

FOR  
SACRIFICE &  
DEDICATION



# STORIES OF SACRIFICE AND DEDICATION: CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT, AIR AMERICA, AND THE CIA

National Museum of the United States Air Force at Wright-Patterson AFB

2 June 2011 • 5:30 pm to 9:00 pm

5:30pm – 5:35pm	WELCOME AND OPENING REMARKS Lt. Gen. (Ret) Jack Hudson Director, National Museum of the United States Air Force
5:35pm – 5:40pm	THE CIA'S HISTORICAL REVIEW PROGRAM: IMPROVING ACCESSIBILITY OF AGENCY DOCUMENTS Mr. Joe Lambert Director, Information Management Services, CIA
5:40pm – 6:10pm	KEYNOTE SPEAKER Hon. Craig Duehring Former Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Manpower and Reserve Affairs
6:10pm – 7:15pm	TEAMWORK AND SACRIFICE AT LIMA SITE 85 Dr. Tim Castle CIA Historian
7:15pm – 7:45pm	INTERMISSION
7:45pm – 7:50pm	INTRODUCTION TO <i>EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY</i> Dr. Nick Dujmovic CIA Historian
7:50pm – 8:50pm	<i>EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY</i> (CIA DOCUMENTARY FILM) Produced by CIA's Center for the Study of Intelligence
8:50pm – 8:55pm	REMARKS ON FILM Dr. Nick Dujmovic CIA Historian
8:55pm – 9:00pm	EXCHANGING OF COMMEMORATIVE AWARDS AND CLOSING REMARKS Mr. Joe Lambert Director, Information Management Services, CIA Lt. Gen. (Ret) Jack Hudson Director, National Museum of the United States Air Force

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The Historical Collections Division (HCD) of CIA's Information Management Services is responsible for executing the Agency's Historical Review Program. This program seeks to identify and declassify collections of documents that detail the Agency's analysis and activities relating to historically significant topics and events. HCD's goals include increasing the usability and accessibility of historical collections. HCD also develops release events and partnerships to highlight each collection and make it available to the broadest audience possible.

The mission of HCD is to:

- Promote an accurate, objective understanding of the information that has helped shape major US foreign policy decisions.
- Broaden access to lessons-learned, presenting historical material that gives greater understanding to the scope and context of past actions.
- Improve current decision-making and analysis by facilitating reflection on the impacts and effects arising from past foreign policy decisions.
- Showcase CIA's contributions to national security and provide the American public with valuable insight into the workings of its government.
- Demonstrate the CIA's commitment to the Open Government Initiative and its three core values: Transparency, Participation, and Collaboration.



The History Staff in the CIA Center for the Study of Intelligence fosters understanding of the Agency's history and its relationship to today's intelligence challenges by communicating instructive historical insights to the CIA workforce, other US Government agencies, and the public. CIA historians research topics on all aspects of Agency activities and disseminate their knowledge through publications, courses, briefings and Web-based products. They also work with other Intelligence Community historians on publication and education projects that highlight interagency approaches to intelligence issues. Lastly, the CIA History Staff conducts an ambitious program of oral history interviews that are invaluable for preserving institutional memories that are not captured in the documentary record.



The National Museum of the United States Air Force located at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio, is the service's national institution for preserving and presenting the Air Force story. Each year more than one million visitors come to the museum to learn about the mission, history and evolving capabilities of America's Air Force. The museum is the world's largest and oldest military aviation museum featuring more than 360 aerospace vehicles and missiles on display amid more than 17 acres of indoor exhibit space. Thousands of personal artifacts, photographs and documents further highlight the people and events that comprise the Air Force storyline, from the beginnings of military flight to today's war on terrorism.



The Special Collections Department is located on the third floor of the Eugene McDermott Library. The Library administration established the Special Collections Department in the mid-1970s to house rare books acquired by the library. In nearly thirty years Special Collections has grown to include the History of Aviation Collection, the Wineburgh Philatelic Research Library, and the Louise B. Belsterling Botanical Library.

The History of Aviation Collection is the largest section of the department, consisting of a world-class aeronautical archive and library. The Wineburgh Philatelic Research Library is an outstanding regional resource for both philatelic and postal history. The Louise B. Belsterling Library holds an extraordinary collection of rare botanical books, including the library's oldest volume.

## SYMPOSIUM OVERVIEW

### STORIES OF SACRIFICE AND DEDICATION: CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT, AIR AMERICA, AND THE CIA

On 2 June, 2011, the CIA, in partnership with the National Museum of the United States Air Force, will present a symposium recognizing the sacrifice and dedication of Civil Air Transport (CAT) and Air America (AAM). These CIA air proprietary companies routinely supplied and supported covert operations, provided search and rescue capabilities for the US military, and conducted photo reconnaissance in east and southeast Asia from the end of World War II through the Vietnam conflict. This event is being held to highlight the public release of about 900 recently declassified documents from CAT and AAM corporate files and CIA holdings spanning 1946 to 1978.

The event, scheduled from 5:30 pm to 9:00 pm, will be held at the National Museum of the United States Air Force at Wright-Patterson AFB just outside Dayton, OH. The Honorable Craig Duehring, retired Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, will serve as the keynote speaker. Mr. Duehring served as a USAF forward air controller in South Vietnam and Laos and will share his personal story of being rescued by Air America. Major General (ret) John Singlaub, one of CIA's original officers, will be a featured speaker. Gen. Singlaub, CIA's chief of operations for Asia after WWII, oversaw CAT missions throughout the area. The focus of the event will be two specific stories that exemplify the themes of sacrifice and dedication.

The first story, presented by CIA Historian Dr. Tim Castle, covers Lima Site 85, a covert radar installation in the mountains of Laos. On the evening of 10 March 1968 Site 85 was attacked by a rocket and mortar barrage. It was believed that the technicians and CIA personnel could be safely evacuated the next day. Unbeknownst to

the Americans, a Vietnamese sapper force had climbed the western face of the mountain and surrounded the USAF facility. At about 3AM the North Vietnamese began firing RPGs and AK-47s into the radar vans and living area. At the time of the attack there were 16 USAF technicians at Site 85. There were also two CIA paramilitary officers and one USAF forward air guide working at the Agency facility located near the helipad. This story recounts the personal heroism and sacrifice of those involved.

The second story, presented by CIA Historian Dr. Nick Dujmovic, covers a CIA mission utilizing CAT flight support to recover an agent inside Communist China. The mission was compromised, resulting in the shoot down of the flight, the death of the CAT pilots, Norm Schwartz and Bob Snoddy, and the capture of two CIA officers. The CIA Officers, John Downey and Richard Fecteau, were held prisoner for twenty years. The highlight of this story will be the public premiere of a film produced by the Center for the Study of Intelligence documenting their ordeal. The film focuses on Downey and Fecteau's dedication and underscores CIA's dedication in supporting the men and their families throughout this ordeal.

We anticipate that the symposium will be attended by 1,500 people including current and retired military, the Air America and CAT associations, the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, students from local universities, and the general public. We will be providing every attendee with a booklet and DVD containing the entire collection of declassified documents as well as the movie, additional video, photos, *Studies in Intelligence* articles and reflections from CAT and AAM personnel.

STORIES OF SACRIFICE & DEDICATION

# REMEMBRANCES OF SACRIFICE & DEDICATION



NORM SCHWARTZ, KUO, BOB ROUSSELOT,  
EARTHQUAKE MCGOVERN AND BOB SNODDY

IN FRONT OF THE PRINCESS HOTEL –  
START OF SEA SUPPLY. FEB. 1951

## IN GRATITUDE TO THE CREWS OF AIR AMERICA: A SPEECH TO AN AIR AMERICA SYMPOSIUM

*Craig W. Duehring*

The following was a speech Mr. Duehring delivered to participants, including many veterans of Air America service, in a symposium held at the University of Texas at Dallas on 18 April 2009.

As a presidential appointee, I usually speak from a position of having access to the latest policy, or at least I have the implied aura of representing a subject that I deal with every day. In layman's terms, the audience assumes that I know what I'm talking about. This audience is very different. Here I am speaking to a group of peers—of people who have assembled here because of their common experience during a unique period of American history. This period burst on the scene because of countless factors, now visible only through a close examination of history, which provided an opportunity for each person in this room. Like the Robert Frost poem, we faced a fork in the road and, for whatever reason, we chose our destiny. The consequences of this choice still evolve and, indeed, bring us together tonight.

So, what I thought I would do was give you a glimpse into what a Raven saw when he looked at the people who made up Air America. For you were certainly a major, major player in what we accomplished in the 6–7 years that the Raven program and its predecessor, the Butterfly program, was in existence.<sup>1</sup> As I think back to my time at Long Tieng, every picture includes a vision of an Air America aircraft.

My first tour out of pilot training was in the III Corps where I flew O-1 Bird Dogs for the 25th ARVN Division stationed in the farming village of Duc Hoa, about half way between Saigon and the Cambodian border. It was August of 1969 and, because of the ferocity of the fighting in that area during Tet of 1968, the area was rather peaceful with irregular actions, by the Viet Cong, mostly. We had some action but even being shot at was a cause for great discussion at the little army bar that was the venue of our nightly rendezvous. After several months, I learned of a program that involved flying somewhere outside of Vietnam and since I faced the double incentives of a boring war and a boss who I detested, I followed my ambition and applied for the "Steve Canyon" program, or "Project 404," which were the official titles of the Raven program. I waited for word to leave which, inexplicably, never came. In desperation, I flew to Bien Hoa to determine the cause of the delay. I was told that they had tried three times to reach me but, communications being what they were, I never received the message, and so they sent the number-two guy on the list. My only recourse was to extend for a second tour because the next opening wasn't projected to come up for several months. Imagine my surprise a few short days later when I received an urgent call to pack my bags and head to Udorn in early April 1970.

After "sanitizing" in the men's room of base ops, I met the guys at Detachment 1, near your own compound as I recall, and a day

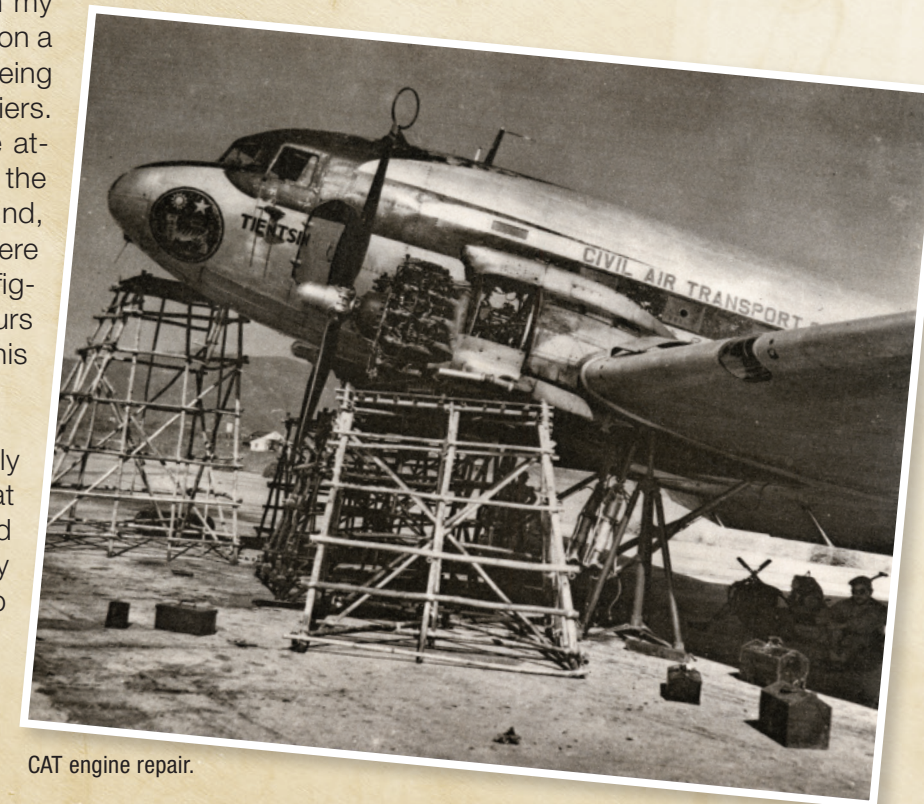
later flew to Vientiane. My new boss welcomed me with the news that I was to be assigned to Long Tieng to fly for Vang Pao and the Hmong people. I was thrilled. Action, at last! His second message was to tell me that the pilot who had preceded me there, Dick Elzinga, had disappeared along with the pilot he was to replace, Hank Allen, on his very first mission. To this date, their bodies have not been found. This was only one of many "silver bullets" that I dodged during the next 11 months at Long Tieng.

My first encounter of a group of Air America pilots was in the Purple Porpoise, run by the British owner and probable intelligence provider, Monty Banks. As I stepped through the circular door I was greeted with his famous call, "Shut the bleeding door." We joined a group of your folks, one of whom was celebrating his first \$100,000 with the company. I was extremely impressed but tried not to show it since he was buying.

Long Tieng under siege was a new experience for me. We flew hard. In fact, on my first day on the job, I directed airstrikes on a site northwest of Long Tieng that was being attacked by a large group of NVA soldiers. After putting in three sets of A-1s, the attack was broken off and, according to the Hmong forward air guide on the ground, an estimated 200 enemy soldiers were killed. In retrospect, I believe those figures are suspect but, after only 24 hours in country, it was enough to impress this young pilot, I assure you.

From that point on, our lives were totally intertwined with yours. We ate often at the Air America hostel where you could get the best fried rice ever made, party at the bar or, more importantly, brief up a hazardous resupply mission or even a search-and-rescue mission.

On one occasion, we had two F-4 aircrew members who had spent a very cold night on the PDJ [Plane of Jars]. We planned the next day's mission using two sets of Ravens. The first primary and backup took off in the dark to direct the search and rescue by the Jolly Greens from Udorn. Two more of us launched with Air America helicopters to provide an immediate rescue force for any aircraft that might get shot down that day. We did this because the Jolly Greens had a nasty habit of pulling off and regrouping whenever one of their aircraft was shot up. This way, if we were there, we could keep the big rescue team on task while we tidied up the loose ends. In addition, we wrapped up a rifle, ammunition, food, water, clothing, and radios in blankets and stuffed them in a Pilatus Porter. The idea was, in case we were unable to pick up the crew members by the end of the day, the Porter would fly at extremely low level out of the setting sun and kick the bundles out the door so that our guys could survive the night. It was a nasty battle but the Jolly Greens were successful.



CAT engine repair.

<sup>1</sup> The Ravens were US Air Force forward air controllers flying covert missions over Laos from air bases in the kingdom.

Of course, anyone who flew in that area knew that the primary rescue source was not the Air Force but Air America, simply because they were usually close by. All of us had your frequency set in our radios. When a plane went down, there was a call to Cricket and a call to Air America. Time and time again, you guys dashed into the unknown and saved American lives. After one rescue, this time of a Raven, the flight mechanic offered my friend a cigarette, only to have it refused. "I'm trying to quit" was the answer. At this point the flight mech laughed and said, "That's the funniest thing I've ever heard—a Raven quitting cigarettes—for his health."

There was more humor. One day I took off from Long Tieng in a T-28 and followed a C-123K on its way to Vientiane. I couldn't resist the urge to sneak up behind him and park off his left wing tip until he noticed me there with a noticeable jerk of the yoke. I laughed and pulled out ahead of him, feeling quite pleased with myself. A few minutes later I heard or, rather, felt something out of order. When I finally looked to my right, there he was—two props churning and the doors open on both J-85 pods. A flash of the trusty "bird" on his part brought about laughter in both cockpits, I'm sure.

In a more serious incident, my buddy, Chuck Engle and I were playing "highlow" looking for targets along Route 4 just west of Xien Kouang ville. In this silly game, one aircraft flies low and as fast as he can down a road while the other "flies cover" right behind him. All was well until Chuck took a load of AK-47 fire in the cockpit that shot out his side window. He claimed he could see the bullet pass in front of his face. Another round hit him just above the left ankle, passed completely through his leg and fell onto the floor. He recovered the bullet and had it mounted on a gold chain that he wore around his neck. Chuck pulled off while I shot a rocket in the direction of the

soldiers. Then we began the 30-minute flight back to Long Tieng. Of course, our first call was to an Air America helicopter that changed course to intercept us. In the meantime, I tried to keep Chuck conscious, as nausea and pain took over. The entire story is written in the book, *The Ravens*. Eventually, a Huey came into position and I dropped back. The helicopter stayed with Chuck through the landing at Long Tieng. I remember that Chuck, as he saw the aircraft drifting off the side of the runway, took his useless leg and jammed it onto the rudder pedal, causing the aircraft to cartwheel and come to a stop. The flight doc and others pulled him from the aircraft and rushed him onto a waiting Volpar that took him to the hospital at Udorn. In retrospect, the stupid part of that entire mission was "our" doing, while the common sense part was compliments of the Air America team.

I'll tell one last story and then wrap it up. But, in this case, I've saved the best for last. And in this case, the professionalism of the Air America pilots saved my life. You may recall that, during the rainy season, the weather could get nasty for days. Even you guys were forced to sit it out once in awhile. During those times, we would move from the breakfast table to the poker table for an all-day session of dealer's choice, nickel-dime poker. Even on a bad day, you wouldn't lose more than about \$25. By 9 or 10 in the morning, the beer lamp was lit with one of us staying sober just in case the weather broke. As it happened, it was my day to drink Coke and, sure enough, sometime in the afternoon, an A-1 descended through a hole over the PDJ and said the area was full of active targets. Cricket did his thing by launching the fleet and I headed to Vang Pao's house to pick up a backseater. We made it to the PDJ and learned that the weather had improved well enough to start popping bad guys. Does the term "sucker hole" conger up any nightmares? We normally planned

to get back to Long Tieng with at least one hour of fuel left, in case we had to divert. Well, Cricket kept laying on the fighters, and I stayed out a bit too long. It wasn't until I tried to make it home that I realized the weather had closed in behind me. I picked my way through mountain gaps that still appeared below the huge cloud banks now resting on the ridge lines. When the most direct route didn't work, I flew west to the lateral valley that formed a "V" with Long Tieng and Sam Tong in between, and attempted to come in what we called the "back door." That, too, was blocked, so I took advantage of the last opening I could find and popped out in the east-west valley that lies between Long Tieng and Sam Tong, just north of Skyline Ridge. The only sign of civilization was the winding dirt road that connected the two bases. I seriously considered crash landing on that road but decided against it because I knew that the wings would likely shear off and, as they pinched the fuselage, the flaps would come into the back seat and decapitate my backseater. So, I reemerged back into the valley west of Long Tieng and flew in circles with the clouds coming down on top of me, the fog filling in the valley below and daylight running out fast. I had 45 minutes of fuel and a one-hour flight to Vientiane, if I didn't hit a mountain on the climb out.

All the time this was going on, I was talking to the other Ravens in the Raven hootch. They said the rain was coming down mercilessly and that it was getting very dark. One of them volunteered to contact the Air America helicopter pilots to see if they could think of something. Shortly, I heard some chatter on the tower radio channel as three UH-1s cranked up on the ramp. Within minutes, they lifted off and flew in trail, slowly, out the "back door" to where I was orbiting in a space that kept getting smaller and smaller by the minute. "Hey, Raven" the first pilot called out, "I see you. Turn left...more...roll out. You are pointed

at the back door. The gap is right in front of you." "You're nuts," I replied, "I don't see a damn thing except clouds and mountain." "It's an optical illusion," he said, "the gap is filled with heavy rain." I drove my little airplane straight at the mountain wall with my heart in my throat and past the hovering helicopter as I entered the point of no return. At the last possible second I saw a shimmering "V" coming down out of the cloud bank, only a couple of hundred feet tall. "Turn right, roll out...you are on track." I hit the heavy rain with an audible splash. Hell, everything is audible in an O-1. It poured off the wind screen in a constant torrent, but I found that I could see the ground flashing by on both sides and below me. "I have him," said the second helicopter pilot, "turn left...roll out... slightly right...watch out for that karst." Karst was right! It rushed by me below my left tire, far too close to be comfortable. I passed the second helicopter. "I've lost him," he said. "I've got him," the third pilot said. I was getting vectors from three Air America helicopter pilots hovering in trail of each other, in the heavy rain and fog. "Turn right...roll out. There. You are on extended downwind. Good luck." They headed on their way back to Vientiane, by what route, I have no idea.

I saw the ridgeline falling away a bit to the right, and at that point, I crossed over the compound below. A couple of the other Ravens raced out as they heard my engine, but the rain was too heavy to see anything even though I was much lower than normal. I searched for the runway in the darkness and, miraculously, I saw a silver-blue ribbon to my front left side. It was the runway, totally covered in water, reflecting the last wisps of light that had forced their way through the clouds. Minutes later, all would be dark. I knew that, somewhere in front of me, another hillside loomed, and I needed to turn final just before I got there. I held on as long as I could then pulled the power back and established my best guess at a



The Airmen's Bond – Keith Woodcock

descending left turn to the opposite direction. As soon as I banked, the perspective changed and I lost sight of the runway. One potato, two potato, three potato, and I rolled out on heading. Again the runway appeared although somewhat shorter than I remembered. This was because I had turned early and positioned myself to land long. Never mind, the operative word was “land,” which I did, with the water spraying everywhere from my hydroplaning tires. Fortunately, the water was deep enough that it rapidly slowed me down so that I was able to turn off onto the Raven ramp.

I shut off the engine and sat there shaking. Finally, I climbed out of the airplane and just hung on to the strut while I contemplated how close to dying I had just been. My backseater bolted for VP’s house, while I searched for my jeep. I also took time to say a prayer of thanks to all those who helped me in my hour of need, especially those wonderful Air America pilots who came through—again.

When I departed Laos, I realized that I had served the longest tour at Long Tieng of any Raven—a record never broken. And, as I think back through a memory that is now getting a bit fuzzy here and there, certain images remain crystal clear—my fellow Ravens, the Hmong, VP, the mountains, the fear, the joy, and the bitter pain of loss. Always in the picture and in virtually every good war story I have, there appears a blue

and silver bird or, perhaps, simply a silver bird that, even 39 years later stands as a towering symbol of courage, sacrifice, caring, skill, and honor.

Why did we do it? Why did we forsake all that was comfortable and well known to us to travel to a faraway land to risk our lives for people who will never know our names? Was it for our country? Was it for the money? Was it the feeling of knowing that you are the best at your trade? Or, was it for the fleeting thrill of being young and invincible? Perhaps it was all these. Certainly no one outside of our fold will ever understand, so why try?

Many beautiful words have been written which capture the emotion of this time from Rudyard Kipling to Lt. Gen. Hal Moore of *We Were Soldiers* fame. But, my choice is the poem by Robert Frost that I mentioned at the beginning of this speech entitled “The Road Not Taken.” Let me close by reading the final stanza.

*I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.*

Thank you for allowing me to be a part of your program and, on behalf of my Raven friends, thank you for always being there—anytime, anywhere, professionally.

The declassified documents released in conjunction with the symposium are available at [www.foia.gov/airamerica.asp](http://www.foia.gov/airamerica.asp), among the special collections listed in the FOIA reading room of CIA’s public web site. (U)

## EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY: TWO CIA PRISONERS IN CHINA, 1952–73

*Nicholas Dujmovic*

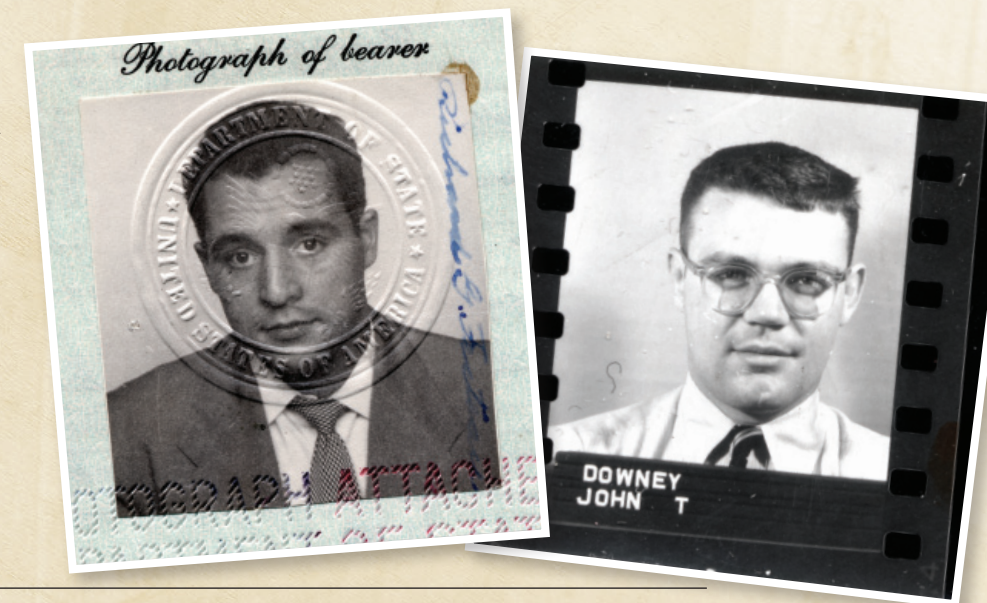
*This article draws extensively on operational files and other internal CIA records that of necessity remain classified. Because the true story of these two CIA officers is compelling and has been distorted in many public accounts, it is retold here in as much detail as possible, despite minimal source citations. Whenever possible, references to open sources are made in the footnotes.*

Beijing’s capture, imprisonment, and eventual release of CIA officers John T. Downey and Richard G. Fecteau is an amazing story that too few know about today. Shot down over Communist China on their first operational mission in 1952, these young men spent the next two decades imprisoned, often in solitary confinement, while their government officially denied they were CIA officers. Fecteau was released in 1971, Downey in 1973. They came home to an America vastly different from the place they had left, but both adjusted surprisingly well and continue to live full lives.

Even though Downey and Fecteau were welcomed back as heroes by the CIA family more than 30 years ago and their story has

been covered in open literature—albeit in short and generally flawed accounts—institutional memory regarding these brave officers has dimmed.<sup>1</sup> Their ordeal is not well known among today’s officers, judging by the surprise and wonder CIA historians encounter when relating it in internal lectures and training courses.

This story is important as a part of US intelligence history because it demonstrates the risks of operations (and the consequences of operational error), the qualities of character necessary to endure hardship, and the potential damage to reputations through the persistence of false stories about



<sup>1</sup> Downey’s and Fecteau’s CIA affiliation was revealed as early as 1957 by a disgruntled former USIA official and by early exposés of the Agency, such as David Wise and Thomas Ross, *The Invisible Government* (New York: Random House, 1964). Later brief treatments can be found in William Colby and Peter Forbath, *Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1978), in which former Director of Central Intelligence Colby identifies Downey and Fecteau as “CIA agents”; John Ranelagh, *The Agency: The Rise and Decline of the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986); William Leary, *Perilous Missions: Civil Air Transport and CIA Covert Operations in Asia* (University of Alabama Press, 1984); Norman Polmar and Thomas Allen, *The Encyclopedia of Espionage* (New York: Gramercy, 1997); Ted Gup, *The Book of Honor* (New York: Doubleday, 2000); and James Lilly, *China Hands* (New York: Public Affairs, 2004). The public also can learn of the case at the International Spy Museum in Washington, DC, and through the Internet’s *Wikipedia*.





Robert "Bob" Snoddy

past events. Above all, the saga of John Downey and Richard Fecteau is about remarkable faithfulness, shown not

only by the men who

were deprived of their freedom, but also by an Agency that never gave up hope. While it was through operational misjudgments that these two spent much of their adulthood in Chinese prisons, the Agency, at least in part, redeemed itself through its later care for the men from whom years had been stolen.

#### THE OPERATIONAL CONTEXT

John Downey and Richard Fecteau were youthful CIA paramilitary officers: Downey, born in Connecticut, had entered CIA in June 1951, after graduating from Yale; Fecteau, from Massachusetts, entered on duty a few months later, having graduated from Boston University. Both men had been varsity football players, and both were outgoing and engaging with noted senses of humor. They were on their first overseas assignment when the shoot-down occurred.

By late 1952, the Korean War had been going on for more than two years. Accounts often identify that war as the reason for the operation Downey and Fec-

teau were participating in. While largely true, the flight the men were on was part of operations that had antecedents in the US response to the communist takeover of China in 1949. In accordance with US policies, CIA took steps to exploit the potential for a Chinese "Third Force" by trying to link Chinese agents, trained by CIA, with alleged dissident generals on the mainland. This Third Force, while anti-communist, would be separate from the Nationalists, who were assessed to be largely discredited on the mainland.<sup>2</sup>

This Third Force project received new emphasis after the Communist Chinese intervened in the Korean War. At that point, the project aimed to divert Chinese resources from the war in Korea by promoting domestic anti-government guerrilla operations. This was to be accomplished by small teams of Chinese agents, generally inserted through airdrops, who were to link up with local guerrilla forces, collect intelligence and possibly engage in sabotage and psychological warfare, and report back by radio.<sup>3</sup> The operational model was the OSS experience in Europe during World War II, which assumed a cooperative captive population—a situation, as it turned out, that did not prevail in China.

By the time of Downey and Fecteau's involvement in the Third Force program, its record was short and inauspicious. Because of resource constraints, the training of Chinese agents at CIA facilities

<sup>2</sup> Declassified reference to Third Force covert operations is available in a National Security Council report on "Current Policies of the Government of the United States Relating to the National Security," 1 November 1952, reproduced in *Declassified Documents Reference System* (Farmington Hills, Michigan: Gale Group, 2006), document CK3100265583. A description of the Chinese Third Force program is also available in the cleared account by former CIA officer James Lilley, later US Ambassador to Beijing, *China Hands: Nine Decades of Adventure, Espionage, and Diplomacy in Asia* (New York: PublicAffairs, 2004), 78–83. Lilley describes the "three prongs" of CIA covert operations against the Chinese mainland at the time: the first was support of Nationalist efforts, the second was the Third Force program, and the third comprised unilateral operations. For a personal story of CIA's China operations in concert with the Nationalist Chinese, see Frank Holober, *Raiders of the China Coast: CIA Covert Operations during the Korean War* (Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1999).

<sup>3</sup> Lilly, *ibid.*

in Asia was delayed, and the first Third Force team to be airdropped did not deploy until April 1952. This four-man team parachuted into southern China and was never heard from again.

The second Third Force team comprised five ethnic Chinese dropped into the Jilin region of Manchuria in mid-July 1952. Downey was well known to the Chinese operatives on this team because he had trained them. The team quickly established radio contact with Downey's CIA unit outside of China and was resupplied by air in August and October. A sixth team member, intended as a courier between the team and the controlling CIA unit, was dropped in September. In early November, the team reported contact with a local dissident leader and said it had obtained needed operational documents such as official credentials. They requested air-exfiltration of the courier, a method he had trained for but that the CIA had never attempted operationally.

At that time, the technique for aerial pickup involved flying an aircraft at low altitude and hooking a line elevated between two poles. The line was connected to a harness in which the agent was strapped. Once airborne, the man was to be winched into the aircraft. This technique required specialized training, both for the pilots of the aircraft, provided by the CIA's proprietary Civil Air Transport (CAT), and for the two men who would operate the winch. Pilots Norman Schwartz and Robert Snoddy had trained in the aerial pickup technique during the fall of 1952 and were willing to undertake the mission. On 20 November, Downey's CIA unit radioed

back to the team: "Will air snatch approximately 2400 hours" on 29 November.<sup>4</sup>

The question of who would operate the winch, however, was still unresolved. Originally, Chinese crewmen were to be used, but Downey's unit chief decided that time was too short to fully train them. Instead, two CAT personnel trained in the procedure were identified for the pickup flight, but the CIA unit chief pulled them four days before the mission because they lacked the requisite clearances. Downey, who had been at the unit for about a year, and Fecteau, who had arrived in the first week of November, were directed to fill the breach. They were hurriedly trained in the procedure during the week of 24 November.

Late on 29 November, Downey and Fecteau boarded Schwartz and Snoddy's olive drab C-47 on an airfield on the Korean peninsula and took off for the rendezvous point in Chinese Communist Manchuria, some 400 miles away. It was a quiet, uneventful flight of less than three hours. The moon was nearly full and visibility was excellent. At one point, Fecteau opened a survival kit and noted that the .32-caliber pistol therein had no ammunition—joking about that was the only conversation the men had on the flight.



Norman A. Schwartz

<sup>4</sup> For details on the pickup system, see William Leary, "Robert Fulton's Skyhook and Operation Coldfeet," *Studies in Intelligence* 38, no. 1 (Spring 1994), 67–68. The aircraft pickup system in use in 1952 was not, as is sometimes asserted, the Skyhook system developed in the late 1950s by Robert Fulton but was rather a more rudimentary arrangement known as the "All American" system that the Army Air Force had modified during World War II from a system to pick up mail bags.

### MISSION GONE AWRY

The C-47, with its CAT pilots and CIA crew, was heading for a trap. The agent team, unbeknownst to the men on the flight, had been captured by Communist Chinese security forces and had been turned.<sup>5</sup> The request for exfiltration was a ruse, and the promised documentation and purported contact with a local dissident leader were merely bait. The team members almost certainly had told Chinese authorities everything they knew about the operation and about the CIA men and facilities associated with it. From the way the ambush was conducted, it was clear that the Chinese Communists knew exactly what to expect when the C-47 arrived at the pickup point.<sup>6</sup>

Reaching the designated area around midnight, the aircraft received the proper recognition signal from the ground.<sup>7</sup> Downey and Fecteau pushed out supplies for the agent team—food and equipment needed for the aerial pickup. Then Schwartz and Snoddy flew the aircraft away from the area to allow the team time to set up the poles and line for the “snatch.” Returning about 45 minutes later and receiving a ready signal, the C-47 flew a dry run by the pickup point, which served both to orient the pilots and to alert the man being exfiltrated that the next pass would be for him. Copilot Snod-

dy came back momentarily to the rear of the aircraft to make sure Downey and Fecteau were ready. On the moonlit landscape, four or five people could be seen on the ground. One man was in the pickup harness, facing the path of the aircraft.

As the C-47 came in low for the pickup, flying nearly at its stall speed of around 60 knots, white sheets that had been camouflaging two anti-aircraft guns on the snowy terrain flew off and gunfire erupted at the very moment the pickup was to have been made. The guns, straddling the flight path, began a murderous crossfire. At this point, a crowd of men emerged from the woods.<sup>8</sup> Whether by reflex or purposefully, the pilots directed the aircraft’s nose up, preventing an immediate crash; however, the engines cut out and the aircraft glided to a controlled



Unmarked C-47.

<sup>5</sup> CIA's Far East Division later assessed that the Chinese agent team probably had been caught and doubled immediately after its insertion in July.

<sup>6</sup> See Fecteau's reminiscences as told to Glenn Rifkin, "My Nineteen Years in a Chinese Prison," *Yankee Magazine*, November 1982.

<sup>7</sup> Twenty years later, after his return, Fecteau remembered the recognition signal as a flashlight signal; Downey thought it comprised three bonfires. Both were used.



Mandarin jet take-off.

crash among some trees, breaking in two with the nose in the air.

Downey and Fecteau had been secured to the aircraft with harnesses to keep them from falling out during the winching. On impact, both slid along the floor of the aircraft, cushioned somewhat by their heavy winter clothing. Fecteau's harness broke, causing him to crash into the bulkhead separating the main body of the aircraft from the cockpit, which, he later said, gave him a bump on his head "you could hang your coat on."

Other than suffering bruises and being shaken up, Downey and Fecteau were extremely fortunate in being unhurt. The Chinese apparently had targeted the cockpit, with gunfire passing through the floor in the forward part of the aircraft but stopping short of where Downey and Fecteau had been stationed, although one bullet singed Downey's cheek. Meanwhile, tracer bullets had ignited the fuel. Both men tried to get to the cockpit to check

on the pilots, who were not answering Downey's shouts, but their part of the aircraft was burning fiercely and the two had to move away. Whether due to gunfire, the impact, or the fire, the pilots died at the scene.<sup>9</sup> Fecteau later remembered standing outside the aircraft with Downey, both stunned but conscious, telling each other that they were "in a hell

of a mess." The Chinese security forces descended on them, "whooping and hollering," and they gave themselves up to the inevitable.

### ASSESSING FIELD RESPONSIBILITY

Over the years, various explanations arose within CIA to explain Downey and Fecteau's participation in the ill-fated mission. It seemed incredible to operations officers that two CIA employees, familiar with operations, locations, and personnel, would be sent on a mission that exposed them to possible capture by the Chinese Communists. One of the most persistent myths was that the two must have been joyriding because their participation was, it was thought, a violation of the rules...

This article continued in full on the included DVD and at the following web address: <https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/csi-publications/csi-studies/studies/vol50no4/two-cia-prisoners-in-china-1952201373.html>

<sup>8</sup> Beijing recently published a highly fanciful, heroically written version of events that night, which claims the Chinese awaited the CIA aircraft with 37 guns—half of them machine guns, the rest antiaircraft cannon—along with 400 armed security forces, all of which fired at the plane! The account also asserts erroneously that Downey and Fecteau came out firing small arms before surrendering. See "The Wipe-Out of the American Spies in An Tu County," in *Documentary On the Support to Resist the U.S. and Aid Korea*, (Beijing: China Literary History Publishing House, 2000).

<sup>9</sup> After years of negotiations, the Chinese government in 2002 finally allowed a US Defense Department excavation team into the area, where they discovered fragments of the aircraft. In June 2004, the team found bone and tooth fragments, which later were identified as Robert Snoddy's. To date, no remains of Schwartz have been identified.

## DCI PRESENTS DIRECTOR'S MEDALS REMARKS OF THE DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE GEORGE J. TENET ON PRESENTATION OF THE DIRECTOR'S MEDAL TO JOHN T. "JACK" DOWNEY AND RICHARD G. FECTEAU

June 25, 1998

*On June 25, Director of Intelligence (DCI) George Tenet presented the Director's Medal to Judge John T. "Jack" Downey and Richard G. Fecteau. Downey and Fecteau were captured by the Chinese in 1952 while conducting agent resupply and pick-up operations as part of our war effort in Korea. This was their first overseas assignment. In 1954, China sentenced Fecteau to 20 years and Downey to life imprisonment. Late in 1971, nearly 20 years later, China released Fecteau and in March 1973 released Downey. Following their release they returned to work for the Agency and later retired.*

*Below are DCI Tenet's remarks on the occasion of the medal presentation.*

I know that I speak for everyone in this room, and everyone in this Agency, when I say, welcome home, Jack Downey and Dick Fecteau—two great heroes of the CIA! Welcome back to the CIA!

You have never left our thoughts—not during your long years of imprisonment, and not during the decades following your retirement from the Agency. We are forever proud that you are our colleagues. You have been an inspiration to the intelligence officers who served with you, and to the generations who followed you.

Your story, simply put, is one of the most remarkable in the 50-year history of the Central Intelligence Agency.

It is the story of a daring flight over Manchuria during the Korean War. The mission: to swoop down and snatch out our imperiled agent. It is the story of an ambush—of a crash landing—and of capture. Of being declared missing and presumed dead, only to reappear very much alive two years later for a Red Chinese "show trial", where Dick was sentenced to twenty years and Jack received a life sentence.

Even more remarkable is the story of how these brave men endured decades of imprisonment, regained their freedom, and went on to live full and active lives, marked by service to their communities and their country.

Shortly after his return to the United States, Jack told his debriefer: "you come out of captivity basically about the same as you go in." Jack Downey and Dick Fecteau went in as young men—Jack was all of 22; Dick was 25. What they took in with them was the character and the values that they learned from their parents—integrity and honor and commitment to country.

Jack and Dick, I know that your parents are in your hearts and thoughts today, as they are in ours. The medals we present to you today in honor of your unmatched service to our country are given also in honor of your extraordinary parents.

Jack's widowed mother Mary Downey waged a fierce behind-the-scenes struggle for her son's release until her health gave out. Ironically, it was her stroke that became the basis for his eventual release. Mrs. Downey personally petitioned four Presidents beginning with Eisenhower, successive Secretaries of State, Senators, Congressmen, the Catholic Church, and the United Nations. Nobody who met the indomitable Mary Downey will ever forget her.

Phil and Jessie Fecteau—decent, down-to-earth people with an abiding devotion to this country—believed deeply that what their boy was doing was important to US security and that they must do nothing to jeopardize that. Throughout nineteen cruel years of waiting, they put unquestioning faith in their government—in this Agency in particular. I pray that they never felt that their faith was misplaced.

There is no adequate way to describe the uncommon grace and fortitude with which the Downey and Fecteau families bore their burdens of grief. And to that awful weight of worry was the added burden of silence. Thank God, Mary Downey and Phil Fecteau went to their rest in peace, knowing that their sons were free.

Just imagine what it was like to hear that your son was missing and presumed dead, only to learn years later that he is imprisoned in Red China.

Imagine what it was like to have your hopes for his release raised and dashed and raised again.

Imagine what it was like Christmas after Christmas knowing that your son was spending it alone in a cold cell.

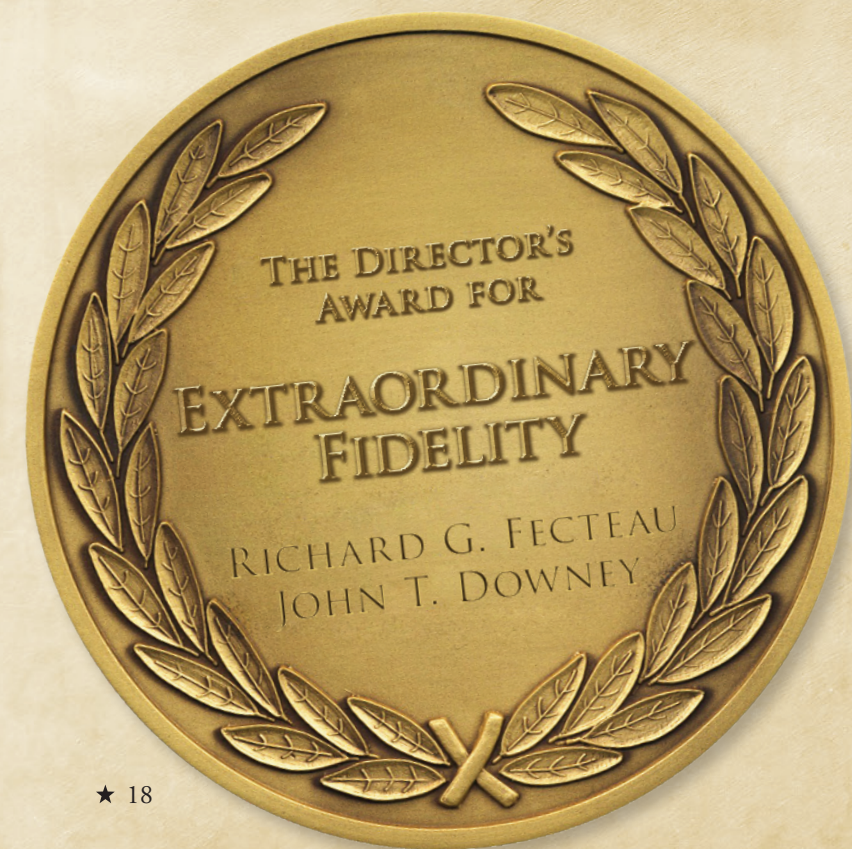
Imagine a mother assembling care packages, lovingly filling the cartons with cookies and warm socks and issues of Sports Illustrated, not knowing when, or even if, they'd be delivered.

Imagine turning over and over in your mind all the political and personal considerations, then deciding to make the long journey to China for a prison visit. And all the while you knew that your time with your son would be agonizingly brief, that you wouldn't be able to have a private conversation, and that when you left, you might never see him again.

We cannot imagine. We can only stand in admiration of such courage [DCI leads standing ovation for the parents.]

I know that Dick and Jack feel deeply blessed to have had such wonderful parents, and to have such wonderful families. Dick's wife Peg regrettably couldn't be with us today, due to a very sore back. And, Dick's mother, Jessie, also is unable to be with us to share today's honor with her son, but we send them both our warmest good wishes and know they are with us in spirit. Twin daughters Sidnice and Suzon are here. The girls were three years-old when their father was captured.

Jack's wife Audrey is here. Audrey's and Jack's marriage is a wonderful, life-affirm-



ing story in itself. Jack met Audrey Lee when he went back to New Haven after his release to visit Yale, his alma mater. Audrey is a naturalized American citizen who was born in China, coincidentally ten miles from the place where Jack was shot down. Their son, John Lee Downey, starts Wesleyan University this Fall. We also welcome Jack's brother Bill, who worked tirelessly for his release, together with Bill's wife Jean.

It is wonderful to have multiple generations of the Fecteau and Downey families here today. I'm sure that there isn't a day that goes by that Dick and Jack aren't grateful to be surrounded by your love. I salute you all.

But beyond your immediate families, we would like to think that you also feel that you have another family—your extended Agency family. There are folks here today who kept in touch with your loved ones and managed your personal affairs all those years. I know that they saw it not as a duty, but as a sacred trust.

We also have here today a large representation of officers from our China desk in the DO. You are true legends to them.

And there is a contingent of fellow officers, many of whom you haven't seen since your training courses in the early 1950's, who are thrilled to join you today. As your former colleagues will attest, training camp is a bonding experience, and I know you've been swapping stories as you would at any reunion. I understand, Jack, that when they evaluated you at the end of your training, you got a pretty low grade in, of all things: "Survival"!!!

And Dick, although your evaluators thought your great sense of humor was an asset to morale, they were concerned about your lighter side and thought that, for your own good, you should "be more serious." Like Jack's survival marks, the graders got this one wrong too. The following is classic Fecteau.

Shortly after Dick and Jack were captured, they were separated, and spent two years in solitary confinement, much of the time under interrogation and in chains. But Dick's sense of humor never left him.

On the day of their "show trial" in 1954—remember Dick and Jack had not seen one another for two years—Dick is marched into the courtroom through a battery of lights and cameras. Jack is already standing in the dock. For propaganda effect, Jack has been outfitted in a new, black padded suit, clothes, shoes, and a beanie hat. Dick sees that Jack is looking rather down and figures he needs cheering up. They order Dick to go stand next to Jack. He walks over to Jack and whispers: "Who's your tailor?!"

Until Dick's release in 1971, and Jack's in 1973, the two men were listed in our personnel files as serving on "Special Detail Foreign" at "Official Station Undetermined." And serve they did. Not in the ordinary way, of course—but in a most extraordinary way. How did they

serve? By keeping their faith in our country, and by being faithful to it no matter what.

When Dick was debriefed upon his release, he said he never lost his sense of Agency affiliation. He said that he felt he was engaged in a struggle between the Agency and the Security Bureau in Peking. He said that his country was much more than an abstraction to him. When his jailers kept trying to drum it into him that the US was an imperialist country, and that Americans were the scum of the earth, he said he "resented the crap out of it" and "sort of took it upon my shoulders as a representative of my country and my people" to be the opposite of how they portrayed us.

One of the many things we all admire about you is that neither of you have let your experiences make you bitter. When a reporter asked Jack how he'd describe the 20 years he spent in prison, he answered: "They were a crashing bore!" "I won't dwell upon the past because I'm too preoccupied with the present and the future." Since their release, both Dick and Jack have made every day count.

Just imagine being taken right from a Red Chinese jail and finding yourself back home in the United States after a twenty-year absence. Dick and Jack remarked about the rush of colors, the variety and number of cars, the radical change in fashions—it was the seventies after all.

But both men saw more than the superficials. Dick took great joy in the simple pleasures of freedom that all of us take for granted: he told his debriefer: "to me, just to get up and make a nice breakfast and take a shower is beautiful, it makes my day." Jack observed changes in American society—rural Connecticut being overrun with housing developments and suburbia, the positive effects of the civil rights movement.

Dick elected to retire from the CIA in the mid-1970s, after over 25 years of service. He had to be convinced to stay that long. In Dick's words: "I did not want them to make work for me. It would embarrass the life out of me." As if he hadn't done enough for this Agency and this country already! Dick later joined the staff of his alma mater, Boston University, and became Assistant Director of Athletics. He retired from the university in 1989.

Jack also opted for retirement. When he was offered the opportunity to stay, he quipped: "You know I just don't think I am cut out for that kind of work!" After leaving the Agency, at age 43, Jack enrolled in Harvard Law School. He practiced law privately for a number of years, was appointed by the Governor of Connecticut to a number of public service positions, and even started a run for Senator of Connecticut. (Jack calls it his other crash!) In 1987, Jack became a Judge, like his father before him.

Both of these great men refuse to consider themselves heroes. They are not the sort. Their parents and their New England upbringing have a lot to do with that. When Mary Downey was reunited with her beloved Jack in her hospital room, she wagged her finger at him and said: "You're a celebrity now—don't let it go to your head!"

Jack was not about to let himself, as he put it: "be one of those guys who goes through life making a career out of being a CIA agent who was imprisoned in China." And the most Dick will say on that subject is that he supposes that he "did the best he could under the circumstances."

Dick and Jack, you can be as modest as you like. But we cannot see it that way. What you did—the way you did it—is a proud part of our history that we will never forget.



Above: Mandarin Jet.  
Below: Damage to a C-119.

You demonstrated one kind of heroism when you signed on to that perilous mission in wartime and crash-landed and survived and endured those early interrogations.

You demonstrated heroism of a whole other magnitude during those dark decades of captivity that followed. In those endless years, heroism meant getting through another day, and then another, and then another, with your dignity, and your humanity, and your will, and your wit, and your honor, and your hope intact.

Both men would argue that others in this room would have done what they did under the same circumstances. Maybe. We'd all like to think we would. But the fact is, it wasn't somebody else in that prison. It was you. It fell to the two of you to do a hard, hard thing. And you did it. For two decades. Magnificently. Gallantly. With extreme valor.

When they came in 1971 to tell Dick he was being freed, his first question was: "What about Jack Downey?" And after his return home, when Dick was offered piles of money to tell his story, he refused the offers—despite his family's modest means—for fear that publicity would harm Jack's chances of freedom.

Two years after Dick's release, Jack's day of freedom finally arrived. Jack has described his reaction as thinking to himself: "Well, Christ, it's about time."

In this—our 50th anniversary year—it is also about time that you and Dick received the small tribute we confer today by presenting you with the Director's Medal. I do this on behalf of all my predecessors because all of us know that at the end of the day men like the two of you—with wonderful families

behind them—have sacrificed everything with grace and courage and in absolute anonymity to serve this agency and our country. We have been truly blessed to call you our colleagues and friends.

The words inscribed on the back of the medal are simple, yet direct—Extraordinary Fidelity and Essential Service. Better words were never written or spoken to describe Jack Downey and Dick Fecteau.

We will always be grateful to you and to your extraordinary families for all that you did for our country.

I would now invite you both to come forward for the presentation of the medals. I would also ask Ben DeFelice, the man who knows better than anyone in this Agency what you and your families went through, and who so caringly handled your affairs during your long captivity, to read the citation.



Left: Richard Fecteau.  
Right: Jack Downey.

## THE PEOPLE OF THE CIA... JOHN DOWNEY & RICHARD FECTEAU

On March 12, 1973, CIA officer John Downey walked across the Lo-Wu Bridge from the People's Republic of China into the then-British Crown colony of Hong Kong. He was a free man after more than two decades of imprisonment.

Communist Chinese forces captured Downey and fellow CIA paramilitary officer Richard Fecteau when their plane was shot down in Manchuria in November 1952. Both men were riding in a C-47 operated by a CIA proprietary airline, Civil Air Transport, on an operation to retrieve an agent. The team planned to extract the agent with a device that involved a hook snagging a line between two upright poles on the ground. The agent was connected to the line by a harness. Once the hook caught the line, and the agent was jerked off the ground, Downey and Fecteau were to winch the man into the aircraft.

The Civil Air Transport plane, however, flew into a trap. The Chinese agent team on the ground, trained by Downey, had been caught and turned by the Communist Chinese. Antiaircraft fire downed the plane, killing its pilot and co-pilot, Norman Schwartz and Robert Snoddy. Downey and Fecteau survived.

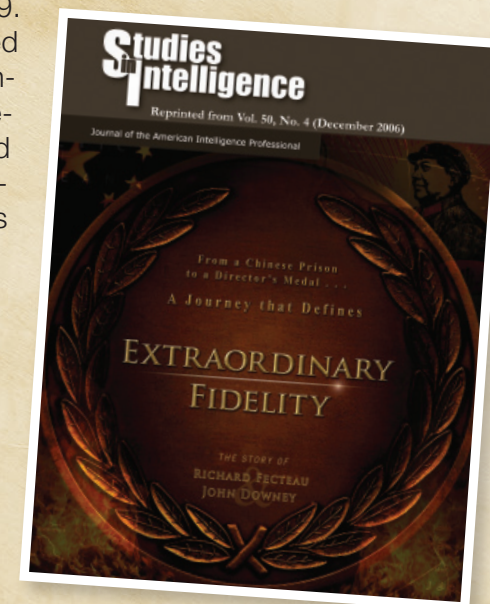
Presuming there were no survivors, the U.S. government was surprised when Beijing announced Downey's life sentence for espionage; Fecteau received 20 years. The announcement came in 1954, two years after the Civil Air Transport plane was shot down. After harsh interrogations, both men faced dismal conditions for most of their incarceration. But they learned to cope

through patience, faith in eventual release, humor, and exercise.

The lack of official relations—and Washington's continued insistence that the men were Department of the Army civilians and not CIA employees—ensured stalemate on the men's fate. Throughout their imprisonment, Fecteau and Downey received their CIA pay and benefits in escrow, as well as periodic promotions. The CIA invested their savings and assisted their families.

When negotiations commenced in 1971, leading to President Richard M. Nixon's opening of China, Fecteau was released. Soon after Nixon publicly admitted Downey's CIA affiliation, his life sentence was commuted and he was released.

Fecteau and Downey have focused their lives on the future, not dwelling on the past. Fecteau returned to his alma mater, Boston University, as assistant athletic director; he retired in 1989. Downey returned home to Connecticut and became a respected judge; a New Haven courthouse is named for him.



## A HUNTING WE DID GO

by

FELIX SMITH

"Let's get out of here", cried Schwartz, "I can't stand it any longer!—Wild boar hunting with knives, tickling trout, hunting rabbits without guns, and now it's wild horses!" We stalked out of the uproarious saloon, shaking our heads in amazement.

You too will be amazed when you find out what can transpire in a New Zealand pub, for I can no longer repress the distorted sense of responsibility to posterity that keeps nudging me to record these astounding truths, even in the face of being branded a paranoid liar.

"How does this sports idea tie in with an ordinary drinking establishment?", the un-announced may ask, but friend, the inside of a New Zealand pub is as "ordinary" as the revolt of the Irish Republican Army. And rather than being tagged a pointless "establishment", it should be more aptly referred to as a seething sports arena filled with rowdy choruses of shouts and wierd tales, and strange performances.

The rugged New Zealanders, noted for their tough football teams, make just as rough and carefully regulated a game out of drinking beer, with rules well defined as the Marquis of Queensbury's, and the police as active participants rather than just referees or peacemakers.



Capt. Norman Swartz for which wild boar hunting with knives, tickling trout and hunting rabbits sans guns was a strange and wonderful experience.

石瓦 露 上 尉

Just in case you still doubt the acceptability of this "sports" classification, let me begin with a rough resume of the rules. We'll start out with the exciting part, half-time, six P.M., the time that pubs legally close: cheer-leader-like, the publican strolls through, calling, "Time gentlemen, time please, gentlemen", which seems to be the signal for all participants to drain their glasses and saunter innocently out while the bartender pulls the curtains and makes a great show of locking the door. But this is only the beginning. The team mates either

check in with the wife for dinner, or merely stroll round the block, return to the pub, and give a coded signal on the door bell. The door opens a crack, recognition occurs, the player slips in and orders another pint. The atmosphere eventually becomes very cheery and although the constable on the beat can see light leaking past the curtain or hear loud bellows of "Fill 'er up again mate", or, "This is my shout, clobber!", said opposition cannot charge in and trap all hands in such an uncouth manner. He must press the door bell first. An officer of the law isn't allowed to use subterfuge, and such unsportsmanlike trickery of imitating the coded ring would immediately disqualify him. The policeman must give a long honest ring, at which alarm all hands abandon bar like rats leaving a sinking ship. The alert publican will have a predetermined refuge, one of the most ingenious being the hotel dining room where all drinkers perch quietly as if ordering dinner. Any bona-fide demands for food, however, would be greeted with extreme horror by independent waitresses, who by this time have the tables cleaned and set for breakfast. So the players just sit quietly as if waiting for their various orders until the constable makes his routine check and departs.

As in all sports, there'd be no excitement if the same side always won, so occasionally a few, not fleet of foot are caught red handed against the bar and the next step is for the constable to determine whether or not the suspect is registered at the pub's accompanying hotel. Publicans must have rooms to let before being granted a drinking license, and residents are allowed to drink after hours on the premise that is, temporarily, their home. But if the cornered drinker is not living at the pub, he's in a tough spot. The policeman asks each what room he's in, and great shouts of numbers ring out, and in this way somewhat resembles Bingo. If the drinker duplicates someone else's room number, or says he's living in a fourth floor room when he forgets he is in a two-story building, the jig is up and off he goes for a two-pound fine with the additional humiliation of having his name published in the newspaper as having been caught after hours in a pub. The publican also receives a heavy fine, and if penalized too often, is disqualified and loses his license. So you can see, it's no child's play.

After competition has stretched over a more or less strenuous period of days, a sort of time-out session is observed, the accepted method being to post a look-out at the door. At the appearance of the gumshoe the alarm is sounded, lights are extinguished, noise stops, and the constable strolls past the lonely lookout in the doorway of an establishment that to outward appearances is as quiet as

a dead engine and darker than inside a derby hat. He nods to the solitary figure and strolls on. The all-clear is sounded, the pub explodes into light and merriment, and the drinkers lift their mugs to compliment one another on their fraud. The policeman knows every look-out in town, but the psychology behind it is this: If the policeman sees the look-out, he knows the law is being respected—yes, feared. But let anyone foolishly flout it by assuming no look-out is needed, and brrring goes the doorbell, and it's catch as catch can.

We occasionally hear that American athletes abroad who try rugby football and cricket don't readily take to the British type of sports, but one exception was Pinky, our navigator, of whom we were extremely proud. Pinky learned to excel at his new game, but he did learn the hard way. He was quietly minding his own beer one night at the Grovenor Pub when the shocking cry of "POLICE!" rang out. With split-second reaction that might have been tempered by experience in other raids in his life, Pinky's reflexes had him out the door and half way down the street before a good samaritan could grab him and explain that since Pinky was living at the Grovenor, he had every right to drink there after six p.m., police or no police and he shouldn't have let his beer go flat. Pinky's face sagged into a look of a left-fielder who dropped a fly on the last out of a bases-loaded baseball game, but experience is an able teacher and soon Pinky was rubbing elbows with New Zealand's best.

A New Zealand pub has a comfortable social atmosphere, like a rich man's club. It is here that the philosophers hang out, here that world problems are discussed and experiences exchanged. With Pinky, matching them story for story, meeting their every slang word with an equivalent American expression, Pinky became our ambassador without portfolio.

Norm Schwartz and I invaded Pinky's domain one night purely for academic purposes, and as Pinky led us into the fabulous Barry's, one of the finest pubs in New Zealand, great shouts of "Why there's Pinky, the old clout! Hi there, Pinky, step up and have one! Bring your cobbles with you! The whole pub became alive when Pinky strolled in, but instead of gripping hands overhead, boxer-like, he merely gave out a sly grin, drifted to the bar, and fitted up to it like he was built in. Pinky didn't talk very loud, but whatever he had to say, all hands gathered round to listen in awe for they had met their match, story for story. While the rest of us had been acquiring New Zealand expressions such as "Fair dinkum, mate", "Too right", or "Right, right as rain", Pinky had unconsciously influenced his fellow drinkers into using the standard American colloquialisms plus a few of his own quaint inventions. "That's true", one of the New Zealanders would assert after a particularly amazing story, "And", he would add in deference to his

coach, "If it ain't so I'll bite your calf till you bark like a fox", and meanwhile glancing sideways at Pinky for approval, hoping he had used the expression in the approved manner.

Norm and I looked down the bar at a tall rangy man whose face held the rugged look of the out-of-doors. This man was quietly surveying the scene with a faint smile and a strong scotch and soda. He was Larry Rainey, a great hunter, who later took the pilots hunting and became one of our firmest friends. Other hunters gathered round him to exchange blood-curdling stories of hunting wild boar, armed only with knives, and of the dog who would courageously hold the boar by his jowls while the hunter stepped in for the kill, and stories of "tickling" trout, reaching under a bank and stroking trout as if making friends and then the sudden betrayal of jamming fingers into the gills and flicking him onto the bank. One of the hunters pointed down the bar and said, "And there's a man who goes hunting without a gun, or a knife!" We looked down this speaker's shoulder and past his finger and saw a ragged old character with bowed pants and a thousand-year old hat jammed on his head, and I remarked, "Why he looks like an old Tennessee hillbilly."

"He'd have one of your hillbillies done in nothing flat", bragged Bill Barry from behind the bar. "That man you are looking at is the greatest poacher in the world."

"And what's more, he's never been caught", exclaimed another, almost in reverence.

"He's been caught all right, but never convicted", corrected another.

"That's because he's such an accomplished liar" jeered someone. The Greatest Poacher In The World viewed his critics with haughty disdain and we sidled down the bar to establish contact, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Well, here's what I was huntin' today, he said casually, pulling a live rabbit from inside his coat. "Caught twenty-five of them without firing a shot. Caught them all with this", he added, reaching in his coat again and extricating a live ferret, a weasel-looking pet that peered nervously around the bar. "Here's his mate", the old poacher added, reaching in and pulling out another. It was like a magic show. An amazed drunk staggered up, pulled up a beer and fell down.

"Let him on the floor", he bellowed, "Let's see if he's tame", whereupon The Greatest Poacher In The World put one of his ferrets on the floor. The ferret ran over to the cuspidor, peered into it like a rabbit hole and promptly keeled over beside his drunken admirer. Before he could reach over to pick him up Barry shouted.

"There's a chicken loose from Mrs. McGrath's yard", and like a streak of lightning, out charged the hillbilly, in the meantime extracting a dirty cloth sack from his magic coat. "He never goes anywhere without that sack", explained Barry.

"Always ready for anything", said another. When he returned, chicken in the bag, the drinkers had the ferret revived, and The Greatest Poacher In The World tucked him in his sweater where he promptly keeled over again.

"Give him air", someone advised. So out the back door he went, with Norm and me close on his heels, not wanting to miss the show. We were so full of admiration for a man so adept at his chosen profession that it must have shown on our faces because The Greatest Poacher In The World favored us with special attention.

"See?" he explained, holding his pet ferret up to one of his rabbits, "This'll liven him up a bit." The ferret snatched at the rabbit's throat with needle-like teeth and hung on, shaking furiously. "They'll never let go once they got a hold on him", he explained. "The rabbit knows this and comes running out of his hole when I poke my ferret down



Felix Smith is probably the only man who ever had to have a registered nurse (Cynthia Chen) extract a splinter which he acquired eating with wooden chop sticks.  
唯一的史密斯隊長被護士長陳香蓮女士依法泡製

it. Then I spread this net over the hole and catch the rabbit as he comes out", he said, demonstrating with a wide swipe. "And it doesn't cost a cent. Friend of mine makes these nets out of store string. Besides", he winks, "You may be on someone else's property where you're not wanted this doesn't make any noise". He again demonstrated by pushing his huge fist into the net and silently drawing it shut. "There's people round here that best not know your business", he whispered, glancing suspiciously at the pub. "May try to cut into your game, you know". We were proud of his confidence, proud that we had established a firm friendship and were sorry to see him leave, but The Greatest Poacher In The World had more rabbits to sell. "And rabbits aren't all there is to hunt around here", he said, "There's ducks all over the place but the best time to hunt them is out of

season", was his parting advice. "Only a damn fool would hunt them in season—too much competition". Just then Pat Barry, ex-Olympic swimmer shouted out the door.



The New Zealand countryside where CAT pilots did their hunting.

紐西蘭的鄉野也是本隊飛機們的狩獵處

"Hey, you Yanks: Come back in here and meet the horse hunters. Here, you blokes, these fellows hunt wild horses in the Spring!" It was here that Schwartz could stand it no longer. "Yeah", I added, "We'll never be able to tell these stories again. People back home would never believe us". We started towards the door, Pinky reluctantly in our wake.

"Hey, Pinky", the drinkers shouted, "Come back! Come on back, buddy, and have one for the road". But a disappointed gloom settled as Pinky's many friends detected no sign of hesitation in his following us past the portals of bizarre Barry's pub.

"And that Bill Barry wouldn't even let me buy the house a drink", mumbled Pinky, "Said it was too much money to spend".

"Yeah. Would have cost a buck and a half", said Schwartz.

"If these ain't the best people in the whole world", choked Pinky in deep emotion, "I'll bite your calf till you bark like a fox".

*Earlier this year CAT undertook to haul a large amount of freight between the North and South Islands of New Zealand. Known as OPERATION "RAILHEAD" it enabled a number of CAT employees to work in New Zealand and make friends with the people there. It has been a source of pride to CAT to receive many letters from people there who worked with and knew members of CAT's staff. Without exception they have been unstinting in their praise—both of the work performed and goodwill established by CAT's ground and flying crews assigned to the project. The BULLETIN feels that Capt. Smith's story reflects much of the spirit of that goodwill.*  
..... Ed



The highlight of the month was the removal of the Hongkong offices from 75D Robinson Road and the PRO office from 15 Kotewall Road to the Embassy Court, Hysan Avenue.....PRO took the lead moving on Oct. 26 as had been in previous cases when CAT offices were moving down from Shanghai to Canton and from Canton to Hongkong. The next day, Oct. 27, truckloads of desks and cabinets began to pour into the modern-designed offices and in no time each department had its allotted space neatly arranged. The main entrance, flanked by the executive offices which have large windows facing the pavement, has an artistic look with big letters "Civil Air Transport" above. The executive offices on the ground floor to the left include President Whiting Willauer, C. E. Laguenx and E-VP J. J. Brennan, while those to the right are occupied by Earle S. Willoughby and Marsh Stayner, VP A. T. Cox, and Treasurer Bob Terhaar. On the two extreme ends of the hallway are the offices of W. C. Donaldson and C. D. Brito, and Saul Marias. Don has also an office at 208 Edinburgh House together with Max Springweiler, Olive King and Diana O'Driscoll. Lillian Chu, who had been ill for several days, came back to work again in the President's office. In the center of the hallway facing the reception room near the main door is a long screen behind which is the Message Center (Joan Lee) and the General Affairs (Andrew Chic). The RSR is on the left wing while the secretaries, Hussain Rumjahn, Alice Gotfried, Edie Barr and Kay Chiang have their desks near the offices of their respective bosses. PND has a separate office next to the RSR.....The air-conditioned basement is occupied by the Treasurer's office and PRO. Ken Brunner and Ed Mitchell share a room, and Sam Tweedie and Henry Feng each have a room for themselves. Others in the general office include: C. B. Tsien (錢起彭), Danny Yang (楊肇英), Carter Chu (朱嘉德), P. H. Chu (朱寶華), C. C. Yang (楊竟成), S. I. Pan (潘宋一), W. J. Chien (錢文傑), Dumas Dunn (鄧樹嵩), J. Rodrigues and W. I. Chu (褚萬鑑).....PRO has its darkroom on the ground floor near the spiral staircase which leads to the basement. On reaching the basement, one will find his head spinning before he gets to his desk. Offices are so spread out that, one day, Henry Feng opened the door of a storeroom thinking that it was the PRO. The telephones of the executive offices are 20654 and 38617 while the Treasurer's office, PRO and the general offices share the number 36279.....Expected back from the States before this issue comes off the press are C.H.

Schildhauer and Bob Terhaar. Marsh Stayner took off for Stateside via Tokyo for a short stay of three weeks to attend to some official business.....The happy date for Geoffrey A. Hardacre was set on November 19th at St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon, where his marriage to the attractive bride, Norma Egginton, was to take place. The 21-year-old nurse—hobby: horse-riding—hails from Coventry, England. She is expected to arrive at Hongkong on Nov. 16. It was her first air-trip and visit to the Far East. Hardy, a Canadian, is now only 23 and he was born in Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. He told the BULLETIN that the place of the honeymoon was a top secret.



Paul Tsai (l) and Hussain Rumjahn in front of the new office.

蔡國英和任責在新辦公室門前

CAT and its agent, the Ta Hing Co. (H.K.) Ltd., gave a cocktail party at the Roof Garden of the Hongkong Hotel on October 30th to celebrate the opening of the Air Booking Office at the St. George's Building, Ice House Street. It was a well attended party with more than 150 guests.

Following the signing of the Sino-Thailand provisional air agreement, CAT made an inaugural flight of its Taipei-Bangkok passenger service through Hongkong on November 4th. CAT invited a party of 10 Chinese newsmen and UP correspondent Art Goul and his wife to accompany the maiden flight from Taipei to Bangkok where they stayed for one week.



THE BULLETIN

# PILOT OF THE MONTH

ROBERT CHARLES SNODDY

From printer's devil to CAT pilot is probably the best way to describe the career of Captain Robert C. Snoddy. In fact the company which prints the CAT BULLETIN told Bob he could have a job with them anytime he decided to come down to earth.

Like many another CAT pilot Bob is a Pacific veteran of world war II where he served as a Navy Pilot with the 115th Bombing Squadron of the 7th Fleet. This unit incidently was a B-24 outfit.

It all started when Bob decided to take up flying in 1940 under the Civilian Pilot Training program in his native state of Oregon. While this training was going on Bob found himself in a defered Selective Service status. This lasted until 1942 when the pinch really began to hurt so when he got bucked back to his draft board he fooled them by hopping up to Seattle and enlisting in the Navy. With his civilian flight training down on the record it wasn't long before Bob was a Naval Aviation Cadet off to Corpus Christi, Texas to let the Navy take up where the CPT program left off. After Corpus Christi Bob was transferred to Navigation School in Hollywood, Florida. When the Navy decided that Ensign Snoddy had learned all they could teach him he found himself a part of the 115th Bombing Sqd. headed for the Pacific.

During 1943 and until November 1944 Bob had a chance to see quite a bit of the Pacific. Bob modestly admits to holding a Naval Air Medal with four stars on its ribbon, a Purple Heart, several battle stars and some other 'lettuce' not worth mentioning. He is also credited with bringing down two Japanese planes. The record also shows that he participated in the Battles of New Guinea, The Soloman Islands, New Georgia and about all the rest of the slam-bangers that took place in the area until the famed Battle of Suragao Straits which pretty much finished off Japan's Imperial Navy.

Between scheduled battles Bob flew anti-sub, anti-shiping and recon patrols leading up to and through the Invasion of Layte.

In November 1944 Bob along with his outfit returned to the States for reassignment. He found himself ressigned to a reorganized 115th and in 1945 the unit returned to the Pacific. It only got as far as Hawaii when the Pacific War ended. Bob remained in service until 1946 when he took his discharge in Hawaii with the rank of Lt. (SG).

Bob was attending Oregon State University majoring in aeronautical engineering when he entered the service. So after spending another year in Hawaii flying co-pilot for Hawaiian Airlines and Trans-Pacific Airline he returned to the States to go back to college. While in Hawaii Bob ferried one of CAT's first planes from Hawaii to China in 1947.

When he returned he enrolled at the University of Washington to continue his aeronautical engineering studies. In 1948 he joined CAT and says that as a pilot with the World's-Most-Shot-At Airline he has been shot at but not hit.

Bob is a native of Roseburg, Oregon where he grew up and went to school. While in High School he worked as a printer's devil and still maintains an interest in the printing trade.

During his Navy tour in Florida Bob and a very charming young lady by the name of Charlotte Dillard who like Bob hails from Roseburg decided that war or no war they should get married so as soon as it could be arranged they were...in Miami.

Today the six foot one, thirty year old Bob and Charlotte make their home in Tokyo where between flights Bob indulges in his favorite hobbies...pix taking and philately.

Lately Bob chalked up a first to his credit. CAT recently sold one of its CESSNAS to the Tokyo Mainichi and Bob piloted it on its first flight under the Mainichi colors.



CAT Captain Robert C. (Bob) Snoddy.  
民航隊隊長史諾弟

## OUR HISTORY THEN...AND NOW

L. Michael Kandt, General Secretary and Chaplain, Air America Association

Many dictionaries define 'history' as the branch of knowledge that records and analyzes past events. Yet understanding history is also key to understanding the present, and sometimes the future. That is why few students should leave their school years without several courses, or even years, learning American and international history: but few do. Many of us graduate with little exposure to even our own history.

They have been shortchanged. They have missed the joys of discovering the heroic, fascinating, and at times unbelievable stories that comprise the history of our nation. Some of us engaged in these historic events—through our service to the country—yet departed posts without a full understanding of the importance or historical reverberations of those acts.

History is basically the *diary* of mankind, and also of each of us. Some of the pages in that diary include hidden events or activities, kept from the public for various intervals for national security reasons. So early readings of the diary might mystify us as to why certain actions were taken, or others never mentioned, or quite made sense. When these secrets are declassified and now shared, as happening today at this conference, it presents a rare, important opportunity to amend or set right a number of these historic events, especially those previously subject to misinterpretation. Actions take on new meanings, and what seemed like confusing decisions take on a clarity only available to those who have reliable information. Fortunately, with fresh evidence, all the myths or vindictive counter-theories should return to the

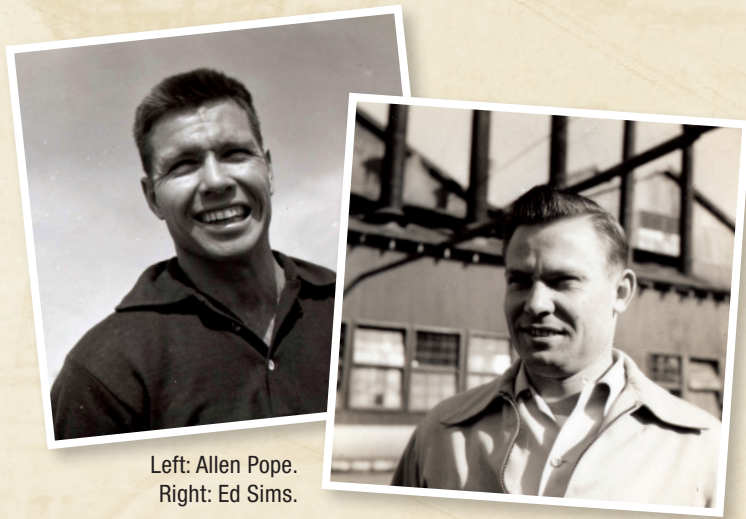
ether from which they were created. The newly released additions to the growing documentary evidence provides surprises and also gives us a chance to engage in lively, honest analysis. We have that chance again today.

A benefit of age is a growing understanding of the importance of history, for we've now lived some of it. Even been a part of significant events. Fellow Air America members who served in Asia in the period between 1946 to 1975—and our invited colleagues, guests, and members of the public—if they did not already know, will leave this conference with a greater appreciation for the importance of our efforts



Two C-46 jets.





Left: Allen Pope.  
Right: Ed Sims.

abroad. While we can remember what we witnessed, what we were told from eyewitness accounts, and what consequence those events presented to us personally and to our nation's interests, over the years these memories faced different accounts presented in the media. Some reported the same facts which matched our own first-hand experiences; unfortunately, we also encountered others who claimed to present facts but did not. Today, the real history of those days can be etched deeper into the factual record, augmented by the documents and personal accounts being discussed, shown, and released this week.

The symposium focuses on one particular, harrowing event in 1952. The background leading up to it, and actions of those involved, and the long-running saga of post-action events, is living history in its most unsettling and authentic form. It shows that truth is indeed more compelling than fiction. The documentary film we will see is *Extraordinary Fidelity*. It presents a 1952 operation that captures the risk, bravery, betrayal, privations, dedication, and constancy of certain officers doing their jobs, and what traits sustained them in this appropriately titled film that hints at the guiding principles.

The value of understanding the purpose and consequences of this one 'past event' can be instructive to us all—a take-home message, if you will—as we hear about other historic events, and notice that some are surrounded by versions of stories from

news or online outlets, based on rumors and unnamed, questionable sources, with little resting on trustworthy data. Good historians know that rushing to judgment in the absence of facts is a fool's errand.

*Extraordinary Fidelity* might make one ask "What inspires such selfless dedication and risk-taking?" A recent YouTube segment caught my eye and provides other examples. Jonna Doolittle Hoppes, the granddaughter of Jimmy Doolittle, was speaking at a banquet of the Historical Flight Foundation. She told of her father's famous raid on mainland Japan early in World War II. Doolittle and the military planners knew this strike would be, to put it gently, a 'calculated risk.' They also knew there would be casualties, and success unlikely. Still, the crewmen were not assigned but were volunteers, well-trained, and strongly motivated by Col. Doolittle himself. Multitudes of historians have written about the attack and aftermath. Most describing it as a great victory. An event which gave the American public a needed boost in morale at an important moment for our Pacific Forces after weeks of bad news. A few opined that the cost in lives and material for such a relatively insignificant military outcome was not worth the effort. However the raid did something intangible yet crucial in war—it showed the world the U.S. determination to fearlessly engage and defeat the enemy—despite any risk or bad odds.

In this short video segment, the gracious Ms. Doolittle Hoppes captured the bravery and honor of her father, and also of his crew, and movingly explained why we all recognize them as the war heroes they are.

In the McDermott library at the University of Texas at Dallas, the Doolittle archives share the History of Aviation collection with the archives of Civil Air Transport [CAT] and Air America [AAM]. Included in the Doolittle exhibit is the only Medal of Honor awarded

Jimmy Doolittle which he accepted on behalf of all his crew.

Why do I mention the Doolittle mission? Because in November of 1952, another operation was being planned that also was facing a grave calculated risk. It was deemed sufficiently important that the unfortunate high level of danger did not diminish the need to move the operation ahead. And, unlike Doolittle and his crews, this operation required it be conducted as Top Secret. That meant no public praise for success, and possible anonymous oblivion for failure. Few operations face higher risks and offer so little to a crew heading off on the mission.

Pilots Robert C. Snoddy and Norman A. Schwartz had challenged the fates before and survived, and were ready to roll the dice again. The two young 'customers' who comprised the crew of equipment technicians also were aware of the dangers, but chose to do the job. Brave, dedicated volunteers were they all.

But this was no spy novel. Betrayal and treachery doomed the mission. It took the lives of the brave CAT crew. And the customers—John T. 'Jack' Downey and Richard G. Fecteau—were considered lost, as well. Only after years of being deemed Missing In Action [MIA] but presumed dead, did the Chinese government announce that both men had been captured and incarcerated in China. One could only imagine—or perhaps, better not to—the treatment they endured all those years. As we learn from the documentary, the Chinese eventually released both of them, decades after that 1952 flight when they vanished into the unknown.

In his book *One Day Too Long: Top Secret Site 85 and the Bombing of North Viet-*

*nam*,<sup>1</sup> Historian Timothy N. Castle writes: "Those who are prepared to forfeit their lives should have no doubt that in the event of their death or capture their families will be treated with compassion and respect."

And so we are here in Dayton, Ohio, almost 60 years later, to witness how the sacred bond Castle describes was, in fact, faithfully honored, and actions taken that upheld the trust and hopes of the fallen. These acts give comfort to those officers today, who are taking many similar risks on behalf of us all, in an era of unprecedented violence and asymmetric warfare.

For those who take these risks, they ask for no medals of honor—given or expected. Stars on a wall will suffice. But the greatest comfort is the expectation of compassion, respect, and loyalty for their families who might be left behind. It is this last concern that occupies thoughts during those perilous final moments when their own lives are out-of-control and rest in the hands of providence.



Schwartz, Bable, Marsh,  
and Fore Golfers.

<sup>1</sup> Timothy N. Castle, *One Day Too Long: Top Secret Site 85 and the Bombing of North Vietnam*, New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1999.

From *China Pilot: Flying for Chiang and Chennault During the Cold War*,<sup>2</sup> author Felix Smith writes: “Flying the Hump had put me in awe of Mother Natures’ ferocity, but her wildest phenomenon is benign compared to human cruelties. And during our brutalities we’re tantalized by exhibition of nobility that flash, in those dark hours, like summer lightning.”

#### THE INVENTION OF AIR AMERICA

Also little-known or well understood outside of a few aviation historians are those early 1950s when CAT became an arm of the fledgling Central Intelligence Agency, to assist with covert operations. Nor did many realize CAT played a role in the creation of Air America.

Using CAT facilities, in 1959 the CIA organized another airline to be used for covert missions. It was known as Air America. This carrier was to fulfill the more clandestine flight operations, particularly in Southeast Asia [SEA]. Air America ob-



Thomas Sailer.

tained both fixed-wing and rotor-wing aircraft more appropriate to the mission and terrain. The history of this group, based on material available at the time, has appeared in numerous books and articles published by responsible historians, careful in their sourcing, using well-documented facts. Unfortunately, there were others—historians, writers, journalists, and movie directors—more interested in sensationalism, book and movie sales, and the attention that comes from exposés. Unencumbered by facts, they built pseudo-histories out of innuendo, rumor, gossip, and underpinned on occasion by malicious intent, skewing the record and honor of those who had served in covert operations. Because of remaining classified aspects of the programs at that time, it left a vacuum and little fear of their fictions being countered by the truth, and these bogus histories festered and expanded—taking root and misinforming the public. In more recent years, the truth arrived from several declassification releases which proved the rumormongers, dodgy scholars, and writers wrong.

These latter ‘scholars’ have sought—wittingly or not—to distort Air America’s role in providing U.S. government aviation support in SEA. Alfred W. McCoy in his book *The Politics of Heroin: CIA Complicity in the Global Drug Trade, Afghanistan, Southeast Asia, Central America*<sup>3</sup> is one extraordinary example of a young graduate student coming to Laos with a pet theory and agenda, cherry-picking whatever stories could be goosed-up to support an already preselected finding and conclusion. And most of it wrong but ideal for one seeking to create a firestorm of public interest, book sales, interviews, and

misplaced outrage. It also influenced a movie, twisting it from fact into fiction.

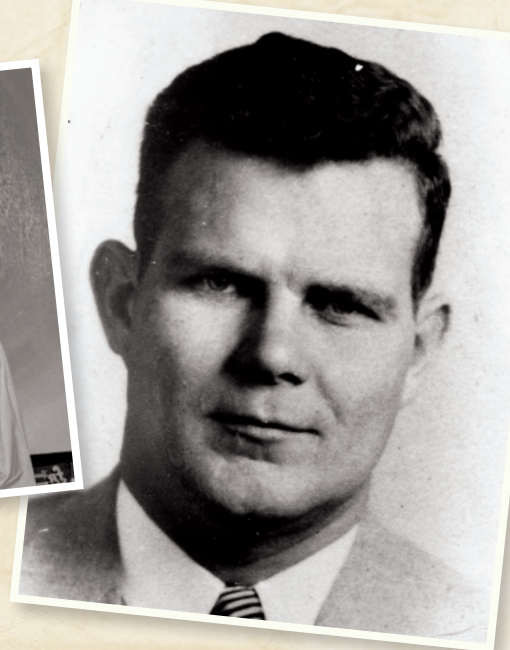
Another writer who wrote perhaps the most well-known history of Air America was Christopher Robbins. In the book *Air America: From WWII to Vietnam: The Explosive True Story of the CIA’s Secret Airline*,<sup>4</sup> Robbins told a honest story, with many anecdotes elicited from frank talks with pilots, occasionally conducted in bars in Vientiane and Bangkok. Many of those boozy tales may have been only loosely accurate. Robbins writes in the prologue to his revised edition of *Air America*:

“In many ways, the secret world of Air America depicted here has come to seem as remote as the battles of the ancients. But it should not be allowed to be forgotten. In the circumstances, and until a more comprehensive book comes along, it is a privilege to bring the activities of this band of brave men to new readers, in the certain knowledge that a chronicle of genuine courage never truly dates.”

Unfortunately, Hollywood decided to use Mr. Robbins theme about Air America and developed, produced, and distributed a 1990 film *Air America* with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey Jr. The film was an impressive flop, going from a supposed distorted, fictional political sting plot, into one that was a weak, unamusing buddy-action-comedy failure. Those interested in reading Robbins’ assessment of the misbegotten film based on his book should turn to his chapter fourteen: “*Air America, the Movie.*”



Left: Paul Holden.  
Right: Wallace Buford.



It tells all any intelligent truth-seeker needs to know about the film, Hollywood as historians, and how paranoid the film industry can be [could it be their fondness for cocaine?]. Thanks again Mr. Robbins.

Historian Don A. Schanche wrote about “The Adventures of a Peaceful Man in a Small War” in *Mister Pop*<sup>5</sup> a well-written biography of Edgar ‘Pop’ Buell a gentle Indiana farmer. Everyone who ever landed at Sam Thong (LS20) be it by Helio, Porter, Caribou, or if you were very brave in a C-123, knew ‘Pop’ Buell.

Everyone in Lao knew him or of him, including the enemy who offered a high reward for his capture. His great work with the Lao Hmong was deeply respected. In the preface of Schanche’s book, author John Steinbeck, in Laos at the time, wrote:

“I think Pop is an example of how the ancient gods were born and preserved in the minds and graven images of people all over the world. Remember, the story invariable goes—in olden times the people did not live

<sup>3</sup> Alfred W. McCoy, Cathleen B. Read, Leonard P. Adams II, *The Politics of Heroin: CIA Complicity in the Global Drug Trade, Afghanistan, Southeast Asia, Central America*, New York, NY: Harper Row, 1972.

<sup>2</sup> Felix Smith, *China Pilot: Flying for Chiang and Chennault During the Cold War*, Washington, DC: Brassey’s, 1995.

<sup>4</sup> Christopher Robbins books on Air America have appeared in numerous editions. They are: *Air America* (Corgi, 1988); *Air America: The Story of the CIA’s Secret Airlines* (Hardcover - Jan 1, 1978); *Air America: From WWII to Vietnam: The Explosive True Story of the CIA’s Secret Airline* (Paperback - Jan 15, 1988); *Air America: The True Story of the C.I.A.’s Mercenary Fliers in Covert Operations from Pre-war China to Present Day Nicaragua* (Jan 1991) Corgi; New Ed edition (January 1991); *Air America From World War II to Vietnam* (Paperback - 2003).

<sup>5</sup> Don A. Schanche. *Mister Pop: The Adventures of a Peaceful Man In A Small War—The Inside Story of the American Involvement in Laos*. New York: David McKay, 1970.

well as they do now and they practiced abominations.

Then a stranger appeared and he taught us to use the plow and how to sow and how to harvest. He brought us writing so we could keep records. And he gave us healing medicines to make us healthy, and he gave us pride so we would not be afraid and, when we had learned these things, he went away. He was translated. That is his figure there, carved in limestone.

Well, I don't think Pop is likely to be taken up in a sweet chariot even if he had the time or the inclination, but that ancient story is Pop Buell's story. Whether you believe it or not, there are still giants in the earth."

—John Steinbeck, *Laos, April 1967*

Pop was not a historian, had little concern over what was said or written about him; however, his right-hand man of many years was a Lao former Buddhist Monk, Thongsar Boupha, with different sensitivities and an understanding that bad history needs to be countered with the truth—sooner than later. While Boupha may not have been a historian either, he was a philosopher and poet. Schanche recorded some of Thongsar's philosophic understandings about Buell and others, at the beginning of each chapter of his book.

Thongsar's writings might inspire current historians:

As my Lord Buddha said, "the more you know the more you do right; the more you understand well, the more you can give and explain much to others; the more you practice, the more you get the experience in your knowledge."

—*The Letters of Thongsar Boupha*

And this gem:

Telling the truth; the truth never die, never be rotten, never be broken and never spoil your feelings and thinkings, but the truth makes you believe and finish in what you are wishing and interesting to do.

—From *Answering and Telling Generally Questions by Thongsar Boupha*

In his own way he has captured the essence of what is conveyed in the biblical quote on the entrance hall of the modern CIA:

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

—*John 8/32, King James Bible*

The story of Pop Buell is an essential part of the history of Air America. It was because of this man and many others, that the people of Air America felt that what was being accomplished for our U.S. Government customers as well as the Lao people was important and worth the effort. Pilots and mechanics recognized that they could go back to the U.S. and get far better paying jobs with several air carriers, and avoid the danger and hostile flying conditions. Some made that choice, but the majority stayed and flew for guys like Pop and the other respected customers many knew only by their radio call signs.

Flying in Vietnam was quite different for the Air America crews, primarily because of the navigation facilities and the abundance of airfields throughout the four military regions. Also because of the military flight operations in-country, there were more assets for Search and Rescue and cover fire in certain areas were available. Nonetheless, Air America aircraft were subject to the same hazardous weather phenomena and the same potential for

ground fire, even shoulder-fired heat-seeking missiles.

Lao operations in the north and south provided its own somewhat different set of challenges. Historians have recorded a thousand stories from a multitude of different perspectives to detail what certainly is among the most unusual aviation activity ever known.

I thought it would be interesting to know how some Air America passengers might contribute to this history. Once again from the wise and observant Lao philosopher Thongsar Boupha:

Where is our office? On the high fearful air. We are working on the air because when we got a ride in the planes, from the first start of the plane's take-off and until the plane lands down on the ground, I myself always fixed out and think much about the dangerous mountains and valleys that how I could get out from the planes when the planes are bad shot and cracked down.

Sometimes I and Tan Pop and the other fellows have been got a shot and bad hit right to the center of our plane, or sometimes the bullets did hit our plane behind our seat, in front and back, by the group of enemies; but we said that the enemies did play a big trick, and we always said Bopinyan (no matter, never mind), because everything in this world is a possible, there will be nothing to be the act permanent, excepted our goodness, kindness, gratefulness and sincerity at this present only.

—From *Answering and Telling Generally Questions by Thongsar Boupha*

Much of this history—the telling of these extraordinary events—of CAT and Air America centers on the pilots and flight crews. To me, this is as it should be. These are the folks who took the greatest risks, and would have paid—or did pay—the ultimate price, and deserve the highest level of recognition. Those of us who 'flew desks,' counted beans, bent wrenches, ordered-and stocked parts *before* they were needed, and even provided the cold beer and clean sheets the crews needed to be ready for the many days spent facing unfriendly skies, are comfortable with the reflected recognition from those doing the main mission up in the sky. This, too, is as it should be. But was the recognition and appreciation as fleeting as it sounds? Even more important to any flight crew, as mentioned before, is the love and support of their families. Too often, the stark lives that befell the wives and children of lost pilot or crew only came fleetingly before us when their husbands first were lost. Their stories and own struggles to move on, in later years, sometimes has been forgotten. But not by us.

The Air America Association was never meant to be a support group. But the or-



Wells, Snoddy, and Hughes.

ganization has a profound soul and sacred mission that drives us to keep track of the families, invite them to reunions, and celebrate the memory of those who have gone before. It is a way of paying respect and reminding all that we have never forgotten their sacrifices, just as we now will not forget the sacrifices of Snoddy, Schwartz, Downey and Fecteau from *Extraordinary Fidelity*. As we grow older, these relationships, and our shared roles in history, become more important than ever.

As Chaplain of the association, it might seem appropriate that I close this article with some religious references. But I do not think prayer or poetry appropriate during the short reunion memorial services. Rather, I urge each person, during a moment of silence, provide their own religious perspective and pay homage to all those who sacrificed from the beginning, up to this most recent list of those who have passed on. And their families. We owe them that, and so much more.

Recorded history of those war years is still being studied. Some historians have provided very different analyses about these events. Mark Moyar in his book *Triumph Forsaken: The Vietnam War, 1954-1965*<sup>6</sup> is an example. As is *From Enemy to Friend: A North Vietnamese Perspective on the War* by Bui Tin.<sup>7</sup> I recommend both. Much is being revised in light of more intelligent and truthful consider-

ation. It is worthwhile to keep up with the current writings, for most of you will feel better from these newer accounts, about why we were involved in what was an important, righteous, meaningful endeavor to help our fellow humans keep and maintain their freedoms. Little human activity is better than that. Ask anyone who suddenly gains freedom. Just a thought.



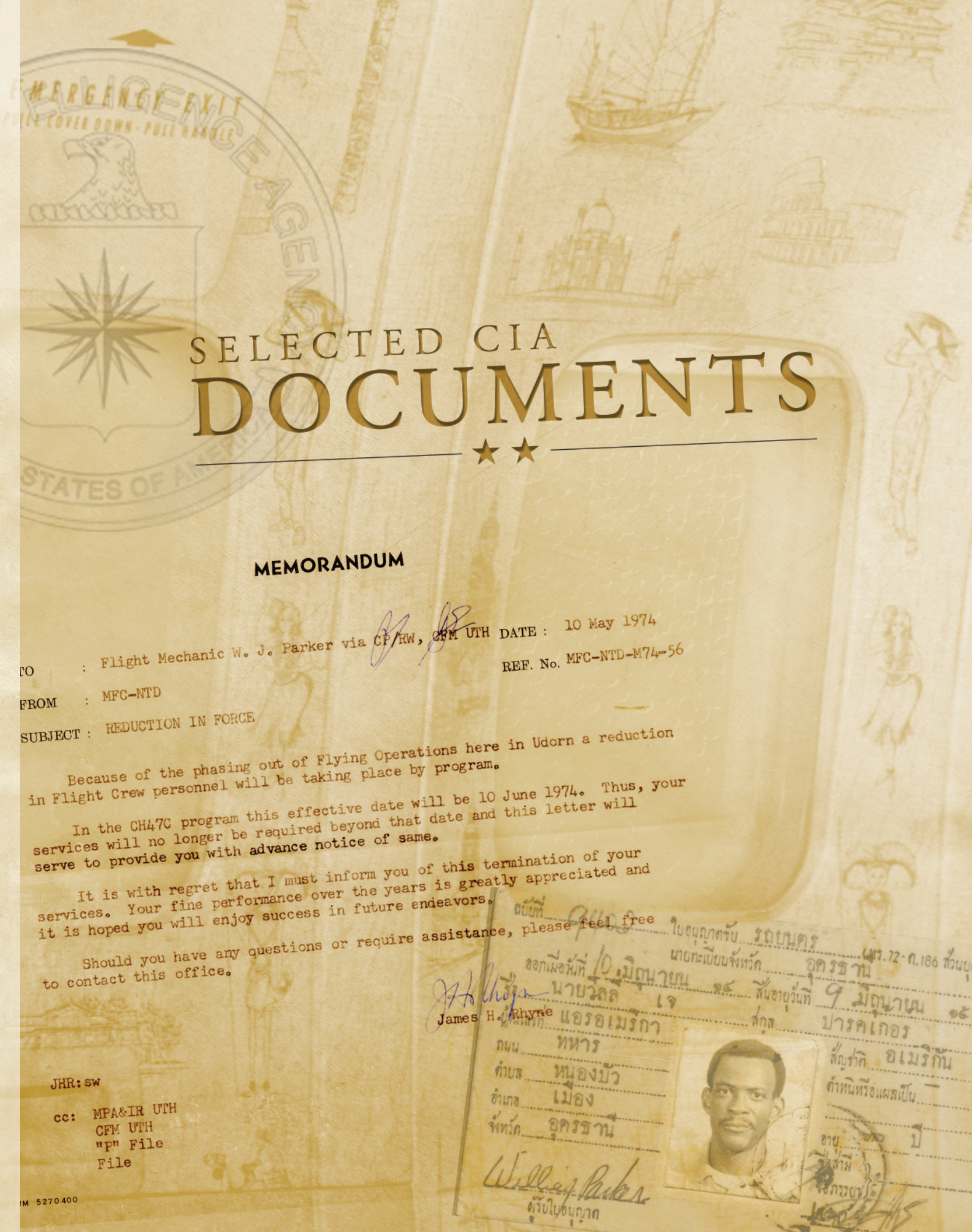
NORMAN A. SCHWARTZ, 28 is from Louisville, Kentucky. He is a veteran.  
史新華茲，二十八歲，未婚，陸戰隊。



ROBERT L. SNODDY, 29 and married is from Roseburg, Oregon. After wartime Navy service, he flew for Hawaiian Air Lines and Trans-Pacific.  
史錫地，二十九歲，已婚，曾在海軍服役，飛美航空公司等航線。

<sup>6</sup> Mark Moyar, *Triumph Forsaken: The Vietnam War, 1954-1965*, New York, NY: Cambridge University Press, 2006.

<sup>7</sup> Bui Tin, *From Enemy to Friend: A North Vietnamese Perspective on the War*, Annapolis, Md: US Naval Institute Press, 2002.



~~SECRET~~

DD/A Registry HR70-14

File Air America

DD/A 75

Executive Registry

75

9 October 1975

MEMORANDUM FOR: Director of Central Intelligence

SUBJECT : Air America, Incorporated

Sir:

1. Mr. Blake asked me to advise you of the following information. Air America, Incorporated has received an offer of \$3,850,000 from an aircraft broker, OMNI Aircraft, for all of its aircraft and parts. There are 24 aircraft involved--three Caribous, one Twin Otter, two C-46's, eight Volpars, nine Bell Helicopter 204's, and one Bell Helicopter 205--with a company book value of \$763,000. The aircraft parts have a book value of \$2,268,000 for a total book value of aircraft and parts of \$3,031,000. Air America, Inc. estimates the value of aircraft and parts to be between 3.7 and 4.1 million dollars. OMNI Aircraft is a reputable firm with a good credit rating and Air America, Inc. has done business with it before.

2. According to Mr. John Warner, such a sale is legally permissible. We think it is in the best interest of the U.S. Government and Air America, Inc. to complete the sale for the following reasons:

a. It is a quick disposal of the remainder of the company flying assets.

b. Funds from such a sale are required to meet pending claims against Air America, Inc.

c. The sale is an extension of our prior action in selling aircraft and parts and will complete that phase of the dissolution process.

APPROVED FOR RELEASE  
DATE: 04-May-2009

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

d. We believe the price is acceptable.

3. Unless you disagree, we plan to take the following action:

a. Obtain an independent evaluation from [redacted] a recognized expert in the aircraft field.

b. Arrange to <sup>pre-</sup>brief the Oversight Committees in the Senate and House on the transaction.

c. Arrange to brief the Office of Management and Budget and the General Services Administration on our intention in this matter.

d. Be prepared to discuss the matter with the General Accounting Office, if so requested by the Oversight Committees.

e. Mr. Paul Velte will discuss the offer with OMNI Aircraft so as to keep the offer open and to refine the terms of the sale.

[redacted]

Air Advisor, DD/A

Distribution:

- Original - DCI
- 1 - DDCI
- 1 - ER
- 1 - General Counsel
- 1 - Legislative Counsel

*OK*

*WFC*  
10/9/75

<sup>2</sup>  
~~SECRET~~

CONFIRMATION

DATE: November 6, 1946  
FROM: Col. R. H. Wise, Shanghai  
TO: Mrs. R. H. Wise, 73 Westcott Road, Princeton, New Jersey  
METHOD: Secret Code

DO YOU OR SYKES KNOW SOMEBODY TO LEND ME FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IMMEDIATELY  
OR AS MUCH THEREOF AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT SECURITY BUT ON MY JUDGMENT AN BELIEF  
THAT THEY WILL BE REPAID SEVENTY FIVE THOUSAND WITHIN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.  
THAT IS THIRTY THREE PERCENT INTEREST AND A PROFIT WORTH TAKING A CHANCE TO  
MAKE. PLEASE CABLE LOVE

RICK

APPROVED  
FOR RELEASE  
DATE:  
29-Sep-2009

EMERGENCY EXIT  
FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS

CONFIRMATION

DATE: November 13, 1946  
FROM: Mrs. R H Wise,  
TO: Col. Wise, Shanghai, China  
METHOD: DLT

*Wise care clause*

*h i t*

SORRY DISAPPOINT YOU DONT HAVE MONEY AVAILABLE INVESTMENT NOR KNOW ANYONE  
SUGGEST THIS STOP STRONGLY ADVISE YOU NOT INVEST NEW YORK FUNDS UNTIL  
LETTERS GIVING DETAILS YOUR FINANCES REACH YOU GOOD LUCK LOVE MOTHER

*2.72*

APPROVED FOR RELEASE  
DATE: 17-Dec-2009

THE FOREIGN SERVICE  
OF THE  
REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES

Embassy of the Philippines  
Saigon

12 May 1975

The President  
Air America, Inc.  
1725 K. St. Northwest  
Washington, D.C. 20006, U.S.A.

S i r :

I take great pleasure in commending the outstanding cooperation extended by the Filipino personnel of your Saigon Office shown in the enclosed list to the undersigned and the members of the Philippine Embassy Evacuation Team which made the evacuation of the over 1,200 Filipino nationals and their dependents from Vung Tau, South Vietnam possible. The said Filipinos continuously flew their helicopters over the evacuation camps for several days to see that everything is alright with the evacuees and they finally offered the use of their helicopters in airlifting around 500 evacuees from the evacuation camp to the "RPS MISAMIS ORIENTAL" when the evacuation team encountered extreme difficulties with the local officials of Vung Tau.

Particular mention is made of the Chief Pilot of Air America who unselfishly offered his services to the evacuation team in supervising the airlift.

Very truly yours,

*[Signature]*  
E. T. SABAGONES  
Minister

Enclosure:  
As stated



APPROVED FOR  
RELEASE DATE:  
21-Oct-2009

EMERGENCY EXIT  
FULL COVER DOWN - FULL HANDLE

4  
7061

AIR AMERICA PILOT

Assumption:

UH-34 Helicopter pilot, 2 year's service with Air America, flying 90 hours per month for 11 months with one month in leave status, stationed in Udorn, all flying performed in daylight, no deadhead flying:

Basic pay	-	\$2,005.20
Project pay	-	1,123.88
Station allowance	-	230.00
Longevity	-	77.40
		<hr/>
		\$3,436.48 per month or \$39,998.88 per year (5)

Fringe Benefits

Travel and transportation (1)  
Reduced travel fares on leave  
Dependent schooling allowance (2)  
Life insurance (3)  
Hospitalization insurance (4)  
Retirement plan (full vestiture after 15 years of service)

- (1) One free (reduced fare) round trip per year for self & family to home of record in U.S.
- (2) Up to 75% or \$1500 per year
- (3) \$25,000 at no cost to pilot
- (4) Company provided for pilot only
- (5) Includes vacation period pay - average of previous 11 month's base pay, plus longevity and 1/2 of one month's station allowance

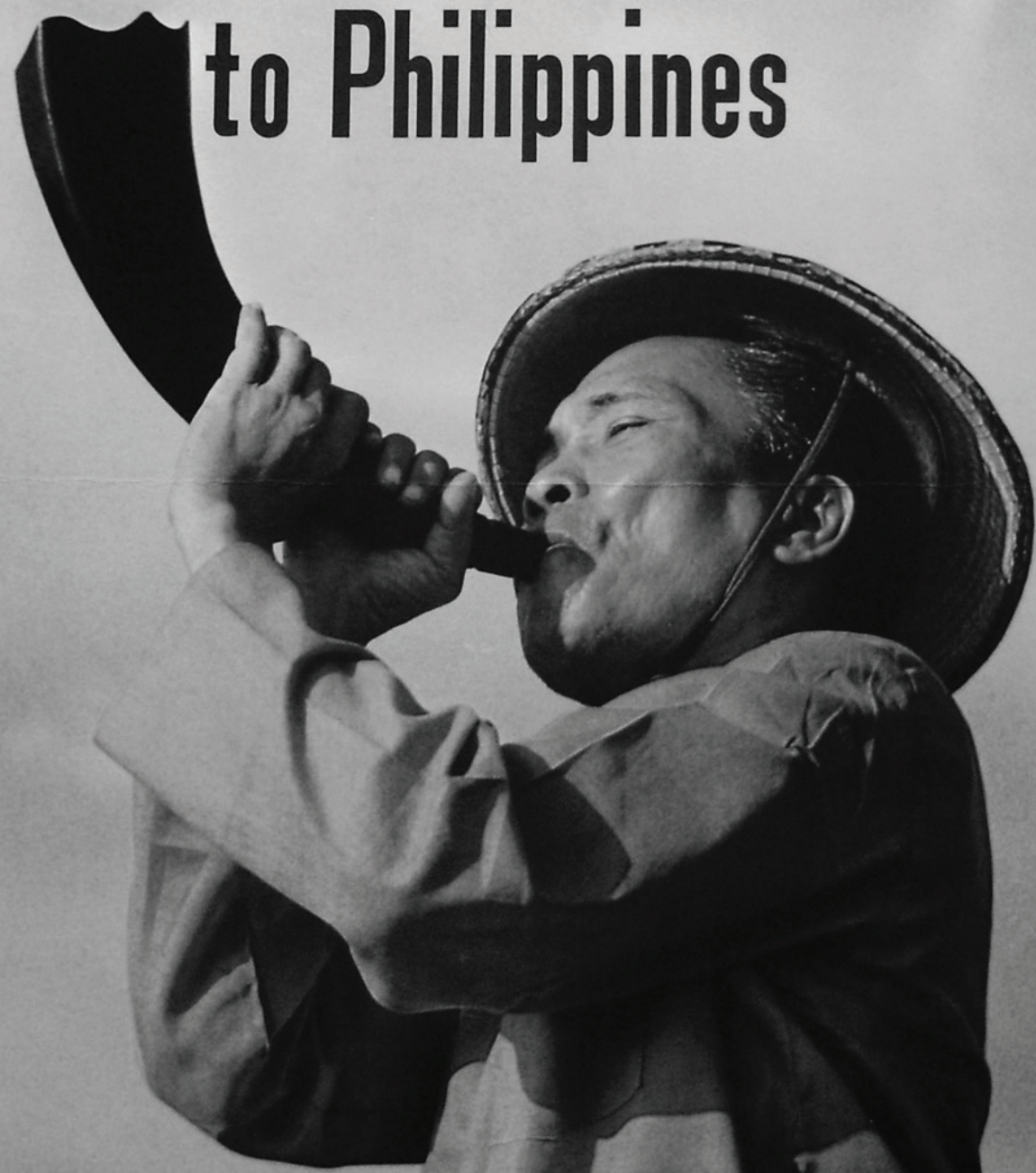
APPROVED FOR  
RELEASE DATE:  
24-Sep-2009

18 FEB 1975

in the Orient...

fly **CAT**

to Philippines



**THE MANDARIN JET**

Seoul · Tokyo · Osaka · Okinawa · Taipei · Hongkong · Manila · Bangkok

TORN CRISIS OF THE PHILIPPINES  
BLOWING TAMSUL - A FLYING HORSE

ILLUSTRATION BY M. FRANK WOLFE

EMERGENCY EXIT  
PULL COVER DOWN - PULL HANDLE

UTD The University of Texas at Dallas

McDermott Library

SELECTED DOCUMENTS FROM THE AIR AMERICA  
**ARCHIVES**



UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT DALLAS MCDERMOTT LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS



隊運空航民



交通部駐菲美空軍顧問隊空運隊第一營第一連一九五七年十二月



JOHN F. KENNEDY  
11TH DIST., MASSACHUSETTS

COMMITTEES:  
EDUCATION AND LABOR  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.  
January 16, 1952

Mr. C. Joseph Rosbert  
Director of Operations  
Civil Air Transport  
Taipei, Formosa

Dear Mr. Rosbert:

This is just a note to let you know that I am most grateful to you for your kindness and cooperation extended to me, and to my sister and brother when we were recently in the Far East.

I know that, without your intervention, it would have been most difficult for us to have obtained a plane. For that reason, and because you were so willing to lend a helping hand, we are all most appreciative.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Sincerely,

*John Kennedy*

*Many, many thanks*

EMERGENCY EXIT  
PULL COVER DOWN - FULLY HANDLE



*My father was really quite sick but is past the danger point, though he is now in the hospital up in Boston. A little rest and I'm sure he will be alright again.*

*I hope that some day some how we will be able to repay your kindness.*

*Sincerely yours*  
*Bob Kennedy*

R.F.K. 1/15

*Dear Mr. Rosbert,*

*I wanted to write and repeat our thanks for your great helpfulness and kindness to my sister and me when we were attempting to get over to Okinawa. We were very grateful at the time and shall always remain so.*

*The three of us returned to the United States last weekend.*

Taipei, Taiwan

3 September 1956

Mr. Aristotle Onassis  
Technical & Aeronautical Exploitations Co. Ltd.  
12, Marlin Street  
Athens, Greece

Dear Mr. Onassis:

The recent news that you are going to operate the Greek airline, Technical & Aeronautical Exploitations Co. Ltd., is of great interest not only to the world aviation industry but also to me.

You might ask: Why is such news of any particular interest to someone way out there in the Far East?

Before answering that question I would like to take a few minutes to tell you about Civil Air Transport. This ten-million-dollar airline (US\$10,000,000) has thirty aircraft (3 Douglas Skymaster DC-4's, 20 Curtiss Commando G-46's, 5 Douglas DC-3's, and 2 Consolidated Catalina PBZ amphibians) and covers the Far East with an airline and maintenance operation second to none within this area. Charter operations reach all parts of the world.

This was all started ten years ago by General C. I. Chennault of Flying Tiger fame. At that time China had two large airlines, but there was little or no surface communication. United Nations relief supplies were not moving to the inland areas where they were needed most. CAT was formed to take on this challenging task. Needless to say, the job was done, and so well that the Chinese Government granted a continuing franchise.

History was made with CAT covering the vast areas of China, especially when the Chinese Communists aided by the Russian Reds started to move down through the mainland. City after city was evacuated. CAT, in addition to the airline job to be done, was forced to move its main base of operations six times! Finally, at the end of 1949, we arrived on Formosa, the only remaining flag carrier of Free China because the other two airlines, infiltrated and weakened by the Communists, defected to the enemy.

There followed a dark period when personnel had to be reduced to a handful because of a lack of areas to which CAT could fly. Efforts were turned to refinancing and negotiating with other countries for airline rights. Passenger as well as cargo routes were developed. Contracts were obtained with the U.S. Air Force stationed in the Far East, not only for flying some of their cargo and personnel, but also for the overhaul of many of their aircraft.

During the Korean War and the war in Indo-China, CAT contributed substantially of its planes and personnel, including a few lives of men who came to work for a commercial airline but found themselves in the life and death struggle of combat operations.

That, essentially and in a very few words, is the story of CAT, and which all adds up to a very successful operation.

Now you are embarking upon a great adventure in the field of air transportation. True, the problems of this industry parallel in many ways those of the shipping business. However, there are those of a technical nature where experience will be of invaluable assistance.

Do you have all of the key people with the proper background and experience to bring TAE along in the international phase of its operation?

Do you have a Number One executive who:

1. Has an overall picture of the airline business and understands its problems?
2. Has had long experience in airline management?
3. Has studied higher accountancy and knows airline finances?
4. Has a college education and an engineering background?
5. Has been both a military and a commercial transport pilot?
6. Has boundless energy and a love of work?
7. Can get at the root of a problem, no matter how complex, and make the right decision?

That sounds like a large order to fill with one man, does it not? But that is one of the essentials of a successful airline, and I know that I can qualify, and I want to be associated with TAE under your direction and according to your desires.

For six years in CAT I was Director of Operations (Number Three position in the company), and for the last three years I have been Vice President-Assistant General Manager (Number Two position). My present salary is US\$21,000 per year, but starting salary is not my main object; position and potentiality are. A five year contract would indicate long-term intentions on both our parts.

I am an American, 39 years old. My religion is Catholic and my wife is Greek Orthodox. We have three children, seven, five and three years of age. We are prepared to move our home to Greece.

I can be available any time after the end of this year and would like to give three-months notice to CAT so that my replacement can be recruited. Please do not contact my present employer without first notifying me so that I can properly prepare the way.

References and additional detailed information are readily available upon request from you, and an interview can be arranged.

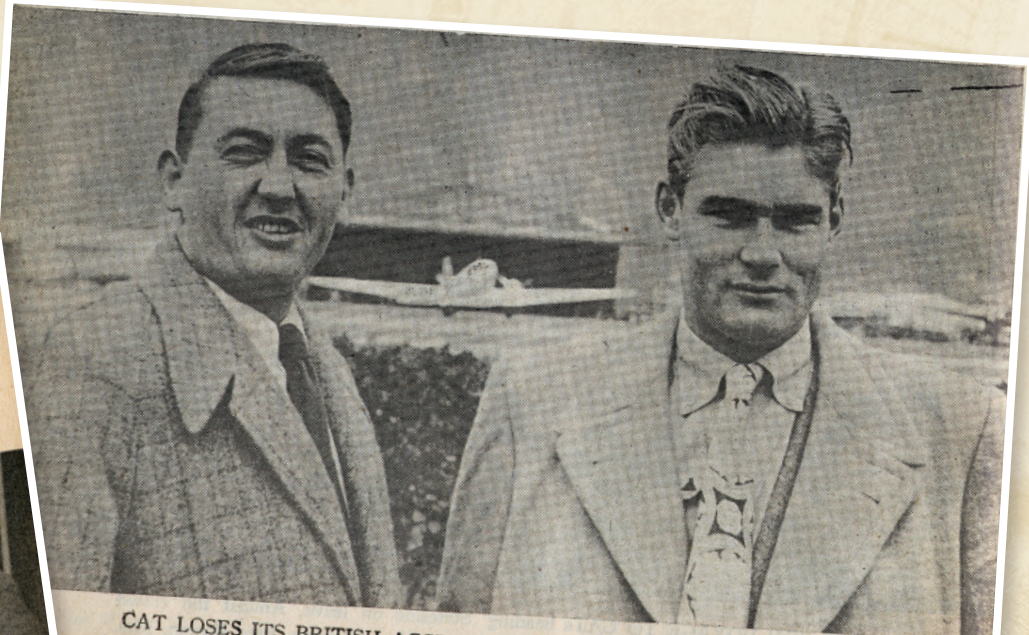
I wish you every success in your new venture and hope to hear from you in the near future.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. Rosbert



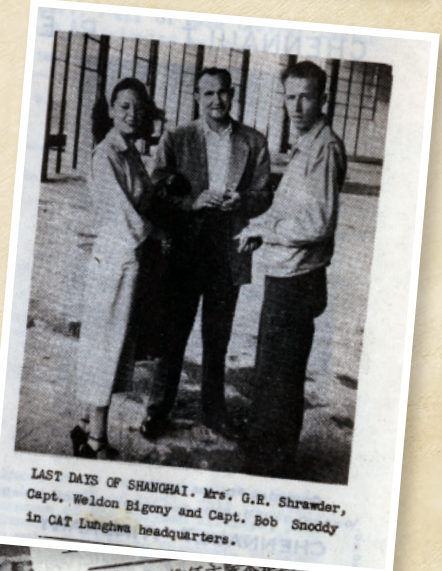
THANKSGIVING LOOKS OF SATISFACTION after pulling the turkey apart are Co-pilot Steve Kusak (foreground) and (L. to R.) Mr and Mrs. P. A. Ricker and Capt. Schwartz. 副飛行員古薩克(前立)與克夫婦和施華之機師(由左起)面帶笑容, 感恩節的火雞引得他們垂涎欲滴。



CAT LOSES ITS BRITISH ACCENT with the departure Stateside for ATRs of our only two British pilots: RAF veterans "King George" Davis (left) and Dave Lampard (right). 這是本隊的兩個英籍機師, 在飛往美國之前, 他們也去美國去辦手續。



Felix Smith (r) and his fellow pilot and good friend Capt. Norman Swartz have a chat. 史密斯(右)與他的好友石瓦茲, 機師在閒談。



LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI. Mrs. G.R. Shrawder, Capt. Weldon Bigony and Capt. Bob Snoddy in CAT Lungwa headquarters.

布魯史師機任主... 什麼高在筆粉用他看你



DOUGLASS H. SMITH, 27 and married, is from Brownsville, Texas. He was once an Army pilot. 道格司史密士, 二十七歲, 已婚, 曾為陸軍機師。

CREW CHIEF George Stubbs chalks up location of billets for flight crews passing through Lungwa. 其, 師機一溜的帳本看看。生爾納唐個一着雜夾選中



BEERJOINT POW-WOW. Left to right, Capt. Norm Schwartz, First Officer J.R. Dexheimer, "Don" Donaldson and First Officer "King George" Davis.

EMERGENCY EXIT  
PULL COVER DOWN - PULL HANDLE

# SPEAKER BIOGRAPHIES

## CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT ORGANIZATION CHART



## SPEAKER BIOGRAPHIES

### DR. TIMOTHY N. CASTLE

Dr. Timothy N. Castle joined the CIA's Center for the Study of Intelligence (CSI) in August 2006 and currently directs CSI efforts to develop lessons learned on counterterrorism and military programs. He served as a career Air Force intelligence officer with wide-ranging Asia experience, including two tours in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam war. Dr. Castle is the author of *One Day Too Long: Top Secret Site 85 and the Bombing of North Vietnam*, Columbia University Press, 1999, selected by the Chief of Staff of the Air Force for inclusion on the USAF Professional reading list, and *At War in the Shadow of Vietnam: United States Military Assistance to Royal Lao Government, 1955-1975*, Columbia University Press, 1993.

### HON. CRAIG W. DUEHRING

The Honorable Craig W. Duehring was commissioned in the Air Force in 1968 and, after pilot training, served two combat tours as a forward air controller, first flying O-1's in Vietnam and then as a Raven FAC flying O-1's and AT-28's at Long Tieng, Laos. In later years, he flew fighters and trainers including over 1200 hours in the A-10 Thunderbolt II, mostly in Europe. Colonel Duehring's last assignment was as the U.S. Air Attaché to Indonesia.

Colonel Duehring retired from the Air Force in 1996 and ran for Congress from the Minnesota 2nd Congressional District in 1998. Later he was the Executive Director for the Patrick Henry Center for Individual Liberty, a non-profit educational and charitable foundation. In 2001, Mr. Duehring was appointed

by President Bush to serve as the Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs and was performing the duties of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs during the attack on the Pentagon on 9-11. He was responsible for the largest call-up of the Reserve components of the United States since World War II.

In 2007 he was appointed by the President to serve as the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Manpower and Reserve Affairs. As such he was responsible for more than 700,000 Air Force military and civilian personnel. He retired from this position in April 2009.

Secretary Duehring is a combat veteran with over 800 combat missions. He is the recipient of the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross with one oak leaf cluster and the Air Medal with 26 oak leaf clusters. In 1988, he was awarded the Air Force's top individual award for leadership in the senior officer category, the Lance P. Sijan (SIGH-jon) Award. Secretary Duehring is married to his wife, Theresa, an elementary school teacher and lives in Fairfax Station, Virginia.

### DR. NICHOLAS DUJMOVIC

Dr. Nicholas Dujmovic has served as a CIA historian since January 2005. He came to the Agency in 1990 as an analyst on the Soviet Union. He has also served as speechwriter for Directors of Central Intelligence John Deutch and George Tenet and was the deputy chief editor of the President's Daily Brief. A frequent contributor to *Studies in Intelligence* and other intelligence journals, Dr. Dujmovic also is the author of *The Grenada Documents: Window on*

*Totalitarianism* (1988) and, under the pen name Charles Lathrop, a quotation book on intelligence, *The Literary Spy* (2004). He is currently working on a study of President Reagan's use of intelligence.

### JOHN L. "JACK" HUDSON

John L. "Jack" Hudson, a member of the Senior Executive Service, is Director, National Museum of the U.S. Air Force, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. He manages the world's largest and oldest military aviation museum, portraying the heritage and traditions of the Air Force through specialized exhibits. The museum features a 17-acre campus that includes nearly one million square feet of public exhibit space with more than 360 aerospace vehicles and missiles and thousands of historical artifacts on display. Mr. Hudson is responsible for more than 122,000 artifacts in the National Collection both at the museum and on loan to military and civilian sites all over the world. He provides technical and professional guidance to the U.S. Air Force Heritage Program, which includes 12 field museums, and 260 domestic and international heritage sites. Additionally, he assists in ensuring accountability for artifacts on loan to more than 470 civilian museums, cities, municipalities and veterans' organizations throughout the world.

Mr. Hudson entered the Air Force in 1973 as a distinguished graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy and served for 36 years on active duty in a variety of positions including T-38 instructor pilot; A-10 pilot, instructor pilot and flight examiner; and test pilot. He served as director of several Air Force and joint system program offices and was senior military assistant to the Under Secretary for Defense for Acquisition and Technology. Mr. Hudson also

held assignments as Program Executive Officer and Program Director, Joint Strike Fighter Program, Office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Research, Development and Acquisition; and Assistant Deputy Under Secretary of the Air Force for International Affairs. He last served as Commander of the Aeronautical Systems Center at Wright-Patterson AFB before his retirement in October 2009 in the grade of lieutenant general. He was appointed to the Senior Executive Service in December 2009 and served as the museum's Deputy Director until December 2010.

### JOSEPH W. LAMBERT

Mr. Lambert entered on duty with the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in 1984, serving initially in the Office of the Deputy Director for Intelligence and on the support staff of the National Intelligence Council. Subsequently, Mr. Lambert served as the Information Management Officer for both the National Photographic Interpretation Center and later for the Directorate of Intelligence.

Mr. Lambert has served as the Director of Information Management for the National Imagery and Mapping Agency, the National Reconnaissance Office and since December of 2007, the Central Intelligence Agency. In his current role, Mr. Lambert is responsible for records management, national security classification management and declassification and release programs at the CIA. In addition, Mr. Lambert is the Deputy Privacy and Civil Liberties Officer at the CIA.

Mr. Lambert earned his Master of Public Administration (MPA) degree in Executive Legislative and Regulatory Management from the George Washington University in 1994. Mr. Lambert is a recipient of the Intelligence Community's National Intelligence Certificate of Distinction.

## MAJOR GENERAL JOHN K. SINGLAUB<sup>1</sup>

Major General John K. Singlaub's World War II duties included a parachute mission into occupied France to organize, train, and lead a French Resistance unit which provided assistance to the Allied invasion forces. He then went to China to train and lead Chinese guerrillas against the Japanese. Just before the Japanese surrendered, he led a parachute rescue mission into an enemy prisoner of war camp on Hainan Island. This resulted in the release of four hundred Allied prisoners of war.

General Singlaub was assigned as Chief of a U.S. Military Liaison Mission to Mukden, Manchuria, where he served for three years immediately following World War II. He served two tours during the Korean War; one with the CIA in Korea and the other as an infantry battalion commander in the Third Infantry Division. General Singlaub served also as Commander of the Joint Unconventional Warfare Task Force (MAC SOG) in Vietnam, and later served as the Assistant Division Commander of the 8th Infantry Division in Germany. He served as the Chief of State, United Nations Command, United States Forces, Korea, and the Eighth U.S. Army in Seoul, Korea. Concomitantly, he served as the U.N. Command Senior Military Member of the Military Armistice Commission at Panmunjom.

Interspersed with the above wartime command positions were numerous training assignments both at home and abroad. General Singlaub was instrumental in the establishment of the Ranger Training Center at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he also served as an instructor. He helped establish the Modern Army Selected Systems Test, Evaluation and Review activity at Fort Hood, Texas; and was named responsible for training and combat-readiness of the Army Reserve and Army National Guard Units in a ten-state area. General Singlaub was also appointed Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for

Drug and Alcohol Abuse. The General's thirty-five year military career has frequently reflected vanguard military action, having been awarded thirty-three military decorations including the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, Silver Star Medal, Legion of Merit with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Soldiers Medal and the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster. He was awarded combat decorations from six foreign governments. More recently, following an investigation of CNN's false charges of war crimes, the Department of the Army awarded his Command a Presidential Unit Citation.

Born 10 July 1921 in Independence, California, General Singlaub is a graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles where he was Cadet Colonel of the ROTC. He graduated from the U.S. Army Command and General State College, and subsequently served as an instructor on its faculty. In addition, he is a graduate of the Air War College.

Following retirement, he traveled extensively in the U.S. and abroad lecturing on national security issues with special emphasis on the requirement to maintain U.S. Forces in Korea and the need to upgrade and consolidate the U.S. Special Operations Forces.

In retirement he has received many awards to include an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Yeungnam University, Korea, the VFW National Armed Forces Award, The Ranger Hall of Fame, Distinguished Member of the First Special Forces Regiment, The Truman Reagan Freedom Award, The George Washington Military Leadership Award, UCLA Distinguished Service Award and others.

General Singlaub's career was chronicled in his autobiography, *Hazardous Duty – An American Soldier in the Twentieth Century*, published by Simon & Schuster.

<sup>1</sup> While scheduled to appear at the symposium, Gen. Singlaub may not be available to speak.

### DISCLAIMER:

All statements of fact, opinion, or analysis expressed in this booklet are those of the authors. They do not necessarily reflect official positions or views of the Central Intelligence Agency or any other US government entity, past or present. Nothing in the contents should be construed as asserting or implying US government endorsement of an article's or interviews statements or interpretations.

