

NY Times
**2,100 LEAVE GUAM
FOR U.S. MAINLAND**

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**Refugees Flown Out Exceed
Numbers Arriving From
Philippines and Thailand**

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**ANDERSEN AIR FORCE
BASE, Guam, Friday, May 2—**
The refugee airlift, which four days ago was hauling as many South Vietnamese as possible to this small Pacific island, is now carrying away more than 2,100 people a day toward new lives in the continental United States.

Today for the first time in the nine-day-old evacuation program more refugees were flown off the island than landed here from refugee camps in the Philippines and Thailand.

So far, 36,766 refugees have come to Guam, an American territory with a civilian population of about 100,000 before the airlift began. By early this morning more than 9,200 of these refugees had left the island, including 2,158 in the last 24 hours.

"We are rolling now," said Gen. Charles Minter, commander of the Third Air Division here.

Working Around the Clock

Around the clock—in the bright, humid sunshine and on through the night—the excited refugees were being cleared by immigration officers, moved to this sprawling Air Force base on top of a cliff and added to the growing passenger lists.

Air Force, Navy and Government of Guam school buses ferried people and baggage to the runways where a brightly colored armada of more than two dozen planes stood waiting with their doors open.

They included C-141 Air Force jet transports, part of the fleet that has hauled four million pounds of refugee supplies here in one week, and '07's, DC-10's and 747's chartered from United States airlines. If it wasn't for the black B-52 bombers silently sitting

on alert nearby, their fully-fueled wings drooping toward the ground, this Air Force base could pass for a busy civilian airport in Omaha or St. Petersburg.

For now, all the aircraft were bound for El Toro Marine Air Station near Camp Pendleton Marine Corps Base in southern California. With a refueling stop in Hawaii, it is a journey of more than 15 hours.

Eager About New Land

But none of the refugees seems to mind. At the abandoned Tokyo Hotel, where many are housed a few hours before boarding the planes, hundreds of South Vietnamese stroll the gardens. Last week-

end they were emigrants; today they are immigrants. And they are eager for any information about what they call "our new land."

What are apartment rents? they ask. Is it snowing in America? How much is an orange? What does a steak cost? Are there any cheaper?

The United States' geographical variety does not faze them. South Vietnam is varied, too. But the scale is hard to adjust to. One sophisticated refugee looked at a wrap-around wall photo of New York's skyline here and muttered, "I think I will get lost there."

"I know it never rains in California," said another man, "I heard the song."

Parents are teaching their children to shake hands properly. And adults are trying out their English. They walk up to total strangers and say, "Hello. How are you?" Some youngsters shout at Americans, "Hi there" and then break into giggles.

Americans Moved Quickly

Orote Point, which one week ago was an overgrown orchard, is now home for 18,000 people, and more are coming each day. American citizens are processed and flown out quickly, as are their relatives and employees of American firms who might have been endangered under Communist rule.

Others, however, are having difficulty proving their identity. They will be held here, perhaps for weeks, but not sent back to South Vietnam. One American soldier said he knew days ago that the camp would operate for a long time because he saw men installing Coca-Cola machines.

Soft drinks are not the only item of curiosity among the refugees. The other night some off-duty Air Force crews wandered into one evacuee center. "We're going to be flying you to your new home in the morning," said Capt. Bob Barker of Charleston, S.C., "and we thought maybe you had some questions."

The South Vietnamese certainly did. For more than an hour they learned about how high and fast they would fly and how long it would take and what Camp Pendleton was like.

"The United States," said Captain Barker, "is 5,100 miles in that direction." And the gathering crowd of refugees stood on its tiptoes and looked to the northeast.