

GEORGE BALAZS

SEPT 28 - OCT 11 HONG KONG II
SEPT-OCT. 2011 TAIWAN
HONG KONG 8-15 OCT 2011
GEORGE BALAZS
(8-15 AUGUST 2011 RESERVE HKI)
HONG KONG 1 GUAN
HK VERIZON 800-96 11 201
CHINA CTS 10812 CNG 108712

STANDING
WORKSHOP
+ LIVE!

2 OF 3

Wide Ruled
100 Sheets

9.75 in x 7.5 in (24.8 cm x 19 cm)

在噴射快艇上愜意地吹海風

迎向南國海島的無限魅力

LIU
CHIU
ISLAND

10/7 - 10/8/11

海上明珠

12,000 Registered;
6,000 Residents
80 Temples

小琉球 "BURNING BOAT" 11/2012

東琉線客船民營處

地址：屏東縣東港鎮朝隆路第1號碼頭

電話：(08)832-5806 傳真：(08)833-2413

http://www.tungliu.com.tw

to Liuchiu

10/8/2011 TOUR of MASSIVE Temple A.M. + Lobster Cove. PM Ferry TO TAIWAN. Black VAN driver waiting ~ 1.5 hours TO ZUOYING^{STATION} HSR Train - depart 4:36pm TAOYUAN Station 6:14pm. Shuttle bus TO AIRPORT - late flight CHINA AIRLINES to Hong Kong.



無一處不山水～ 湛藍小琉球

到了小琉球可別錯過了精彩的水上活動，無論是浮潛、半潛艇或是潮間帶活動都很精彩，但可別忘了足跡之外，什麼都不留喲～



||||| 步道 XXX 收費景點(收費景點共用門票，請妥善保留票根)



1. 白沙尾觀光港



2. 花瓶石



靈山寺



3. 美人洞



4. 杉福生態廊道



5. 山豬溝



6. 蛤板灣



7. 烏鬼洞



8. 落日亭



9. 觀音石



10. 白燈塔



11. 大福漁港



12. 觀日亭



13. 龍蝦洞



14. 中澳沙灘



三隆宮



碧雲寺



CHINA AIRLINES

BALAZS GEORGEH
TAIPEI
HONG KONG

CI0927 Y 08OCT 2000

BOARDING PASS

TPK



PLEASE BE AT GATE **A8** BEFORE **19:30**

* **ZONE1**

US *-----6091
ET NO COUPON
-PAX TKT/BAG CHK-

157/Y/59J/HKG KT

Y CLASS

BALAZS GEORGEH
DL 2684362045

TAIPEI
HONG KONG

CI0927 Y 08OCT 157

CLASS SEAT

Y - 59J

ETKT2971614681215

CHINA AIRLINES

中華航空
CHINA AIRLINES

TO HONG KONG
BALAZS/GEORGEH
CI0927/08OCT HKG **157**
P02

CI 339435

HONG KONG
10/10/11
Dinner
Near Hotel
Behind
(Behind stalls)

新祥旺火鍋海鮮酒家
NEW CHEUNG WONG RESTAURANT

香港九龍深水埗福華街151號地下
G/F Fuk Wah ST., Sham Shui Po Kowloon H.K.
Tel : (852) 23612933 23602933

COOKING POT AT TABLE.

HONG KONG #2

OCTOBER 8, 2011 SATURDAY

95

HONG KONG CI⁹²⁷ 747
ARRIVE ^{HOUSE} 10pm. TAXI to Bridal
TEA Hotel near SHAM SHUI PO station

Near
CHEUNG SHAWAN
ROAD.

10/8 - 10/14/11
SATURDAY Friday
6 NIGHTS
Room 106



over

10/9/11 SUNDAY MTR "Caiting"
Station 130pm. TO Great Buddha by U
Tram Crystal Car
7pm dinner w/ ^{son} Simon, ^{wife} Grace
KA-shing families
2 daughters 5mow &
3 years.

10/10/11 MONDAY AM = MACDONALD'S ^{shopping}
NOTE ORGANIZING ^{Booths}
Evening Met City Hong Kong University
with Professor Paul LAU & Margaret
MURPHY ^{7 years HK}
^{from NY}

Noon Meeting with ^{his wife} Assistant Director
Lunch w/ Simon & ^{daughter} MR. LAY ^{to retire}
^{may 2012}

10/11/11 TUESDAY ~~Wetlands~~ WETLANDS
PARK - P.M.
DRIVER DRIVEN

75 CHIK SHUN ST. DR. TIGER
 TAI WAI
 SHATIN, KATRIONA
 No. 2, BRADLEY
 VET AN

Ching book sent 1030
 "The Skys IN"

DVM
 TEL. 2687

TAI WAI SMALL ANIMAL EXOTIC HOSPITAL

10-11-11 LH New pit 754



234g
 6/7/11
 12 13
 SCL 18. cm
 CC 19
 Open Printa

project chair
 Discuss the
 Your partici
 addition to
 and the pro

Wet LAND PARK

Oct 11 Hong Kong Wetland Park
 12:00 noon Office lobby G/E (to meet Assistant Director)
 13:30 Departure from office to HKWP
 14:30 (A green turtle yearling check-up + PIT tag)
 Oct 12, 2011
 12:00 noon Office lobby
 14:00 HKWP (Aquarium + one hawkbill in captive monitoring)

Med
 AD
 Met at

10-11-11



漁農自然護理署
 Agriculture, Fisheries and Conservation Department

黎接傳
 LAY Chik-chuen

助理署長 (自然護理)
 Assistant Director (Conservation)
 香港九龍長沙灣道 303 號
 長沙灣政府合署 714 室
 Room 714, Cheung Sha Wan Government Offices,
 303 Cheung Sha Wan Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
 電話 Tel.: (852) 2150 6605
 傳真 Fax.: (852) 2199 7041
 E-mail: cc_lay@afcd.gov.hk

Patrick
 Ching
 BOOK TO
 Keyan TO
 ME LAY

12
 Room

MR.
 LAY

10/11/2011 TUESDAY
 Snow Garden Restaurant
 NG Family
 Same 2/10/2012
 Blue Bag Given

The Peak

"Because of 97"

GUEST
嘉賓



youtube
old song

10/12/2011
Wednesday
NOON Lunch w/ Simon & by.
PM TO Ocean Park / Drives
Driven

Need
Patrick
Ching Books
Fedex'd
10/24/11

Lai Yiu Nam, David
Curator of Aquariums
黎耀南
水族部館長

HOST
Ocean Park
Hong Kong
香港海洋公園

海洋公園公司

OCEAN PARK CORPORATION
海洋公園 香港 香港仔 OCEAN PARK Aberdeen, Hong Kong
電話 Tel: (852) 3923 2608 傳真 Fax: (852) 2518 7087
e-mail: david.lai@oceanpark.com.hk
www.oceanpark.com.hk

10/12/11
Wednesday

10/12/11 TEA HOUSE Dinner
Adjacent to Hotel.

10/13/11
Thursday

持卡人存根
CARDHOLDER COPY

BILL NO. SALES STAFF. 13
MERCHANT NAME: HAPPY HOLDINGS LTD
G/F NO 8 SHIU WO ST
TSUEN WAN NT
MID: 001712938018 22:06
TID: 52830806 13 OCT 11
Thurs

TERMINAL NO. BALAZS/GEORGE
CARD NO: XXXXXXXXXXXXX0162 5
MERCHANT NO. CARD TYPE: VISA

CARD TYPE NUMBER SALE
BATCH NO: 000002 REF: 000103
RRN: 128697816059
APP CODE: 09105C

TX. EXPIRY
BATCH RATE*: USD/HKD. 1.1339606

DATE/TIME: 13 OCT 11 22:06
MARKET: Transaction Currency
REF. NO. L HKD AMOUNT USD AMOUNT C J
\$377.00 50.50

TIP IN TXN CUR: -----
TOTAL IN TXN AMT: -----
DOLLAR

This service is offered by merchant's service provider. I have a choice of currencies including HKD. *incl. four pt. two percent over wholesale rate.

I ACKNOWLEDGE SATISFACTORY RECEIPT OF RELATIVE GOODS / SERVICES.
X CARDHOLDER SIGNATURE
NO REFUND

THE ISSUER OF THE CARD IDENTIFIED ON THIS ITEM IS AUTHORIZED TO PAY THE AMOUNT SHOWN AS TOTAL UPON PROPER PRESENTATION. I PROMISE TO PAY SUCH TOTAL (TOGETHER WITH ANY OTHER CHARGES DUE THEREON) SUBJECT TO AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE AGREEMENT GOVERNING THE USE OF SUCH CARD. (12/2010)

Artona Specialties Co., Ltd. Tel: 2723 6986 (PT-10-454001F)

10/13/2011



OVER

新界荃灣兆和街地下8號舖
G/F NO.8 SHIU WO STREET,
TSUEN WAN, N.T.
Tel: 2944 9445
Fax: 2944 9323

Thursday

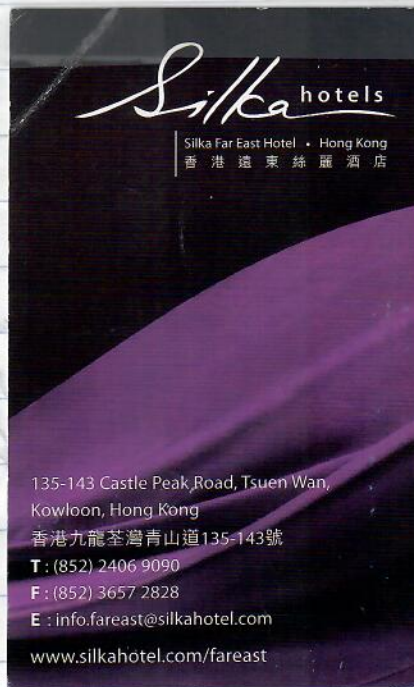
Baramundi Dinner
EXCELLENT



Please drive me to
TOP floor 請送我到 Room
C1 904 Room 1704
11:05 AM DEPT 10/15
10/14 - 10/15/2011
FRIDAY NIGHT

SAT 10/14/11
Bought 900 HKD
OLD JADE
HORSE COLLAR
FROM CHINA
10/14/11
Friday MOVED
TO THIS HOTEL
~ 1:30 PM

Room 1704
TO FLOOR
NEAR
PANDA
HOTEL



Bought
900 HKD
OLD JADE
HORSE COLLAR
FROM CHINA
10/14/11
Friday MOVED
TO THIS HOTEL
~ 1:30 PM



恒生銀行
HANG SENG BANK

持卡人存根
CARDHOLDER COPY

BILL NO. SALES STAFF
MERCHANT NAME
TIFFANY REST O/B
TIFFANY REST LTD NO.148
PRINCE EDWARD RD WEST
D:000850003211800 21:13
D:72050015 OCT 14, 2011
TERMINAL NO.
URGE BALAZS
MERCHANT NO: *****0162 5

Dinner

CARD TYPE: VISA
TRANS: SALE
BATCH NO: 000103 REF: 004862
RN: 20500151031 APPV: 09344C

TX EXPIRY
BATCH NO. TRACE NO. HKD 384.00
DATE/TIME BASE 恒生信用卡
REF. NO. TIPS

TOTAL:

選用恒生信用卡簽賬
可賺取恒生信用卡CASH\$
節省更多

[Handwritten Signature]

I acknowledge satisfactory receipt of relative goods/services (where the transaction is an Installment Plan, I further acknowledge that I agree to be bound by the related Terms and Conditions an extract of which is printed overleaf)

X CARDHOLDER SIGNATURE

NO REFUND

THE ISSUER OF THE CARD IDENTIFIED ON THIS ITEM IS AUTHORIZED TO PAY THE AMOUNT SHOWN AS TOTAL UPON PROPER PRESENTATION. I PROMISE TO PAY SUCH TOTAL TOGETHER WITH ANY OTHER CHARGES DUE THEREON SUBJECT TO AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE AGREEMENT GOVERNING THE USE OF SUCH CARD.

ST-10-43423
Tel: 2723 6986
Artone Specialties Co., Ltd.

Large Fibs -
DINNER
UPSTAIRS - Same
← Restaurant 25 in
August 2011



恒生銀行
HANG SENG BANK

持卡人存根
CARDHOLDER COPY

SILKA FAR EAST HOTEL HK
PORTIONS 1-3-5-6-135
143 CASTLE PEAK RD NT
MID:889670352200 07:16
TID:72061572 OCT 15, 2011

Friday
Night

GEORGE BALAZS
CARD NO: *****0162 5
CARD TYPE: VISA
TRANS: OFFLINE
BATCH NO: 000038 REF: 003843
RRN: TRC: 001809
APP CODE: 00872C
FX RATE*: USD/HKD 0.134188
SELECT[X] TRANSACTION CURRENCY

[HKD AMOUNT USD AMOUNT]
HKD 1810.00 USD 242.88

This service is offered by merchant's service provider; this receipt complies with all Visa rules. I have a choice of currencies including HKD. *Incl. four pt. three five percent over VISA wholesale rate

Night of
10/14/2011

I acknowledge satisfactory receipt of relative goods/services (where the transaction is an Installment Plan, I further acknowledge that I agree to be bound by the related Terms and Conditions an extract of which is printed overleaf)

X CARDHOLDER SIGNATURE

NO REFUND

THE ISSUER OF THE CARD IDENTIFIED ON THIS ITEM IS AUTHORIZED TO PAY THE AMOUNT SHOWN AS TOTAL UPON PROPER PRESENTATION. I PROMISE TO PAY SUCH TOTAL TOGETHER WITH ANY OTHER CHARGES DUE THEREON SUBJECT TO AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE AGREEMENT GOVERNING THE USE OF SUCH CARD.

Printed by INSTANT DATA FORMS LTD. TEL: 7663 3637 - BY K372-3

10/14/11 Friday after dinner
walked to wife array of
pet stores - turtles, fish
hamsters etc.

103

SATURDAY

10/15/2011

UP 600 AM

Breakfast 730 AM 6th FLOOR

~ 815 AM TAXI TO

AIRPORT ~ 200 HKD. Coffee at
UPSTAIRS cote. Departed HK

CI904 ~ 1105 AM - Taipei

IRMS → Narita → ^{6h 50min} Honolulu

10/15/11 ARRIVE 830 AM

SATURDAY

Y CLASS

BALAZS GEORGEH

DL 2684362045

HONG KONG

TAIPEI

SATURDAY

CI0904 Y 15OCT 146

1105 AM Depart

CLASS

SEAT

Y - 36D

ETKT2971614681215

1.5 HR TAIPEI



CHINA AIRLINES

HONOLULU
BALAZS GEORGEH
CI0018 15OCT HNL 146
CI0004 15OCT TPE P02

CI 020466

x2

Sunday's Garden East Rail Line

荃灣 TSUEN WAN

Noah's Ark, Ma Wan Park
 With the stunning views of the spectacular Tsing Ma Bridge and Ma Wan Channel, Noah's Ark, the world's first full-sized replica in Hong Kong, comprise of stimulating and inspiring expos, restaurant and resort. The full service hospitality and facilities will give you different kinds of experience.

How to get there
 Take ferry to Park Island at Central Pier 2 or Tsuen Wan Ferry Pier (MTR Tsuen Wan Station Exit D).

West Rail Line

CHINA AIRLINES

BALAZS GEORGEH
TAIPEI
HONOLULU

CI0018 Y 15OCT 1420

BOARDING PASS

HKG

PLEASE BE AT GATE **A9** BEFORE **13:50**

*** ZONE1**

US *-----6091
 ET NO COUPON
 -PAX TKT/BAG CHK-

054/Y/55H/HNL K5

105

Y CLASS

BALAZS GEORGEH
DL 2684362045

← TAIPEI
HONOLULU

CI0018 Y 15OCT 054

CLASS

SEAT

Y - 55H

ETKT2971614681215



CHINA AIRLINES



Faded handwritten notes on the left side of the page, including names like 'Tommy' and 'Jelle'.

Faded handwritten notes in the middle section, including '194680' and 'AT OFF'.

中華航空公司 China Airlines

kiki Dimitris Deitners Send To Kayan

12/10 GIFTS sent

~~9/11~~ AMELA
1YR
3YR

GIFT

~~ASK~~

© China Airlines 客服專線: (852)-28682299

Jenny
Gelles ?
captive

Hotline: (852)-28682299

Friday 11-14-2011

EARLY
EVENING
Meeting
AT OFFICE

92156876
Cannice

ARGOS GPS
ID
104688

- Send sent
- ① cloth tape
 - ② MASKING
 - ③ HATASE
- NO KAYAN

~~Margaret~~ Friday 1030 AM - 12:00 PM
Simon 11/14/11 Minibus
Ferry AU
dud'c xapu

- ① Workshop / MTSQ Role
- ② CITES - Authority/Agency hold institutional/blanket?
- ③ Bycatch 2012 Trawl
WhereLAND?
Valerie Ho inshore STATE
Fisheries net fishing
- ④ A native program

~~Pay phone~~

Jimmy
Review CITES
working group Python
Fleet
Clearly state needs
5-
3-2639
TGPS

Cites → Simon
 → Margaret

Middle person
Bycatch

ACCOUNT ACTIVITY

Date of Transaction	Merchant Name or Transaction Description	\$ Amount
PAYMENTS AND OTHER CREDITS		
10/20	Payment Thank You - Image Check	-1,010.58
PURCHASES		
10/04	TAIPEI TEACHERS' HOSTEL TAIPEI	137.13
	10/06 NEW TAIWAN DOLLAR 4,200.00 X 0.032650000 (EXCHG RATE)	
10/08	BRIDAL TEA HOUSE HONG KONG	424.09
	10/10 HONG KONG DOLLAR 3,300.00 X 0.128512121 (EXCHG RATE)	
10/11	SNOW GARDEN RESTAUR 11400 HONG KONG	82.86
10/12	BRIDAL TEA HOUSE HONG KONG	31.27
	10/14 HONG KONG DOLLAR 243.20 X 0.128577302 (EXCHG RATE)	
10/13	Well Happy Holdings Limit Tsuen Wan	50.50
10/14	TIFFANY RESTAURANT MONGKOK	49.38
	10/15 HONG KONG DOLLAR 384.00 X 0.128593750 (EXCHG RATE)	

Statement Date: 10/05/11 - 11/04/11

Account Number: 4388 5760 4330 0162

Page 2 of 2

ACCOUNT ACTIVITY (CONTINUED)

Date of Transaction	Merchant Name or Transaction Description	\$ Amount
10/15	SILKA FAR EAST HOTEL HONG Tsuen Wan	242.88
10/22	AMAZON MKTPLACE PMTS AMZN.COM/BILL WA	5.48
FEES CHARGED		
10/06	FOREIGN TRANSACTION FEE	4.11
	TAIPEI TEACHERS' HOSTEL TAIPEI \$137.13	
10/10	FOREIGN TRANSACTION FEE	12.72
	BRIDAL TEA HOUSE HONG KONG \$424.09	
10/14	FOREIGN TRANSACTION FEE	.93
	BRIDAL TEA HOUSE HONG KONG \$31.27	
10/16	FOREIGN TRANSACTION FEE	1.48
	TIFFANY RESTAURANT MONGKOK \$49.38	
	TOTAL FEES FOR THIS PERIOD	\$19.24

10/6/2012

STRANDING & NECROPSY Workshop

Day 2 10/6(四) 海洋生物博物館 簽到表

台灣海龜救傷及健康評估

10/6/2011
TAIWAN

國際保育研討會

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roo643002@ntu.edu.tw	吳志純	Katrina
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02900@farglory.com.tw	簡國榮	

10/6/2011 NECROPSY SESSION (179)

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tomijoo@gmail.com	吳益慧	Ann
ypkuan0915@gmail.com	官英茂	Benson

10/6/2011 NECROPSY SESSION

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★ mydas.c@gmail.com	陳禾張	★ Mydas
kayan.ng.connie@gmail.com ka-yan-ng@afcd.gov.hk	伍家恩	Connie

131

citibank CARDHOLDER COPY

BILL NO. SALES STAFF.

MERCHANT NAME
BRIDAL TEA HOUSE
B & C G/F POK WAH BLDG
170-172 KIU KIANG ST
71188625
TERMINAL NO. 4019548370
MERCHANT NO.

CARD TYPE/NUMBER VISA
XXXXXXXXXXXX0162 5
BALAZS/GEORGE

銷售 SALE 11/13
TX. 000406 EXPIRY 012372
BATCH NO. OCT 8, 2011 TRACE 23:42
DATE/TIME 000021012373 APP CODE 067531
REF. NO.

BASE TIP \$3300.0 ✓
TOTAL HKD

IN HK

10/2011 HK

10/2011 HK

NECROPSY SESSION

10/6/11

b95666002@ntu.edu.tw	李新霖	Roger
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sweet02141025@yahoo.com.tw	蘇正民	sweet
aa23456@hinet@yahoo.com.tw	葉翔	Taller
julietoy@hotmail.fr ↑ number one		Julien Bidet



Taipei Times 10/3/2011

LUCKY THIRD

One hundred performers wearing costumes of the Taoist deity San Taizi (the Third Prince) gather for a religious event in Puzih City, Chiayi County, yesterday.

PHOTO: CNA



Russians in bikinis are common, but real sea turtles are rare on a Dalian beach. With its mil-

135 2



climate on the Yellow Sea and its fresh air and green spaces, Dalian is becoming a top tourist draw.

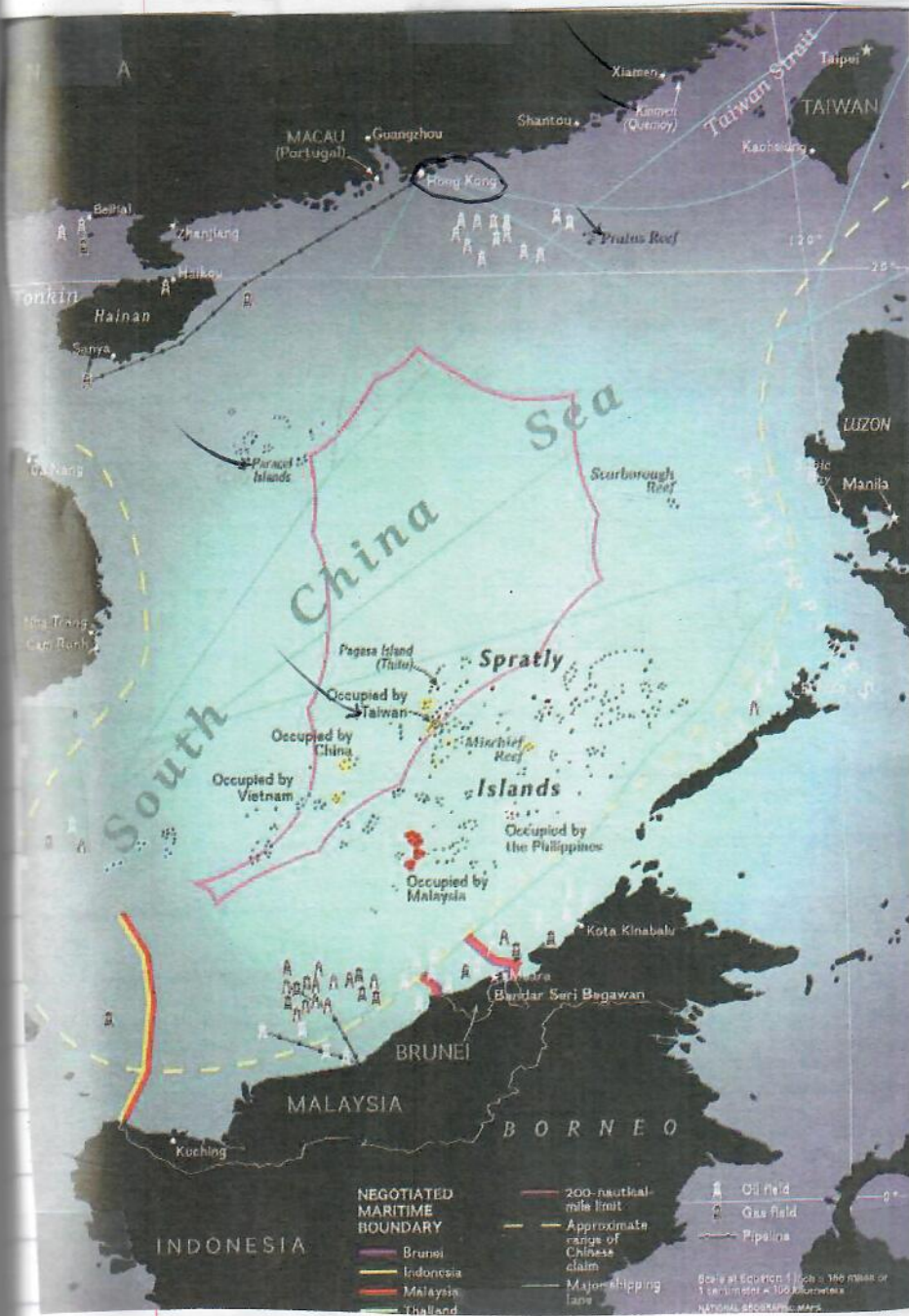


Survival Space

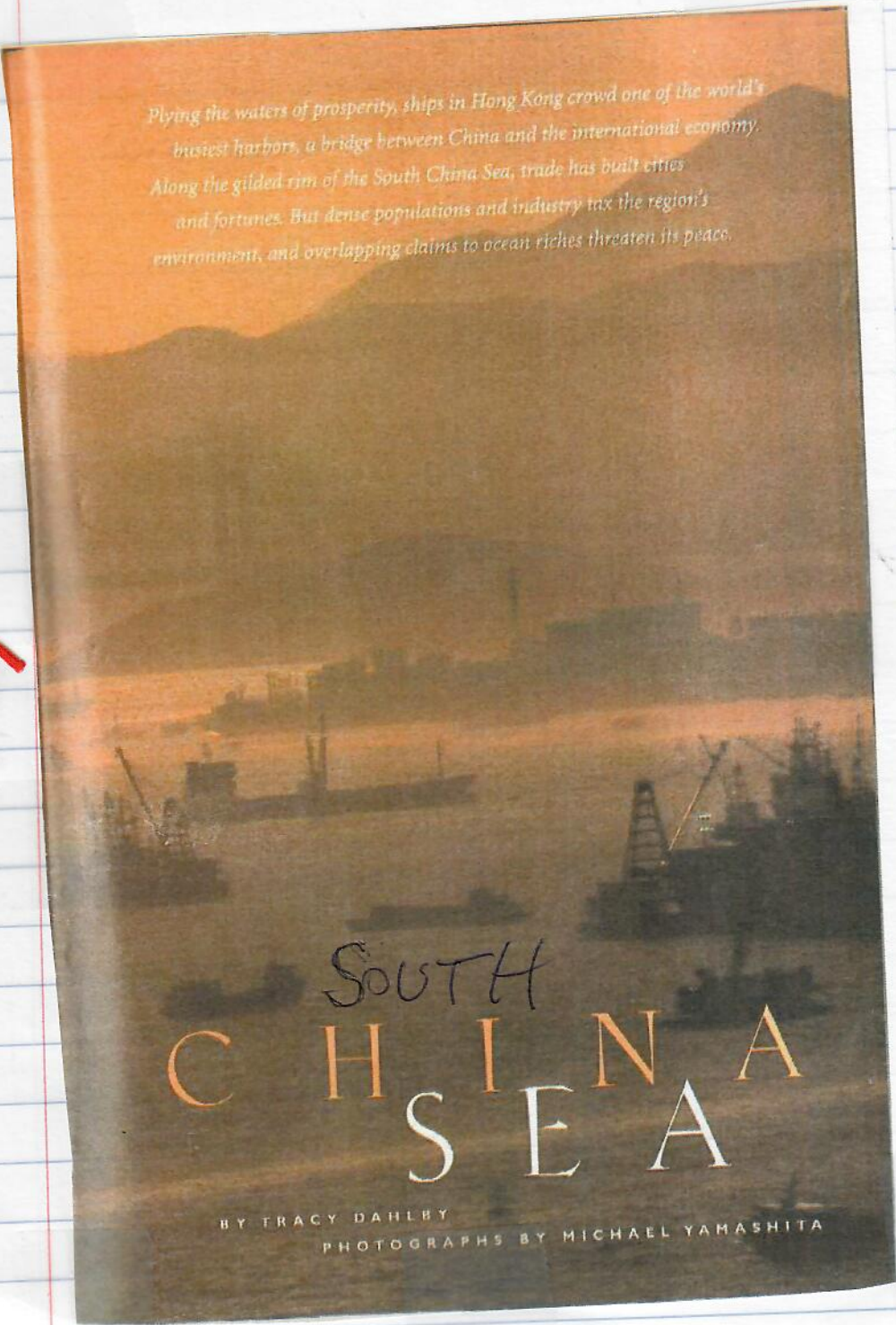
Contradictory claims crisscross the South China Sea, surrounded by what were, until the recent Asian financial crisis, some of the world's fastest developing nations. Overfishing exhausts catches close to shorelines here, and economic growth has outpaced existing oil supplies. Countries claim sovereignty over rocks, shoals, and reefs to establish national outposts for asserting ownership of fishing grounds and the petroleum believed to lie beneath.

Under the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea, countries may designate areas within 200 nautical miles of their coasts as exclusive economic zones, but across the South China Sea, especially in the Spratly Islands, zones overlap. They also intersect historical claims by the Philippines, Vietnam, and China and Taiwan—the latter both advancing the same boundaries.

While diplomats talk, navies raise flags, arrest fishermen, blockade oil rigs, and sometimes fire shots. In 1988 China sank Vietnamese ships, killing at least 70 sailors, before taking several of the Spratlys—the most serious clash since it seized the Prata Islands from Vietnam in 1974. Tensions fuel regional arms races as well as fears that China aims to dominate all Asia by controlling the sea. Many experts, however, argue that China's military is too weak and its leadership too pragmatic to follow that course.



Plying the waters of prosperity, ships in Hong Kong crowd one of the world's busiest harbors, a bridge between China and the international economy. Along the gilded rim of the South China Sea, trade has built cities and fortunes. But dense populations and industry tax the region's environment, and overlapping claims to ocean riches threaten its peace.



SOUTH
CHINA
SEA

BY TRACY DAHLBY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL YAMASHITA

After a long flight over the southeasterly reaches of the South China Sea, the C-130 transport plane banged down on Pagasa atoll in the middle of the Spratly Islands. Getting out to stretch my legs on the crushed coral runway, I could see a clump of spindly trees, a mossy concrete pillbox or two, and then nothing for 360 degrees but dazzling, jet-blue sea.

"This is Armageddon?" I thought, chuckling to myself, as 50 Filipino troops, armed with rifles, sauntered smilingly toward the tree line.

Not that there is anything funny about the Spratlys. Sporadic shooting sprees have left dozens of sailors and fishermen from neighboring countries dead or wounded as their governments vie for control of this scattered rosary of coral specks and sandbars. Officials in both Washington and Beijing peg the Spratlys as a possible trigger for a showdown between the United States and China.

But from Pagasa, a Philippine military encampment since the early 1970s, the Spratlys appeared to me less to augur the end of the world than to occupy it. From atop its battered concrete observation tower the island looked deceptively small, a disk of land that seemed no bigger around than Yankee Stadium, with a sparkling lagoon where huge brains of mottled coral communicated with a shallow bottom. Watching surf pound the thin reef wall separating the turquoise pool from the wild indigo sea, I felt my heart sink a little at the beauty of it all. How could any place this remote be the source of so much trouble?

The answer, in a word, is location. The Spratlys lie along one of the most strategic shipping routes in the world, a deepwater slot that zigzags up the middle of the South China Sea for 1,700 miles from the Strait of Malacca

in the southwest to Hong Kong in the north (map, following pages). Each day some 200 merchant vessels haul oil from the Middle East (including 80 percent of Japan's total supply) and thousands of other riches. Shrimp come from Thailand, rice from Vietnam, Nike sneakers from Indonesia—much of it to stock store shelves in the West. What's more, the Spratlys could harbor sizable untapped oil reserves.

And nations have been willing to fight over this strategic property. Ten years ago a brawl with a Chinese gunboat here resulted in the death of at least 70 Vietnamese seamen. In 1995 the Filipinos went ballistic when the Chinese occupied nearby Mischief Reef and dynamited coral to put up what looked from reconnaissance photos like rickety backyard tree houses. A Filipino naval patrol responded by blowing up a Chinese structure, which brought a request from the U.S. to stop the retaliation before it got out of hand.

The delicate job of keeping this strategic ocean artery open for business ranks high on the U.S. list of global security concerns. But what keeps its big gray-hulled warships on permanent patrol there may increase the risk of a collision among major geopolitical interests. When and if a newly robust China, which claims historical deed to the entire sea, acquires

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PAGASA ISLAND, SPRATLY ARCHIPELAGO

Staking a claim, the Philippines built this airfield to carry troops to a speck of land that China, Taiwan, and Vietnam also call their own. The United States pledges not to intervene in the contested Spratlys.

the naval weaponry to enforce its ambitions, will the U.S. be forced to get tough?

Publicly American officials downplay the potential danger, but privately they worry. "I just hope they don't find oil in the Spratlys," a Navy officer told me.

FOR 2,500 YEARS the South China Sea has seen one scramble after another for its limited and valuable resources. Early navigators—Malays, Chinese—braved its murderous typhoons, soul-numbing calms, and mysterious monsoon currents. They

chased the lure of sandalwood and silk, teas and spices, over a no-man's-land of reefs and shoals, establishing its first trading routes. Beginning in the 1500s, European—and eventually American—fortune hunters sailed in, pursuing visions of God, gold, and glory. They were spellbound, as Joseph Conrad put it, by "dark islands on a blue reef-scarred sea." Pragmatic colonial powers meanwhile set up elaborate engines for pumping tin, antimony, rubber, nutmeg, gold, and other natural treasures to the outside world.

Today the old, semi-enclosed sea is more vital to the global economy than ever. Shaped like a hammerhead shark with a weight problem, the 1.4 million square mile body of water carries roughly a third of the planet's shipping and could harbor *trillions* of dollars in undersea deposits of oil and natural gas.

HAINAN, CHINA

The tide is out for the owners of these boats in the city of Sanya. Like many small fishermen, they are left with dwindling catches near shore as larger boats pursue fish with sonar and bigger nets.

With so much up for grabs, the ten Asian nations that crowd the sea's coast line view these waters and its prizes as a source of national pride—and survival. In 1995 the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (which includes all the littoral states except China, Cambodia, and Taiwan) pledged to "refrain from taking actions that destabilize the region." But as Lee Lai To, former chairman of the Singapore Institute for International Affairs, told me, "no one wants to make any concessions."

Exactly what China intends, meanwhile, is anybody's guess, but there is little doubt about how most Chinese feel when it comes to questions of ownership. During my travels I stood on the bridge of a pitching cargo ship while the Chinese second officer hovered over a nautical chart to give me a geography lesson.

"China owns all of this." His finger looped around the entire sea, including territory also claimed by Vietnam, Malaysia, the Philippines, Brunei, Indonesia, Taiwan, and possibly Thailand and Cambodia.

"What belongs to China's neighbors?" I asked.

"It's China! All China!" he said. His finger marched from the Paracel Islands in the northwest through the Spratlys in the southeast. It paused over a jot of land near Luzon in the Philippines. "This might belong to the Philippines," he mused. "But probably China!"

TO GET a firsthand view of this disputed territory, I spent three months hopscooting the region, traveling north to south, down the coasts of China and Vietnam, then east to west, around the horn to Thailand and Singapore. I shuttled between the sea's two great port cities, Singapore and Hong Kong—aboard a Chinese freighter and again as a guest of a bristling U.S. Navy aircraft-carrier battle group. By the time the journey ended, I had viewed a scuttled pirate ship in the milky green waters off Indonesia's Riau islands, survived nerve racking climbs up and down ships' ladders in heavy seas, and tasted the combative spirit with which the peoples of the South China Sea attack their fate.

It began one steamy evening as the sun dropped behind the green cone of Hong Kong's Victoria Peak and I hauled my duffel

bag along the dock toward a boxy cruise liner called the *Star Pisces*. On the bridge Captain Peder Nilsson, blond and gruff, looked radio-active in the gilt edged twilight as he eased the stern away from the Ocean Terminal. Freighters, hydrofoils, water taxis, ships of every size and type moved in all directions at once as their lights—amber, hot white, and red—streaked the viscous waters.

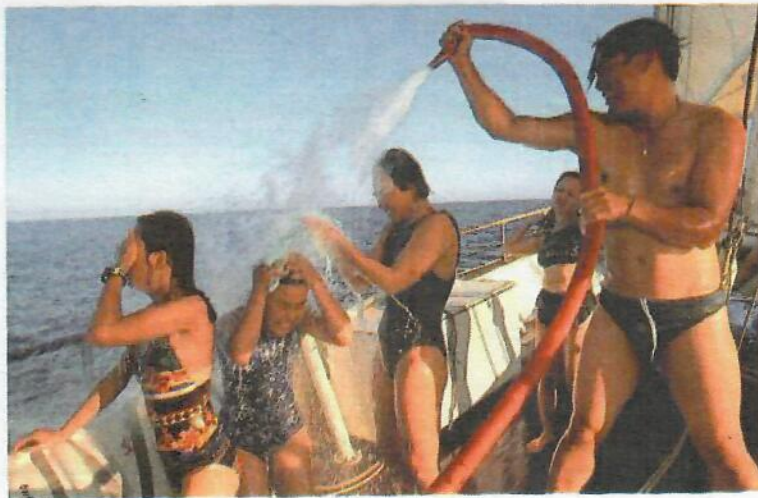
Below him the decks of the *Pisces* throbbled with nervous energy. Layered like a wedding cake, with staterooms, a beauty salon, a night-club, and three casinos, the ship bustled with 1,977 prosperous middle-class Hong Kong residents bound for an island off China's southern scaboard. Squaling teenagers mobbed a fragile-looking Cantonese pop singer. Younger kids made a beeline for the huge video arcade, while grown-ups, pushing their way into the ship's five restaurants, ignored pleas for a "mandatory" life jacket drill.

Such restlessness had helped transform Hong Kong from a desolate rock into the free-market dynamo that now glided past the *Pisces'* picture windows, its office towers blazing with light. But now my fellow passengers faced a new element of risk: Four days earlier, amid skirling bagpipes and booming lion drums, they had watched Hong Kong revert to Chinese sovereignty after 156 years of British rule.

To unwind, the passengers headed for the casinos. In a big L-shaped room furious with sound and motion, they elbowed for space at crap tables, baccarat tables, and tables for games I did not know, slapping down big Hong Kong notes as they went.

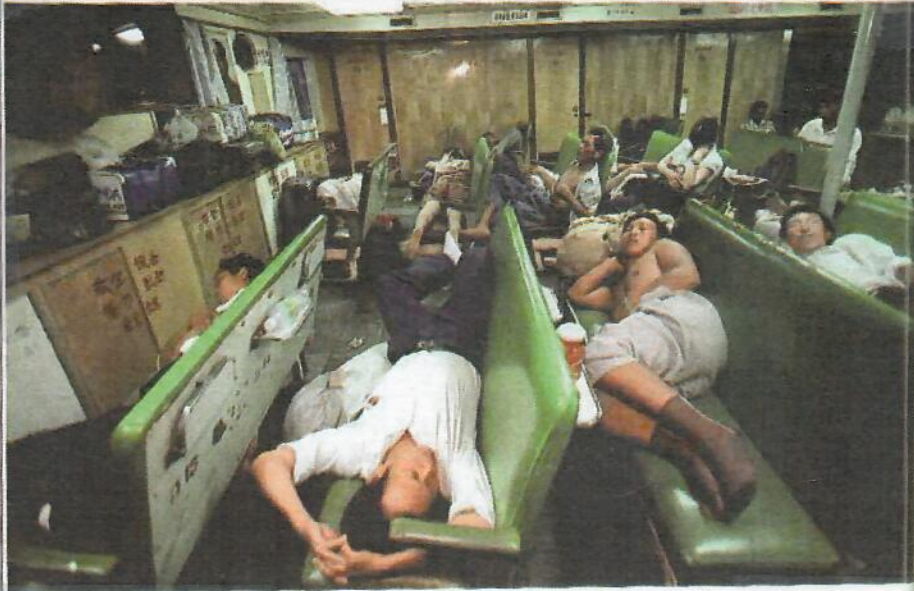
"*Aiya!*" cried a bespectacled matron, smacking her forehead as a blackjack dealer drew 21 to her 18. Undaunted, she inched her last chip forward—then turned up a winning hand.

Such gutsiness paid off for her and struck me as symbolic too. While for 1.2 billion mainlanders the British handover was a source of soaring nationalistic pride, the 6.5 million Chinese residents of Hong Kong, who had prospered over the years precisely by not being



SOUTHEAST OF HONG KONG

Showered with abundance by China's experiments with capitalism, residents of Hong Kong pay \$1,300 each to rough it on an Outward Bound voyage featuring saltwater baths. Ferrying between two of China's laboratories of free enterprise—Haikou and Beihai—workers sleep away a 12-hour journey that costs six dollars—three days' pay at minimum wage.



NORTH OF HAINAN

Would the new China, now freed from its colonial past, prove a political heavy or an enlightened landlord?

... It was too early to tell. ...

in China, viewed events with mixed emotions. "When I saw the new flag go up," a Hong Kong businesswoman in her late thirties told me, recalling the ceremonies on TV, "I felt this intense fear deep inside."

Would the new China, now freed from its colonial past, prove a political heavy or an enlightened landlord? Since it was too early to tell, she suggested a strategy: Keep the upper lip stiff, in the British tradition, and a shrewd eye peeled for new commercial opportunity.

NEXT MORNING we put in at Haikou, on China's Hainan Island, where a commercial gamble of major proportions revealed itself. From the quay the distant city appeared as a gleaming, elongated cluster of big buildings splashed with turquoise and silver light that reminded me of the Emerald City in *The Wizard of Oz*. But cruising the sun-fried streets in a taxi, I saw that many of the structures were weirdly empty—gray skeletons of rusting steel and crumbling concrete, with no glass in the windows.

Such were the ruins left behind by the "overheated economy," Yao Fan, a local economist, told me when I visited him at the city's Expert Building. Problems grew when Hainan was declared a special economic zone in 1988. With few rules to regulate commerce, the island attracted freebooting foreign investors, mainly from Hong Kong and Taiwan, who pumped cash into real estate and even planned a Club Med. But when the speculation had run its course, ornate but unsellable resort condos littered the palm-fanned coastline, and Hainan was hit by bankruptcies, unemployment, and rising crime.

Yao was willing to bet that once the Chinese exercised greater control over Nanhai, as they call the South China Sea, with its oil, natural gas, and fish, their troubles would be over. Hainan, China's smallest province, became its biggest when the South China Sea was included. "Our exploitation of Nanhai resources," he explained with pride, would in turn help

China "regain control" of its historical domain.

His passion for Nanhai, understandable from the Chinese point of view, struck me as ironic. During the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) traveling there had been a capital offense. It was only when rulers ran low on incense and other luxury imports that an intrepid eunuch, Admiral Cheng Ho, set sail on a series of voyages (1405-1433) that passed through Nanhai to India and Africa. But as John Miksic, an archaeologist at the National University of Singapore pointed out, imperial China set up no official trading centers in Southeast Asia. Later "they burned their boats and hemmed themselves in," says Miksic.

Such arguments undermine China's sweeping claims in the eyes of many non-Chinese, but they cut little ice in China, where more than a billion people with rising free market expectations refer to Nanhai as *shengcun kongjian*, or "survival space."

AFTER 50 YEARS of communist rule, old ways of defining survival are themselves undergoing revolutionary change. I discovered this on board the *Zhong Hai No. 3*, Hainan's overnight ferry to the old coastal city of Beihai. Next to me at the rail was a grinning young man in a flamboyant sport shirt.

"I like Hollywood movies!" he volunteered. "I like Arnold Schwarzenegger!"

Then, moodily: "America has two big oceans! That is unfair!" As if in agreement, the South China Sea walloped the creaky hull, dousing us with spume.

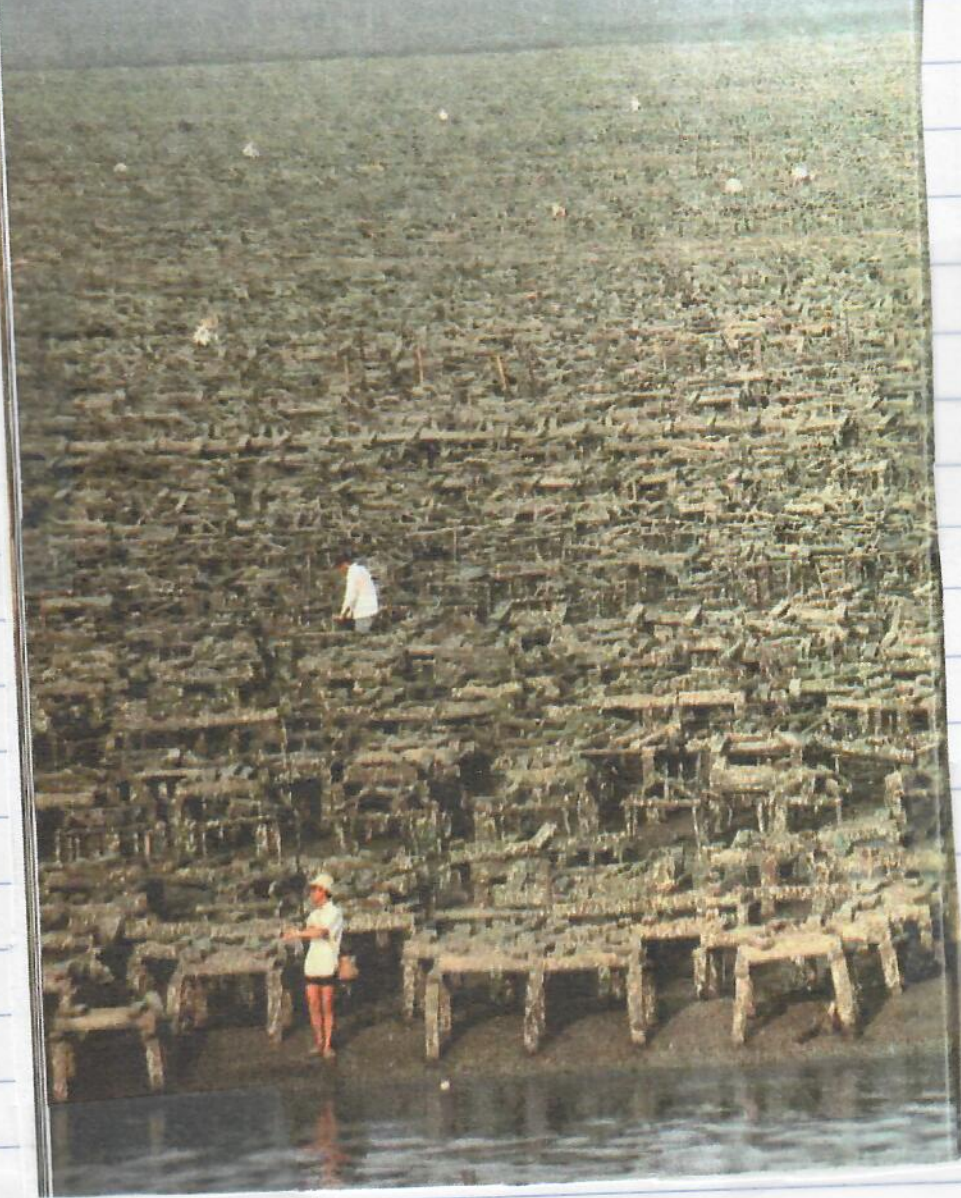
"China was a great country but became weak," the man plunged on. "We need money! We need Taiwan! We should take it!"

But when I raised my eyebrows (it was little more than a year since China had lobbed missiles toward Taiwan in military exercises suspiciously coinciding with presidential elections there and putting U.S. Navy aircraft carriers on alert), he added, "But it won't happen."

Looking out over the darkening waters,

XIAMEN, CHINA

Tending to their own businesses, oyster farmers in Maluan Bay cultivate private profits. China's pursuit of "market socialism" has spawned similar opportunities in Xiamen, the special economic zone on the horizon, where workers compete for attractive jobs in Taiwanese-owned factories.



where a string of illuminated squid boats began to flash in the night, my friend grew glumny. "I hate the communists!" he said.

Having reported from China in darker times, I looked over my shoulder to see if anyone was eavesdropping. But few people seem concerned about the party line. In the new China citizens were wheeling and dealing with the gutsiness I saw earlier in Hong Kong. Another young passenger explained how she had gone from selling black-market gasoline to selling sea snakes. She bought them in Beihai and sold them in Haikou for a tidy profit. Her dream was to get ahead of intensifying local competition by marketing Nanhai products in Beijing. Something as exotic as sea snakes, I suggested, might make a splash in the faraway capital.

"Do you think so?" Her face illuminated in stages, like a three-way lightbulb. "Or coconuts!" Click. "Or mangoes!" Click, click.

FARTHER SOUTH, Vietnam has equally big economic dreams. Things would go much more smoothly there if only Bien Dong, or the East Sea, as the Vietnamese call it, would yield more oil. Disputes with China over offshore drilling rights have hampered Vietnam's efforts to turn its communist past into a more open-market future. But the real problem is that years of costly exploration have produced exasperatingly little oil.

"It all boils down to luck, luck, luck," said Quang *le*, Mobil Oil's chief representative in Vietnam, as we rode a helicopter out into the south Con Son Basin, 190 miles southeast of Vung Tau, Vietnam's major oil and gas port. On the drilling deck men in hard hats and greasy overalls wrangled lengths of pipe down the drill shaft amid a noise that sounded like prehistoric animals fighting for turf.

When a gusher of mud blurred out, the men danced away, laughing and shouting. After only four days of drilling, Quang explained, they were 2,600 feet below the seabed, with 10,400 to go and 56 days left on an 11-million-dollar drilling contract to get there. "It's once down, once to the side," said Quang. "Find out what we have and we're out."

The rig had a fantasy-camp wildness about it that appealed to me. The crew—mainly the Europeans and the Filipinos—wore fantastical

walrus mustaches, tattoos, and flowing, shoulder-length hair. When I asked what had attracted them to life on the rigs, they said that it was the good wages and the adventure. "The economy in Vung Tau goes up a few notches when we hit the bars and open our wallets," said one Australian with a gap-toothed smile.

Despite difficulties in the search for fossil fuels, plenty of dreams do pan out in the South China Sea. In Singapore I met Dorian Ball, a South African salvage diver, whose tortuous six-year search for sunken treasure on the Diana, a British sailing ship that went down near the mouth of the Strait of Malacca in 1817, nearly wrecked his personal life and finances, until he finally found the ship and its 3.5-million-dollar cargo of Chinese porcelain. In the Philippines I met Richard Gordon, a local politician, whose vision turned the abandoned U.S. Navy base at Subic Bay—once famous for brothels and clip joints—into a burgeoning special economic zone that has generated thousands of jobs, a billion dollars in foreign investment, and enough public acclaim that, when we spoke in Manila, Gordon was considering a bid for the country's presidency.

EVERY SOLITARY SOJOURNER hits a low point, when the fabric of romance refuses to stretch over the day-to-day realities of travel. Mine arrived mid-journey, in Bangkok. A ship that would have fetched me to Singapore had burnt to the waterline and sunk. Lead gray and car-infarcted, the city, its infamous bars decorated with Christmas lights in July, held little glamour for a marooned, middle-aged hack.

I decided to hire a fishing boat to take me down the Chao Phraya River where it empties into the Gulf of Thailand. Maybe I could find the spot where the captain in The Shadow-Line, my favorite Conrad tale, his ship fatefully becalmed, falls prey to deadly currents that move, mysteriously, "with a stealthy power made manifest by the changing vistas of the islands fringing the east shore of the Gulf."

As if from central casting, my skipper, Somsak, steered his crumbling red and white craft down the Chao Phraya. He sat cross-legged on the engine cowling, a gnarled big toe—its nail opaque as a shrimp cracker—turning the wheel. To my delight the clutter of factory chimneys, cargo cranes, and

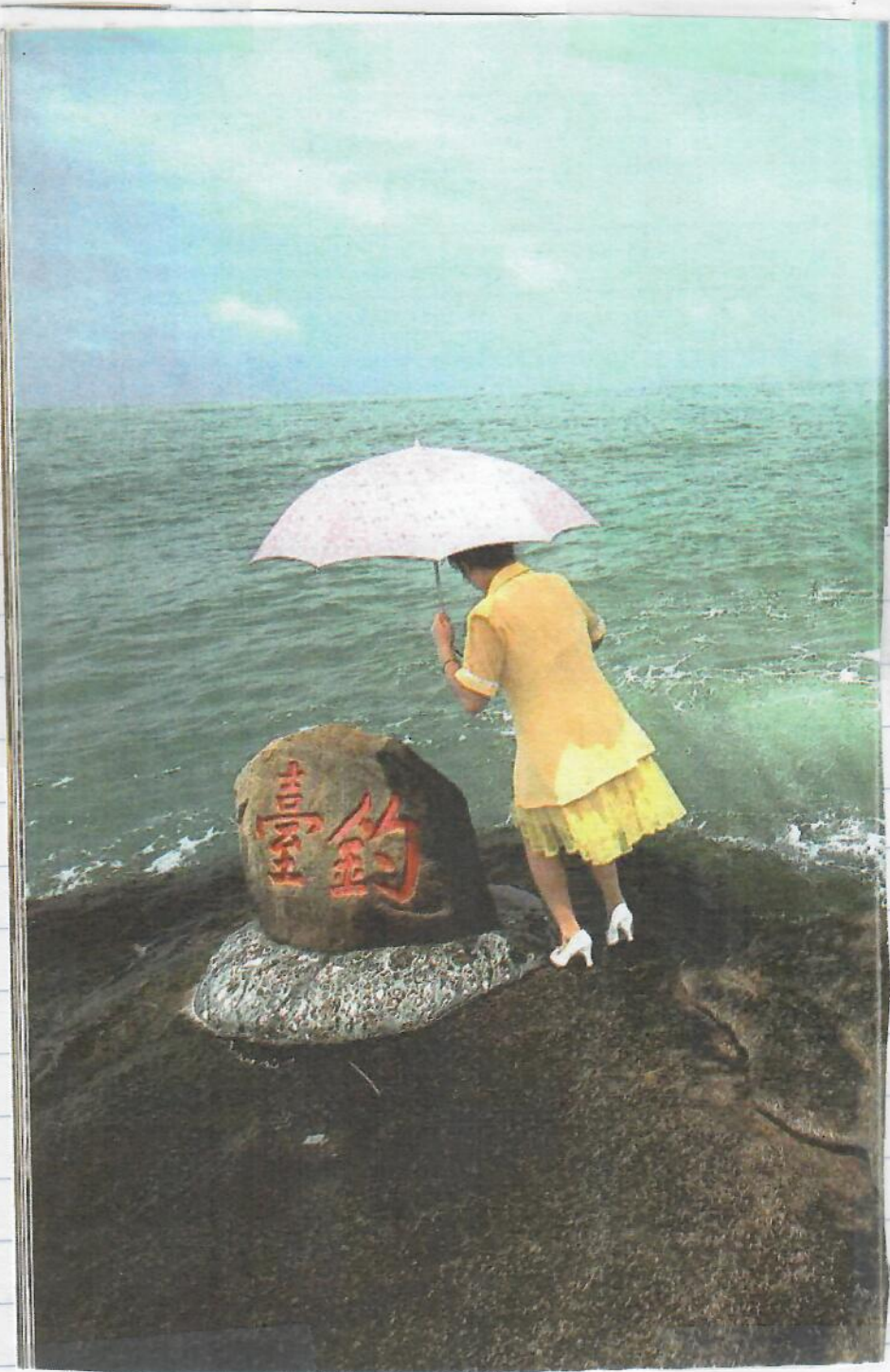


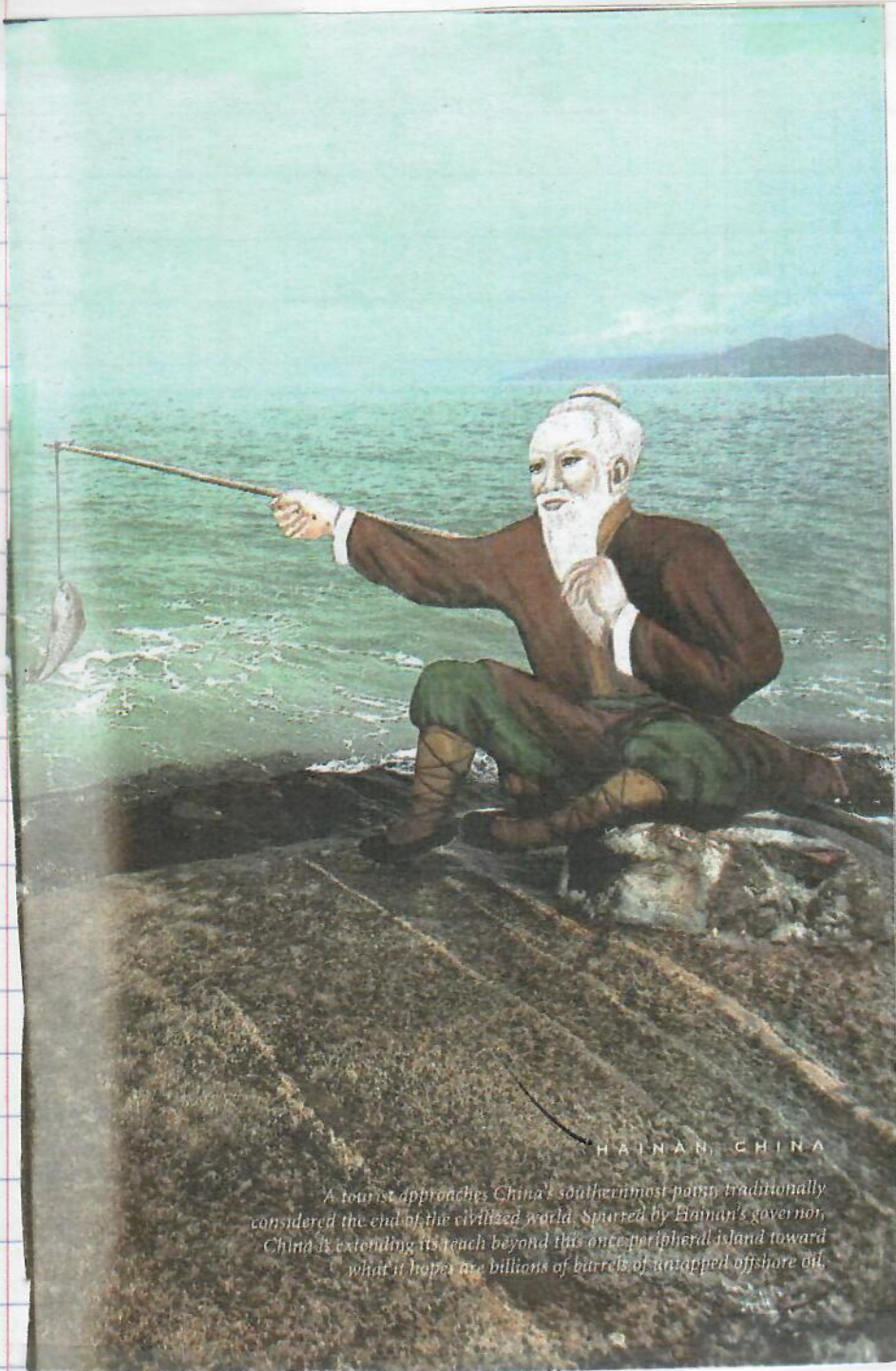
RIAU ISLANDS, INDONESIA

Hiding out near Singapore, pirates fashion hooks to board ships (above). When darkness falls, they will zoom close on a speedboat (below), board over the stern, and, armed with knives, rob the crew. As the American and Russian naval presence in Southeast Asia has declined, pirate attacks have soared: Some gangs steal whole tankers with the help of corrupt local officials.



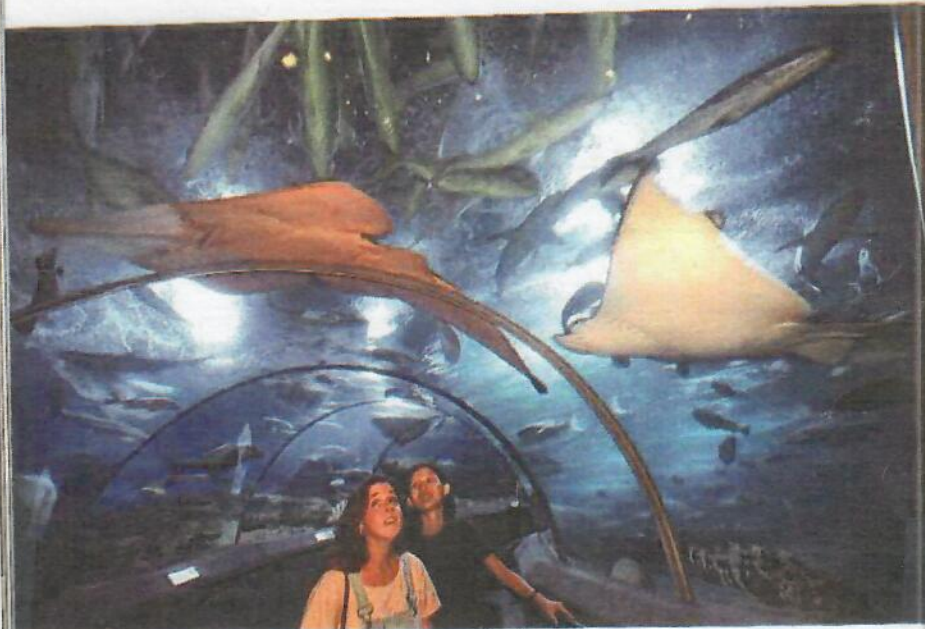
SOUTH CHINA SEA





HAINAN, CHINA

A tourist approaches China's southernmost point, traditionally considered the end of the civilized world. Spurred by Hainan's governor, China is extending its reach beyond this once-peripheral island toward what it hopes are billions of barrels of untapped offshore oil.



SENTOSA ISLAND, SINGAPORE

Under a captive bounty, visitors to Underwater World (above) gaze at marine life of the South China Sea, source of a tenth of the world's annual ocean harvest. In Taiwan's main harbor (below) a refrigerator ship unloads tons of fish caught off Indonesia and frozen for transport. Experts warn that too many boats are chasing too few fish for such catches to continue.



KAHSIUNG, TAIWAN

Now too many fishing boats and toxic runoff from factories and shrimp farms have depleted what was, until only recently, one of the world's most abundant fisheries.

steel-hulled warships riding at anchor opened to reveal glimpses of the "great gilt pagoda" at Paknam and other landmarks from the time Conrad knew the river a hundred years ago.

"Ah, the romance," I thought, my mood soaring.

Somsak, who didn't know Joseph Conrad from Conan the Barbarian, alerted me to a special buying opportunity: His friend, right around the next bend, just happened to have a catch of fresh lobsters for sale.

"No lobsters," I said.

Somsak chuckled piratically at my refusal as the wind kicked up and we juddered through mud-colored waves like an eggbeater in a bowl of gravy. Minutes later, he pointed a finger, alluvial with grime, toward pincer-like headlands that crimped the channel, shouting, "That is the outer bar!"

With a sidelong glance Somsak said, "The lobsters are very delicious."

"No lobsters," I said.

But I couldn't blame him. In his late 40s, he had spent his life fishing in the gulf. Now too many fishing boats and toxic runoff from factories and shrimp farms have depleted what was, until only recently, one of the world's most abundant fisheries.

"The gulf is basically finished," Wicharn Sirichai-Ekawat, chairman of the National Fisheries Association of Thailand, told me when I met him in Bangkok. "We're trying to reduce the number of boats, ban certain types of fishing, protect areas for reproduction and spawning," he said. But he thinks such measures will slow the decline at best.

To survive, Thai fishermen now venture farther and farther out, into waters claimed by Vietnam, Indonesia, and Burma. Some have died in shoot-outs with border patrols, and many more languish in jails around the region.

Somsak, too, had harbored dreams of filling his boat with Vietnamese fish. "We got within 50 miles of the coast when we got caught in radar," he said, recalling his brush with a border patrol there several years ago. "We tried

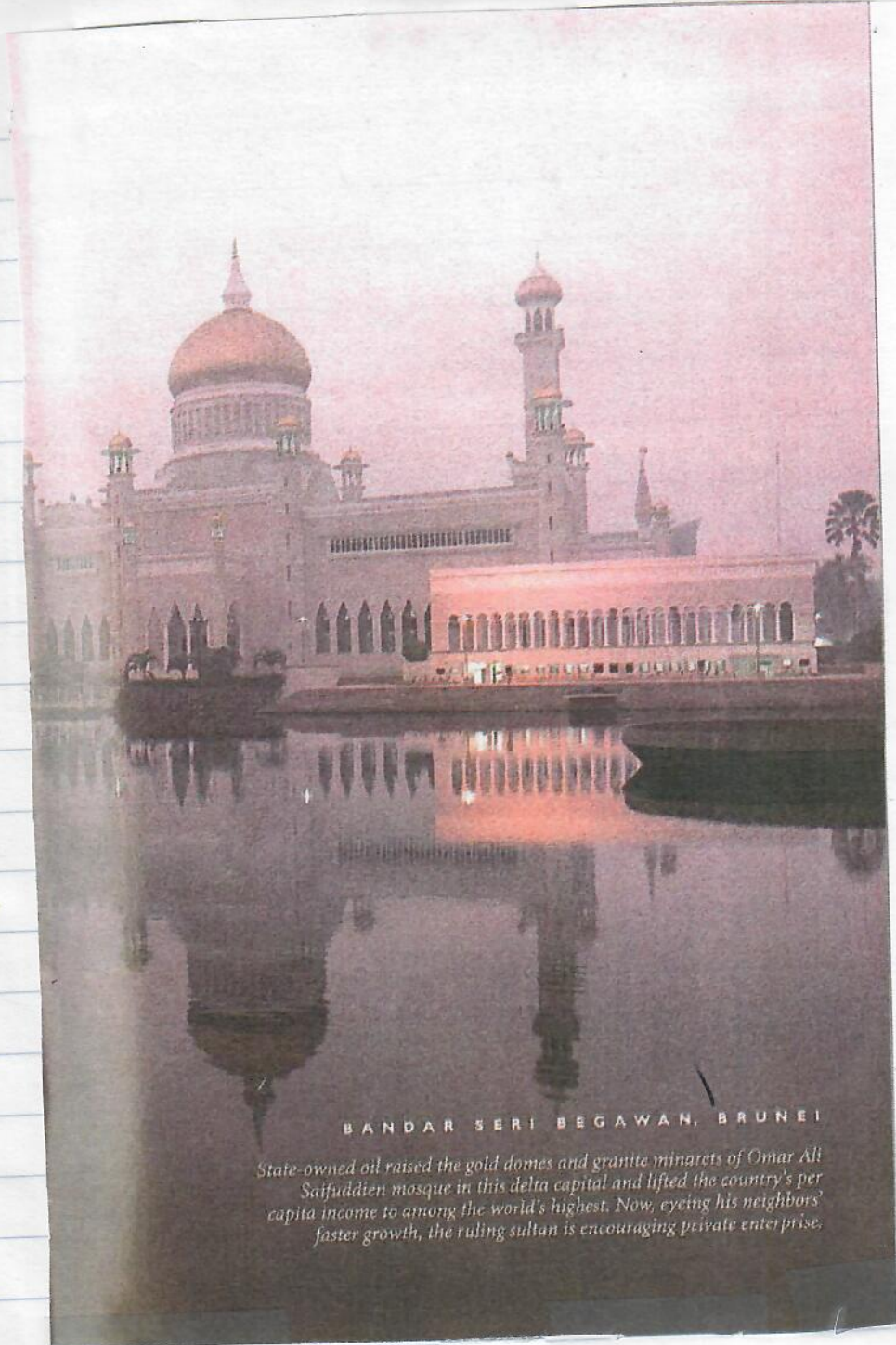
to get away, but our engines overheated. So we took the ice off the fish and threw it on the engines to cool them down!"

How had he escaped? Somsak tapped his temple. "We steered for a slower boat, and the Vietnamese caught them instead!"

Such cutthroat competition is spreading throughout the region as fish stocks dwindle and prices go sky-high. "The sea is already being fished at more than twice the level it should be," said John McMannus, a marine ecologist I met in Manila. "Perhaps half its reefs have been damaged by fishermen using cyanide to stun fish or dynamite to kill them."

THE ANCIENT PRACTICE of piracy is one industry that isn't suffering in the South China Sea, where, in 1997, 105 of the 229 shipboard attacks reported worldwide took place. Today's sea robbers use speedboats, radar, and ship-to-shore radios but still rely on the time-tested element of surprise, zipping from hidden coves to hit cargo ships as they navigate tricky passages. Most stop at thievery, grabbing cash from the captain's safe or stealing videotape recorders, personal computers, or other luxury goods from the hold. But there is occasional violence. In an incident off Singapore shortly before my arrival there, a distraught crew, still reeling from attack, hurried to their master's cabin to find him, according to one report, "bound hand and foot . . . dead with a gaping bullet hole in his head."

So it was with reduced zeal that I found myself the lone American on board the *Pacific Mercury*, a 50,000-ton Chinese bulk carrier, as it rode at anchor far out in the Singapore Strait, taking on fuel as the sun went down. Sitting across a table from me were Captain Lu Xun Kun, who shuffled papers, setting his chop to various official documents, and a boarding agent with puffy, bloodshot eyes. "There was a vessel just like this one off Singapore six months ago," the agent said in hushed tones. "We finished bunkering her in the evening,



BANDAR SERI BEGAWAN, BRUNEI

State-owned oil raised the gold domes and granite minarets of Omar Ali Saifuddien mosque in this delta capital and lifted the country's per capita income to among the world's highest. Now, eyeing his neighbors' faster growth, the ruling sultan is encouraging private enterprise.

Singapore safely," he said nonchalantly, adding that a crewman blamed the captain for almost getting everyone killed and went after him with an ax.

"Passenger service was killed off by airplane travel," said Rankine. Then, three decades ago, container cargo came along, making sea transport cheaper, faster, and more efficient by packaging goods in waterproof, tamper-resistant steel boxes that can be quickly loaded and unloaded. That saves labor costs and prevents theft and damage but also cuts days once spent in exotic ports of call to only hours. Gone are the ships with magical names—the old M.V. *Rajah Brooke* and the S.S. *Kajang*—the seven course breakfasts, and the men who stuck with a ship for 20 years or more.

"Oh, there are no real seamen left in this world," Rankine said, waving his hand. "Everything is in the books, not in people's heads!"

Rankine, anxious to get out of port, shouted "Where's that pilot?" into his walkie-talkie. In a flash a small, petrified man was on the bridge deck, howling ferociously and offering excuses in Malay. "He doesn't want to take her out," snorted Rankine. "Pilots today have no experience," he muttered, preparing—not unhappily, it seemed to me—to do the job himself.

"Oh, the last of the Mohicans!" cried the old captain, as the 258th container swung over the side and banged into place and he was finally free to head his ship for the Brunei cut and the darkness of the open sea.

SINGAPORE ADVENTURES appealed the eternal adolescent in me but made my inner reporter skeptical. By my third call at Singapore, where I waited for a final run up to Hong Kong on the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Constellation*, I had concluded that the glory days of Conrad were pretty much finished. With its mix of Chinese, Malays, and Indians, Singapore was full of "the glitter, the colour of an Eastern crowd" that the old master had described—women in saris of red and purple silk or hooded in black Muslim chadors, men wearing turbans or laced prayer caps. But more than anything the city-state resembled a shipshape Los Angeles, with immaculate sidewalks lined with McDonald's, Häagen Dazs, and Toys "R" Us.

I was also having serious doubts about the idea that a rising China might use military

CAM RANH BAY, VIETNAM

Women swaddled against the sun paddle ocean water into ponds where it will evaporate, leaving salt behind. Plans call for increasing such production by half, so Vietnam can have a new export.

force to turn the entire South China Sea into a national lake. For one thing, the U.S., which patrols the sea like a cool-eyed town marshal, takes a dim view of anybody who might obstruct the free flow of maritime traffic through international waters.

That was the situation aboard the *Constellation* when I stood on the bridge with Capt. Rocklun Deal, watching a jet fighter scream off the flight deck every 90 seconds, laying a trail of exhaust fumes over the sundown waters somewhere to the west of the Spratlys.

With 4,700 souls on board, the carrier seemed more densely packed than my neighborhood in Manhattan. Walking through the bulkhead doors, lined up in diminishing perspective down the side of the long, gray hull, was like walking toward a mirror. The effect was disorienting to me, but Captain Deal knew exactly where he was going.

"Technology lets us survey the airspace out to hundreds of miles and tell who's friendly and who's not," explained Deal. That would come in handy if China ever did flex its military muscle. So would America's huge material edge: The U.S. outguns China in aircraft carriers (12 to 0) and ballistic submarines (18 to 1), as well as in most sea fighting basics.

Suddenly a disembodied voice from the ship's Combat Defense Center belowdecks reported: "CNN aircraft declaring emergency." A news helicopter, presumably American, had wandered into a potential showdown over "disputed islands" between countries code-named "purple" and "orange."

But this was a war game, not a real war, so the Navy would not be forced to get involved. I wanted to know if one of the color codes stood for China. Offering me a chocolate chip cookie, Deal said they stood only for hypothetical antagonists. I understood his reticence: What could be gained from fingering China as the potential bad guy? Diplomatic talk, backed by the admonitory presence of technology-packed mountains of steel like the *Connie*, might well solve any crisis before it started.

"What people want here and on the mainland is the same thing—economic progress. . . . Governments should listen to the voice of the people."

Moreover, it wasn't at all clear how eager the American public would be to prosecute a war in a place that few voters—even educated ones—could readily locate on a map.

But I didn't give up. The next day I flew off the decks of the *Connie* with Vice Adm. Bob Natter, commander of the U.S. Seventh Fleet. The eyeball popping impact of g forces that crushed us into our seat cushions as the *Connie* catapulted our aircraft out over the sea was not conducive to conversation. But over breakfast in Hong Kong, when gravity had returned to normal, I asked him how he assessed the Chinese threat.

Natter, a lean, handsome man who fought as a Navy commando in Vietnam, thought for a moment as he buttered his toast, then said that it stood to reason "the Chinese will try to impose their influence on the region"—just as the U.S. tries to "impose our will out here too." But he wanted to be optimistic. "China has the economy as priority one," he said. "It's in their interests to maintain stability."

Natter's biggest worry was Taiwan, and China's insistence on seeing the island of 21 million reunited with the motherland. He hoped that peaceful evolution, not confrontation, would resolve the issue. "I'd hate to see two powerful militaries get involved there," he said, "because then we'd have to get involved too."

TALK OF A POSSIBLE SHOWDOWN in the Taiwan Strait reminded me that my mental picture of the China seas had not been molded exclusively by Joseph Conrad. One of my most vivid memories rises from the Cold War autumn of 1958, when the U.S. drifted close to war there.

Mao Zedong had threatened to invade Taiwan, but when the Eisenhower administration sent in the Seventh Fleet and hinted at the use of the atomic weapon, the Great Helmsman had settled for shelling the bejesus out of tiny Quemoy, a Taiwanese possession hard by the mainland. A third-grader at Brighton Elementary School in Seattle, Washington, I had

done my bit by fetching two slightly dented cans of Chef Boyardee spaghetti to a PTA food drive for Quemoy's beleaguered children.

As my journey drew to a close, I flew to Quemoy, or *Kinmen*, as it's now known, where by chance I met one of those children, now a taxi driver named Chen Kuo-chuo. A rugged man of 47, with close-cropped black hair and aviator sunglasses, he drove me to the labyrinthine tunnels where he had cowered under that long-ago autumnal fusillade, sustained in part by relief packages from the U.S. ("No spaghetti, thank heavens!" he joked.)

But even as we stared into the bluey haze where, 3,000 yards ahead, rose the green hills of the place we had both feared as Red China, old Cold War currents seemed to be dramatically reversing themselves. Chen, some of whose ancestors left the mainland centuries ago, said that relaxed restrictions on travel from Taiwan—to the mainland free him to visit relatives in Xiamen, today a thriving port. Meanwhile fishing boats smuggle peanuts, pistols, VCRs, and watermelon seeds across the narrow channel. And soon freighters may well travel directly—and legitimately—between the two sides.

"The communists aren't like before," explained Chen Swei-chai, Kinmen's first popularly elected mayor, when I sat with him at city hall sipping a cup of jasmine tea. A group of high powered consultants from Taipei lingered at one end of the big room around a wall map of the Taiwan Strait. Heady talk was circulating among Taiwan's savvy capitalists about the emergence of "China, Inc.," a bloc made up of China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan that, old political barriers notwithstanding, might in the new century lead the world and exert a strong pull—political as well



WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 2011

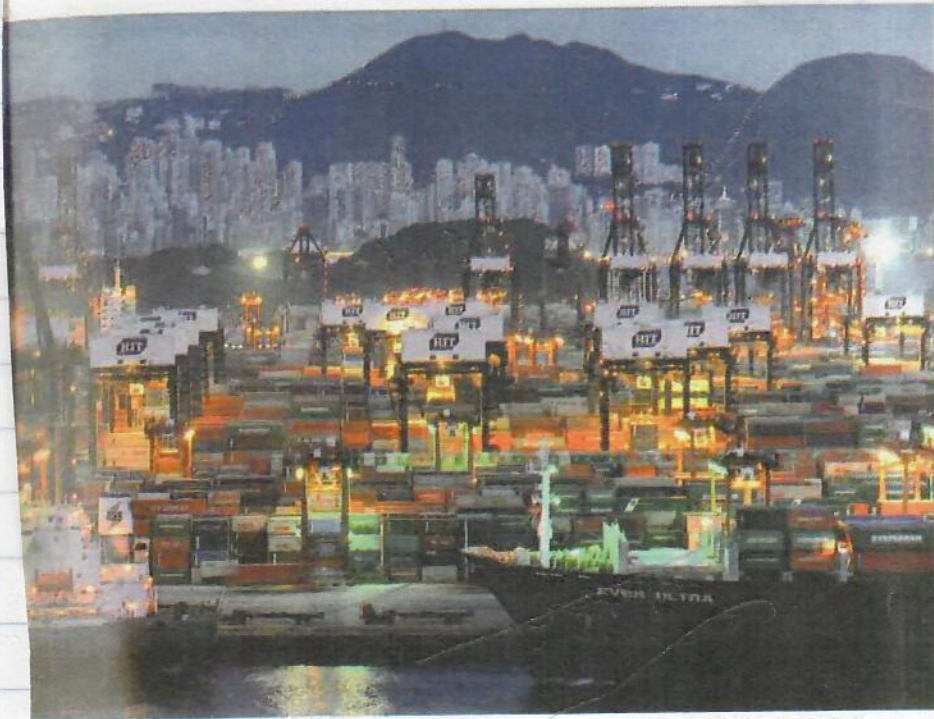


KEEPSAKE

A woman in Taipei yesterday displays the two sides of a silver coin issued by the central bank to mark the Republic of China's (ROC) centenary. The coin, which features an image of ROC founding father Sun Yat-sen, has a face value of NT\$100 and will go on sale for NT\$2,000 each, starting on Oct. 6.

PHOTO: ONA

TAIPEI TIMES 9-28-11



HONG KONG, CHINA

Lit up like a show window, a port displays goods risk-taking entrepreneurs sell the world at huge profits. Renewed boom times in the South China Sea will require regional cooperation as much as cutthroat competition.

as commercial—all along the rim of the South China Sea.

"What people want here and on the mainland is the same thing—economic progress," insisted the mayor, a formal man in a luminous sharkskin suit. "Governments should listen to the voice of the people."

Mayor Chen pumped my hand and thanked me for coming: "We still remember your kindness in sending that canned food!" Frankly, as I stood there, clutching a plastic artillery shell I had bought, a replica commemorating Mao's famous pounding of Quemoy, I was a little sorry I had mentioned that part.

SOUTH CHINA SEA

"Yes," teased city official Li Si-heui, "we'll look for the guy who got your spaghetti!"

But as I left city hall and walked toward the sea, my shoes sticking to asphalt spongy with heat, the kid in me felt badly let down: I mean, the China seas seemed to be well on the way to being annexed by the Home Shopping Network. Was romance completely dead?

Hopping a cab, I headed for the island's spartan airfield. Meditating on the waters of the strait, which shimmered in the late afternoon sunshine, the reporter in me had a small epiphany: However devoid of old-time swash-buckle, this eagerness to embrace the global economy, with its successive waves of consumer goods, was the latest but surely not the last of the mysterious forces to swirl through a sea of unruly, complicated dreams. Where, I had to wonder, would they carry so many tough, contentious dreamers? □

33



DELATED UNTIL TO EARLY OCT 2011

开曼群岛海龟考察培训行程 Travel route schedule

日期 Date	行程 Flight	膳食	住宿
09月08日(四) 09月09日(五)	惠州 Huizhou—香港 Hong Kong—伦敦 London 英国航空(BA 28),23:45 出发,香港 SAR(HKG);飞 12 小时 40 分钟; 05:25 抵达：伦敦 希斯洛机场(LHR),波音 747-400	早	伦敦(白天不住)
09月09日(五)	伦敦 London—经停拿骚 Nassau(巴哈马)约 1 小时—大开曼岛 Grand Cayman 英国航空(BA 253) 10:30 出发：伦敦 希斯洛机场(LHR); 飞11小时 05分钟至拿骚; 16:35 抵达：大开曼岛(GCM), 波音 767 下午：在大开曼岛稍作休息 Check in Hotel	午 晚	大开曼岛
09月10日(六) 09月11日(日)	大开曼岛 Grand Cayman 上午：周末自由活动。Free activities weekend, 下午：周末自由活动。Free activities weekend.	早 午 晚	大开曼岛
09月12日(一)	大开曼岛 Grand Cayman 上午：双方会面、海龟人工繁殖技术交流与学习 Meeting, Communication and Learning 下午：参观海龟农场人工繁殖大池、人工沙滩和孵化房 Visit Cayman Turtle Farm	早 午 晚	大开曼岛
09月13日(二)	大开曼岛 Grand Cayman 上午：海龟人工繁殖技术交流与学习总结 Communication and learning 下午：考察七英里白沙滩。 Visit Seven Mile Beach	早 午 晚	大开曼岛
09月13日(二) 09月14日(三)	大开曼岛 Grand Cayman—拿骚 Nassau—伦敦 London 英国航空(BA 252),18:30 depart 出发：大开曼岛(GCM); 经停拿骚(国家：巴哈马)约 1 小时; 11:35 抵达：伦敦 希斯洛机场(LHR), 波音 767	早 午	大开曼岛
09月14日(三)	英国航空(BA 25),18:40 出发：伦敦 London 希斯洛机场(LHR);飞 11 小时 35 分钟, 波音 747-400	晚	
09月15日(四)	13:15 抵达：香港 SAR(HKG), 结束考察行程。End	早 午	

WALTER MUSTIN

特别说明：客随主便。