

NEW **HORIZONS**

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICA'S MERCHANT MARINE OF THE AIR



CNAC'S SENIOR PILOT MOON FUN CHIN

"You do a lot of things you wouldn't do at home . . ."

(TRANSPACIFIC)

Jap Boomerang

To Mrs. J. R. Raugust of Harvey, North Dakota recently went the nearly unique distinction of benefitting from a typically sadistic performance of Japan's totalitarian government. On the fateful Dec. 8, 1941, when the Japs pock-marked U. S.-held Wake Island with

ironic Jap caption attached to the original print is reproduced here (*see cut*).

Life Line

(*See Cover*)

On April 16, the first anniversary of the U. S. bombing of Tokyo, the world



After 2500 recording had been made, names were scribbled on memos, attached to the record for identification. These in turn were later broadcast over the ether from a local radio station, then packed, awaiting shipment to their homeland. How many of the so-called "democratic" nations would permit this courtesy?

bombs, her son, Pan American's Airport Carpenter Waldo Z. H. Raugust, was the only member of Pan American's Wake Island personnel not evacuated on the *Philippine Clipper*. Like other personnel on the island, Raugust was caught in the middle of an important chore which had to be finished when the Japs descended. As he drove by with an ambulance full of wounded for the hospital, he left instructions that Captain J. H. Hamilton was not to wait if the *Clipper* were ready to leave before he returned. By June, 1942, it was revealed by the U. S. War Dept. that Hospital Chauffeur Raugust had been interned in Shanghai, China (*NEW HORIZONS*, Jan., Mar., July '42).

No further word was received until last month when a sequel to the story came from Raugust's mother. Just one month after sorrow-stricken Mrs. Raugust had been written by the Social Security Board that her son had been killed in action, she saw a page of internee pictures in *Life*, U. S. weekly picture magazine. Smack in the middle of one of the pictures (*see cut, 4th from left*), she saw her son. Scarcely believing her own eyes, she wrote to Pan American's San Francisco, Cal., base, received reassurance that Internee Raugust was at that time still alive, was in as good health as the picture indicated. (Evidently, the Social Security Board letter had been composed immediately after the Wake Island bombing when Raugust's whereabouts were uncertain.) Lacking in *Life's* picture, the

learned for the first time how Lt. Col. (now Major Gen.) Jimmie Doolittle raided Nippon. The details flowed from news tickers, splashed blackly on the first pages of U. S. newspapers, provided a field day for radio commentators. But it was only part of the story.

Days later the censorship curtain was lifted on a sequel to the raid. Now China National Aviation Corporation broke into print, for it was CNAC, Pan American's affiliate in China, that toted the doughty Lt. Col. Doolittle from the bomb-pocked interior of China to India.

News of the bombing of Tokyo had not reached Chinese Capt. Chin by the day in May, 1942, when he received orders to fly to Myitkyina, last, precarious Allied toe-hold in Jap-infested Burma. Myitkyina itself, the only place from which refugees were being flown, was threatened, but CNACmen never abandon an airport until they see the whites of Jap eyes. Halfway south from Chungking an hour's flight time was lost when radio warned that Jap patrol planes were on the DC-3's course. Chin brought the plane down onto an isolated field, camouflaged it with mud and leaves, shepherded his passengers to cover. As the passengers clambered back aboard after the "all clear" had sounded, Moon Chin noticed a short, stubble-bearded foreigner wearing a disheveled U. S. Army Officer's cap, a pair of khaki pants (badly torn), an old leather flying jacket. His curiosity aroused, Chin looked again, recognized but could

not place the face, could just discern the name on his flying jacket: Major* James A. Doolittle, U.S.A. Elephant-memored CNACman Chin then remembered that several years before he had helped assemble a plane Lt. Col. Doolittle had brought to China. But completely occupied with the business of continuing his "routine flight" into Burma, Aviator Chin did not stop to chat with Aviator Doolittle.

Nevertheless he soon heard from the stocky, sharp-eyed Lt. Col. Not so calm about the flight destination as his pilot (the plane was headed due south toward Myitkyina), Doolittle scribbled a note to Capt. Chin, explained to the stewardess that he carried with him an urgent report for Wash., D. C. Chin read: "In Chungking this morning American Ambassador told me that the Japs were certain to be in Mich'na before nightfall." Authoritatively he wrote back that CNAC would not send him there if Japs controlled the field.

Arrived over the field at Mich'na, the dauntless captain spotted 2 more CNAC DC-3's landing, knew it was safe to follow suit. On the ground he learned that the Japs were just over the hill, was advised to load up, take off as quickly as possible. In the forward mail compartment he loaded precious radio equipment, put a handful of station personnel in the cabin. Then quick-acting Pilot Chin started loading the refugees who milled hopefully around the 3 planes. Thousands clamored to be put aboard, realized this was their last chance for rescue.

Blissful Ignorance. Lt. Col. Doolittle watched with interest as the plane began to fill, became increasingly alarmed as the 50th passenger squeezed aboard and still more sardined their way in. He yelled to Moon from his seat near the cockpit door: "I hope the hell you know what you're doing." Moon replied calmly that he did, that each passenger meant one more life saved, that he knew how much Douglasses could take in a tight spot. Then, in ignorance of Doolittle's recent Tokyo activities, Moon ironized: "There is a war going on over here. You do lots of things you wouldn't do at home—when you have to!"

Acc-evacuator Chin then explained that he was going on to Calcutta, thought he could make it if he thinned out his gas a little, chuckled when he heard the Lt. Col. remark as the cockpit door was secured: "I think I would rather have gone back the way I came." It was Hero Doolittle's turn to chuckle when the plane arrived safely at Calcutta 4 hours and 12 minutes later and Capt. Chin discovered: 1) his officious-seeming passenger's true identity; 2) that 8 extra passengers had smuggled their way into the rear mail compartment (passenger total for the trip was 72).

*So busy had Doolittle been in the months before the raid that he had had no time to change the rank on his flying jacket.

TRANSPACIFIC

The Man. Army Hero Doolittle, however, is not Capt. Chin's only famous cargo. Often China's Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek requested that Pilot Chin be in the cockpit of the plane. He often flew for the Chinese Govt. who borrowed him from CNAC, considered his ten years of flying in China and great knowledge of China's geography invaluable.

Though born in Towshang, Kwangtung Province (South China) May 13, 1914, Chin is a U. S. citizen. His real name is Mon Fon Chin, but with oriental politeness Mon Fon changed the spelling to Moon Fun so that fellow-U. S. citizens would automatically pronounce it correctly, would not have to stumble through a short lesson in Chinese phonetics.

At the age of 9, Moon Chin came to the U. S., joined his restaurant-owner father in Baltimore, Md. While still in high school, Chin decided that he wanted to do something more constructive, took a course in automobile mechanics at Boy's Vocational School, attended Curtiss-Wright's Baltimore airplane mechanics school during the summer. The next year he took a post-graduate course in auto mechanics, started flying in his spare time, after hurdling his father's rather strong objections. Having received a limited commercial license from Curtiss-Wright and flying for them for a time, he decided that the depression had hit the U. S. too hard, returned to China early in 1933.

On March 8 of the same year he joined CNAC as a co-pilot, in 1936 attained the rating of pilot. As pilot he was soon flying the Chinese Army payrolls over the Jap lines, dropping pay sacks from the plane near pre-arranged ground signal fires to Chinese guerillas behind Jap lines. Chin also made an exploratory trip from Chungking, over Chinese Turkestan and the Tibetan Himalayas to India on the route planned for carrying lend-lease cargoes into China in the event of a Jap-occupied Assam Province, India. In addition to making the flight, Capt. Chin photographed the route, won the recognition of the Generalissimo who presented him with a gold watch. Particularly pleased with this photographic award was enthusiastic Amateur Cameraman Chin who always carries his camera with him, has snapped the 'Gissimo innumerable times. Last summer when he carried China's leader to a northeast front, he caught him in the lens during a review of 2 divisions of troops at Sinang (*see cut*).

Mountain to Mohamet. At the fall of Hong Kong, Moon Chin's family was endangered, his wife escaped, but his mother was left behind. The Chins, married almost seven years, now live in Calcutta, India, have a 9-month-old daughter. On last summer's trip to China's northeast front, Pilot Chin asked the 'Gissimo to name his daughter. Convinced that his personal request could easily be overlooked in the pres-

sure of China's life struggle, understanding Capt. Chin did not actually expect to hear again from the 'Gissimo. He was surprised when a letter a few days later requested his presence at headquarters. Still sure that Chiang Kai-shek was too busy to bother with his problem and that it had been red-taped to the local baby-naming office, he ignored the summons. Thoroughly amazed was he later in the week when another note arrived from headquarters. Inside, in the 'Gissimo's own handwriting was inscribed the baby's name *Hwa Yeu* (a woman who does great things). Said pleased Capt. Chin of the paper: "My wife said she would buy a gold frame for it."

Portrait of an airline. CNAC is old, as airlines go. It pre-dates Moon Chin's piloting, pre-dates in fact the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge which set off the Sino-Japanese war (1937), pre-dates even the Manchurian incident (1931). CNAC began in 1929, with a collaborative effort of the Chinese National Govt. and a U. S. company, China Airways, Federal Inc., which by 1933 had begun to bog down. Neither this airline, nor the two lesser ones that were the sum of China's aviation resources had begun to serve the country adequately. The vast regions that are China were as yet unplumbed by the commercial airplane.

On March 18, 1933 Pan American



YANGTSE RIVER GORGE, PART OF CNAC'S FLIGHT TERRITORY
Even friendly territory was forbidding

TRANSPACIFIC

acquired the CNAC holdings of China Airways, Federal Inc., U.S.A., with the ready cooperation of the Nationalist Government, started on its way. Looking back in 1935, a U. S. reporter wrote: "The entrance of Pan American Airways into the China field of air transportation was widely heralded as a great stride in the progress of China commercial aviation. This organization's airline operations to, and in South America, were by no means unknown to Chinese officialdom . . . and the progress expected to follow the entrance of Pan American Airways was not long in coming."

The expansion actually was almost instantaneous. CNAC planes began winging from Shanghai to Peiping by way of Haichow, Tsingtao and Tientsin. A little later Nanking was included. Then CNAC began voyaging southward. Its transports touched at Chinese coastal cities whose names were familiar common-places to seafaring men — Wenchow, Foochow, Amoy, Swatow and Canton. By late 1936 a stop had been added at the storied British Crown colony of Hong Kong where CNAC established a connection with the British Imperial Airways flying from Penang on the Malay Straits.

By the time the Japs created their providential "incident" near Peiping in July, 1937, to unleash their pillaging armies on the root and branch of Nationalist China. CNAC had become strong of wind and limb. From a mere 354 passengers carried in 1929, CNAC's traffic had burgeoned to a yearly business of more than 15,000. Its mail loads, its actual flight mileage had risen by 2,100%.

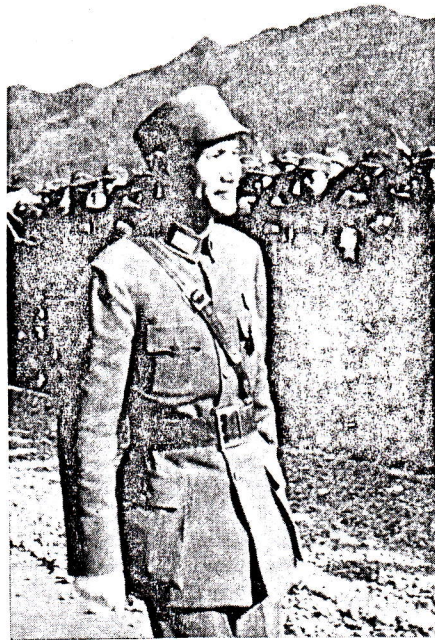
In those first feverish days of 1937 when chaos engulfed the strong air transport structure which CNAC had built, one of CNAC's personnel wrote: "Pan American said there is a job to do and it ought to be done. Anything to be done should be done because one of these days this thing is going to be far more important than it is now. Gradually, piece by piece, it is built up. You are out of Shanghai, so you get set in Hankow. You get all set, and wham, you are out of Hankow, then Chungking." And from W. L. Bond, CNAC's manager: "After the hell broke loose we did our best to save the pieces."

Incident piled on incident. One CNAC pilot was caught within the city of Peiping after the authorities had closed the gates. Hiding under some sacks of mail on a truck which was permitted exit, the flyer passed through the Jap sentries undetected. Reaching the airport, he came out from under, jumped into the CNAC plane he had landed there, streaked it to Shanghai.

As the Japs moved west CNAC slipped west, played a grim game of geographical hide and seek as the Japs bombed CNAC airports days before their infantry moved in. Then in 1940 the Japs got a toe-hold in the south as well

through permission granted by the Vichy-French government to move into Indo-China. CNAC had to abandon one more base, Hanoi.

To establish fresh routes, to maintain planes, to fly in foul weather, took an effort little less than herculean. Example: a route must be established between Chungking and Hong Kong. But how? Airports were at a premium. The airway lay over 778 miles of mountains. Navigation aids did not exist. Yet those airports were built, radio facilities were installed, planes did fly.



GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK
A gold watch, a gold frame

Trial by fire. It was in the Hong Kong evacuation of Dec. 7-10, 1941, that CNAC proved its greatness. The Japs had crept up, had loosed upon Kai-tek airport and the British Crown Colony a furious rain of bombs and bullets. Jap planes plunged from the smoke-smudged skies to the attack. Of thirteen CNAC planes at the Kai-tek airport at Kowloon (across the bay from Hong Kong Island) eight were destroyed or damaged. But five, in a hangar, were not. Those planes CNAC used to evacuate, in the dead of the night, 275 adults and more than 100 children to the safety of interior China. Every CNAC pilot wanted to help, but because of the shortage of planes some had to just remain on call from time to time. Blacked out, and thus targets for defensive anti-aircraft fire, the CNAC ships were worked like Trojans for 3 nights (Dec. 8, 9, and 10). After that, the Hong Kong Government forbade any more trips. CNAC no longer flew into Kai-tek.

Portrait of a Pilot. Like any effective operation, CNAC is no better than its men. Typical of the hard-flying men who

make CNAC great is Chief Pilot Capt. Frank ("Dude") Higgs. Capt. Higgs was born in Columbus, Ohio in 1908, went to China in 1936 with the then Capt. Claire Chennault to establish a training school for the Chinese Air Force, joined CNAC in 1940. As Chief of the China Air Force's only combat school, located in Chungking, he taught Chinese cadets dive bombing, dog-fighting and aerial gunnery. Capt. Higgs feels that the Chinese are as capable pilots as any in the world, found however, that unlike U. S. youth they had no technical background, had missed the adolescent experience of taking apart a model T Ford and watches. His humorous illustration: A Chinese cadet who was flying cross-country, noticed that his oil pressure was dropping lower and lower. Still 100 miles from his base he became a little worried, broke the glass of the instrument panel, bent the oil pressure gauge back so that it read correctly, flew on without a worry.

In 1940, planes and equipment became so scarce that CAF operations were impossible. China had one aviation factory whose total production numbered 3 or 4 planes. Foreign-imported planes were equally scarce in the year when countless numbers were feeding into the maw of an allied western air offensive. Chennault's work with the CAF concluded, the dauntless air commander started the AVG with the Generalissimo's hearty approval. At that time, U. S. fliers in the CAF scattered in three directions. Some returned to the U. S., others joined the AVG, still others joined CNAC. Capt. Higgs chose CNAC because he liked its reputation, its fine equipment and communications.

While in the CAF, Higgs often spoke with Mme. Chiang Kai-shek who had sole charge of all matters pertaining to the operations of the air force. Higgs' first-hand opinion of China's First Lady: "more personal magnetism than any woman I have ever known. She just busts out with charm." He also affirmed that Mme. Chiang is partial to U. S. citizens, considers CNAC a fine outfit whose work could not be done without its U. S. personnel.

Beside his many duties as Chief Pilot, Capt. Higgs heads the CNAC stewardess school in Calcutta. CNAC has had stewardesses on its planes since 1939, prefers girls who have had nurses' training though that is not an essential requirement. Before war crept so close to CNAC kitchen's, the stewardesses served hot lunches. Now, with quick take-offs an everyday necessity, emergency landings frequent, they serve box lunches. Throughout the Far East there is a legend that the most beautiful Chinese girls in the world are the CNAC stewardesses.

Most tense experience in all his years of unusual flying feats was Higgs' check-out flight as Captain between Hong Kong and Chungking. Recalled Higgs: "It was doing everything: rain-

ing, snowing, sleeting, lightning. Of course we flew over Jap territory. Didn't see them. Didn't want to, but knew they were there. Flying back to Hong Kong the next night was the same thing in reverse. We flew up to 13,000 ft., down to 3,000 ft., right in the middle of all these turbulent conditions. When it was all over I felt as though I'd been through a meat grinder. Coming into the field at Hong Kong we always passed over the apartments where we lived, and sure enough there were a lot of my friends standing below sweating me out on my first trip."

CNAC today is still bombed, harried and hounded as it continues to help the China war effort. Politically, it is indispensable to the slender, quiet 'Gissimo and his associates who conduct China's defense. For CNAC is the communication bond between mountain-hedged Chungking and the vast areas which must bear the direct brunt of the Jap attack.

Its pilots fly without weather forecasts, more often than not without radio contacts (radio signals would be a giveaway to the Japs). Usually they climb to 10,000, even 18,000 feet, to lower levels if winds are adverse. Occasionally they get a second's radio fix, sometimes glimpse the ground through the clouds. So well acquainted with the terrain are CNACmen that a river, a mountain, are all they need to check their course. Bad weather is preferable because then the Japs don't fly. CNACmen encounter ice, and like it. They smack into squalls and congratulate themselves. If the weather is clearer



CAPT. FRANK HIGGS
He knew about meat grinders

and the Japs are raiding, Chungking sends ships en route a brief warning message. The pilots know what to do: they land at the nearest field. Reported

CNAC pilot Royal Leonard in his book *I Flew for China*: "During the first years that I flew with CNAC the following would be a better than average Chinese weather report: 'Dark. Mist. Gloom. Ceiling not known. Visibility not known. Stars no shine. Moon no beam.'"

The value of CNAC to a fighting Nationalist China, since Capt. "Dude" Higgs joined in 1936, Capt. Moon Clin in 1933, has increased many-fold. As an air operation carrying on under difficulties known nowhere else in the world, CNAC consistently has added to its own stature. Thousands of soldiers and civilians have escaped Jap-ridden Burma on the strong wings of CNAC planes. Thousands of tons of freight have been toted on those same wings into the fortress of Free China over the Burma Roads of the air. The 'Gissimo has called CNAC his "life-line with the outside world."

Defeat Rewarded

At one of the island stations in the Pacific last month, hard-working Pan Americans took half day off to accept the U. S. Army team's invitation for a game of baseball. Results of the game: Pan American's 9 were shut out 16-0. Consolation prize: Army-served sandwiches patterned after those of the famed U. S. cartoon character, Dagwood Bumstead.

War School

When Pan American's transpacific Clippers took over their war-time job of carrying men and materiel, new faces appeared in all departments of the San Francisco, Cal., base. More ground and flight personnel were needed to increase schedule to highest possible frequency. These new employees had to be trained in Company practices and procedures with a minimum loss of time and without sacrificing emphasis on Pan American's primary rule of absolute safety for every operation.

Responsibility rested on the shoulders of older personnel throughout the base as well as on department heads and supervisors. The importance of job instruction was immediately realized. In July, Phil Berst, who has made an enviable record for himself on the numerous assignments covered during his 13 years with Pan American, was made Maintenance Training Director to put into practice the Training Within Industry course sponsored by the U. S. War Manpower Commission. Pan Americans Berst, Walter Wickett, Russell Goodson and Max Clifford joined representatives of Columbia Steel, Kaiser Shipyards, Southern Pacific and other defense industries in attending an 18-hour course especially designed for War Production Trainers.

Conferences for Treasure Island personnel were begun July 20, 1942. The 10-hour course was divided into five

2-hour sessions (daily Monday through Friday), two groups took the course simultaneously (one from 9 to 11 a.m., another from 1 to 3 p.m.). Groups were composed of 10 to 12 students, selected by their supervisors, represented mechanics, shopworkers, flight office personnel.



Phil Stroupe

TRAINING DIRECTOR BERST & STUDENT*
He teaches to teach

The four basic steps of the instruction practice: 1) prepare the worker; 2) present the operation; 3) try out performance; 4) follow-up. As daily sessions progress, each member is given opportunity to act as guinea-pig for teaching demonstrations, must also give a practical demonstration to the satisfaction of the instructor-in-charge of how to teach the job.

Recent figures showed that since the courses started in July, 1942, more than 300 men and women had been awarded certificates as war production job instructors. The program was reported so successful that it had been extended to other departments which borrowed Maintenance instructors for that phase of the training. Highlights of past courses:

✓ Within 20 minutes Mechanic's Helper Clarence A. Roman learned to use the loading computer so accurately that he was able to check the airport manager's shiploading plan for a Martin Clipper leaving that day.

✓ Of demonstrations by 306 graduates, top two were those of Capt. Ben Harrell on the use of the M-130 loading computer and Equipmentman John F. McRae on rib-stitching. During McRae's demonstration, Onlooker Capt. Clifton George offered his own suggestions as to how it should be done. Both methods were tested. Results: it was agreed that Capt. George should learn expert Rib-stitcher McRae's procedure.

*Pan American's Bernelda Ost

"From the moment I left Moscow to the moment I got back I did not see a single sign of refugees anywhere. . . . After the vivid memories of Belgium and France, this was most heartening."

IN THE AIR

Pan Am Stretches

Last week Pan American Airways stretched its lines to within 6,000 miles of encircling the globe. The company was authorized by the U.S. Government to set up a ferry and transport service to Africa.

Although preparations for the move had been in progress for some time, Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, in their nautical conversations fortnight ago, apparently agreed that the Near East and North Africa would soon be a hot spot of war. The British were ready to go into Iran, anxious to go into Libya. The U.S. was fearful lest the Nazis establish themselves in West Africa, hopeful that by strong measures and soft answers General Maxime Weygand might still be kept out of the Axis tents (*see p. 16*). To all these ends, it would be advisable to rush

across to Khartoum and perhaps eventually to Cairo. Across Africa, Pan Am planned direction finders, hangars, fields, communications and weather stations, resthouses. Priorities for the necessary materials are expected to be granted shortly. The company intends to have the service functioning before snow flies in the U.S.

All this made everybody but the Germans very happy. It pleased Britain, whose forces would get more U.S. planes quicker, whose ferry pilots would be released for combat. It pleased the U.S., which would achieve a preliminary security by getting air bases flanking Dakar. It pleased Pan Am, which now needed only a Cairo-to-Singapore link to have the basis of the sole round-the-world post-war airline.

FAR EASTERN THEATER

Space Machine Patched

The wildest-&-woolliest commercial airline in the world connects Free China with the outside world, lightheartedly o'erleaping beaconless jungles and merciless

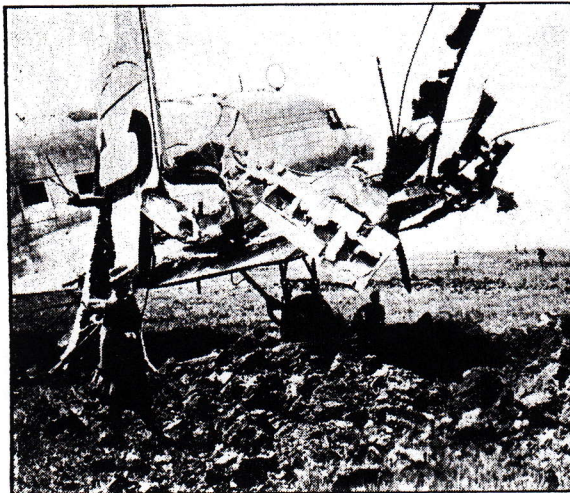
king's anti-aircraft guns to jars of American grape jelly for Madame Chiang Kai-shek's table.

Flying a daytime flight from Chungking to Chengtu in a Douglas DC-3, Captain Hugh L. Woods (who had been shot down by the Japanese once before) was attacked by a flight of five Japanese bombers. Woods dived, landed the plane on a tiny field at Suifu, taxied his ship to the edge of some woods, evacuated his passengers. The Japanese planes followed, dropped 200 bombs. One of the bombs splintered the DC-3's right wing like a lightning-struck tree branch (*see cut*).

Woods wirelessed Hong Kong: "FORCED DOWN SUIFU BY JAPS, STARBOARD WING SMASHED. SEND ANOTHER. MOUNTING RUNWAY."

Hong Kong radioed Woods: "HAVE NO DC-3 WINGS. SENDING DC-2 SPARE. TRY IT."

With the help of some coolies, Woods dragged the hurt plane off the field and three miles down a road to hide it in a clump of bamboo. He feared the Japanese would return. They did. For three days, flights totaling 57 Japanese bombers



MIDDLE KINGDOM SPACE MACHINE (BEFORE & AFTER)

. . . went home a DC-2½.

planes and other equipment to the Middle East, and to establish and strengthen transport bases in West Africa.

This was a job for pros. The R.A.F., which has for at least six months been ferrying planes from Freetown to Cairo, has lost about 20% of its planes for lack of the gadgets and getup necessary for steady, lossless shuttling. It was an echo of the 1934 U.S. air-mail fiasco; the U.S. Army just could not handle the business.

The new Pan Am route will go from New York City (with Baltimore as alternate) to San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Port of Spain, Trinidad, to Belém and Natal, Brazil. Then it will hop 1,800 miles—not quite the span from Newfoundland to Ireland—across the Atlantic to Monrovia, Liberia (Bathurst, Gambia and Freetown, Sierra Leone as alternates), will hug the hump of Africa as far as Nigeria, then cut

Japanese. The Chinese call it the Middle Kingdom Space Machine Family; to foreigners it is known as China National Aviation Corp., operated by far-flung Pan American Airways in partnership with the Chinese Government. CNAC, a collection of seasoned pilots and even more seasoned planes, takes in its stride adventures which would not be believed if seen in the movies. Last week CNAC told a tale which topped its bravura career.

Six CNAC planes have so far been shot down by the Japanese. To avoid such accidents, CNAC's American pilots and Chinese co-pilots fly mostly at night (bad weather preferred), blacked out, radios dead, very high, navigating by stars, by instruments, or by Oriental divining. They have carried over 2,000 passengers a year, over 1,000,000 lb. of mail and cargo—ranging from new breech blocks for Chung-

scoured the countryside around Suifu, but the bamboo camouflage fooled them.

On the third day a strange monster flew into the field, rocking and pitching like an aerial rowboat. It was a DC-2, with a DC-2 wing strapped to its belly, stub end first, both ends cambered into an awkward streamline by sheets of plywood.

Feverishly through the night brilliant Chinese mechanics who knew plenty about improvisation, and backward Chinese coolies who did not even know the rudiments of Chinese kite-flying worked at patching plane and field. At the first streaks of grey the DC-2½, with one wing five feet longer than the other, roared down the field, took off with a lurch.

A few seconds later Woods radioed Hong Kong: "BOTH PLANES OFF PROCEEDING HONGKONG." Four hours later the hybrid was home.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

they had killed 500 Japanese, had blown up the telephone exchange.

Isolated, these raids were like guerrilla raids all through China all through the war; but the newspaper readers could not remember when so many raids had come all at once. "Ting hao," they said—"very good."

Something New in the Sky. They read about something they did not know existed—a Chinese air force.

Fifty Japanese bombers pounded airfields in Fukien, Kiangsi, and Hunan Provinces in what the Central News Agency called a "deliberate effort to wipe out Allied air bases in east and south China." Some of the fields lay within 700 miles of Japan. The wonderful thing to the newspaper readers was word that planes of the Chinese air force had gone into the air to fight back; and had even bombed Japanese garrisons. "Hun hun hao," they said—"wonderful."

After Five Years. They read other news which seemed good: about how the Japanese, near the end of five years of war, had been forced to start a battle in Shantung Province, far in the north, near where the whole war had begun; about how they had bombed the Lunghai Railway, which the Japanese had tried to break almost as many times as the line has ties; and of course about how the American friends had beaten part of the Japanese Fleet. They spat when they read that the traitor Wang Ching-wei had gone to Manchukuo, where the Japanese were said to be concentrating troops against the Russians:

Perhaps the readers were hasty with their grins. But they could not help feeling that this May was different. After all, this May the Japanese planes had not once crawled like silver lice across Chungking's coolie-cloth sky.

BATTLE OF ASIA

Flight to the West

Hell-riding pilots of China National Aviation Corp. had one of the toughest assignments of their bullet-spattered careers last week: to fly out officials, soldiers, wives, children and loyal Burmese from Burma to India through skyways thick with Jap planes.

Seven Pan American transports (C.N.A.C. is owned jointly by China and Pan Am) were stripped down for the task, seats and other impediments removed so that on some trips 21-passenger planes carried 70 refugees. Night after night these unarmed, unarmored planes shuttled through the skies, in one three-night period evacuating 1,200 from an airfield north of Mandalay. They kept up the job until the Japs closed in, took off for the last time an angel's whisker ahead of capture.

Landing at hastily improvised Indian airfields, the rescue planes refueled, then took off quickly for another trip across

mountains that offered no possibility of emergency landings. In all, 10,000 were saved from fields lighted by the red flare of Burma's fires.

"They were a tired lot," said one pilot of the soldiers he had evacuated after their three-month, losing fight.

These air-borne refugees were only a drop in the great mass, surging westward from Burma, seeking safety. By motor, cart, horse and foot, humanity streamed through mountain passes so treacherous that probably not more than half of the 750,000 refugees were likely to get through, and many already lay dead of cholera (*see p. 46*).

Leopold Amery, Secretary for India, told the House of Commons that upwards of 300,000 Indian refugees were moving across the mountains, and said that Indians and non-Indians were getting equal treatment: subsistence allowances, refugee camps, free transportation when available. Little transport was available.

Aside from the thousands of personal tragedies implicit in such a mass flight, chief danger was that refugees would clog the roads, hinder defense of the haven toward which they were struggling.

BATTLE OF JAPAN

No Help for Perplexity

The Jap was right on one point. It was a flight of U.S. Army planes that bombed Tokyo and other industrial centers on April 18. The War Department, in a poker-faced communiqué last week, told him that, and no more. He could still sweat over the \$64 question: Where did they come from and where did they go?

INDIAN OCEAN

Key to a Salient

The Jap's big advantage—operation on interior lines—may continue to win him battles. But it cannot win a global war from a foe that still hems him in. On this basic principle of strategy the Jap got two object lessons last week.

One was the Battle of the Coral Sea (*see p. 18*), where his attempt to break through to the outside across the United Nations' sea lines of communication was smashed. The other was the taking of Madagascar by the British.

The Jap was still busy, and wondrously successful, in the first steps toward join-



YÜNNAN'S MOUNTAINS

From beyond them came breath-catching news.

Decker

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