Author's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles telling of the first air passenger flight from America to China, which will appear in the Banner Sunday Magazine. The account is necessarily sketchy and rather personal, but the author hopes, now the less interesting to those who care to read it. The observations included, in writing or otherwise, are those of an individual and reflect, therefore, nothing more than a purely personal point-of-view.

I DO NOT link the flight of an individual with the expansion of the Mother Earth route of Pan American's skyway to Asia.

From Alameda Airport on the east side of San Francisco Bay to Hong Kong, China, the route which will be flown the air passengers and commerce of the future, destined from America to the islands of the Pacific and the countries of the Far East.

To have been among the fifteen passengers on the first flight over that route affords one a thrill that will last a life-time and an experience able to be shared by only fourteen other people on the face of the earth.

After all, there is only one "first flight" and that one was ours. To know something of the manner in which this route was conceived, laid out and utilized is to realize the limitless resources of American vision, brains, energy, courage, naivety, and initiative which have made this and all similar undertakings a reality.

To the men and energy of Juan Trippe, to the faith in, commercial aviation and the financial assistance of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and his associates in Pan American, to the loyalty and hard work of hundreds of Pan American employees, to the skills of American aviation engineers and to the courage and efficiency of American pilots the world should pay tribute for their contribution to the advancement of commercial aviation literally to the four corners of the earth.

Already spread over the American and the West Indies were the wings of Pan American's ambitions. Now they have been spread over the three-mile expanse of the Pacific to bring America within seven days of the Orient.

Unbelievable? Yes, until one has flown that route as I have just done. Then it becomes still more unbelievable.

To the surprising part of it all is that the trip is made in such comfort, quiet, and speed, and after the three watchwords of commerce—time, speed, and economy—were more economically observed than by Pan American Airways.

Only Superlatives Can Describe Trip

To have been honored by being included in the guest list on the first passenger flight to China gives one an unimaginable sense of joy. To have been privileged to join in the experiences of this first flight brings only superlatives to mind in any effort to describe such a remarkable and altogether enjoyable trip. As a matter of fact, the whole affair beggars description. It was simply "lucky."

For months before we were able to take off on that air journey to the Orient, the first in history, somebody had to do a lot of preliminary work. Somebody did. And the work was well done. Concord, is the better word.

The route was laid out—Alameda, Honolulu, Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila, Hong Kong.

Diplomatic negotiations were successfully concluded. Various concessions were consummated.

Hitherto uninhabited islands were converted into air bases with modern hotels, quarters for personnel, landing facilities, radio stations, and all the appurtenances that go with such bases in a widespread aerial venture of this kind.

Pan American was building for permanence, it did.

The result is the greatest airways system in the world. And we were the first to inspect that initial addition to that great system. Congratulations! Lucky? Well, you call it!

Tremendous Fuel Load Cuts Passenger List

By reason of the length of the hop from Alameda to Honolulu, 2,410 miles, the longest over-water hop in the world, the clipper ships of Pan American are compelled to carry a tremendous gas load which necessitated a small passenger list on this leg of the journey. For this reason and the size of our own party, we were split up on the outward journey, some going by boat as far as Honolulu and the rest by plane, all joining at Honolulu for this trip to Hong Kong and return.

The group which went by boat left Los Angeles, Saturday, October 15, on the Lurline of the Maunsel line, and after a very pleasant journey, marked by a dinner given by Mrs. Whitney in honor of the Maunsel line and Maintenance of Interest, reached Honolulu on the morning of Thursday, October 15.

The group which flew out from Alameda reached Honolulu the same morning, having left the Lurline the previous afternoon and easting.

Long before daybreak that morning, those of us on the further trip went to the steamer's bridge at the invitation of the captain, where we scanned the lightning horizon for the first glimpse of the Philippine Clipper, drawing along in the darkness from out of the East.

Past the light on Molokai where Father Damien spent his sacrificial life among the lepers, on toward Manilla, Macao, Hong Kong.

The Flights of Pan American's first with passengers from America to Asia.

The Route

Alameda, Honolulu, Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila, Macao, Kowloon, Hong Kong and return.

7,564 miles.

The Ship

Pan American—Clipper Clipper.

The Hosts

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, chairman of the board, Pan American Airways.

Mr. Trippe, president, Pan American Airways.

The Guests

M.v. A. C. V. Whitney.

Mr. Trippe.

Mrs. Trippe.

Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney.

Senior officers.

Edward W. Howard, editor, Pan American Airways.

Graham E. O'Brien, editor, Pan American Airways.

Sen. William Gibbs McAdoo.

Paul Patterson, Baltimore Sun.

Robert E. Lock, secretary to Mr. Trippe.

The Crew

Capt. J. H. Tilton.

First Officer Fred. A. Ralph.

Second Officer W. B. Canaday.

Navigator.

Third Officer W. M. Malcomb.

Fourth Officer A. C. Green, engineer.

Fifth Officer A. V. Boysden, radio.

Wings to the Orient

BY JAMES G. STAHLMAN

C. V. WHITNEY

Chairman of the board, Pan American Airways.

President of Pan American Airways.

From Nashville to Hong Kong was Mr. Stahlman's itinerary on the recent epoch-making flight which he describes in these articles for the Banner Magazine.
Wings to the Orient

(Continued from Page One)

Oh, when Diamond Head roared dinfully in the dusky West.
Just as the strange dawn broke over a moon-bright horizon, someone shouted: "There she is!"
And there she was—the Philippine Clipper—beached straight for us like a great gull with outspread wings.
From the bows of the ship we stalked our car and within a few seconds the Clipper roared by with a wing tip salute as the larboard man let loose a mighty blast on his big brass whistle.

The Great Ship—
A Thrilling Spectacle

I've flown thousands of miles, probably several hundred thousand since that first time in September, 1921, when the late Edgar Lee Smith, then lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, non-commed with me in the cockpit of one of Billy Mitchell's 'flying coffins,' an old DH-4, right over the Nashville reservoir, and then shot north to turn and hedge-hop the four bridges over the Cumberland from Jefferson to Sapporoine.

I say, I've flown many miles in all sorts of equipment. I've seen many airplanes in flight and on the ground. I've seen men fly to glory and others to their death. So I ought to be rather blasé when it comes to flying. And I thought I was, but when I saw that Clipper come tearing out of the night into "Hello, Jimmy," came from some- one, my hair stood on end, and the goose-flesh rose up on me.

Again, we went without conceal- ment. For there is no end to the people, who with an inspired music that touched the heart and the breath, as your feet first touch the shores of this extraordinarily beautiful land with its extremely hospitable people.

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Two

The Nashville Banner Magazine

Believe It, or Not
The Philippines Clipper was the first Pan American transpacific ship to fly to China. The Philippine Clipper was the first Pan American transpacific ship to fly to China.

The Hawaiian Clipper is the second Clipper ship to fly to the Hawaiian Islands. In May of this year, for the first time, it flew from Alameda to Honolulu, came up to the Clipper Clipper, and on Maj.-Gen. Hugh A. Drum, head of the Department of Aviation. When we reached Honolulu, our Pilot, Capt. B. C. K. Harwell, whom I hadn't seen since the trip.

The return on the crest of the wave of the trip. We struck some good rollers and got ready for the first trip in. Still flying flat, with 'Telles at the rear of the board, we waited until a big one was coming in. When it was still a bit to the right, Telles gave the signal and we paddled hard and fast (like an old madman trying to get off the water at Kenfick) on "opening day." As the wave came up under the board, Telles balanced it and away we went.

"Got 'em!" he shouted, as we got up. Balancing lightly on that board and standing as nearly straight as possible, I flew along a terrific wave, with the wind curling past us and the big cutter lapping loudly at the bottom of the board. Twenty-five or thirty others were scudding along on the top of the same wave toward the bench. For a minute that I have ever known. The wind curling past us and the big cutter lapping loudly at the bottom of the board. Twenty-five or thirty others were scudding along on the top of the same wave toward the bench. For a minute that I have ever known.

I rented a surf-board and went for a swim at Waikiki Beach. There it was that I fell in love with the Hawaiian dancing. "Now a luau is something all by itself. A short, narrow strand of sand was a very beautiful spot, situated on a body of water. When I returned from luncheon at the Wialeah Golf Club, a very beautiful type of manhood. They are the rugged mountains are a beauti- ful sight from the air or ground. The ladies interpret the songs and the dances of the Hawaiian people. There, now: 'Hands, Not Hips. Interpret Music.'

Bolling Fitzgerald, who has been flying over the Nashville reservoir, you. That has been my experience here today.

The hands interpret the songs and the dances of the Hawaiian people. There, now: 'Hands, Not Hips. Interpret Music.'

I have long desired to become adept at this pastime.

And now, at a "tea" and went for a swim at Waikiki Beach. There it was that I fell in love with the Hawaiian dancing. "Now a luau is something all by itself. A short, narrow strand of sand was a very beautiful spot, situated on a body of water. When I returned from luncheon at the Wialeah Golf Club, a very beautiful type of manhood. They are the rugged mountains are a beauti- ful sight from the air or ground. The ladies interpret the songs and the dances of the Hawaiian people. There, now: 'Hands, Not Hips. Interpret Music.'

So I ducked a 'tea' and went for a swim at Waikiki Beach. There it was that I fell in love with the Hawaiian dancing. "Now a luau is something all by itself. A short, narrow strand of sand was a very beautiful spot, situated on a body of water. When I returned from luncheon at the Wialeah Golf Club, a very beautiful type of manhood. They are the rugged mountains are a beauti- ful sight from the air or ground. The ladies interpret the songs and the dances of the Hawaiian people. There, now: 'Hands, Not Hips. Interpret Music.'

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