

HUMP PILOTS & SHAMSHERNAGAR AIRFIELD

Flying the Hump

**(Internet researched by Nasim Anwar,
former airforce pilot and now plantation advisor)**

Assam's importance in WW2 we are delighted to have a retired Tea Planter Bijoy Kumar Bhuyan of Guwahati 781001, allow us to show his writings on history--part of the story is Flying the Hump and just below is such a chapter.

Flying the Hump

Dr Thomas DeGregori, Professor of Economics at the University of Houston, Texas, has rightly said in his article 'Projecting Assam' (Horizon Assam Tribune 26th April 2007) that the military historians of World War II show complete lack of knowledge about the role that Assam played in World War II though they seem to know everything about Stilwell, Chiang Kai -shek etc. Though there are adequate materials we do not have a complete history on the subject yet, the military historians for that matter even national chroniclers mention Assam in passing in a brief sentence or two. It is hoped that an enthusiast scholar will one day compile a 'History of Assam during WWII', this will be of the interest of the tourist traffic to WWII sites like other WWII sites.

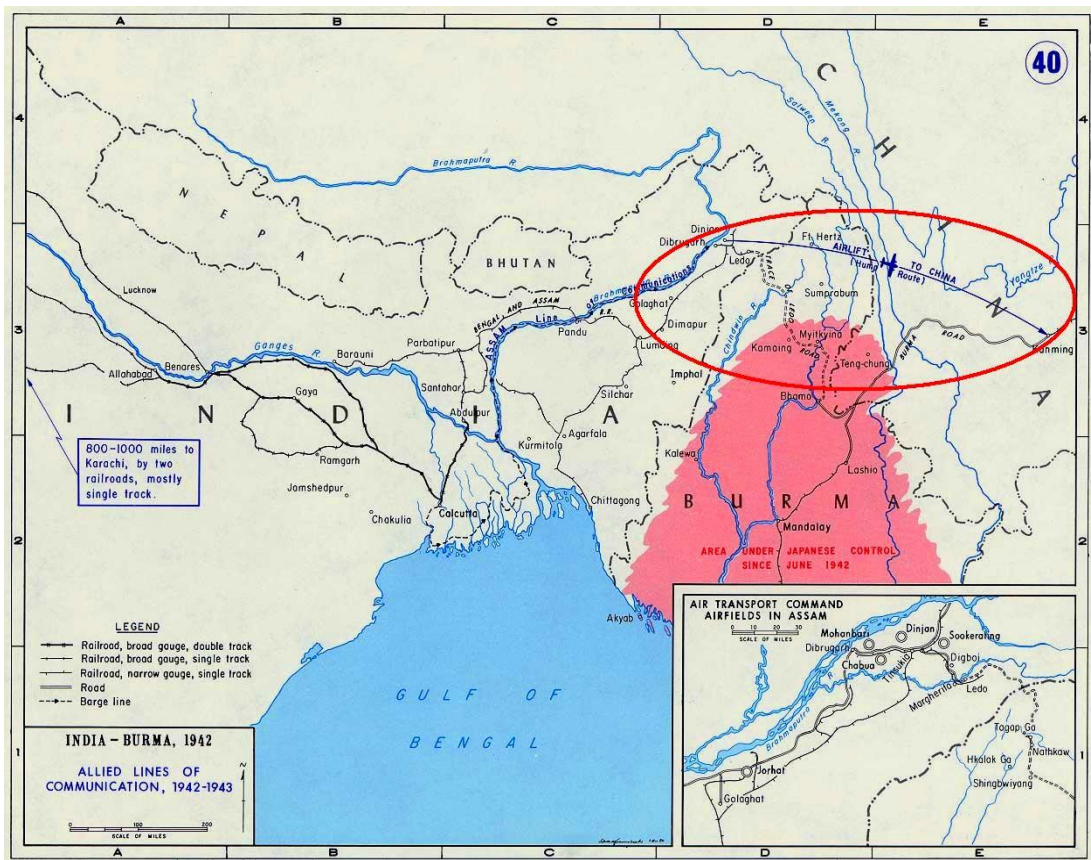
Those who are keen on this subject will be interested to learn that in the debris of a US plane found in Arunachal by a local tour operator Oken Tayeng a silver bracelet bearing the name Arnold Stavina, flight engineer,. has been recovered..

Arnold Stevina was obviously a member of the crew of the pilot who flew the US plane C-47 cargo version of Dakota to maintain the supply of war goods from Dinjan in Upper Assam to Kunming in South China during WW II. This was the famous 'Hump' traffic a dangerous flight from Upper Assam's wartime airfields over the great mountains..

Chinese Army of Chiang Kai-shek was getting the American lend-lease aid worth millions of dollars unloaded in Rangoon port therefrom moved through Burma Road - Lashio to Kunming, before Rangoon was abandoned following its occupation by Japanese invading army in March 1943. All major oil refineries in port city were demolished by the retreating army on

the order of General Alexander.

When it was reopened the first convoy from Assam reached Chinese frontier on January 28 1945 through the newly laid road from Ledo to link up with Burma road.- named Stilwell Road as it was constructed under the command of General Joe Stilwell, Commander of the 5th and 6th Chinese Army Divisions. With the opening of the Stilwell Road to link up with Burma Road the Burma Road to China remained closed from the spring of 1942 and the alternative route to supply war goods to the Chinese Army was the airborne traffic over the Hump from Upper Assam. Hump traffic no longer had to make the dangerous flights. The strains on the rearward communications in Assam was relieved by a new 750 miles long pipe-line from Calcutta and also with the laying of the second meter gauge rail line.



President Roosevelt demanded the uninterrupted war good supplies to the Chinese Army. Dinjan was the last stop of US supply chain management under lend-lease column stretching from US to Kunming, China. Supplies came to Calcutta along sea and air routes, and then by rail moved to Ledo virtually everything to keep China at war including perfumes and jewellery for Madam Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang Kai-shek was getting the war goods from Assam -transported by the China National Aviation Corporation

(CNAC), jointly owned by Pan American Airways. CNAC flew as the private carrier under the nominal control of the US Air Transport Command. CNAC was manned by like of flight engineer Arnold Stevina and strange collection of civilian pilots and engineers from US, Australia, China, Great Britain, Canada and Denmark. There were - Steve Kusak, Roy Ferral, Al Mah, Einer Micky Mickelson, Jimmy Scoff, Casey Boyd, Hockswindes, Thorwaldson, Rosebert, Maupin and there was Captain Charles Urban- in khaki short, bare body with a cap and leather boots.

At Dinjan the pilots stayed at the tea garden bungalows. Well before the dawn they would be awakened by the servant boys with a cup of thick teas. They would drink it on the veranda looking out towards the jungles where the leopards would pass by. 4-wheel command vehicles would drive them to the nearby airfields. Time was important, they would take off at the dawn and cross Ft Hertz valley in darkness or in bad weather when Japanese fighters were grounded. Planes would take 800 gallons of aviation fuel two tons over the recommended gross flying weight of 24000 pounds. They would cross three of the great river valleys of the world- Irrawady, Salween, and Mekong. In this place where India, Burma and Yunan Province of China come together lining these rivers constitute the Hump.

If the crew went down in the Hump region no search party was sent. The territory was wild and rugged, settled sparsely by aboriginal tribes or occupied Japanese. The snow accumulates in places to a depth of several hundred feet at a crashed plane. The pilots suffered through it and gathered strength from one another talking quietly when a plane was overdue and thinking about the optimistic possibilities. After a few weeks, missing pilot's clothing was parcelled out among others and his personal effects were sent home.. Those who kept flying grieved for the pilots who vanished out there in the snow or thunders into foggy mountains in China or blow-up on the approach to Dinjan, and worried about those still in the air.

Those who vanished in the Hump have not been forgotten with the sighting of the wreckages of missing in action planes recently in Arunachal by OkenTayeng and the US private investigator Clayton Kuhle. They and Arunachal authorities could draw the attention of the US. It is heartening to learn that US will soon begin the search for the remains of missing planes and pilots in Arunachal. To carry out the search a five member team from the US Joint Prisoner-of-War/Missing in Action Accounting Committee will arrive in Itanagar on June 24. IAF will assist the US team in the operation and the team will be accompanied by the US Consul General based in Kolkata. Hundred of planes and pilots went missing on the China-Burma-India tri-junction. They had to dodge many Japanese fighter planes and maneuver the treacherous Himalayan terrain for it. Arnold's silver bracelet

was handed over to his nephew and he remained thankful to Tayeng.

Kuhle and Tayeng have spotted the debris of the plane with the name "Hot as Hell" missing in 1944.. It is a tremendous job ahead for the search team but the efforts will give the solace to the souls of the brave ones and the hope to the grieved families and friends back home.

I hope that it will not be out of context to mention about my own accidental meeting in 1971 with a Hump veteran at Rockefeller Centre, New York. My wife and I came down from the viewing gallery at Rockfeler Centre to the floor wherefrom we purchased the tickets for viewing gallery. An elderly man in blue overall leaning on the ticket counter asked us where we were from. He obviously knew of our Indian origin seeing my wife in Saree.. When I said that we were from Assam his reply stunned me for a minute- : "Chabua, Dinjan, Tinsukia ?" In fact I was then working at Chabuwa Tea Estate. He did not stop there he took out few photos from his breast pocket and handed over to us and these were old photos of him and his mates taken at a Tinsukia studio. In a city of over ten millions then I had to meet a person by providence who lived at Chabuwa in the army barrack few yards away from where I lived then, An American radio mechanic, Jack Kilby, of US Army who lived in Upper Assam tea plantation during WWII was awarded the Noble Laurate in 2000 for his discovery of transistor/semiconductor..

Jack Passalacqua was the Airplane and Engine Mechanic attached to the US Air Transport Command and posted in Upper Assam during 1944-46. He came out from AAF Base in Florida to Kalaikunda in India.. At Rockefeller Centre he was the Basement Maintenance Engineer for utilities required for the five towers qt the top. We met him again at Rockefeller Centre in 1976 winter. He drove us to his residence at Queens to meet his wife and for dinner. His only child Peter was in the Vietnam war. I was in touch with him but my last letter in 1988 came back with a note- moved not forwarded. I visited Rockefeller Centre few times in 2004 in search of any information about Jack but none could tell me. Jack was our version of a Gaonburah, informal, jovial and carefree. He had lot to tell the tales about his days in Assam. I have his letters and pictures preserved carefully. He would be 86 today wherever he is.

The Hump, in today's world has disappeared. It was a concoc+tion of time and technology. In a jet airplane cruising at 40000 feet the Hump no longer exists, except in the memories of the surviving brave ones- who swept upwards from the black top runaways into the jungles night on their way to China. The Hump has not received nor the brave pilots and the crews the due recognition in the pens of the military historians whose sacrifices and valour contributed to the Burma campaign and defeat of the Japanese invading army.

Help taken from SPAN and Churchill's History of WW II

OVER THE HUMPS

Created and signed by -2nd Lt. J. D. Broughel--
1st Transport Group--13th Transport Squadron--U. S. Army

July 25 to 27, 1943

OH! History's page through every age
Tells of men who accomplish things,
But few there are shine a brighter star
Than those of whom this bard sings.

I've flown up and down the airways
From Hartford to Cooch-Behar
And have flown on instruments hours on end
With a line on a single star.

Up where the oxygens needed;
Down where it's gusty and rough;
When the radio compass is bouncin' around
And the going is really tough;

I've flown from Natal to Ascension
When the scum wasn't drained from the sumps,
But it's nothin' compared to the thrills ya get
In a ship flying "Over the Hump".

Half round the world from home and Nell
Living in Bamboo Huts
("Bashas they call 'em"), the heat and bugs
And the damp almost drive you nuts.

To the boys in the 13th Squadron
It's like saying your ABC's,
Cross the Hump to the Lake and Mt. Tali,
Then over to Yunnanyi.

We take off from down by Doom Doom,
At a place called Sookerating,
With twenty-five drums of gasoline
To go over the Hump to Kunming.

First there's the Fort Hertz Valley
And before the Taung Pit, which is green,
We cross the Yellow Mali,
Then the third, the dark brown Salween.

We're getting to eighteen thousand,
And the engines are singin' a song
As the fourth, a red river, slips by below;
The Lantsang Kiang, or Mekong.

Across the grim Himalayas
There's a million rock peaks,
And you're sweatin' at twenty thousand
If the engine as much as squeaks;

For there's no landin' up in the mountains,
And those Japs are at Sumpra Bum,
And those widow-makers crowd on ya
Like tenement homes in a slum.

In the best of weather the hazards
'Twould take a year to tell,
But on instruments up in the "Soup" and ice
The going is really hell!

Rocky and evil and awful,
So you're scared if you have to jump:
Crossing the ocean is easy
Alongside of flying the "Hump"!

And what if you're downed in the mountains
With thousands of rocky defiles?
If the tigers and Cobras don't get you
A days work will net you three miles;

And what if you get to a river?
A raft gets you down to the Japs!
And you know that Home or for flying again
For the duration (At Least) it is "Taps"!

Did you say that you had met Bushey?
Well, in case you didn't know,
He went down on his first trip over,
A week and a half ago;

Looking? Hell, No! They're not looking!
Combing those rocky shelves?
A Hundred Years wouldn't be enough time!
They'll have to "Walk Out" by themselves.

Over the PanShan we're still going great;
To the South lies the town of Yangpi,
And we hit the South end of Lake Tali,
And then on to Yunnanyi.

Now there's many a cumulonimbus
That's turned a hair gray in my head,
And too many times have I trembled
When I thought the right Engine went Dead;

Cross the Veldt up in Tanganyika
Each foot brings A "Rockier" Bump,
But it's nothing compared to the Ride you get
With the boys flying "Over The Hump"!

It's great to hold the controls
On that Giant Man-Made Bird ---
Pratt and Whitneys singing the sweetest
Concerto you've ever heard ----

For your Heart must be in your flying,
And you swell with Intrinsic Pride;
(You see, I'm a Navigator And I just go along for the ride!).
Most of the danger is over,

And we feel pretty safe with our load
When we "Spot" that old Ribbon of Freedom
That's know as the Burma Road.
"Oil for the Lamps of China"

Was it the Poet said?
Oil and gas for American Boys!
They need it like Butter needs Bread!
Looking? Hell, No! They're not looking!

Combing those rocky shelves?
A Hundred Years wouldn't be enough time!
They'll have to "Walk Out" by themselves.
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Each foot brings A "Rockier" Bump,
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That's know as the Burma Road.
"Oil for the Lamps of China"
Was it the Poet said?

Oil and gas for American Boys!
They need it like Butter needs Bread!
We follow the road 'Cross the Mountains,
And our Airspeed jumps as we Wing
Through the Valley that leads for the last hundred miles
To our destination ----Kunming!

Yes! I've flown from Natal to Ascension
When the scum wasn't drained from the sump,
But it's nothing compared to the thrill you get
In a ship flying "Over the Hump"!

Oh! Historys page through every age
Tells of men who accomplished things,
But few there are shine a Brighter star
Than the boys with the Silver Wings!

*--2nd Lt. J. D. Broughel--
1st Transport Group--13th Transport Squadron
U. S. Army-----July 25 to 27, 1943*

"Flying the Hump" - Air Transport over the Himalayan Mountains

Historical Pictures

Obtained from historical resource on the web



The primary goal of the American presence in India during World War II was to create and preserve an air corridor between China and India that could be used to ferry / airlift vital war supplies to bases located in China. Alternate routes had been shut down by the invading Japanese army and navy. The active front in China served to force Japan to keep hundreds of thousands of troops stationed in China thus reduces deployments to Pacific islands where they could be used against incoming American forces.

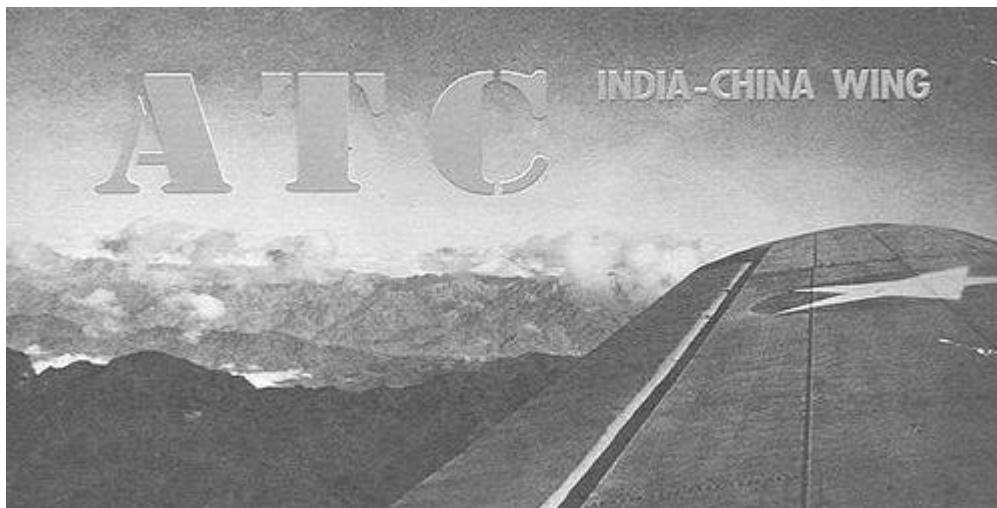
China-Burma-India Theater Insignia

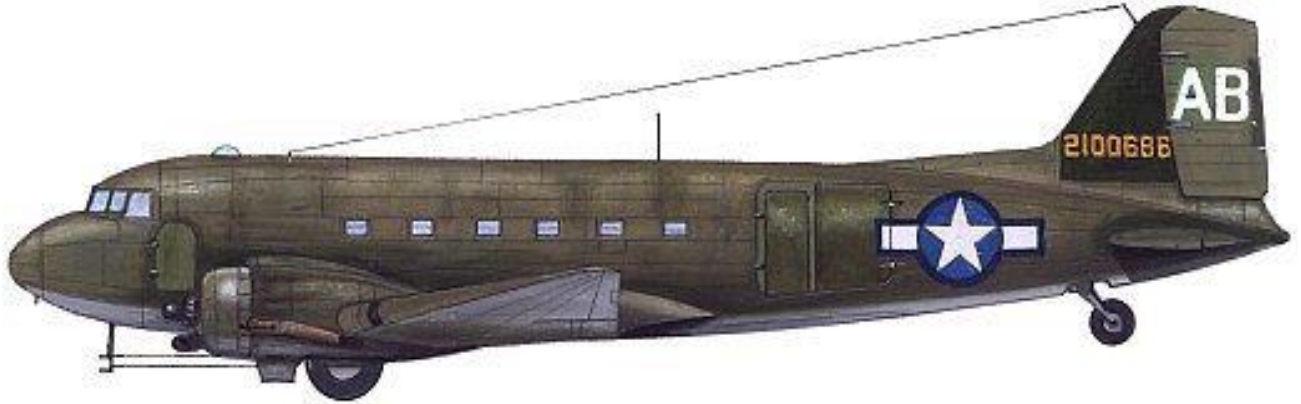


The China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater of World War II

The goal of the Allies in the CBI theater was to supply and reinforce the Chinese forces in their fight against the Japanese invaders. Japan occupation of China's seaports had cut off the normal supply route. Therefore, the Allies moved equipment, personnel and supplies to China through India (by flying the "Hump Route" over the Himalayas) and Burma (through construction of roads and pipelines).

Air Transport Command: India-China Wing





C-47 - 27TCS

 **CBI ORDER OF BATTLE** 
Lineages and History



India-Burma Air Service Command Units on 18 May 1945

61st Air Service Group:

Headquarters & Headquarters Squadron - Shamsbernagar, India

505th Air Service Squadron (382nd Air Serv Gp) - Cox's Bazaar, India

506th Air Service Squadron - Shamsbernagar, India

816th Chemical Company, Air Operations, 1st Platoon

1581st Ordnance Supply and Maintenance Company, Aviation
(54th Air Serv Gp) - Feni, India

1582nd Ordnance Supply and Maintenance Company, Aviation -
Shamshernagar, India

1084th Quartermaster Company, Air Service Group -
Shamshernagar, India

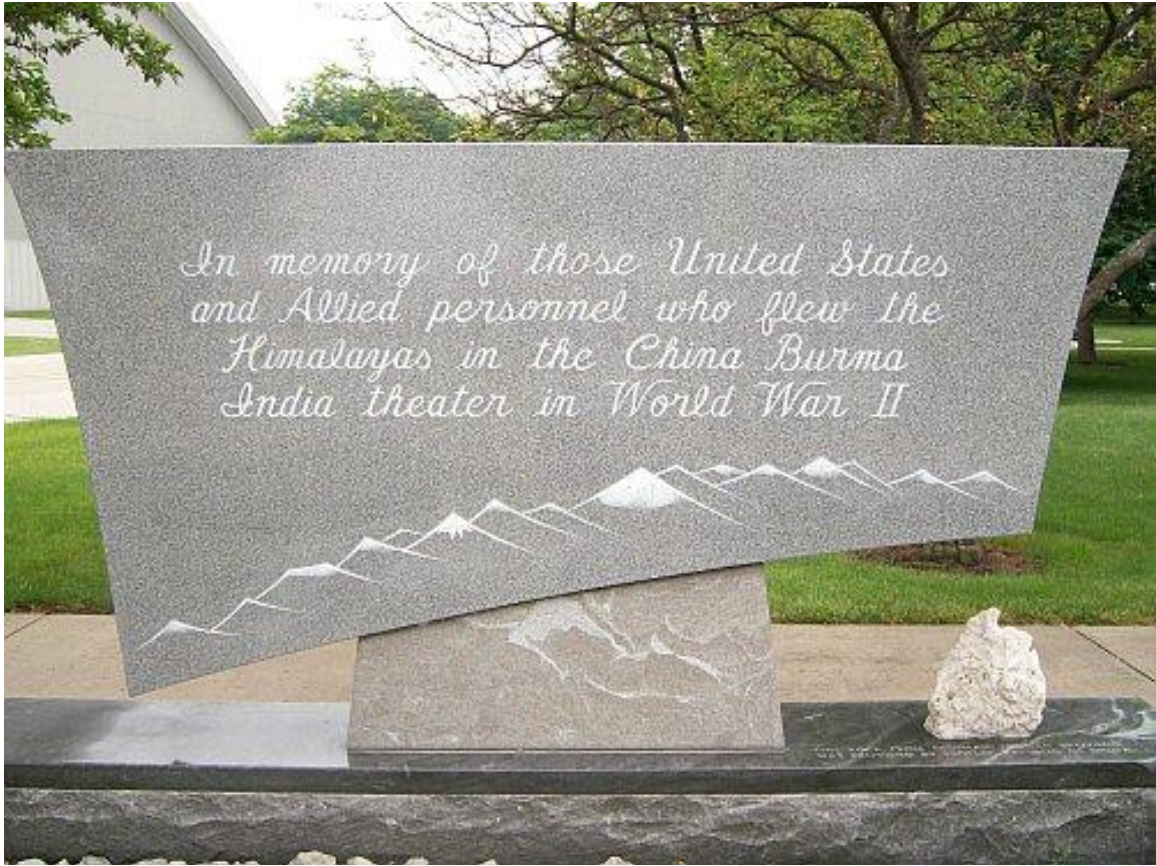
2259th Quartermaster Truck Company, Aviation -
Shamshernagar, India

2261st Quartermaster Truck Company, Aviation (382nd Air
Serv Gp) - Chittagong, India

1104th Signal Company, Air Service Group - Shamshernagar,
India

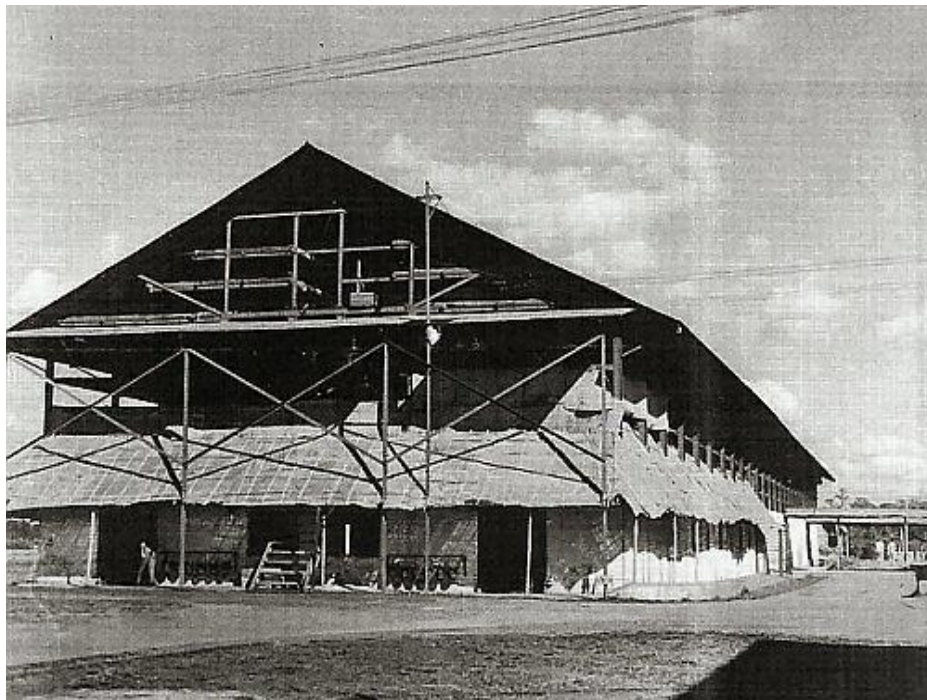
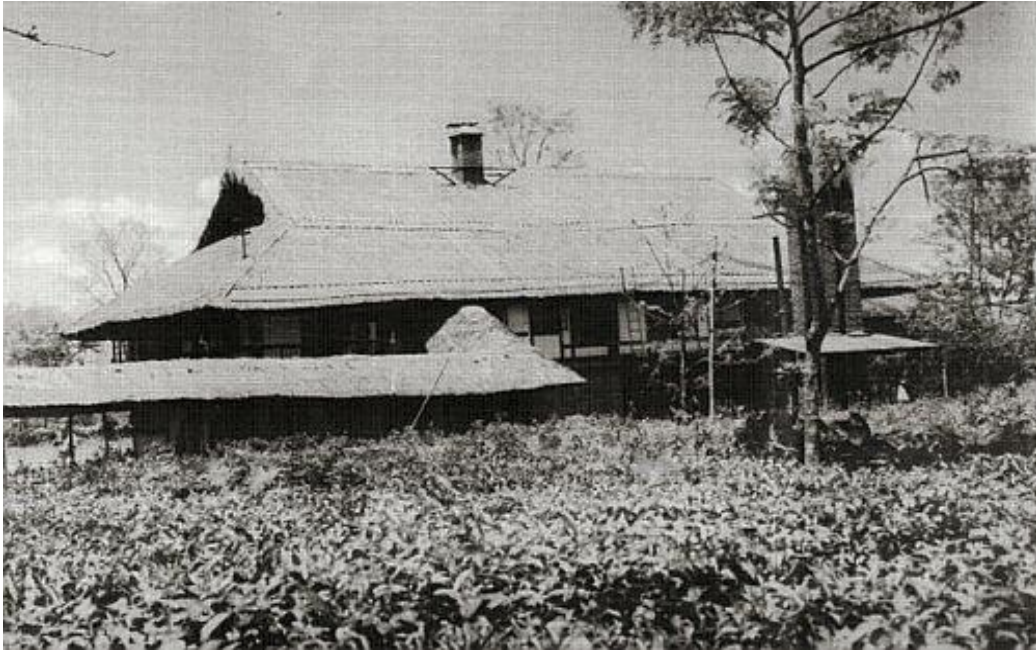


HUMP PILOTS ASSOCIATION CBI PATCHES



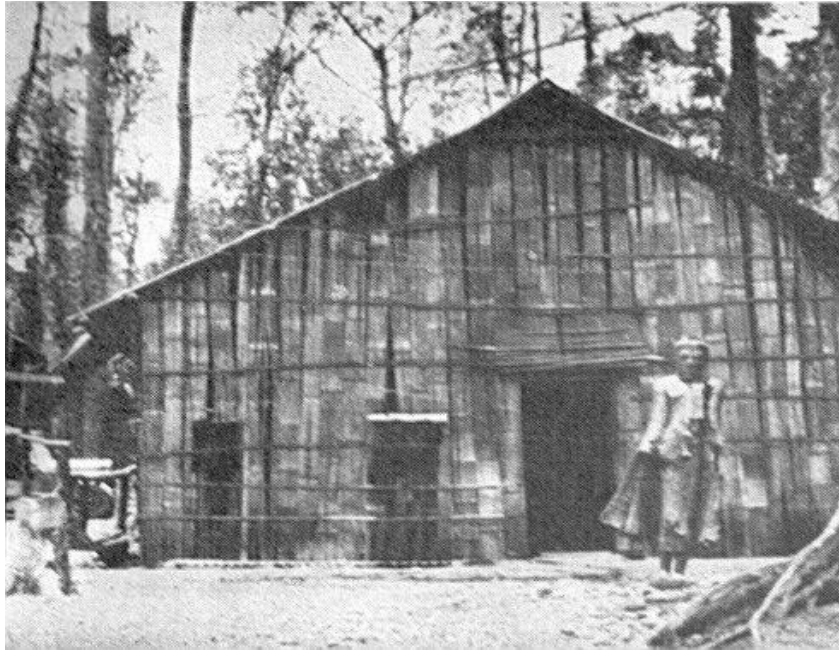
THE HUMP PILOT AND CREW IN AN ASSAM AIRFIELD ONE OF THE PILOT'S (PICTURE IDENTIFICATION UNKNOWN) IS FRANCIS R WILMA, 1ST LT, FIRST PILOT, 18 APRIL, 1945, 1533 AAF BASE UNIT

**FIRST FERRY GROUP HEAD QUARTER TEA GARDEN BUNGALOW IN
ASSAM WWII 1945**

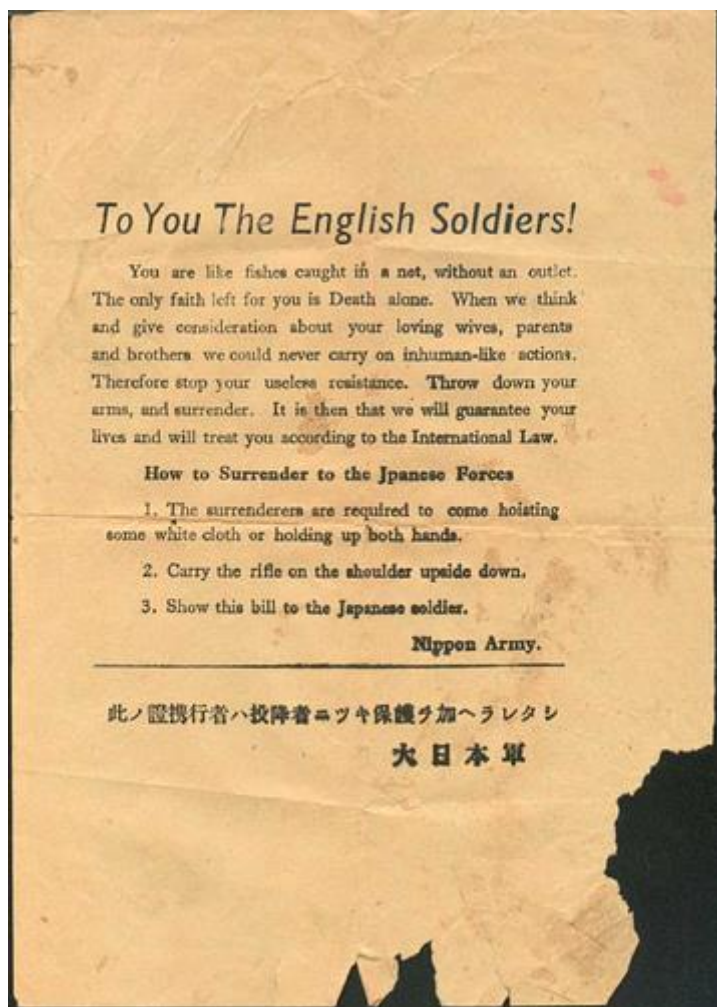


**WITHERING HOUSES IN ASSAM TEA ESTATE HAVE BEEN USED AS
ICWATC-HG**

2ND TACTICAL HEAD QUARTERS



"To You The English Soldiers!"



Air dropped leaflet by the Japanese forces to the attention of British troops in Burma. Early in 1942- 43

Officers of the 61st Air Service Group, Army Air Force, Shamshernagar Air Base, India, August 1945

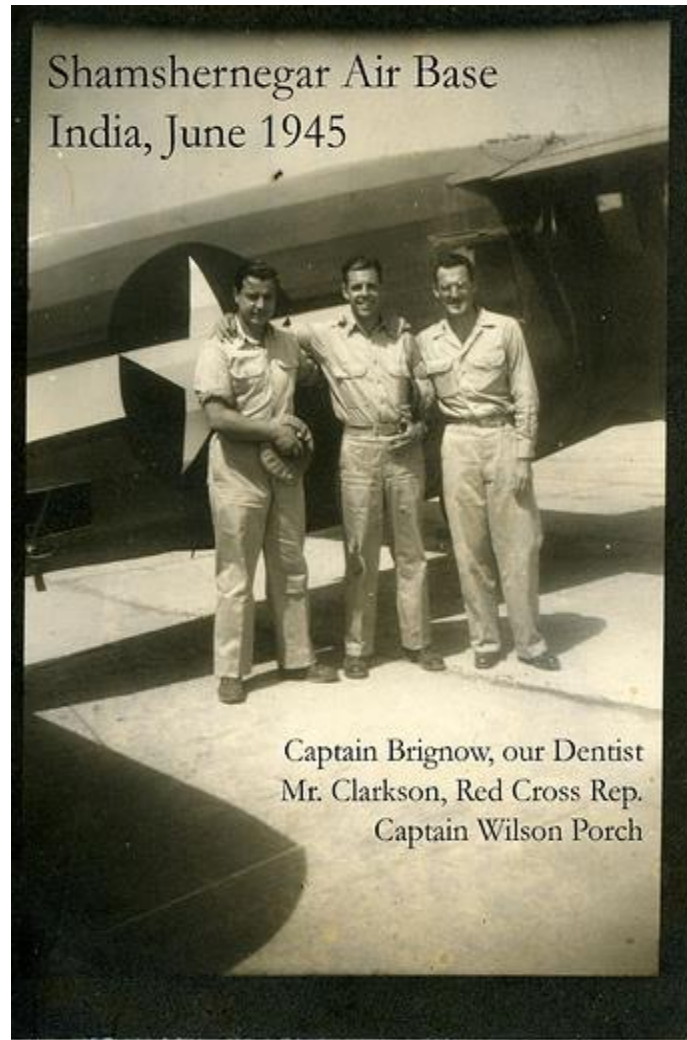


Historical Pictures

A historical group photograph of the U.S. Army Air Force officers of the 61st Air Service Group at Shamshernagar Airbase. In the background is a C47 cargo plane with the name "Regina the Queen". (Photo provided by Frank Cabral whose grandfather, Major Wilson Porch, was a US Army Air Force Officer stationed at the air base (2nd Row, 5th officer from the right side). (The photograph was taken by a professional AAF Photographer in August, 1945)

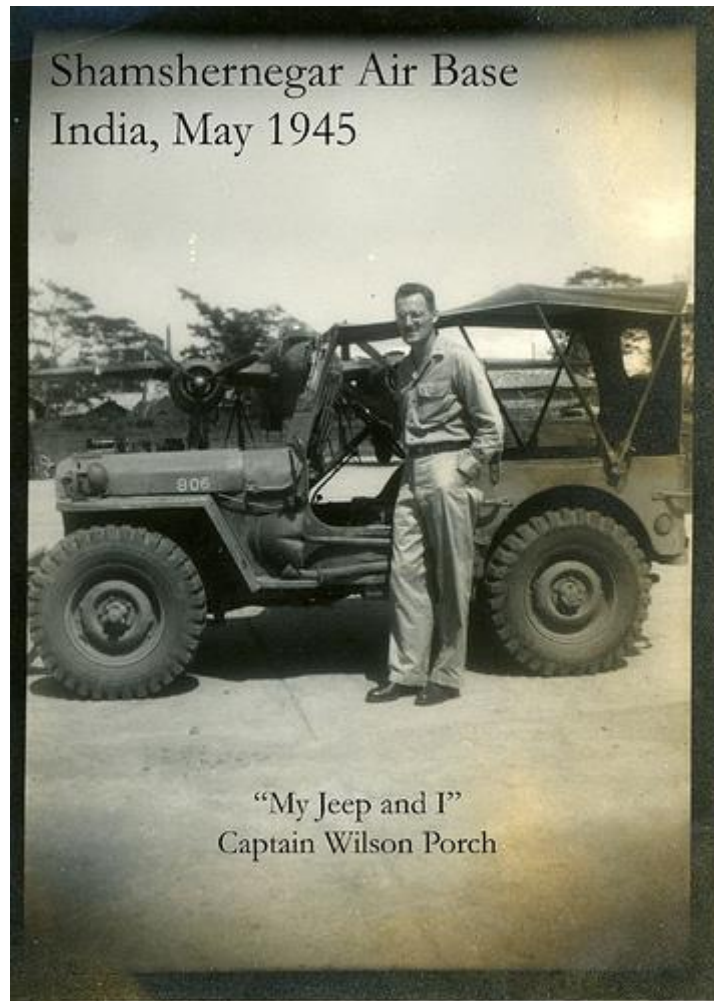


"Look at that Mustache",

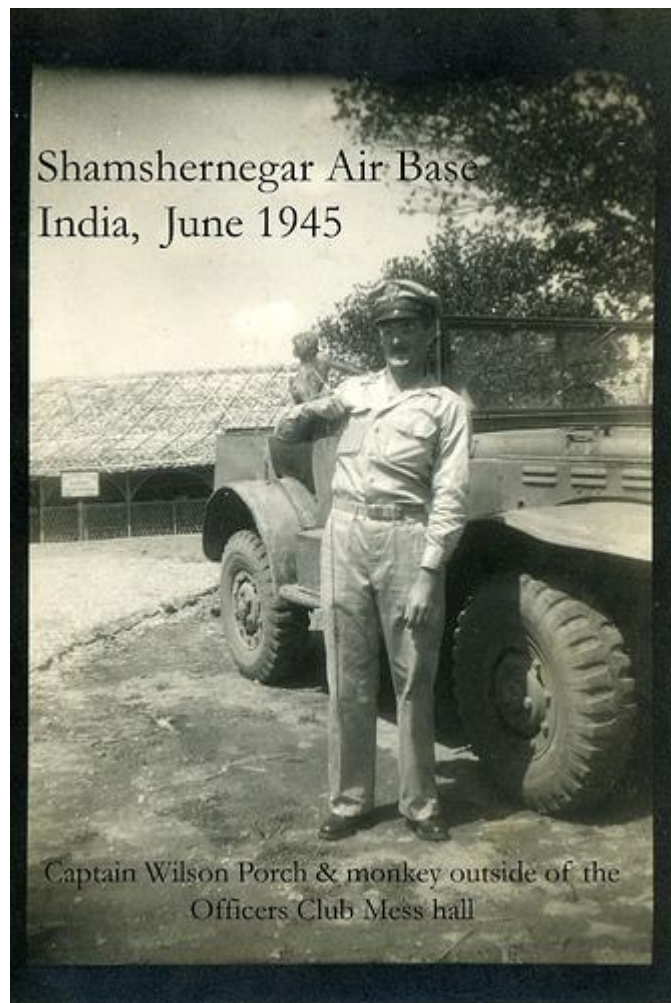


**"Captain Brignow, our Dentist, Mr. Clarkson, Red Cross Rep., Captain
Wilson Porch**

My Jeep and I" - Shamshearnagar Air Base, India, May 1945



Captain Wilson Porch



**Captain Wilson Porch & monkey outside of the Officers Club Mess Hall -
Shamshernagar Air Base, India, May 1945**



BOMB DUMP SHAMSHERNAGAR AIR BASE JUNE 1945
QUITE RISKY AFFAIR ENOUGH BOMBS TO BLOW OFF MOULVIBAZAR
THANKS GOD THE JAPANESE DID NOT MANAGE TO COME THIS FAR
THEY WERE BUSY IN IMPHAL AND KOHIMA



**L-5 OBSERVATION PLANE WW2 SHAMSHERNAGAR AIR BASE 1945
DANIEL KIEWICZ**



**C-109 THESE PLANES CARRIED 100 OCTANE OVER THE HUMP INTO
CHINA FROM SHAMSHERNAGAR AIR BASE MAY 1945**

Few historical pictures of Shamshernagar Airport and Surrounding areas at World War II

(Photo provided by Mr. Dana Clarkson-Grove, UK these photos were originally taken by Mr. 'J. Irving Grove' (Picture below) who was a Staff Sergeant in the US Army Air Corps based at Shamshernagar Air Base at World War II period. He had a radio shop in Shamshernagar Bazar. Mr. J. Irving Grove is currently residing in Hicksville, Ohio, USA and he is 90+ years old. Mr. J. Irving Grove has written his memory at Shamshernagar, which is published below Mr. Dana Clarkson-Grove is the son of Mr. J. Irving Grove.)



Memoirs of the World War II at Shamshernagar Airport: an US Veteran. J. Irving Grove

I was drafted into the US Army Air Corps in January 1942, following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. After completing my basic training, I went to radio school in the state of Wisconsin; and in early 1943 I was sent to Lakeland pilot training base in Florida.

My job there was to operate the flight training simulators, which allow junior pilots safe flying practice without the risk of killing themselves. I stayed in Lakeland until October 1944 when I got orders to go to British India. My journey took me by rail to California on the west coast and across the Pacific Ocean by ship. I finally disembarked at Calcutta in November 1944. During the understandable confusion of war I was sent over to Bombay for a while before I was eventually assigned to the U.S. Air Base at Shamshernagar.

I arrived at Shamshernagar in early December to find a very busy depot, which serviced a continuous stream of aircraft, which were flying from India 'Over The Hump' to supply the Chinese Nationalist forces fighting in central China. The base was well equipped from the point of view of the aircraft with hangars and repair workshops, but accommodations for the troops were pretty basic in comparison to what most of us had been used to. We slept and ate in big bamboo huts, which were called 'bashas', and I well remember that the water supply was a large canvas bag hung from a tripod of poles. Although electricity was available for the airfield 'landing lights' and the repair shops, the living quarters had no means of lighting – which meant that we were usually in bed pretty early. Originally the aircraft were guided in to land by means of flares and torches, and then the army 'pulled a fast one' by claiming that we had volunteered to have the landing area supplied with electricity instead of getting lights in the bashas. Typical army volunteering!

I went to work repairing radio equipment on the huge C109 tankers that were used to fly gasoline over the Himalayas to China. I didn't envy the guys who had to fly those planes 'Over The Hump'. A lot of them never came back. One who did was Flight Engineer Ed Lundie whom I'd like to thank for refreshing my memories and telling me of the earlier days at Shamshernagar.

The hot weather in Shamshernagar took some getting used to. Back home in Michigan December was a time of snow, with temperatures well below freezing.

At Shamsbernagar I think it was about 80 – 90 degrees Fahrenheit during the day although somewhat cooler at night – until the summer came, and then we really found out what it means to be hot! We were confined to the base until Christmas day when they let us walk down the railway line to Shamsbernagar town. It was a couple of miles into the town and I remember noticing that everything was so green. I was a country boy and was used to the ‘great outdoors’, but I had never seen anything like it before. When we got to town the first person to greet us was a local resident who surprised us by recounting the years before the war when he had worked at the Ford Motor factory in Detroit, only about 100 miles from where I grew up. He told us that he had a shop in Shamsbernagar that he had called the ‘**Detroit Store**’ as a memory of that time. I wonder if anyone in Shamsbernagar still remembers that store?

Shamsbernagar was a fascinating place with various shops and traders. Every time I went into the town there was something new and exotic to marvel at. Snake Charmers, Acrobats, Magicians, Holy Men; and once I even saw a Hindu Wedding procession; and I took pictures of everything. There were always hordes of curious children running and playing around the town. I still have some pictures of a couple of them; two young boys who may have been brothers and a sweet little girl who was having fun climbing on the fender of a big military truck. They must all be in their 60s or 70s by now and have grandchildren of their own. Everyone was friendly and seemed to understand that we were there to help protect the area from the Japanese. Unfortunately I didn’t get to go into town very often, as there was so much work to do at the base. For much of the spring and summer of 1945 I worked long hours installing radio equipment in a radio training school. I don’t think it was ever used though because the war ended fairly soon afterwards.

Although I had to spend most of my time at the base I was not without some company however. I ‘adopted’ a dog and a monkey, who gave me hours of amusement.

It was really funny to see how the monkey would ride around on the dog's back, but the dog took it very calmly indeed! I was homesick sometimes, but letters from my family and friends back in Michigan helped; particularly those from a young lady that I met while on the train to Florida. More about her later.....

Towards the end of my time in Shamshearnagar I was assigned an assistant in the radio workshop. He was a very nice Muslim man who had been in the Indian Army, although I don't know if he came from the Moulvibazar area. He was a great help to me and spoke English better than most Americans!

The war ended in September 1945 and after spending some time in Burma and Thailand I was shipped home via the Suez Canal and the Atlantic Ocean. I got back to the States on New Years Day 1946 and was discharged from the Army Air Corps a week later. My travels had taken me completely around the globe.

I eventually married the lady I met on the train, and we had six children – three boys and three girls. I continued working as a radio engineer at various commercial radio stations until I retired in 1978. I told my children about my time in Shamshearnagar. They loved to look at the pictures I brought home and were fascinated by the unusual coins I had gotten there. It was the biggest adventure of my life and I would liked to have had opportunity to return for a visit. It was so green and lovely and the people were so kind but I was never able to find the time and money to go back during peacetime. I heard about all the trouble there was when India and Pakistan got their independence and wondered how the people in Shamshearnagar were affected. I now feel most reassured after reading the history on your site that the Moulvibazar area fared better than most due to the cooperation and mutual respect among the various religious groups in the area. Everyone seemed to get along well with each other when I was there and I'm so pleased that hasn't changed. I've also read about the bravery of the people during the war for the Independence of Bangladesh.

I'm proud to have known all of you and I would love to hear from anyone who may recognize themselves from my recollections, or indeed anyone from the Moulvibazar area. I often wonder what happened to my assistant in the radio repair shop, and children that I photographed.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to tell my story.

J. Irving Grove
102 S. Main St.
Hicksville, OH 43526, USA,

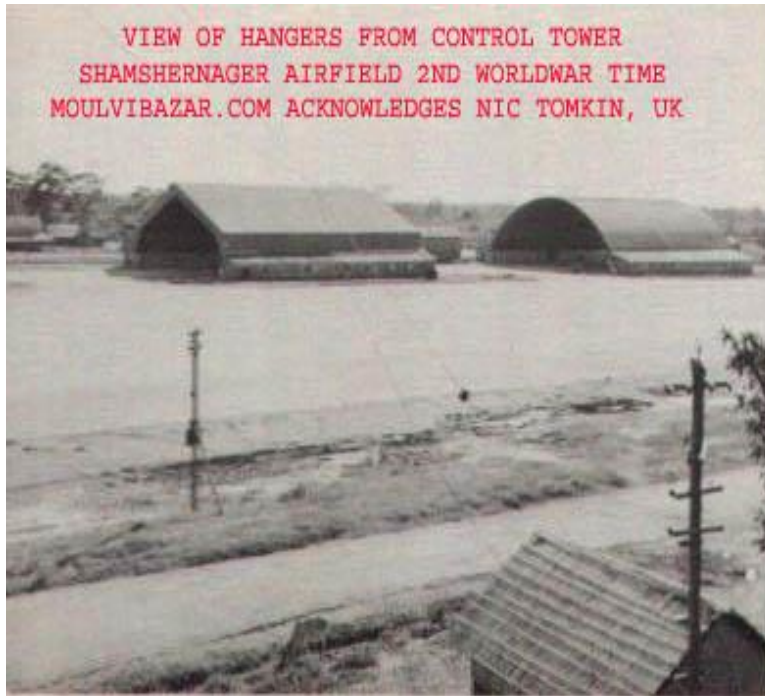













Aircraft accidents at or near Shamshearnagar Airport (ZHM)

1 occurrences in the ASN safety database, showing occurrence

| date | type | Registration | operator | fat. | Location | pic | cat |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------|----------|------|-----------------------|---|-----|
| 31-DEC-1970 | Fokker F-27 Friendship 200 | AP-AUV | PIA | 7 | near Shamshearnaga... |  | A1 |

Narrative:

After an uneventful scheduled flight, the captain concluded that the aircraft was too high on approach to Shamshearnagar Airport (ZHM). Instead of going around he selected GFP on both propellers at a height of a few hundred feet and a speed of about 125 knots. Consequently the aircraft developed a high rate of descent and at about 20 feet height the pilot lost control, after which the aircraft crash-landed short of the runway. The right hand wing tip broke off at about 10 feet from the tip, allowing a large amount of fuel to be spilled. The fuselage turned over to the right ending up more or less upside down. A fire developed, with heavy smoke, in which 7 of the 31 passengers died. The others and the 4 crew escaped with only minor injuries. It took about 4 hours for the fire brigade to reach the site.

Sources:

» Willem Wendt

Shamshernagar Airfield 2007-OCT-05



Here is a photo of Shamshernagar Air Field, Bangladesh taken on October 05, 2007. It is being rehabilitated as a training base for the Bangladesh Air Force. In World War II it was an American operated air base used as a jump off point for airlifting war supplies and other materials over the mountains into China.

Many Thanks. Photo obtained from:

www.panoramio.com/photo/2548458



Country: Bangladesh

IATA code: ZHM

ICAO code: VGSH

Elevation: feet / 0 m



An excellent piece of remembrance by the Bangladesh Air Force those brave aviators who flew the hump and the airmen who supported the 'Hump Pilots'



On 21 July,2010 we Bonnie and Nasim Anwar along with a school buddy of mine Noel Mendes and his wife Baishakhi with their family we visited Shamsheernagar Airfield manned by Bangladesh Air Force and the Wing Commander there was showing us around the inscribed writing of LOVELACE on the tarmac done when the mortar was soft in 1945 now preserved by the BAF well by ground coloured markers.

Any reference made to and from this paper of internet research : The Hump Pilots & Shamsheernagar Airfield, must kindly be acknowledged in writing from Mr Nasim Anwar,PATE Services ,Chittagong. Email naspatectq47@yahoo.com