tried to catch onto the ladder, which was still hooked on. We were dangerously overloaded. We threw out rice and pulled some of those hanging on the ladder into the plane. We got started. I don't know how. I don't know what happened to the general.

Chinese Red ground troops were not the only enemy of CAT, which, incidentally, flew almost entirely over Red-occupied territory in northern China and Manchuria. Near Port Darien, in Russian hands, Lu says, American-made Airacobras with plainly marked Russian insignia fired on a CAT transport three times. The Russians got so they would dive on nearly every one of CAT's planes on this Tsingtao – Mukden route.

Bob Buol, from Stockton, California, chief of CAT's operations later on, was buzzed continually by the Russians. Buol was one of two Americans CAT pilots captured by the Communists toward the end of the fighting on the mainland. He is still being held. The other one was one of CAT's most famous pilots, James B. (Earthquake McGoon) McGovern, from Elizabeth, New Jersey, who started out as a fighter pilot in the Army Air Forces.

The Communists seized McGovern when he made an emergency landing – without casualties – on Liuchow Peninsula in early January, 1950. He was held incommunicado, but CAT, wise in the ways of the Chinese, began pulling mysterious strings in Shanghai and passing Hong Kong dollars to the right people, and in May, McGovern was released.

The Reds won't free Buol, on the technicality that, as chief of operations, he was an official of CAT while McGovern was not. Naturally, the Reds do not like CAT, and the airline's executives have been fearful for Buol's welfare ever since his capture at Mengtze, where he has been sent to reopen the CAT base. But so far as they know, nothing has happened to Buol. His pretty wife, who is Sue to all of CAT's personnel, is secretary to General Chennault and in her spare time manages the CAT-owned "Friends of China Club," headquarters for Taipeh"s foreign colony. She is an American, but many CAT pilots have followed General Chennault's lead and married Chinese.

CAT calls itself the "Orient's Own Airline" and its personnel at home and at work is certainly international. Employees of at least 10 different nationalities work for the company. Still, the hard core of CAT is American. All but one of the flight captains are American. The exception is British. Most of the copilots are Chinese.

Bank Notes Thrown Aboard

In the CAT saga are many incidents involving bank notes. Bob Rouselott, of Joplin, Missouri, chief pilot – an ex-Marine and an inspiring leader of his crews – was flying 12,000 pounds of Chinese bank notes (worth about $,000,000in U.S. currency) for the Nationalist government from Liuchow to Chungking when his port engine failed. To maintain altitude, Bob had to jettison the entire shipment over the rugged hills of Kweichow Province, and even then just barely made it back to Liuchow with his empty plane.

The Chinese treasury department was suspicious. They couldn't understand why he didn't jettison his gasoline instead, and simply figured that Rousselot wanted to get rich. Chinese agents hurried to the spot where the bank notes had been dropped. They spent 10 days scouring the area on foot, while the deeply concerned Rousselot flying in an L-5, a plane badly suited for the mountainous country, searched from the sky. They recovered some of the bank notes, but not all.

Despite countless time and money consuming incidents like this, plus evacuations in many of the communist-held area of China, CAT got into its stride in '48 and '49. It paid off its debts. In 1948, the first full year of operation, CAT transports flew 5,901,000 miles with total revenue from cargo and passenger traffic of 30,652,252 ton-miles. In the spring and summer of '49 CAT became the largest cargo carrier in Asia. That fall, it slumped slightly because of the retreat of the Nationalists from the north and ended up the year with 4,729,034 miles flown and 21,964,570 ton-miles of cargo and passengers. CAT's assets are now worth $5.500,000 and the Korean War jumped its income to between $500,000 and $1,000,000 a month.

But statistics tell very little of the story of CAT. We heard another part of it here from aging Marshall Yen Hsi-san, former governor of Shansi and later Premier of China. Marshall Yen is celebrated as the defender of the once -great north China city of Taiyuan, where, two years ago, 500 key citizens carried out en masse a solemn vow to swallow poison before surrendering to the communists then entering their beloved city.

Seated in a chilly, sparsely furnished house, whose walls trembled in the wind, the old marshal told us how CAT pilots, flying the longest airlift since V-J day, staved off the capture of his city for months on end.

His voice was coarsed with emotion. "for months we lived from day to day for the sound of American planes over Taiyuan," he told us. "I wasn't bothered so much about the sound of the Communist shells or rifle fire – I was sure we could hold our own, but if I couldn't hear the planes, then I really worried. Planes meant rice. Rice meant survival of the city. But finally no more planes came. The rest you know."

Wind blowing through the shoiji flicked at a long candle tilted in a grimy, smoke blackened coffee tin. Marshal Yen set his glass of tea down on the oilcloth-covered table and drew the long sleeves of his plain cotton

Chinese gown or *chang pao-tze* down over thin, wrinkled wrists. Gone was the soldier's uniform worn through a lifetime of wars, gone were the trappings of office; and gone, too, were the Oriental treasures (gifts from some of Asia's most important personages) which adorned the marshal's previous residences. The last of China's warlords and onetime ruler over one of its largest empires. Yen now lives in seclusion with a few trusted servants in a mountain retreat and spends his days working for a free China. Taiyuan is a long way away – possibly 1500 miles as planes fly –but the city, its 300,000 people left behind, and the American airmen who supported him in his long fight against staggering odds are close to heart and memory.

"They were wonderful, those boys," the marshal said. "They were shot at almost every time they came in, but they came in because they knew how much it meant. As you know, the Communists finally took all the hills around Taiyuan, and consequently all the hundreds of gun positions and pillboxes we'd built in them – and from this high ground their batteries could zero in on our airfields. We had three fields when the airlift started; we had nine when it ended. When one field was being shelled too heavily, we'd bring the planes in another: it would take the Reds a little while to adjust their guns, and that was enough time to land. If they did it fast, of course.

"Toward the end all nine airfields were either captured or under fire, fire so heavy the planes couldn't land, but the pilots brought our rice anyway," he went on. "They would come in over a field as low as 300 feet and, in spite of the bullets, would stay until all the bags of rice had been dropped. And as I say, they kept it up for months longer if they hadn't lost their bases. The airlift stopped and Taiyuan fell a few days later."

Of all CAT's China operations, none was as prolonged nor as hazardous as the Taiyuan lift. Today, when CAT pilots encounter some uncomfortably familiar Communist planes, they are reminded – much too vividly – of those hundreds of flights into old Marshal Yen's besieged citadel.

Winter Scenes in Operations

If one had walked into *any* of CAT's operation offices during the grim winter months of early 1949 following the fall of Peiping (as one of the writers did in several occasions), he would have experienced a queer feeling of having got his years all mixed up, of having stumbled back into the early forties at any wartime American military base in the China theater. For it was all there:

the same crude operations but those thin walls afforded almost no protection against raw China nights; the same oil stoves; that weird but familiar cacophony: high-pitched wails and screeches of radio static, a half-dozen telephones ringing at once, the strained voices of operations officers shouting alternatively and ineffectually in both English and Chinese, trying desperately to make themselves heard above the deafening roar of engines revving up outside; the same breezy American pilots wandering in and out with the latest jokes – and underneath it all that same atmosphere of urgency and tension which, more than anything else, meant that operations here were not in the "milk-run" class.

Outside a CAT operations shack, on any night during the Taiyuan show, you could see the airfield's flickering kerosene flares casting an eerie glow over old war-weary C-46s and 47s parked on runways, their olive-drab paint considerably worse for wear. You could see mechanics standing on A-frames, stomping their feet to keep warm and holding torches to airplane engines for final checks, and trucks laden with soldiers and cargo backing up to the planes' open hatches. You could hear the familiar sing-song chant of coolies hard at work loading rice; or cutting across the wind, an American voice with a Midwestern twang: "Hey, hurry up you guys. Damn it, we're already late."

Not only were the conditions under which CAT pilots had to fly were hazardous, they were so bad that many a CBI Air Transport Command veteran was heard to remark that, compared to flying for CAT in north China, "the Hump was a picnic. Except for about 45 minutes, the entire 91/2-hour nonstop round-trip flight from Shanghai to Taiyuan, for instance, was over enemy-held territory, and a forced landing for American pilots, many of whom were already on Communist war-criminal lists for allegedly dropping bombs out the doors of their Civil Air Transport planes, and was one of those "mental hazards" they tried to avoid thinking about. There were no navigational aids or alternate landing fields and even at best, a C-46's fuel supply left almost no safety margin for these long flights. It was not at all unusual for transports to return with less than 30 minutes' gas left – even in good weather, a rare condition in north China in winter.

In spite of the usual gripes, none of CAT's airmen did much complaining; CAT pilots were being handsomely paid (at least on paper; sometimes there was no cash for three months) for jobs which took into consideration the risks involved, and they knew it. Most of them averaged about $2,000 a month. Base pay was $800 for a minimum of 60 hours; beyond

that, pilots received $10 for each additional hour of flying time, a situation, incidentally, which gave time a new meaning. “At $10 an hour,” one pilot would say to another, “what the hell are you sitting on the ground for?” And a plane was never “an hour north of the field” – it was always “$10 north.”

However, it wasn’t always nearly as mercenary as this indicates. After being exposed to a host of defections, surrenders, deals and compromises on the part of Nationalist generals, in China that winter, there was something about Marshal Yen Hsi-shan’s tenacious stand in Taiyuan which inspired the all-out effort CAT’s people gave him, both executives and pilots.

The guys took flights for Marshal Yen they wouldn’t have taken for anyone else in China,” said Lu Burridge. “In Tsingtao, for instance, I had three planes in the air all at once with engines cutting out due to carburetor icing. Nobody would fly in that kind of weather just for money. Yen Hsi-san ran things the way old Yankee ship captains must have operated; there was something very American in everything he did, as we couldn’t help responding to it.”

The longer the old man held out, the more determined were the Americans to help him. The fact that it was *all* the outside help Yen got is a matter of record, however surprising. The marshal not only had to battle Communists, but had to fight with the Nanking government to get even token support.

Under ordinary circumstances the Taiyuan airlift, like that in Berlin, would be properly considered the responsibility of a government’s military air force. But for reasons not yet clear, the Chinese Air Force, which had scores more cargo planes at its disposal than did the commercial cargo companies, with very few exceptions, refused to fly at all. The CAF did fly two army divisions from other areas into beleaguered Taiyuan over a period of 20 days, but that represented almost the sum total of the tactical support to Marshal Yen’s forces. Yen maintains a discreet silence on this touchy subject today, but it was fairly common knowledge that he was justifiably bitter about the whole situation.

Marshal Yen held out against Communist armies longer than any other commander in China’s long civil war. His was a bloody and obstinate defense. After V-J day, the Communists were in control of one third of Yen’s Shansi Province. In the winter of ’45, they cut of Linfen, in 1946 they started cutting

roads and rail line in and out of Taiyuan and captured the important center of Tatung. By the spring of 1947, Taiyuan was completely isolated from the non-Communist world and Yen called on China's airlines to fly in the supplies needed to keep the city's factories going. This was the beginning of the two-year airlift.

As the Communists pressed closer, Yen moved some of the factories outside Taiyuan to locations within the city walls. To keep these factories running, Yen needed nickel, oil, chemicals, and other raw materials. All of this had to come by air. The airlines flew in long brass and copper rods, ECA flour, bales of wire, piece goods, tobacco, money – just about everything. In the days when they could still land on Taiyuan's fields they brought out gypsum, cement, bales of pig iron, carbolic acid, caustic soda – and occasionally some passengers. Jim Bledsoe, prematurely grey New Mexican, now the executive vice-president, once flew 106 passengers (Japanese repatriates) in a C-46 from Taiyuan to Peiping, thereby setting some sort of record.

For a long time farms within the area still held by Yen's armies were able to supply Taiyuan with its food. But by August, 1948, the momentum of Communist attacks had pushed the marshal's troops back to a 10-kilometer perimeter around the city. And by the end of November, all of the city's food, in addition to materials for its war factories, had to be airlifted.

Risks of Airlift Increases

Yen begged the airlift companies to increase their tempo and give him at least 250 tons a day. Although the smallest of China's three airlines, CAT was airlifting at least half the drop-supplies for Taiyuan at this time. Its fleet of 18 cargo planes averaged 28 round trips a day from coastal bases in Nationalist-held territories. The fall of Peiping (which was only 250 miles northeast of Taiyuan) in early 1949 was a serious blow to the airlift , for that meant CAT had to shift its main northern headquarters to Tsingtao, almost twice as far away. Shanghai's Hungjao field was also used as a point of origin, although this necessitated an even longer flight.

Even by using both fields, it was impossible for CAT with normal daylight operations to meet the marshal's urgent demands; so in January it inaugurated regular night flights and the airlift went on a full 24-hour schedule.

This made for additional tonnage for Taiyuan, but also longer hours, more hazardous flying and a lot more work for everyone. Pilots, operations and communications personnel, and ground crews pushed themselves almost to the breaking point. On March 3rd, for instance, one CAT pilot, Randall Richardson, of Norris, Tennessee, put in 21 hours and 45 minutes of flying time. But the combined effort paid off. By March, CAT was exceeding its Taiyuan quota by 40 per cent. Required by contract to deliver 6,390 pounds on each flight, CAT actually delivered 8,400 pounds per plane.

Pilots will tell you these night flights were "murder." Radio compasses, affected by night climatic conditions, would often give false bearings, and since there could be no visual check points, planes had to reach their target strictly by Dr (dead-reckoning) navigation. As they neared Taiyuan, they would "home" on the signals of one of Marshal Yen's local radio stations which transmitted on a 24-hour basis for this purpose. The only trouble was that the Communists had a radio station some miles to the north which operated (quite deliberately, the pilots believed) on the same frequency as Taiyuan's. Consequently, it was easy for an airman to overshoot Taiyuan completely – an extremely risky business with gasoline supplies which allowed no margin.

There were other night problems, too: pilots were instructed to turn out their navigation lights as they neared Taiyuan so they wouldn't make such good antiaircraft targets. But after the night when Felix Smith, of Milwaukee, came perilously close to colliding in mid-air with Weldon Bigony, of Ben Franklin, Texas, the boys decided ack ack was the lesser danger. The lights stayed on. Similarly, a few close brushes with other transports above Taiyuan when "traffic control" was being handled by a Chinese officer on the ground prompted the three airlines to arrange their own control along direct but informal lines: "I'm at 6,000 feet," one pilot would announce over the radio. "OK, I'm at 5,000 feet," another would say. And so on.

Flying was cold enough by day during that long bitter winter but it was most unendurable at night. Because 150 bags of rice had to be kicked out in a matter of seconds while planes were over drop zones, the two large doors on the plane's side hatches had to be removed – which meant that the cargo compartment was virtually the same temperature as the outer atmosphere. Thirty-five degrees below zero was not an uncommon thermometer reading. Theoretically the pilots' cockpit was supposed to be heated, but CAT pilots underlined the word "theoretically." More than half the time, the heating

system didn't work at all. Elevator trim-tabs would freeze, oil pressure gauges would freeze – and so almost would the pilots.

But what used to bother the boys on these runs almost as much as anything else was the incredible loneliness and boredom of those long night hours. To break the monotony and try to keep themselves awake, pilots would talk to one another over their VHF sets. One enterprising CAT man flew in a supply of American phonograph records for Marshal Yen's radio station which they played during the night after the station's regular programs had ended.

Once pilots neared their destination, tracer bullets streaking across the sky and orange-yellow flashes of artillery shells left little opportunity for boredom. Upon a signal from the pilot, the "kicker crew" (seven soldiers for each crew) would begin to stack heavy bags of rice in front of the open hatches. As the planes descended over one of the city's designated fields, the soldiers would kick the heavy bags out both sides. Then the pilot would go around again for four or five similar passes until all the rice was out.

When the weather was too bad to permit low flights, CAT planes dropped on instruments from 10,000-foot altitudes. (The mountains around Taiyuan were 9,000 feet.) Since the planes had no radar, the accuracy of the rice drop was dependent upon simple navigational measures: Planes were instructed to go directly over the radio station, take a 320-degreee bearing, proceed for one and one half minute – and drop.

Cooperation with CAT and the marshal sometimes came from unexpected and unpublicized sources. "We were probably never have been able to continue our night operations if it hadn't been for Marines at Tsingtao," said ex-Air Force pilot Roger Fay, of Ithaca, New York. "They weren't supposed to keep their tower open after sundown, but they volunteered to take turns staying on night duty just so they could guide us in when we returned from these Taoyuan flights. This wasn't official., you understand, and maybe the brass doesn't know about it yet. But they were just a bunch of good guys trying to help out."

Unfortunately the odds appeared to be against *all* the good guys trying to help out. By April, the marshal's food reserves were completely exhausted, and even with all three airlines flying maximum schedules, Taiyuan citizens were limited to 15 ounces of rice per day. The morning air drops meant that

Yen's people could have lunch; the afternoon planes represented another small bowl of rice for supper.

Generous Bonuses for Pilots

In spite of the double gunny sacks which held the rice, about 20 per cent of the bags burst open when they hit the ground. Although every cupful was hurriedly scooped upby starving families, it was naturally preferable, for purposes of equitable distribution, to have the rice unloaded on the ground rather than from the air. Yen's staff used every means available, including the one which they thought would appeal most – extra dough – to induce pilots to land for even the few minutes required to get the loads out intact. The arrangement was strictly a personal one between the pilot and men on the ground, who quoted the day's landing bonus to incoming planes over the radio. This started off at about $25, then went up to $50, $80, and finally hit $100. Payment was in cash, payable immediately upon landing. It is not surprising that some of the fliers couldn't resist the temptation of picking up an extra century-note or two a day for a few moments' risk.

But many of them landed not for money but for the marshal. (And they continued to do so until airline executives, who had already lost a few planes in Taiyuan, forbade it).

"Most of the crews, after a few firsthand experiences watching thousands of people scrambling for spilled rice, didn't have the heart to take the marshal's money," said Lu Burridge. "A lot of guys landed just to help these people out, and proved it by refusing the hundred bucks. Those who did accept it (it was an awfully hard job trying to give something back to Yen) usually split it up among the flight and kicker crews."

Burridge, incidentally, was having almost as many troubles as the marshal that terrible April. One day, not long before Taiyuan actually fell, Lu started getting frantic messages from Yen – one every 30 minutes all day long. They were practically all the same: they implored him to step up the airlift; they announced that Yen was desperate and that his people had had no food for three days. Nobody knew this better than Burridge himself. Everything had gone wrong: the weather had been so bad that even CAT couldn't fly, which meant it was pretty bad indeed. They were out of gas, and CAT was fresh out of cash. Its profits of late consisted of several million gold yuan owed them by Marshal Yen whose own treasury in turn was now conspicuously

lacking in funds. But that wasn't all. Tsingtao was about to fall any minute, and fearing that CAT would take off and leave them stranded, the Chinese ground crews went on strike. It was one of those times when you couldn't make a nickel.

The marshal decided to take things into his own hands and fly down to Nanking and do some spirited desk-pounding with the central government. The reason he gave everyone outside Taiyuan was that he was called to Nanking by Acting President Li Tsung-jen to give his suggestions for peace terms in connection with pending cease-fire negotiations with the Communists. However true this might have been, Yen's principal reason for going was that he promised the people of Taiyuan he would get them more food, more money and an expanded airlift.

Finally, he pledged that he would return.

This was important. One of the famous "501 poison capsules" was earmarked for Yen, and everyone in Taiyuan knew it. These capsules, containing potassium cyanide had been prepared for Taiyuan's "Five Hundred" by a German chemist on Yen's staff. The organization was a violently anti-Communist society made up of five key members from 100 different groups who, months, before, had decided they preferred death to capture. Actually, the membership included 501, including Yen himself.

The old marshal flew to Nanking 10 days before Communists took the city. He had his talks with Li Tsung-jen, and even went down to Funghwa to see Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, then in retirement. Yen has never divulged all that occurred during these conferences nor what, if any, commitments he got from the central government.

In any event, the problem shortly became academic. The situation in Taiyuan had "rapidly deteriorated." Communists had captured all the city's airfields , except one, and it was under heavy fire. The city's fall was only a matter of days and Yen was frantic. He *had* to get back and carry out his pledge to the "organization of 500."

He asked CAT to fly him back at once. CAT refused, pointing out that it was now too dangerous to try and land. The marshal appealed to China National Aviation Corporation and Central Air Transport Company, the other two lines. Their answer was the same. Yen finally made the trip to the home

of his good friend Lu Burridge and personally appealed to him. He begged, cajoled, pleaded with Burridge to fly him back. Burridge was adamant.

Marshal Wasn't Expendable

We heard both sides of the story later, both Marshal Yen's own account of his frustrated attempts to return to Taiyuan, and the CAT men's own "reasons" for refusing the marshal's request. They talked of the dangers, the shelling, and the fact they couldn't risk loss of their valuable aircraft. But their arguments would have been more convincing if we hadn't known those boys so well. Burridge will not admit that what it amounted to was a virtual kidnapping of a man whom they did not consider expendable (regardless of *his* views in the matter), but we were free to draw our own conclusions.

Lu *will* admit that the marshal gave him a lot of trouble. "When I told him we couldn't risk losing the plane, he offered to *buy* it. When I told him I could not risk the crew lives by landing, he insisted on being parachuted in. We were beginning to run out of excuses."

Yen had tears in his eyes as he told Burridge: "I don't understand. If I don't go back to Taiyuan, even my ancestors won't look at me!" Lu was moved, but he'd lived in China long enough to learn a few passive resistance tactics of his own, and Yen got nowhere. He stormed out of the house in a fury and wouldn't speak to Burridge for three months.

There were others who believe the marshal was too valuable a person to be sacrificed merely to save face. On April 24, 1949, Marshal Yen received a telegram from the "five hundred" in Taiyuan. They said: "Don't worry and don't come back. Remain where you are. You can help China more by staying. We will never surrender. If the city falls, we will take the poison as promised."

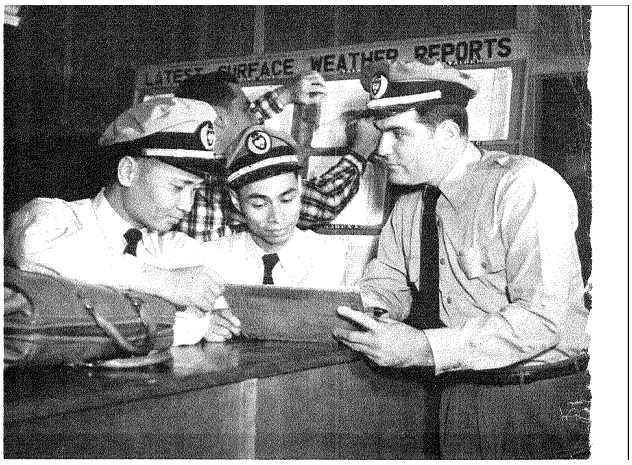
The next day the Communists took Taiyuan. It was a long time before the outside world could learn what happened on that fateful evening before. Then, one by one, verified reports filtered through the bamboo curtain, sometimes by means of secret radios, sometimes from people walking through Red territory. The 500 leaders had swallowed the poison capsules and more than 500 others had shot themselves. The city itself was almost completely leveled. It is said that no house in the entire place was left with a complete wall. Victorious Communists, entering the city with public banners to display, could find nothing to hang them on.

And what of the marshal?

He became Premier of Nationalist China a few weeks later, took the government over – and ran it –at the lowest point in its history. He literally held it together until Chiang Kai-shek came out of retirement in the spring of 1950 and again assumed personal control.

Now the old marshal sits in his mountainous eyrie and writes hundreds of words a day, warning the Chinese people of the dangers of World Communism. He has patched up his feud with Burridge and once more looks on him as a favorite son. CAT men are among his most welcome visitors, and Yen reminds them, as he looks down toward a monument erected to the 500 Taiyuan martyrs, that there's probably some mystic symbolism in the fact that almost the only thing that ever rustles the branches of the willow trees in this quiet grove these days is the roar of CAT engines and the slip stream from the same old Taiyuan planes returning this time to Taipeh from missions to all the Orient's latest "areas of trouble."

PHOTOS FROM COLLIER'S ARTICLE



Bob Rousselot, of Joplin, Mo., CAT's chief pilot, with Wong Tien Hui (l.), steward; radioman Mok Ping Chin. In rear, dispatcher Bob Clem

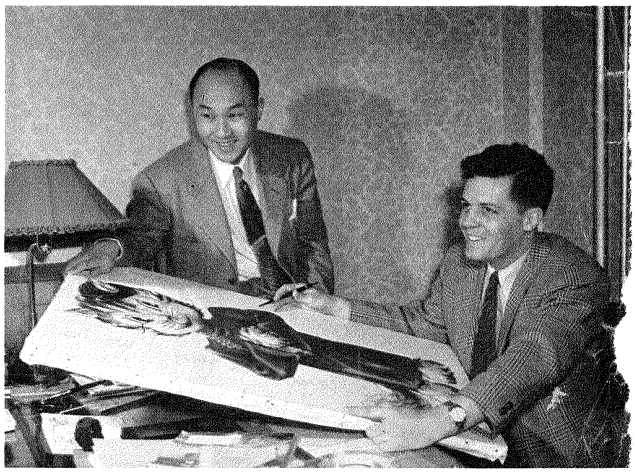
Nationalist Gen. Ma Pu-fang, in white suit, leaving a CAT transport in northwest China EPPI PAUNZEN

Unloading gasoline drum at Lanchow, China, in ah- lift to help fight against Communists PEPPI PAUNZEN

Coolie girls at Tainan, Formosa, attired to protect skin from the blistering sun, clean surface ot' one of the line's C-46 transports

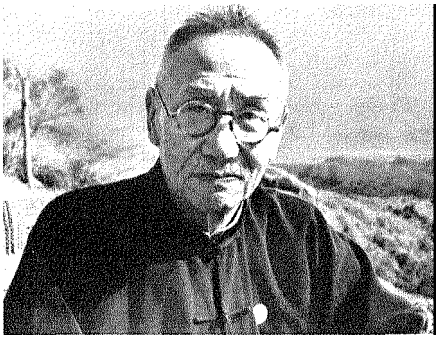
General Claire Lee Chennault, of "Flying Tiger" fame, cofounder of CAT, inspects a CAT ship at Taipeh, Formosa

Tibetans swarm to see CAT plane on Likiang airstrip, Yunnan Province, China. Photo was made before Red seizure.



Looking at CAT poster to be used in ticket offices through Far East are manager A. L. Burridge, of Cadillac, Mich., and aide H. Moon Chen

James B. (Earthquake McGoon) McGovern, of Elizabeth, N.J., one of CAT's most famous pilots, was jailed by Chinese Reds, later freed



Marshal Yen, who fought Reels to hitter encl, now lives in Formosa.

Whiting Willauer, president of CAT

Shansi Wants Larger CAT Fleet

From CAT Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 19 June 1948

"The name of General Chennault is deeply impressed on the minds of almost all the Chinese people. During the war, the Flying Tigers under his leadership fought shoulder to shoulder with our national armies and dealt fatal blows on the enemy…Their brilliant war results make an indelible page in China's history in the war of resistance…"

This is what the Fu Hsing Jih Pao, or Rehabilitation Daily of Taiyuan, has to say in an editorial welcoming the arrival of the Chennault party at the Shansi provincial capital. The General, accompanied by his wife, Anna Chennault, and Colonel P.Y. Shu, Secretary, arrived at Taiyuan on June 2, on an inspection tour of CAT facilities in North China and Manchuria.

The Rehabilitation Daily continues…"We earnestly hope that Civil Air Transport will continue its efforts to strengthen its transport power so that millions of Shansi Province people will be able to obtain a minimum supply of necessaries."

But this is not the only reason the Chennault party was given a rousing welcome by Shansi provincial functionaries and public dignitaries. Taiyuan officialdom and public opinion organs extended their welcoming hands to the former Flying Tiger leader for another reason no less important. The Rehabilitation Daily further stated.

"After the war, General Chennault organized CNRRA Air Transport, which shouldered the responsibility of transporting relief supplies…

"Since last June, CNRRA Air Transport, at the request of this province, has borne the responsibility of transporting relief supplies and daily necessities for Shansi. Today after reorganization as Civil Air Transport directly under the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Ministry of Communications, the company is airlifting the greater portion of this province's commodity supplies…

"We, the Rehabilitation Daily, particularly want to point out that because of the continuation importation of relief and rehabilitation supplies,

factories in this province have been able to continue operations, and prices have not risen beyond all limits…For all this and more, we cannot but express our gratitude to General Chennault.

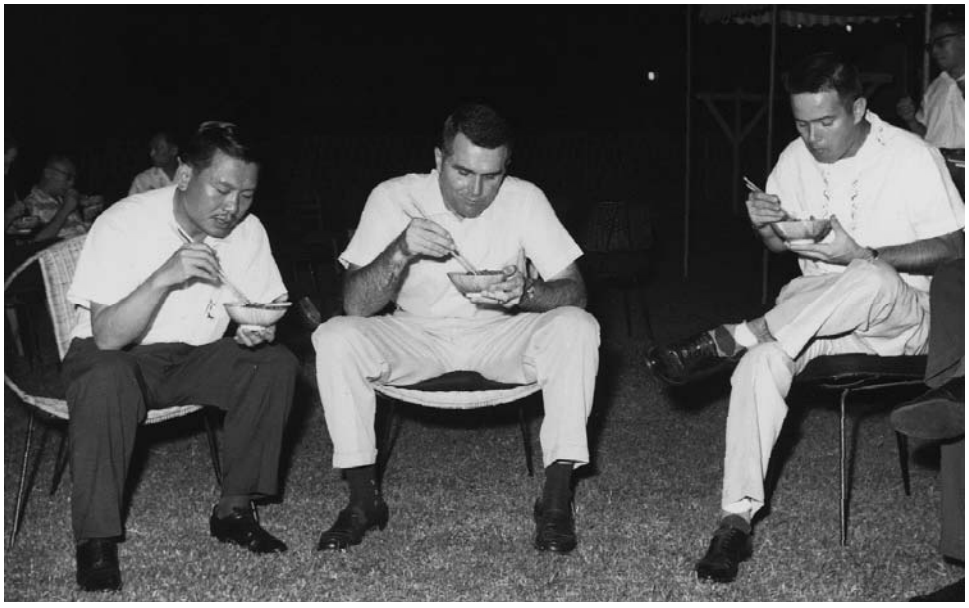
"We earnestly hope that Civil Air Transport, in the same spirit it has served this province before will continue its efforts to strengthen its transport numbers, so that millions of people in this province will be able to obtain a minimum of supply of daily necessities…

Fall of Canton, Chungking, Mengtze

From History Project from CAT Association Bulletin, May – Aug 2011 ***by Felix Smith & Lew Burridge***

Before Canton fell, CAT's LST, with our newly acquired barge in tow, loaded high with crates of heavy supplies, sailed to Taiwan's southern port of Kaohsiung, 27 miles from our new maintenance base at Tainan.

The fall of Canton on October 9, 1949, was foretold by the withdrawal of Nationalist troops from the defense perimeter of the Pearl River port. Enterprising laborers at White Cloud Airport seized our Assistant Director of Personnel, Reese Bradburn, and Director of Traffic Arthur Fung, as hostages to ensure "separation pay." James Brennan, CAT's financial wizard, with baskets jammed with hastily acquired Hong Kong Dollars, boarded a C-46 piloted by Chief Pilot Robert Rousselot, skimmed the Pearl River under ragged clouds to Canton, and got back to Hong Kong a few minutes before Kai Tak Aerodrome closed for the night. An hour and a half after Reese Bradburn and Arthur Fung were released, Canton fell and the individuals who were holding them hostage were shot by the communists.



Tom Cheng, Bob Rousselot, and Reese Bradburn *(Courtesy of the Rousselot Collection of the McDermott Library, UTD Dallas)*

The presence of Whitey Willauer, a passenger on the successful rescue mission, was no surprise; but his companion, Al Cox, a modest, thoughtful man, was a relative stranger. We weren't aware that Al represented the covert Office of Policy Coordination (OPC), a foggy branch of the U.S. Government, but his fascination with CAT's operating style was clear. He won our hearts as he fit in with the Gen. Chennault, Willauer, Rosbert, Burridge, Rousselot style of management (local autonomy for on-the-spot managers) of our far-flung, fast-moving challenges. Our close, trusting cooperation during those exciting days on China's mainland bonded us.

Al Cox

On November 10th, 12 transport aircraft of China National Aviation Corporation (CNAC) and Central Air Transport Corporation (CATC), departed the British Colony of Hong Kong with their board of directors. Instead of flying to scheduled destinations in Nationalist-held China they turned north to Beiping, the new Communist capital. Seventy-one of their remaining aircraft on Hong Kong's airport prepared for a similar defection. Chennault and Willauer, aware that Red China had asked Russia for transports for a parachute invasion of Taiwan, immediately asked Washington attorney "Tommy the Cork" Corcoran to incorporate CAT in Delaware. The Chinese Nationalist registry of CNAC's and CATC's 71 planes still in Hong Kong gave Chennault and Willauer enough leverage to purchase them from Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government for $4,750,000 USD and re-register them under the U.S. flag. Payment was made with a promissory note signed by Willauer and endorsed by Chennault even though neither had access to that sum. The debt would return to bite them.

As expected, Red China claimed the planes for the People's Republic, which landed the case in a Hong Kong court. Even though the initial litigation ended in the favor of Red China, the continuing appeals would keep the planes out of Red China’s hands for important years to come; and that was enough for the purpose of Chennault and Willauer.

On the 30th of November, Chungking, capital of Szechuan Province, fell. Captains Doug Smith and George Henninger, with Station Manager Roger Severt and one last load of the Bank of China's silver ingots, departed Peishiyi Airport while mortar shells exploded on its perimeter. On December 8, Kunming, capital of Yunan Province, surrendered. Captain Var Green flew the last plane out. After landing at Sanya, he was surprised to see eight stowaway Nationalist soldiers tumble out of the C-46’s rear belly compartment.

Mengtze the last mainland city in Nationalist hands -- a tin-mining center at the foot of a 9,000 foot mountain approximately 100 miles south of Kunming -- was guarded by Nationalist soldiers while Communist troops, on the other side of the mountain, waited. The center of interest was a stockpile of 472 tons of tin ingots, an economic plum of foreign exchange if it reached the French Indo-China port of Haiphong. Chennault said we'd deliver it despite poor weather, but added a standing order that no one would remain in the threatened city overnight.

CAT's agile headquarters moved to Sanya, a seaside city on semi-tropical Hainan Island off the southern coast of China. We chartered a Hong Kong - Macau ferryboat and tied it to Sanya's dock as housing for our employees being evacuated from China's mainland.

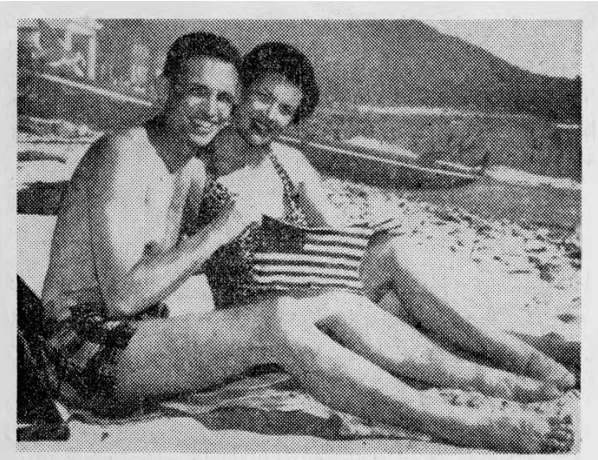
CAT pilot Robert Buol, in command of the operation, still a macho Marine at heart, ignored Chennault's cautious edict and kept CAT's technicians in Mengtze during the night of January 15, so they could get an early start at establishing an all-weather navigation beacon. Communist troops over-ran Mengtze and captured Buol with his team, Jose Jawbert, Lincoln Sun, P. H. Chu, Y. S. Woo, R. N. Mat, C. Liu, and C. L. Wong. The latter seven eventually escaped, but Robert Buol, an obvious foreigner, remained a prisoner for five years.

Sue, his wife, serving as Chennault's Executive Secretary, joined the continuous effort in seeking his release. After Buol walked across a bridge to the freedom of Hong Kong, many celebrations occurred, but sadly seven months later he died of privations endured in prison.

Robert Buol's legacy would be his treatise on how to endure what was then known as Red China's brainwashing of Allied prisoners; and an American flag, secretly knitted with splinters of wood and colored yarn he pinched from wash-lines of his guards' families. Today, the flag is on display at the entrance of the History of Aviation Collection, McDermott Library, at the University of Texas (Dallas.)

After Mengtze, CAT was an airline with no place to go. A majority of employees were put on leave without pay while CAT's fleet was reduced to six C-46s and one C-47. It was barely kept afloat by a few $10,000 increments from the OPC which realized that the seasoned group could be pur- chased for far less than the cost of recruiting an air arm from scratch.

On March 15, 1950, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and Pentagon ratified an outright purchase of CAT for the sum of $1,750,000 even though Whitey Willauer was certain that its assets were worth four or five Million. Three months later, on June 15 ,1950, North Korea tanks and troops over-ran Seoul. CAT, entirely but secretly owned by the U.S. Government, found itself in the Korean war, the bona fide but covert air arm of the CIA.



Ex-Chinese prisoner Buol and wife

Bob & Sue Buol, Perhaps CAT's First Lovers...

They met in Hawaii after Christmas, 1946, where Bob, back from the WW2 in the Pacific, picked up a C-46 for a budding airline in China. He had reported to ferry a new C-46 to China for duty with CAT, scheduled to become a peaceful airline flying relief supplies to China.

Sue was then WW2 Administrative Assistant to Dr. Karl Compton, President of MIT, at America's first National Academy of Sciences (a formation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff & America's leading scientists). She was certain that the rest of her life would seem unbearably dull, so she cured the blues with a vacation in Hawaii. U.S. Marine Corps Captain Bob Buol, in the room above her at Waikiki's Niamalu Hotel, celebrated his demobilization from WW2 with his combat buddies. Sleepless, irate, Sue objected with a nasty note. The cocky Marine, proud of the Corps reputation for surmounting any skirmish, apologized with a note and flowers.

Bob and Sue proved to be lousy fortune tellers. As shown in this old newspaper clipping, Sue sits happily beside him years later, together again on the beach at Waikiki after his release from captivity in Red China.

Bob did not survive to share the rest of his life with Sue, but she never forgot him. Sue continued to work for General Chennault and CAT, and tirelessly served as Secretary of the CAT Association from its inception until 2006. She lead a wonderful and full life until June of 2008. She is dearly missed by her CAT family.

Trip to Lhasa, Tibet

From CAT Association Bulletin, Jan. – Mar. 2018, ***by Bob Gorman***

I made a documentary film of Heinrich Harrer and the 14-year-old God-King, the Dalai Lama, during a short stay in Lhasa in early 1949.

In 1948 I was working for General Claire Chennault, who was President of Civil Air Transport (CAT), an airline with ties to China's President, Chiang Kai-Shek, and the newly created CIA. The CIA requested that we send an airplane to Lhasa and do a light arms drop since there was no airfield. We stripped the rear seat area from an Army Air Corps AT-6 and filled the area with the arms. Marsh Staynor, CAT navigator, and pilot, Cliff Evans, made a successful drop to the under-armed Tibetan soldiers.

In early 1949 the CIA requested that we send an aircrew to Lhasa and plan an evacuation of the Dalai Lama, his entourage, and the religious antiques and documents that were the basis of the Buddhist religion. This plan would have to be completed prior to the Communist invasion, which was thought to be within about five months. The problem we were faced with was that there was no conventional means of reaching Lhasa in the time allotted, as there was no airfield in Tibet and the Communists had overrun most of the area at the base of the Tibetan mountains.

General Chennault proposed that we locate a level area near Lhasa where Cessna 195s, five of which had recently been purchased from the U.S., could land. These Cessnas were light, high-altitude aircraft that could meet the plan requirements of landing on a roadway and provide an emergency evacuation for the Dalai Lama. Chiang Kai-Shek then supported a plan that would provide us with a military Jeep that could be offloaded from a CAT C-46 at an abandoned Hump airstrip at Tezpur, which was located at the base of the Tibetan mountains in an area that was on the India-Chinese border. The Jeep and twenty 55-gallon drums of aviation gasoline were loaded at Lanchow by a military crew, into our C-46 transport aircraft flown by CAT pilot, Cliff Evans. The Jeep would be used to get us up the mountain and the gasoline used for the aircraft's return trip. Another Chinese military crew offloaded the Jeep and used the gasoline to fill the C-46 tanks, at Tezpur Airport. The CAT photographer also accompanied us.

After a harrowing trip up the mountain, we worked for about a week with the Dalai Lama, his dignitaries, and Heinrich Harrer (author of the book "Seven Years in Tibet"), who was guide, translator, and mentor during our stay in Lhasa. I have several reels of 16-mm movie film and many still shots were taken on the trip and these have been made into a CD.

It is interesting that Harrer, in light of recent news articles regarding his Nazi background, was forthright in his explanation as to both that and his mentor role with the Dalai Lama. He stated he committed no war crimes as his tour of military duty, as a mountain climber, took him to India where he was taken as a prisoner of war, and then he subsequently escaped to Tibet before the end of the war.

My last movie scene of the Dalai Lama and Harrer taken together, tells it all when we asked them each if they would like to leave with us at that time and we assured them that they both would be accepted in Hong Kong. Since the original plan was conceived, we had observed Communist troop movement toward Tibet and this data gave us a concern that the Communist invasion of Tibet would be accelerated. If this were true, then the Dalai Lama and Harrer would have a slim chance of surviving the terror and destruction that would accompany the People's Army.

When Harrer translated our offer, the Dalai Lama smiled and said "No". Harrer told us later that his life was too involved with Tibet and the Dalai Lama to leave at this time. I always felt that the huge hulk of a man, Harrer, had tears in his eyes as he waved goodbye. It should be noted that the film of the Dalai Lama and that of the Dalai Lama and Heinrich Harrer are the only

pictures ever taken of the Dalai Lama while he was on the throne. He felt at that time that it would take part of his soul, but he was persuaded by Harrer to come outside in the light, as we did not have any artificial light for the Bell & Howell Model D-6A, 16 mm movie camera.

Our light aircraft plan failed, as the first Cessna 195 crashed on its way to Tezpur and the Communist pipeline warned us to stay out of Tibet, or this would be the scenario for each flight.

The Dalai Lama took the back road out of Lhasa in 1956 after a good part of it, and the Buddhist monks had been destroyed by the Communists.

In August of 1996, I met the Dalai Lama again, after 47 years. The Dalai Lama walked straight up to me in a crowd, held my face in his hands, smiled, and said, "Blue Eyes". The Dalai Lama used to call me "Blue Eyes". I was surprised that the Dalai Lama was able to recognize me in the crowd of people. I told him I was always troubled we could not complete the evacuation plan. He held both my hands in his and again gave me that smile that told all.

Admiral Willauer's Navy

From CAT Bulletin Vol. 3, No. 5 Apr. 1978 ***by Felix Smith***

The story of CAT's ocean-going ship is tied to CAT's co-founder, Whiting Willauer, named after a distinguished forebear, U.S. Navy Admiral Whiting. He graduated cum laude from Harvard, bound for a career in admiralty law. The composing of airmail contracts for the U.S. Government unexpectedly led him to China, Chennault, and CAT.

Whitey wasn't a stereotypical airline president or Harvard scholar. He was often seen at Hungjao Airport at outlandish hours. In a light brown leather flying jacket, talking without pretense to coolies and potentates alike. He would jump into the co-pilot's seat at a moment's notice to investigate some distant trouble spot, taking flying lessons along the way.

Brilliant, imaginative, and colorful, he made the arduous seem fun. When he did happen to be in his office, the door was open. Anyone could question company policy, assured of Whitey's concentrated attention, and an immediate, forthright answer.

In this respect, he was like General Chennault. Although these two giants were uniquely different, rugged individualists, they sometimes seemed cast in the same mold; that they worked together harmoniously proved the bigness of each.

CAT lost its first capital equipment to the Communists at Peiping. Planes and personnel were evacuated with all the heavy maintenance equipment that would fit through a C-46 cargo door, but larger supplies were abandoned. This experience was repeated at Tainan, Tientsin, and Tsingtao, depleting CAT's assets.

In May 1949, with the Communist Eighth Army 20 miles from Shanghai, Whitey Willauer turned to the sea, as familiar to him as the air. He leased a 327-foot, 2,400-ton diesel ship from the China Merchant Steam Navigation Company. It was an LST, a World War II Landing Ship – Tank.

Lou Schultz was assigned coordinator between the steamship company and CAT supply. Loading of heavy equipment started immediately.

I asked for a temporary assignment to the ship to wet my third mate's license that would otherwise soon expire. This seemed reasonable to sea-minded Whitey.

Maintenance Chief Doc Lewis, native to Colorado, with insatiable intellectual curiosity, always ready for any new adventure, was fascinated with this new project. He wrangled the task of supervising the care and stowage of aircraft parts. He seemed to anticipate the sailing date with delight. But his landlubber supervisor cast a jaundiced eye on Doc's pending pleasure cruise at a time when he would be better employed on dry land, and ordered him ashore.

I would miss his interesting company. I couldn't speak Chinese, and none of the crew spoke English other than conventional nautical terms. It would be a long trip.

As we sailed down the busy Whampoo River, C-47 wings lashed to the deck, headed toward the open sea, destination Canton, we were surprised to see our chief engineer up from the depths of the mechanized world, at a time when most chiefs would be hovering nervously at the engine-room telegraph.

His top half was nattily uniformed in a navy blue blouse sparkling with brass buttons. Wide sleeves boasted four gold stripes. He wore his high-pressure cap at a jaunty tip. Scrambled eggs on its long bill announced his importance. But his bottom half was incongruously attired in greasy, once white dungarees tied at the ankles with rope-yarns, presumably to keep them from flopping into moving machinery. Leaning into the freshening breeze, he saluted, waved, and smiled at each passing ship.

Other than his bizarre departure grandstanding, he proved an excellent engineer. The entire crew was professional and disciplined. It came as no surprise. I knew that China was one of the great maritime nations, and I had been impressed with the

competence and sophistication of our flight radio operators recruited from the Chinese Merchant Marine. As a matter of fact, the most lubberly aboard was I, a Midwestern American with limited sailing experience.

The gracious Chief Steward, before our departure, had offered to stow Western food in deference to me, but I declined. "I like Chinese food better." This reckless statement was based on bashes at Shanghai's Sun Ya Restaurant. What appeared at sea was different. It seems mostly fish heads. I retreated with steamed rice topped with boiled eggs. The steward enjoyed the private joke daily, after leaning over my simple plate, peering intently at the lonesome eggs, he would laugh, "You like Chinese chow?"

I marked daily increments of my bottle of Canadian Club, spaced for the anticipated days at sea, so I could look forward to a daily noggin, but fog retarded our speed, and I ran dry at sea. Fortunately, this was the only disaster of the entire voyage.

Nearing the end of our journey, our traverse past Hong Kong and Macau, up the winding Pearl River banked with lush farms, was exciting and challenging. In those days, pirates mined the narrows with explosives, extorting tribute from river-boat companies.

At Canton, I helped Moon Chen organize the unloading of precious CAT supplies, and then returned to flying.

CAT purchased the LST and hired a full-time captain, ex-Royal Navy Destroyer Commander Gordon, a salty-looking shellback who matched pilots' yarns with his own wild sea stories. We nick-named him, what else? – "Poopdeck."

Poopdeck laughed at himself, relating his reaction to hearing how the ship got to Canton. I told your General Chennault, "Your aircraft pilot didn't know what he was doing, bringing this vessel down the China coast." Chennault retorted, "He got her here, didn't he?" Poopdeck seemed both amused and respectful of Chennault's characteristic loyalty to his pilots.

Poopdeck eventually decided he would earn handsome bonuses skippering Chinese freighters.

A Marine Department was organized with soft-spoken, competent Superintendent Bob Kluber, Assistant Superintendent Bill Parker, Captain Charlie Crossman, and Chief Engineer R.H. Parke.

Hainan Island, off South China, was acquiring a stockpile of CAT supplies from the evacuation of Kunming. When Hainan Island itself was attacked, CAT's ship sailed to the rescue, transporting the supplies to Taiwan. The Southern port of Kaoshiung became the new home.

Hugh Grundy, Al Wueste, Murph Garrod, John Barry, and E.F. McKensie were a few of the many engineers who customized the LST into an efficient mobile airline maintenance facility.

Two Quonset huts on deck housed carpenter shops and manufacturing stations. A parachute loft was installed. Forty-four thousand square feet of below-deck space supported precision machine shops, a propeller overhaul plant, and a medical clinic with X-ray facilities.

N.L. Dillow's instrument shop was another world. A few steps from the rollicking dock teeming with clangorous waterfront activity, grime, tropical heat, and pungent odors, brought a startling change: his air-conditioned, dust-free domain was peacefully silent except for the purring of delicate test instruments. The deck was polished into a bright gloss. Quiet, self-possessed Dillow stood tall in his starched white smock, his proud technicians equally neat at their spotless work benches. Equipment and tool containers had been built-in, yacht-like, by Chinese cabinet-makers.

300 skilled shopboard technicians supported four thousand flying hours a month on our airplanes, helicopters, and USAF fighters, an astonishing record.

The waterborne, mobile concept was so valuable. CAT bought an addition to its navy, a 200-foot sea-going supply barge named "Buddha."

Visiting CAT-ers usually received Charlie Crossman's hearty sea-captain's welcome, heard Angle-Iron Murph Garrold's folksy but ribald tales of the Orient, and couldn't disembark without listening to Prop-Specialist Eddie Walsh's yarns about flying Ford tri-Motors in Mexico in the thirties.

One day, CAT held an open house for the townsfolk. The mariners, large men, sensitive to Whiting Willauer's love for the sea, schemed a commemoration that wasn't on the program. They honored him with a seven-star flag designating him Admiral of the CAT Fleet.

The surprised recipient smiled broadly. Surely, that special gleam in his eye was the famous Admiral Whiting's spirit living again.

That CAT LST was a proud and happy ship. To me, it was a monument to the magnificent Whiting Willauer.

CAT LST

China Mainland Overflight Mission

From "Raiders of the China Coast", ***by Frank Holober***

On one late afternoon in mid-March 1952, Bob "Rouss" Rousselot's jeep turned into the Chinese Air Force airbase at T'ao-yuan, about an hour's drive from Taipei. Traveling with him were copilot Paul Holden and navigator Cyril "Pinky" Pinkava.

The airfield was split by a single east-west runway, with a control tower to the side at one end and a short hop to the waters of the Taiwan Straits on the other. Rouss guided the jeep down a roadway on the north side of the field, pulling up in front of the commo shack. John Fogg (CAT weatherman) was already inside.

The crew was soon seated in the commo shack, facing a large map of China and John Fogg, pointer in hand.

"OK, Jack," Rouss grumbled, "what have you got for us this trip, and don't give us any of that nimbus-pimbus crap. This is a long journey and we want to understand what we're doing."

"Basically you're in good shape," Fogg assured him. "You're taking a generally southerly route going in, which will characteristically put the wind in your back, and a more northerly route on the way back, which will give you a westerly flow coming in from the deserts of Central Asia. This being mid-March, Lake Kokonor will still be frozen, with smooth air above, but you can expect light to moderate turbulence in the vicinity of the mountainous areas and below ten thousand feet over your target area. A weak high pressure dominates most of China, so that cloud cover along your route should be clear to shattered or broken. OK? Any questions?"

"No, John, in between yawns I penciled all that in and am much relieved by how easy it's going to be. We'll let you know how many of your guesses panned out."

Rousselot himself had been informed about this significant new venture only a few days earlier, after the Chinese and American sides had both agreed that the operational potential could not be ignored…Rouss had been chief pilot of the airline since 1948, even before it moved to Taiwan and acquired the new name Civil Air Transport. OPC's purchase of the airline in the spring of 1950, which bailed it out of chronic financial difficulties, was no secret to Rousselot, and he quickly became the key link between CAT and OPC for covert missions both from Taiwan and from elsewhere.

And what might that mission include? Beyond island resupply, the CAT crews may have been called upon to supply human bodies or arms and ammo, or both, to KMT remnants from bases on Taiwan or Third Force fighters from bases in Japan. Using a bewildering array of bombers and cargo planes, the missions also helped KMT regulars across the Yunnan border in Burma out of bases in Thailand, United Nations forces in Korea from Japan or Okinawa, and beleaguered French forces in Vietnam.

Why would these pilot heroes stick out their necks like that, risking their lives or, perhaps even worse, decades in Chinese prison, constantly in deprivation, brainwashed and reviled as imperialist spies?

The motivation seemed to derive from three sources. One was unadulterated patriotism…For the CAT crew, the current phase of the uninterrupted war began in China with the resumption of the civil war, in which they played a role akin to the Berlin airlift and the later exodus in Vietnam combined…

Second, these fearless warriors liked to live on the edge, thriving on the thrill of adventure. To be a part of dropping agents into hostile territory and supporting guerilla networks gave them a thrilling of exhilaration, that they were in tune to historical forces.

Intertwined with both these appeals was that of camaraderie, the recognition that they were each part of a coterie of special, gifted people. At the core of their comradeship were deep feelings of loyalty to and affection for the imposing, historic figure and craggy countenance of Claire Chennault. Some pilots were themselves veterans of his American Volunteer Group (AVG), which, thanks to his innovative close-combat tactics and leadership, won them worldwide acclaim as they established an outstanding combat record against their Japanese counterparts, despite chronic shortages of

gasoline, parts, and ammunition. Many, like Rousselot and Holden, were marine, air force, and navy fighter and transport pilots who joined the ranks of CAT shortly after World War II while still in China.

As chief pilot, Bob Rousselot was in charge of both laying out an operational plan and picking the crew to carry it out. If the mission were new and unfamiliar or particularly dangerous, he would characteristically choose himself first, passing the chore along to another worthy candidate only when he personally could make clear what was involved, the obstacles and dangers, and how to get the job done most efficiently…

The briefing finally over, Rousselot, Holden, and Pinky (the pilots may play musical chairs, but Pinky could be relied upon to make every overflight of any consequence) walked out to the plane and began kicking its tires and otherwise checking for oversights by the maintenance crew…

Satisfied with the plane's exterior, the crew climbed aboard…The weapons and ammo, constituting the bulk of the delivery, were not necessarily the latest from the U.S. inventory. In keeping with "plausible denial," which, of course, fooled no one but was part of the game, a special CIA unit scoured the world buying up surplus weaponry of description.

Also on board was the Chinese commo team, tense, nervous, but expectant…The entry point to the mainland, about ninety miles from Tao-yuan, was about midway between Amoy and Chuan-chou.

Now four and a half hours into the flight, Rouss headed northwest, passing just south of Sian, the ancient capital of China, and aimed the nose of the plane at Lanchow and the successive layers of the Great Wall, all clearly visible in the crisp air…The Great Wall just north of Sining was the final landmark before the crew headed southwest, and they should have been seeing the flash of a gun burst, a small bonfire, or the frozen breath of the nostrils of a herd of nervous horses, or all three at once…

Running the equivalent of one hundred miles southwest of the lake – they looked in vain for a definitive signal from below…They took ten precious minutes to swing in a circle around what they had determined to be the rendezvous point…(Rousselott) pulled out of the circle and continued on a straight line to the southwest for another fifty miles. At that point he turned the plane around in a reverse direction and ordered the kickers to send the

parachutes merrily on their way…the C-54 gave an audible sigh of relief as its heavy cargo, following the departure of the commo team, swooshed out the cabin doors...

When the plane landed in Taoyuan, the tired crew was greeted with smiles and back slaps. The mood was as if they had just won the World Series. The agents they dropped had indeed made contact after a couple of anxious hours.

Rousselott, Holden, and Pinkava made another successful journey to Kokonor just a few days later before turning the "milk run" over to other picked crews. The operation continued for over a year, first with the C-54 and later with a surplus B-17 made available by the U.S. Air Force.

Flying China Mainland Overflight Missions

Extracts Reprinted, by permission, from "Destiny: A Flying Tiger's Rendezvous With Fate" © 1993 ***by Erik Shilling***

Overflight Missions

During the Korean War, CAT had a contract with the military flying supplies all over the Far East. These flights took us as far west as Bangkok, and south to the Philippines, Okinawa, Korea, Japan, Saipan, and Iwo Jima. Apparently, this was a cover for "Overflight" missions into the China mainland for the CIA.

My first overflight was a familiarization trip with CAT's chief pilot, Paul Holden. We departed Okinawa to drop an agent and his supplies about one hundred miles north of Hangkow, and five hundred and seventy-five miles west of Shanghai…On these overflights, our briefing would give us pertinent weather and the positions of fixed radar installations and known mobile installations, code name Dumbo. During the Korean War, the U.S. patrolled all along the China coast just outside the legal three-mile limits that most countries considered the beginning of international waters.

The purpose of the patrols was radio surveillance and plotting radar positions…Our flight would normally coincide with the passing of a patrolling airplane, so we could attempt to hide under its cover. Hopefully, we could sneak in undetected. We flew as low as possible, normally less than one hundred feet above the terrain. I was surprised by how much a person could see at night with the help of the moon.

Although I was scared most of the trip, expecting to find a Russian MiG on my ass any moment, the flight was uneventful. Two CAT people made every one of these flights: Charlie Davenport, whose job was looking out the astrodome, watching for enemy fighters, and giving the pilot as much warning as possible; the other would be to send out an S.O.S. in the event we were attacked or in trouble. This would be of little help unless we were able to make the coast and ditch. The Navy was supposed to have a sub nearby in the event to pick us up. At least this is what we were told during the briefing.

Pinky Pakava, the other crew member and navigator, was most helpful in finding our DZ (drop zone). God knows how many flights they each made. I had made eight flights, which was more than I really wanted to make…

…CAT got a C-118, the military version of the DC-6A. It was a cargo variant of a stretched DC-6 with hydraulic swing-open cargo doors. Those of us flying the DC-4 went to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines to be checked out on the C-118, taking ground school and flight training before flying the newer and faster cargo plane…

Successful Agent Drop

I went on…a mission…in the C-118. It was with an agent whose code name happened to be P-38. This flight departed from Kadena, dropping him in the mountains northeast of Chungking, 1500 miles from Okinawa. We weren't allowed to have any of the agents we were to drop come to the flight deck for fear of them being double agents. CAT had one such incident that had caused the death of two crew members, Norm Schwartz and Bob Snoddy, and the capture of two CIA agents handling the pick-up gear, although they were not supposed to be on board. These two CIA agents were held captive until Nixon's visit to Red China, when they were released as a goodwill gesture by the Communist government.

For some unknown reason, when I got on board at Kadena, I briefly talked to P-38, something I normally didn't do. In talking to him, I found out that he spoke excellent English. About an hour into the flight, I unlocked the cabin door and invited him to the flight deck. He was so full of confidence that it rubbed off on me. He said that if we go down to stick with him, he would get us back safely. I was convinced that he would. After talking to him some more, I told him that on some drops the agent had landed right in the middle of waiting Communist hands, only to be executed. I said, "I have a plan that I know will work, if you are interested. Instead of dropping you exactly where the intended DZ is located, I will decide where to let you out. It will be within a few miles of the original DZ. What I will do when we arrive at the DZ I will locate an isolated spot somewhere nearby. Without circling, we continue on course for 30 minutes, circle a few times as I'm looking for the Drop Zone, and make a final pass as though I'm dropping you, then head back for the original place. I'll throttle back and slow down and let you out without circling. Then I'll gradually add power and continue to Taiwan."

With P-38's approval, I passed over the intended DZ on the way in, spotting a likely spot on the ground, and pointed it out to P-38. It was a place just one mile south of the original DZ. We continued for another one hundred miles, circling a few times, throttled back as though making a drop. Then circled one more time, applied power, and climbed back to five hundred feet and headed back. As we neared our actual target area, I warned P-38 one last time, "Don't forget you will be dropped about one mile south." Nodding his head in the affirmative, we shook hands and I said, "Goodbye and good luck."

The rest of the flight was without incident…We arrived at the Chinese Air Base just as the sun was coming up. After the debriefing, Tom Sailor and I were driven to the "Friends of China," a hostel built for foreigners and rather nice accommodations for Taiwan. I hit the sack for much-needed sleep.

It was noon before I got up, so I dressed and went to the dining room to eat. Stopping by the reservations desk, the clerk handed me a note. Much to my surprise, it was an invitation to dinner the following evening at Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's. Later that day, I saw Col. Ed rector, a friend based in Taiwan and an ex-Flying Tiger. He had also been invited to Madame's for dinner. Ed was with the military advisory group in Taiwan and had transportation, so the following evening, he picked me up and we went to the Generalissimo's mansion together.

We were met at the door by Madame Chiang in person, extending her hand in welcome. Holding my hand, she said, "Congratulations." I wondered to myself, what for? I hadn't been married, nor was it my birthday, so I let it pass. Ed and I had a couple of cocktails, and when we were seated at the table, I got up enough nerve to ask Madame Chiang, "Congratulations for what?" She replied, "Why, for a successful flight last night." "Thanks," I said, sort of stumbling for words, " But I didn't know that you even knew about these flights." Her reply startled me and was most warming. I thought, "No wonder people who knew her loved her." She replied, "I didn't go to bed until I knew you had landed safely. You know, China has a special place in her heart for our *Flying Tigers*."

The next day, I was told by the case officer on this mission, "It's one of the most successful missions we have ever flown. As a matter of fact, P38 was up on the radio and transmitting before you landed."

Accounting for CAT

From CAT Bulletin Vol. 6, Nov. 3 March 1953 ***by M.D. Malloy***

I have been asked by the Editors of the Bulletin to write a few lines on my observations and comments since joining the CAT Organization approximately a year ago.

My first stop was in Hongkong in December 1951 where I was quite impressed with the CAT organization and the Office there. Within a few days, I was flying to Taiwan, visiting Taipei, Tainan, and Kaohsiung. My amazement at the development of facilities on the Island was great indeed. A short two weeks later, I visited Tokyo.

After a brief indoctrination tour of the activities in Hongkong and Tokyo, I settled down in the task of establishing a Cost Accounting Office in Tainan. I feel a not-too-detailed discussion of the operations of the Accounting Department will be of interest to our readers and present a brief picture of accounting routines in a large Airline, such as CAT, operating in different Countries.

In March 1952, the Central Office and Branch Accounting Controller's Office was reorganized, headed, by Mr. A. Worsnop, Controller. All Central Office and Branch accounting functions came within the scope of this Department. At present, the Accounting Department under the direction of the Controller, is based on the Branch Accounting System. That is, the outlying areas are grouped into the Branch Accounting Offices and these Offices report directly to the Central Office in Hongkong. The Branch Accounting Office for the Japan and Korea areas is in Tokyo; that for the Taiwan area is in Taipei.

Each Branch Accounting Office controls the various Stations at Hwalien, Taitung, Makung, Tainan, and Kaoshiung and reports to the Taipei Branch Office. The sale of tickets and receipt of cash are reported daily by the Stations to the Branch Offices. Also, each Station maintains separate funds from which local current operating expenses for the Station are paid. These payments are required to the Branch Office on the Station Disbursement Reports, and the Station receives money from the Branch Office to reimburse this fund for such payments.

The Branch Offices maintain complete sets of books and record all transactions reported by the Station Accountants. The Branch Office accounts are based on the Uniform System of Accounts as prescribed by the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) (U.S.) and the C.A.A. China. They differ only slightly from the actual CAB Code of Accounts.

The Branch Offices report the results of the month's operations to the Central Office in Hongkong. This monthly report consists of schedules of income and expenses, and trial balance assets and liabilities as of the month's end. The Controller's Office in Hongkong consolidates the reports from all Branches and issues the Company's Monthly Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Statement.

To accomplish a proper accounting for costs, the Cost Accounting Department was set up in Tainan in February last year. The need for accurate costs on Company aircraft maintenance, modification, and manufacture of Company equipment and improvement of existing facilities was necessary to properly separate costs of a capital nature from routine operating expenses.

The Department commenced proper reporting of labor and material costs in February 1952. A system was installed, commencing February 1st, 1952, whereby all direct labor employees would report daily the various job numbers to which they applied. The Timeskeeping Staff at Tainan and Kaoshiung increased slightly and the nucleus of the Cost Accounting Office started at Tainan. Mr. Joseph Rodriguez assisted me during the first month of operation and Mr. D. Pairman joined the group as supervisor at the end of February with his wife, Jane filling on the clerical and typing work. Meanwhile, a group of clerks, four in number, was transferred from the Supply Division to the Material unit of that Department. Additional clerks were hired and trained to function as the Labor Unit.

In addition to the Accounting functions enumerated above, the Budget Office is maintained in Hongkong. Budget routines administered by the Controller, assisted by Mr. Sam Tweedie, are a very important part of the financial management of the Company. During the past year, budget procedures have been initiated and closer coordination and control in the expenditure of funds for inventories and capital equipment have been achieved. Additional refinements are being planned to bring about further economies and more efficient use of the Company's working capital.

The Controller's staff has been strengthened during the past year by additional numbers from the States; among those, Mr. Leonard Ring, assigned as Area Accountant, Tokyo; Mr. Lindsay Herd, accountant, Taipei Area Office; Mr. John Wiegers, currently assigned to the Home Office, Hongkong; and Mr. James McElroy, assigned in an auditing function to the Taipei Office. The Office of Internal Auditor has been established and headed up by Mr. Engelhardt, Sr.

CAT Inaugurates DC-4 Service

From CAT Bulletin, Vol. 5, No. 10, October 1952

Yes, sir, it really happened, 'cause we were there and saw it. CAT has gone and gotten itself a plane fixed up with a plushy inside, a fine-looking outside, and four beautiful fans…Two on each wing…All this boils down to the simple fact that we now run a four-engine "Skymaster" between Hongkong, Taipei, Tokyo, and Pusan.

Moon Chen and others at DC-4
Inaugural Flight to HK in 1952

CAT-ers have been talking four engines as far back as anyone in the company can remember. We suppose that after a while the subject fell into the same category as the rumors in the service…if you know what we mean…sort of like "when do we begin our round-the-world flights with new super-constellations" or "Say did you hear we are going to start the Tokyo-San Francisco run next month?"…So…when someone came in the office several months ago and said…" we got a DC-4," we said "Yeah" and made a mental note to have the Doc look at him later in the day. But, by golly, we had one.

At present…here is what the DC-4 means to CAT in passenger service. Perhaps the big feature is that CAT has a non-stop, seven-hour service from

Taipei to Tokyo and return. As it stands now, here is the Skymaster schedule…

The plane will fly from Taipei to Hongkong and return every Friday. That night it will fly directly to Tokyo. The following morning it will make a flight to Pusan and return to Tokyo before leaving for Taipei, again non-stop, at midnight Saturday. It will arrive in Taipei at approximately seven a.m. and after a short stopover, will again fly to Hongkong and return to Taipei on Sunday.

There are forty-two reclining seats aboard and passengers will receive the best of CAT Service.

Flight Hostesses

From CAT Bulletin Vol. 7, No. 1, Jan 1954

Air travelers in the Orient have been singing the praises of CAT's flight hostesses for the past several years. Unfailingly courteous, friendly, patient, with the most beautiful smiles aloft, our flying hostesses have contributed as much to CAT's reputation for being the friendly airline as any other group in the company. Without exception, our flight hostesses are girls from distinguished Chinese families, with backgrounds of culture and breeding unique in airline operations…Because these lovely girls spend much of the time flying, it was not possible to get a group picture of all of them. The pictures on these pages, however, will give the reader a good idea of how the individual girls spend their time on the ground.

Doris Chao, who was CAT's first flight hostess, is an excellent secretary as well as having considerable skill at sewing and general housework. She's on the long Tokyo run and needs a day to rest after each round trip. She's shown out of uniform and relaxed in her home in Taipei. She attended Aurora College in Shanghai and recently completed a special UAL flight attendant course in Tokyo.

Doris Chao

Civil Air Transport has the only "sister act" in the Orient, with Eva and Josephine Yue proving that one family can produce two beautiful and intelligent girls. While their flying schedules keep them apart a good deal of the time, Eva and Josephine occasionally are home together. Here, Eva points to Taipei on the map of Taiwan as she and Josephine pose at home in Chinese dress.

Josephine and Eva Yue

Lily Wong was caught by the Bulletin camera in CAT's Hong Kong office while she was enjoying a seven-day leave. Lily is a Shanghai University graduate, originally from Soochow, and calls Taipei her home, although she has many relatives in Hong Kong who look forward to her visits. On a recent visit, Senator William Knowland was so impressed with her good humor and intelligence that he offered to arrange a scholarship for her at a Stateside university. Lily won't comment.

Lily Wong

Carol Wei, whose family has produced many distinguished scholars, is shown at home in Taipei checking the flight schedule.

Carol Wei

All of CAT's flight hostesses are especially proficient in languages, having mastery of English and one or more Chinese dialects, as well as proficiency in French, Spanish, and Japanese. All are famous with Orient air travelers for the friendliest, most efficient service aloft, and we hereby salute each of them.

CIA Honors: Captains Norman Schwartz and Robert Snoddy

From the CIA (.gov) website https://www.cia.gov >heroes Source: CIA. Reprint approved by CIA.

The CIA honored Norman Schwartz and Robert Snoddy with stars on the CIA Memorial Wall in 1998. Both men are remembered for their unquestionable bravery. Their names are included in the CIA Book of Honor.

In November 1952, two young pilots volunteered for a mission to extract an agent from Manchuria in Communist China. They knew the operation – a snatch pickup – would be risky, but they were willing to go on the mission.

The plan was detailed:

- On Nov. 29, 1952, Norman Schwartz and Robert Snoddy would fly their C-47 in an operation to extract an agent with a snatch (or aerial) pickup.
- The agent would be extracted with a device that involved a hook extended out the plane's back door that would snag a line between two upright poles on the ground. The agent would be connected to the line by a harness. Once the hook caught the line, the agent would be jerked off the ground.
- Two other CIA officers (John Downey and Richard Fecteau) on board the plane would hoist the agent into the aircraft.

But unbeknownst to the team, they were about to fly into a trap – a plot to down the aircraft was in motion. The agent team on the ground had been turned by the Communist Chinese.

When the team was ready to run the extraction, Schwartz and Snoddy flew a dry run by the pickup point. As the plane came in low for the pickup, flying at only 60 knots, gunfire erupted. Schwartz and Snoddy directed the aircraft nose-up in the wake of the deadly crossfire. This action prevented an immediate crash. But, the engines cut out and the aircraft glided to a controlled crash. Downey and Fecteau survived.

Both Schwartz and Snoddy died at the scene.

Norman Schwartz was raised in a working-class neighborhood in Louisville, Kentucky. He was the fifth of seven siblings. When Schwartz was a teenager, his No. 1 priority was learning to fly. He joined the Marines in 1943, becoming a Marine Corps fighter pilot in the Pacific theater during World War II. He was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross and an Air Medal with two gold stars.

In February 1948, Schwartz left the service to fly for Civil Air Transport (CAT) – a CIA-proprietary company. He piloted CAT aircraft for four years before the tragedy in November 1952.

He was 29 years old when he died in the line of duty. He was survived by his parents and siblings.

Robert Snoddy

Robert Snoddy first took up flying in 1940 under the Civilian Pilot Training program in his home state of Oregon. He decided to join the Navy in 1942 while studying aeronautical engineering at Oregon State University. His flying background helped him gain admittance to the Naval Aviation Cadet program. After time in Corpus Christi, Texas, Snoddy went to Florida for flight training.

He went on to serve as a Navy pilot in the Pacific. He was awarded an Air Medal with four stars, as well as a Purple Heart and several battle stars. He was credited with downing two Japanese planes. Snoddy was discharged in 1946 with the rank of Lieutenant.

Snoddy signed on to fly for CAT in June 1948. He was 31 years old when he made the ultimate sacrifice. Three weeks after he was killed, his wife Charlotte gave birth to their daughter, Roberta, the couple's only child.

In 2002 and again in 2004, the Joint POW-MIA Accounting Command (JPAC), based in Hawaii, sent forensic and excavation teams to the 1952 crash site near the town of Antu in China's Jilin Province. In June 2004, JPAC discovered human remains that were shipped back to the United States in a flag-draped coffin.

On March 24, 2005, the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory (AFDIL) was able to identify the remains found at the site as Robert Snoddy's. His remains were placed inside his mother's plot in Eugene, Oregon.

To date, efforts by JPAC (Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command) and AFDIL (Armed Forces DNA Identification Library) have not identified any remains associated with Norman Schwartz.

Operation BOOKLIFT

From CAT Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 11, Dec. '50

On September 8th of this year, CAT plunged into its most challenging and largest operation to date – "Operation Booklift." This operation under the command FEAMCOM (Far East Air Materiel Command) contracted for CAT to fly cargo and personnel to all parts of Korea, distinguishing CAT as the only civilian airline flying for the military forces in the theater of operations. In order for CAT to undertake this tremendous operation, it necessitated, moving personnel from Tainan, Formosa to Tachikawa, Japan, a distance of 1610 miles. Making this long jump was only the first problem, setting up an operational base at Tachikawa was the next. Joe Orlowski assistant director of operations, was sent to Japan to take charge of this job. According to Joe, large boxes were used as desks in the beginning, and small ones were used as chairs. Each man sent up in the advance group was not only carrying out his assignment job but was attending to every other detail that was necessary to keep the planes flying.

While all these headaches were taking place behind the scenes, four CAT planes started the operation of Booklift. By the end of September, twenty planes were flying, carrying cargo and personnel to Korea. In a little over a month, cargo had built up to the three million pound mark and at present is nearing the five million pound mark. For CAT, "booklift" is the first twenty-four-hour operation since the days of Kunming, China. To keep the shuttle, moving from Tachikawa and Ashiya to all points in Korea, CAT was using twenty-five of its pilots, who are averaging over a hundred hours a month.

Among the three hundred-odd CAT personnel assembled for "Operation Booklift", ten nationalities are represented. This small league of nations" CAT's rapid build is made up of Americans, British, Canadians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Germans, Turks, Siamese, and Malaysians, all working harmoniously.

CAT's rapid build-up and organizational hazards have been made much more basic by the great cooperation received from the U.S. Air Force. Brigadier General John P. Doyle, Liaison Officer between the Air Force and CAT, has been greatly responsible for the smooth coordination of the operation.

It is impossible to list each name of all CAT personnel involved in "Operation Booklift", but they are all to be congratulated. And now after four months, CAT continues to build its operations, doing the biggest and most difficult job ever attempted in its history.

Start of Korean Airlift

From History Project CAT Association Bulletin, Sep -Dec 2011 ***by Felix Smith & Lew Burridge***

CAT's role in the Korean War was substantial. On the pre-dawn morning of Sunday, June 25, 1950, Russian T34 tanks, operated by the North Korean People's Army, crossed Latitude 38. Within three days the enemy overran Seoul. Hordes of civilian refugees and retreating soldiers of South Korea's army died when the steel bridge crossing the Han River south of the capital was prematurely blown up by its own army. The strategy had been to blow the bridge after the South Korean Army had crossed and before the North Korean People's Army reached it. However, the costly destruction of the bridge didn't stop the enemy, their tanks and troops used the nearby railway bridge.

General MacArthur's 24th Infantry Division, soft from occupation duty in Japan, armed with light weapons, were no match for Russian tanks. They suffered a 50% casualty rate as the enemy pushed them toward Korea's south coast, to the embattled Pusan Perimeter. President Truman mobilized military reservists and the National Guard.

CAT borrowed additional C-46s from the Chinese Air Force to transport supplies to the battleground near Pusan. We landed on short PSPs (pierced steel planks) and returned to Japan with wounded, many of them young soldiers who had been living it up in Japan, believing that America's wars were behind them. Enemy drivers tied ropes to American wounded and towed them over the ground until they died. Our crews flew as much as 20 hours a day / 150 hours a month, grabbing sleep via the hot -bunk system in a Tachikawa ware- house. General Turner, director of the WWII Himalayan Hump and subsequent Berlin Airlift, conducted the combo USAF / CAT airlift in these early days of the United Nations "Police Action."

Finger-pointing blame wasn't a monopoly of Korea. American journalists, briefed by "unnamed senators," called the surprise invasion a shocking failure of American intelligence. But Major Jack Singlaub, known for his impeccable honesty, investigating the details for Intelligence Director Admiral Roscoe Hilenkoetter, found that Secretary of State Dean Acheson, President Truman's foreign policy advisors and General MacArthur's staff, particularly the imperious Major General Willoughby, had received written

warning of an imminent invasion five days before it occurred. Signatures signifying acceptance of the warnings were declared forgeries by Senator McKeller, but nobody believed him.

CAT could have added fuel to the flames, but we stayed mum. Fifteen of our passengers -- Korean manufacturers on a sales junket throughout Asia -- had progressed as far as Sydney, Australia, next stop, New Zealand, but they asked co-captains Harry Cockrell and Felix Smith to cancel the trip and return to Seoul immediately. Letters from home begged them to return because war was imminent. Their advisor on board, the Commercial Attaché of the American Embassy in Seoul, told them to proceed to New Zealand as scheduled, the rumor of war was nonsense. The passengers were astonished when the pilots ignored their fellow American and headed north for Korea. It was an easy decision. The passengers had paid for the charter, they had rights. One or two days after they landed at Seoul, the war began.

After General MacArthur's brilliant and daring attack from the sea in the tidal area of Inchon, he captured the North Korean capital of Pyongyang and proceed north to the Chosin Reservoir area North Korea. During the distribution of Thanksgiving rations, MacArthur assured his troops they'd be home for Christmas. A laconic colonel jibed, “If you smell Chinese food, retreat." On November 28, Chinese soldiers who had infiltrated and hidden in north Korea's mountains, arose in a surprise night attack which led to the historic evacuation of North Korea's Chosin Reservoir district in the sub-zero cold of Korea's winter. General Mathew Ridgeway equated Supreme Commander MacArthur's blind confidence with that of General Custer of America's Indian wars in the wild west. Months before Korea, General Chennault, in an informal discussion with two CAT pilots said his friends in South China had warned him that many soldiers, having defected to Chairman Mao, marched north by night and slept during the day, possible destination North Korea.

CAT's safety record was so well known, war correspondents preferred to ride with us. They said we left our mistakes in China, we were like mongrel dogs who knew how to cross a busy street without getting hit. However, on December 8, Paul DuPree, a captain new to Asia, attempted to penetrate low clouds on Korea's east-coast port of Yonpo to evacuate wounded soldiers. The USAF precision radar approach unit had been set up but not yet calibrated. He crashed and the crew survived with slight injuries, but a medic from the 801 Air Evacuation Squadron was killed.

The next night, Robert Heising, an experienced captain but also new to Asia, departed Tokyo with an as- signed cruising altitude of 8,000 feet. USAF Air Traffic Controllers saw his radar image head toward the 12,388 foot Mt. Fuji. They used multiple radio frequencies in a frantic attempt to warn him, but Heising didn't respond. When the weather cleared, a search and rescue plane found the wreckage on Mt. Fuji's slope at precisely 8,000 feet. A small, tight low-pressure area generating 90 knot winds -- an anomaly undetected by weather forecasters -- had formed off the south coast of Japan, and a CAT captain, inbound at that hour, reported snow static which interferes with aircraft radio direction finders. Since Oshima Island's radio beacon was the check point and signal that it was safe to turn west, and snow static could have caused Heising's direction finder to meander instead of presenting a positive line of position, his DR (deduced reckoning) navigation, utilizing forecasted winds, could have put him on his short course to Japan's legendary mountain. In those days it was that kind of navigation in Asia.

Our passenger routes throughout Asia continued, but our principal work was the transport of battle supplies and return of wounded; and CIA missions which included the parachuting of Chinese spies on the Mainland of China. Although most of these courageous Nationalists were captured and executed, the uncertain time, place and purpose of the incursions confined Red Chinese to home guard who otherwise could confront United Nation troops in Korea. Severe as the Cold War seemed in those years, the worst was yet to come.

Korean Airlift -- Operation BOOKLIFT

History Project CAT Association Bulletin Jan – April 2021 ***Felix Smith***

1950 was the year of many changes. North Korea's attack on South Korea was noted in the previous edition of the Bulletin, but recently declassified CIA documents reveal an interesting clash between Generals Claire Chennault and Douglas MacArthur. It warrants a flashback.

When news of the invasion reached CAT's headquarters in Hong Kong, CIA officer Al Cox met with Gen. Chennault at Kaitak Airport at 7 a.m. "A cable signed by Chennault was sent to MacArthur offering immediately the full use of all CAT facilities in fighting the North Koreans. General MacArthur replied several days later that the offer was appreciated, but adequate airlift was on hand to cope with the situation."

Chiang Kai-Shek, President of Free China and General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander of U.N. Forces

Chennault and Whiting Willauer were incredulous. They dispatched Joe Rosbert and Lew Burridge to Tokyo to ensure that the Far East Air Force (FEAF) was aware of CAT's capabilities. Told that FEAF didn't have enough fork lifts or refueling tankers to support CAT, Joe and Lew described, as only they could, how we surmounted these challenges in China; but MacArthur's decision prevailed.

Seven weeks later, "Willauer and Cox were asked to come to Tokyo as rapidly as possible. Enroute to Tokyo they stopped at Taipei to pick up

Rosbert and Rousselot. Senior officers of FEAF told Willauer that they urgently required every bit of airlift CAT could provide.

The urgency was so great that they told him to prepare an estimate on which a contract could be based as soon as possible and, if necessary it would be readjusted at a later date. FEAF advised that they would provide fuel; spare parts, as required and if available would be provided from Air Force stocks; every assistance possible would be given in the maintenance of the aircraft; the CAT airlift would be based at Tachikawa (a FEAF air base); facilities for CAT crews including PX and Commissary would be provided by the Air Force, but they could not furnish billeting. It was somewhat disturbing to CAT personnel involved when the Air Force quietly advised that things would go more smoothly if Chennault did not come to Tokyo, at least at that time. It was apparent that General MacArthur did not want to welcome any other stars to his firmament.

After some hurried calculation, taking figures out of the air but based on CAT experience, a contract was drawn up. On August 25, the Air Force indicated that the contract was acceptable and that they could use every bit of airlift that was made available.

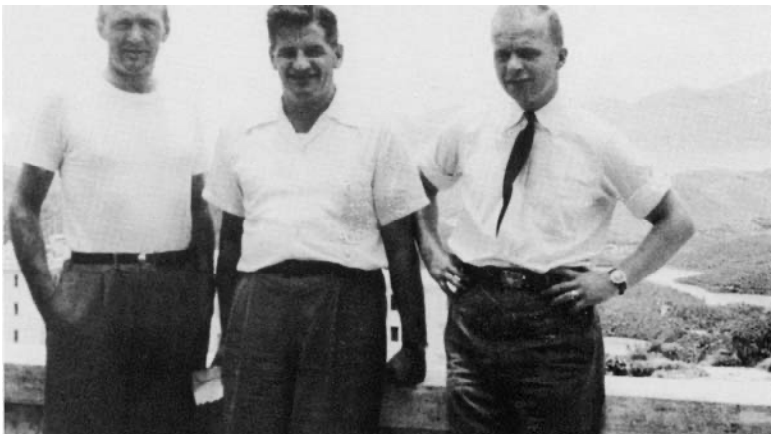
Cables had gone out to all the air crews and some of the American maintenance personnel who had been placed on leave without pay to ascertain whether they were still available and willing to return to the Far East. A surprising number quickly responded. On September 8, the Far East Air Material Command (FEAMCOM) and General MacArthur approved the contract."

CAT met the requirement for air crew billets at the FEAF air base by placing about 50 army cots in a warehouse. Sometimes we didn't get back to Tachikawa for several days. Names of returning airmen were recorded at the bottom of an Air Force expediter's clipboard while outbound replacements were taken from the top. On occasion it took only two hours to ascend from the bottom to the top. Until we got sufficient airmen, we sometimes flew for 20 hours, grabbed a couple of hours sleep and went out again. It was the hot bunk system. We flopped on which ever cot was empty and slept in our clothes.

"Within less than two months, CAT had rebuilt its capabilities from 400 hours per month to 4,000 hours." We transported medical supplies, machine gun and small arms bullets, hand grenades, mortar shells, napalm tanks & mix,

aircraft engines, spare parts, gasoline, barbed wire and returned to western Japan's Itazuki Airport with wounded where ambulances waited to carry them to the U.S. Army hospital in Fukuoka.

The first CIA officer to appear was WW2 OSS veteran Alfred Cox who had developed small operational groups (OGs) of highly trained men to parachute into Nazi occupied France where they contacted local resistance groups and wreaked havoc. Historian William Leary wrote, in Perilous Missions, "Before the invasion of Europe, Cox jumped into the Rhone Valley where his units destroyed bridges and power lines, set up road blocks and ambushed enemy columns. Combined OG Marquis forces killed 461 Germans and captured 10, 021 at a cost of five Americans dead and 23 injured or wounded. It was the first real use of the American Army of organized guerrillas of highly trained bilingual officers and soldiers who operated behind enemy lines.



Hans V. Tofte, Al Cox, and Col. Richard G. Stillwell (Photo from"A Pictorial History of Civil Air Transport" by Joe Rosbert, Courtesy of the Rosbert Family)

One of Al Cox's officers -- Conrad La Gueux -- had the appearance of a bright college student, but he was a battle-seasoned, decorated Army captain who had jumped into France as leader of an OG group. The third CIA officer to join us -- John Mason -- had been a regimental commander with the 90th Infantry Division in WW2 Europe. His decorations included the Distinguished Service Cross, two Silver Stars, three Bronze stars, two Purple Hearts.

Hans Tofte, an OSS veteran of paramilitary operations, with Major Julian Niemczyk, chief of Escape and Evasion (E&E) established a network for downed military pilots. CAT placed a number of C-46's and one C-47, at Tachikawa for their operation. Hans, a Danish American, first saw Korea at age 19, working for The East Asia company, a Danish shipping firm. He became fluent in Korean and several other languages. Decades later, this skill enabled him to organize sympathetic North and South Koreans, fishing boats, lookout stations, communications equipment at 20-mile intervals along the entire coast of north and south Korea with a cover which was easy to believe. They posed as a black market network. When Hans advised General MacArthur's Colonel Charles Willoughby that he would acquire gold bars for military airmen to pay friendly Koreans for help if they were shot down, Willoughby vetoed the purchase because it violated restrictions on foreign exchange. But Hans Tofte flew to Taipei and returned to Tachikawa with $700,000 in one-ounce gold bars, much to the delight of our boss, Bob Rousselot who said, "Hans knows how to get things done."

After MacArthur's daring assault across the mud flats to Inchon on September 15, 1950, his capture of Pyongyang on October 17, and his November Thanksgiving season announcement that his soldiers would be home by Christmas, he discounted unconfirmed reports of Chinese soldiers in Korea. At times he referred to them as an Asian mob, while Major Charles Willoughby said, even if the Chinese were in Korea they should not be taken seriously. However, historian Joseph C. Goulden recorded in his brilliant book, "Korea", that five Chinese armies totaling about 100,000 soldiers confronted MacArthur's Eighth Army and the ROK II Corps, and American intelligence officers reported that they showed excellent fire fight discipline, especially at night.

The Chinese surprise awakened the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS) to the fact that CAT was an essential component of America's military capacity in Asia.

" Flying more than 15,000 BOOKLIFT missions, CAT transported 27,000 tons of cargo and mail and thousands of wounded. "

General William Tunner, director of the WW2 Himalayan Hump, Berlin and Korean airlifts, reported, "At a time when air transportation was critically short, you made available to us your aircraft and your trained personnel in the quanti- ties required . . . CAT did an outstanding job."

The CIA, acknowledging that CAT has shuttled hundreds of guerillas and agents between CIA training and staging camps, reported, "CIA could never have accomplished our outstanding record in the early days of the Korean War without CAT."

Hans V, Tofte told historian Bill Leary that he considered CAT "absolutely invaluable" during the early phase of the Korean war.

High ranking military officers knew that CAT was entirely owned by the U.S. Government and operated by the CIA, but most of us believed the myth that CAT was a contract carrier and the CIA was one of our customers. Scheduled passenger routes, flight attendants and commercial charters were covers which hid the secret.

The pressure of the Korean War was relieved by "Operation Paper" which supported Chinese Nationalist General Li Mi. In the closing days of China's Civil War, General Li and his 1500 men had fled across Yunnan's border to the protective hills of Burma, about 80 miles from Thailand.

Stragglers followed and joined Li which eventually increased his rogue army to 4,000 soldiers, albeit poorly equipped, and living off the country. About five times a week CAT parachuted food and supplies to Li. China's entry to the Korean War had alerted America's chiefs of staff. They were concerned about an attack on Hong Kong or Taiwan. Li Mi's incursions could preoccupy Red China's military commanders.

Red China's East Coast was harassed by Western Enterprises Incorporated (WEI), of the CIA's Office of Policy Coordination (OPC), formerly the secret paramilitary arm of the CIA; and CAT furnished the transportation in PBYs flown by Connie Siegrist, Don Teeters, Red Kerns with crewmen Cyril (Pinky) Pinkava, Ted Matsis and others. Troops who would otherwise fight in Korea were held on the Mainland, on home guard, wary of spies which CAT dropped at diverse and unpredictable places and time. CAT's participation in the Cold War had only started.

French Indochina Special Technical & Economic Mission

From History Project CAT Association Bulletin May – Aug 2012 ***by Felix Smith***

On November 28, 1950, less than a week after Thanksgiving Day, Communist China launched its surprise attack on United Nations troops. Red soldiers in overwhelming numbers arose from their hiding places in mountains of the Chosin Reservoir area. A Turkish unit, the U.S. Army's X Corps and First Marine Division fought their way to the Coast at Yonpo in an 18-day horrendous march in sub-zero temperatures. The X Corps casualties aren't known, but the First Marine Division endured 604 KIAs and 192 MIAs. Eight Marine pilots were killed, 4 missing, 3 wounded . . . The Chinese suffered 15,000 KIAs.

The Far East Air Force (FEAF) asked CAT for 28 planes with crews. Director of Operations, Joe Rosbert readily agreed. That was CAT. Think positive, commit boldly and then figure out how to get the job done. We rented C-46s from the Chinese Air Force, payable in advance, but only two were airworthy. Chief Pilot Rousselot rushed to Manila to negotiate the lease of five C-47s from Trans Asiatic Airways, including crews. One of its pilots, Director of Operations Monson (Bill) Shaver, remained with CAT/Air America for the following 25 years and became Chief Pilot of PARU, the Thai parachute police.

The former Lutheran Mission C-47 named St. Paul, now a one-airplane airline (International Air Transport) also joined the CAT fleet, along with its captain, Bill Dudding, a WW2 CNAC veteran; and copilot—flight engineer—radio operator—mechanic Max Springweiler, an old China Hand, having joined Eurasia, (Lufthansa's China subsidiary) in the mid-1930s. When the Commies chased the missionaries out of China, they gave Bill and Max the airplane in lieu of salary owed. Max's presence made CAT globally sophisticated by serving as Manager, Long-Range Charters. Whenever an intelligent, courteous European who spoke passable French and Chinese in addition to fluent English and German was needed to resolve a sensitive issue, he became our "fixer," particularly in Indochina where officers of the defeated Nazis had joined the French Army.

The balance of the 28 A/C fleet was reached, courtesy of General Chennault who used his influence to borrow them from the USAF.

Other seasoned CNAC pilots who came to CAT at that crucial time were first assigned to Operation Squaw- Two. They were Don Bussart, Steve Kusak, Hugh Hicks (who became one of the CAT Chief pilots), and Tom Sailer (who became Chief Pilot, Southern Air Transport, one of the CAT/Air America A/C menagerie). Other newly hired pilots were Al Judkins, Maury Clough, and Ken Milan.

On Christmas Day, 1950, while we were engaged heavily in the Korean War, the CIA began an inroad into French Indochina with STEM, the Special Technical & Economic Mission. STEM distributed medical supplies directly to the Vietnamese with a CAT C-47 and crew that was attached to the American Embassy in Saigon. While CAT supported two wars operationally, American taxpayers paid the cost. Although the Korean "Police Action" was a joint United Nations operation, America paid 85% of the cost, which translated to Three Million Dollars a day. Americans also paid about 85% of the cost of France's Indochina War.

While engaged in these two wars, CAT maintained a scheduled passenger and cargo service: Seoul, Tokyo, Osaka, Naha, Taipei, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and eventually Manila; and "Round the Island" domestic service: Taipei, Taichung, Makung (One of the Pescadores Islands), Tainan, Taitung, and Hwalien. We also began negotiations for the initial operation of Korean Airlines. With Northwest and other airlines outside Japan, we found a way to provide that country with domestic air service which circumvented the terms of surrender which prohibited Japan from operating aircraft. Lew Burridge with his imagination and easy-going manner was a major principal in the success of this operation. We also operated a successful New Zealand domestic air service for four months. At the same time our leaflet and spy drops over the China mainland continued. Captain Bill Welk, a WW2 veteran with experience in the B-17 Flying Fortress, made incursions deep into China dropping spies and leaflets as distant as the Gobi Desert. Captains Eddie Sims, Doc Johnson and Allen Pope were also more heavily engaged in these flights than the rest of us.

But most of us shared the flying in Laos which levied a large number of KIAs.

Our greatest agony at that time was the harassment from CIA visitors who criticized CAT's management style with a misunderstanding that belied our achievements. The principal thorn in the CIA's side was the slack chain

of command between Washington, DC. and Taipei which the CIA tightened, thus squelching the autonomy of our far-flung Area Managers. Whitey objected vigorously, declaring, "We have created a spirit and an intense interest in the affairs of CAT which is probably its greatest asset." CIA inspectors also frustrated our first CIA stars, Al Cox and John Mason, who needed to make decisions without waiting for approval from Washington, DC.

On November 29, 1952, Captain Norman Schwartz, a 29-year-old USMC fighter pilot of WW2 (Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, two Gold Stars), with a home in Louisville, Kentucky, reported to Tachikawa Air Base, Japan. Also reporting was Captain Bob Snoddy, 31-year-old Lt. S.G., USN, during WW2 (Air Medal, four Stars, one Purple Heart, with a record of shooting down two enemy aircraft), who expected to be a father within three weeks. His wife, Charlotte, like Bob was a native of Eugene, Oregon. Their mission: snatch a Chinese spy out of Kirin Province, Manchuria, Northeast China. CIA Historian, Dr. Nicholas Dujmovic, to his credit described the mission with meticulous honesty at one of our reunions. One of the CIA agents declared he had evidence that the request for the spy's pick-up was an ambush. A superior officer ordered him to keep his mouth shut. He kept mum and later regretted it painfully. Schwartz and Snoddy were killed in the shoot-down. A forearm bone identified as Snoddy's was recovered more than half a century later. JPAC still searches for the remains of Schwartz.

The CIA's Deputy Director, General Charles Cabell, a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, asked his Army Air Corp fellow officer, George Doole, to impose order on the Agency's adopted orphan. General Chennault was tucked safely out of the way as Vice Chairman of the CAT Board of Directors. Vice President, Operations, Flying Tiger Ace Joe Rosbert was provided a luxurious office by Taipei standards, a limousine with driver, but nothing to do. Lew Burridge, trivialized by George Doole, accepted a position as President, North Asia, of one of America's largest pharmaceutical corporations. Marvin Plake, CAT's Director of Public Relations, had been the Naval Intelligence officer during WW2 with Chennault, coordinating the 14th Air Force raids on enemy shipping off the coast of China, accepted an offer to become the head of the Pacific Travel Association.

The turmoil subsided with the distraction of Squaw-One, which was CAT's first operation under the wing of the French Air Force C-119 Flying Boxcars loaned by the USAF. They were re-painted with the French Air Force

insignia and rushed to Hanoi. Named Squaw-One, CAT pilots first received notice on May Day, 1953.

Man on Spot in Saigon

From History Project CAT Association Bulletin Sep – Dec 2017 ***by Felix Smith***

August 2, 1964. The USS Maddox, an American destroyer cruising the Pacific Ocean off Vietnam, reports hostile gunfire from a small, fast torpedo boat out of the Gulf of Tonkin. U.S. Navy ships steam to the USS Maddox while several more torpedo boats join the skirmish. They're a deadly arm of North Vietnam's Communist Navy.

Such is the report to President Lyndon Johnson via Congress and the Pentagon. It helped validate America's decision to launch "The American Vietnam War," but the truth of the Tonkin Gulf Incident will be argued for years to come. The U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings, available at the U.S. Government Press, seem to be the most accurate -- the sea story is a lie to make a continuation of our support of France palatable to those who abhor America's cost of youthful lives and imbalanced funding (paying 70% of the entire cost).

The war ended in defeat with the fall of Saigon, 1975. Some historians say 1974, the date hostilities ceased, which placed the duration of America's Vietnam War at only 10 years. But this differs with CAT's eyewitness and documentary evidence. Other statements abound according to the reporter's agenda, like a colossal game of Scrabble gone wild.

After the surrender of France to North Vietnam's Communists in 1954, America's continuing support of France was pondered by our following brilliant statesmen and warriors: the U.S. Secretary of State; Congress; Senate; President. The military Chiefs of Staff with whom we of CAT/Air America were more familiar, U.S. Navy's Admiral Radford and U.S. Air Force's General Twining, gave us the green light. But the U.S. Army's General Mathew Ridgeway, who had distinguished himself in Korea declared, "There's simply no sense in fighting for people who won't fight for themselves."

In mid-December 1950, before the CIA purchased CAT, we began our first proactive operation in the Vietnam War – "STEM" – Special Technical & Economic Mission. It arose from an unlikely source – a footloose American WW2 veteran aircraft carrier fighter pilot, recently released from active duty

as a Marine Corps officer. Frank Guberlet, who happened to be fluent in French, both verbal and written, was tarrying in Saigon, “The Paris of French Indochina,” while pondering his next move. Guberlet captured the interest of Chennault & Willauer – and most probably the CIA's. Moreover, Guberlet's civilian status, his quiet intelligence and easy-going manner endeared him to all of us as we shared the challenges of Indochina. Those were the fun days when employees were encouraged to help CAT grow. Frank’s experience in Indochina suggested practical ways of delivering medicine, food and small items directly from American hands to Saigon’s refugee camps. Refugees from Communist North Vietnam didn't benefit from monetary donations. It disappeared in the hands of the directors, which they denied, but STEM's direct supply deliveries eased the situation.

About two weeks after the CIA purchased CAT, flight crews gathered in a hotel room in the Miramar Hotel in Hong Kong. There was less of a chance that it was bugged by Communists, because the hotel was operated by Portuguese Catholic Nuns. We were to be briefed by our new boss, Albert T. Cox of the CIA, and formerly the OSS in WW2. (The same Al Cox who had recently snatched back our USMC veteran, Reese Bradburn, held hostage by Chinese security guards at our Pearl River base – and was flown in by Chief Pilot Bob Rousselot, hemmed in-between low clouds and the river...)

High-security plans were limited to whomever flew a mission. Al Cox asked me to follow him to the hotel bathroom where he shut the door, lowered the toilet lid and sat on it, while I sat on the edge of the bathtub and listened. The agency, said Al, approved by Rousselot, was sending our German master mechanic and me to Saigon. Springweiler speaks fluent German and French, and he's to buddy around and see what he can learn, said Al. (A large number of Nazi Army officers, after the defeat of Germany, became French Army officers.) Earthquake Magoon commented, “CAT is the only airline that uses a bedroom for a conference and toilet for security...”

In a couple of days Max Springweiler and I got word to be prepared to fly to Saigon on Christmas morning (1950). I ordered a roast turkey with all the trimmings from U.S. Navy veteran cook, ‘Gingles,’ owner of our favorite Hong Kong bistro. Max and I enjoyed a great Christmas dinner enroute to our first stop, Hanoi, French Indochina.

Whitey Willauer joined us at the American Consulate in Hanoi. He told Max and me our C47 (DC3) had been assigned to the Embassy in Saigon. We

left the next day for Saigon where the plane would be used to fly Embassy people around during the daylight hours, and once in a while we'd have secret missions. The Embassy C47 was a handy means for the CIA to move around Asia without arousing curiosity. At night the workhorse C47 dropped propaganda leaflets, formatted like funny papers, and pushed out through the holes of typical DC3 windows. The "Kickers" were a number of American Embassy employees, from both high and low positions, who had goofed up in some way or other. This was their dog-house duty. I was fascinated by the private confessions over French wine, cheese and baguettes.

Whitey Willauer received a phone call. He came into my room and hollered, "I gotta go. Problem up in Taipei. Here are the keys to my car, use my room, and keep things going..." I now had a brand-new Citroen sedan to drive around Saigon and a penthouse hotel suite with a great view. It was typical of General Chennault and his brilliant partner, Whiting Willauer. These two founders of CAT/Air America would appoint us as The Man on the Spot when needed. We were authorized to make decisions, sealing the security with our autonomy. Since we were trusted we became trustworthy. We never let them down.