

# WE FLEW Without GUNS

By Gen. Genovese

SIX of us were sitting around the battered old card table in the barlike shack that served as pilots' operations at the Kunning terminal of China National Aviation Corporation. The cold fog settling slowly over the airfield had driven everyone indoors except the mechanics and field attendants who were refueling our planes.

I was \$112 in the hole—I remember this distinctly because it was just the beginning of a bad run of luck at stud poker. Bob Robertson of Macon, Ga., and his co-pilot, a Chinese boy named Waty Sung, were leading by a heavy margin, each having a stack of lettuce in front of him like the harvest from a Victory garden back home. Eddie Quinn, also Chinese and co-pilot on Capt. Al Gingsis' ship, was a little ahead, too; but Bill Fox of Dalhart, Tex., my co-pilot, and young Tsui, our radioman, were right with me—at the bottom of our pockets. By every law of chance, it seemed to me, one of us was about due for a winning hand. So it was an awkward time to hear Flight Superintendent Pottschmidt shouting:

"Captain Genovese! Hey, Gen!" And then in a muffled, impatient aside: "Where the hell is that guy?" "Potty" was a big man, about 40, with a fighter's build. Standing behind his desk with his hands in his hip pockets and his broad shoulders hunched, his big blond head had to tilt down to look at me. In fact, my five feet eight inches looked pretty small among most of the boys flying across the Himalaya Hump between Kunning, in China's Yunnan Province, and Assam, India. "Got a job for you, Gen," Pottschmidt said. "Thirty-two passengers—and they're all hot to get started." He glanced at his office window, getting steadily grayer with fog, and shook his head. "Let me know what route you'll take so we'll know where to look for the pieces."

CHINA NATIONAL doesn't fly for pleasure. There were no tourists among those 32 passengers.

Aside from two Allied generals I had flown before, there were many high Chinese officers and a few civilians. Among the latter I recognized a confidential adviser to Gen. Chiang Kai-shek and a foreign-office big shot. They were all people that really deserved to get where they were going, and I wished to hell that it wasn't my responsibility to get them there.

I checked with Pottschmidt just before taking off and said I would fly the north route. His information was considerably north and

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tion from Captain Gingsis, who had been the last one in from Assam about 1 o'clock that morning, was that the stratus formation ran only to about 15,000 feet—above that it was clear—but there was a sleet storm blowing near Lake Tali.

Our take-off wasn't too bad: the fog was thin enough across the runway, and it was just a matter of giving both engines of my Douglas C-53 everything they had and then the instant we were off the runway, pulling up the gear so we wouldn't trip on the trees hiding at the end of the strip.

Clear of the field, Fox and I relaxed and I settled down to the serious business of climbing up to 15,000 feet where I would find that promised clear sailing. Fox grinned at our present zero visibility and nodded toward the cabin where the passengers were huddled. Then in his slow, Texas drawl he said, "If it was a clear day those Japs would be flockin' around like vultures after carrion, to bag a load like this."

There wasn't much poetry in the remark, but there was plenty of truth. We never carried guns on China National transports—they weighed too much and cut down on cargo capacity—and our only protection against Jap attacks were bad weather and our own flying ability.

AT 12,000 feet, Fox and I and Tsui, our radioman, put on our oxygen masks and kept right on climbing. My hope of getting into the clear at 15,000 was fading; the soup seemed to get thicker the higher we went. And, as a matter of fact, it didn't clear until we were at more than 18,000 feet. Then for almost two hours we had good flying except for a strong wind blowing north.

According to my calculations we were considerably north and

east of Lake Tali when Fox and I caught our first glimpse of the purplish-gray wall rising thousands of feet high straight ahead of us and to either side as far as we could see. It was a good quarter-hour's flying time away, but there was no doubt in either of our minds as to what this signified.

"Cap'n Gingsis' sleet has moved a little bit north," Bill drawled, and after a few more minutes, shortly before we would ease into the wall of ice, he turned the switch on our de-icing boots. I could feel him looking at me a moment later and I glanced down at the wing on my side. The boot was motionless. The mechanism wasn't working.

"How much drag can we take and still make it, Gen?" Bill asked quietly. "If we're on course there shouldn't be any hills higher than 16,000 feet from here on," I said. But that was a pretty big "if." I couldn't be sure how far off our course the wind was blowing us, and I knew there were peaks shooting a lot higher than 16,000 feet that weren't too many miles to the north. I gave the ship more throttle and pulled back on the stick.

We went into the sleet at 19,000 feet.

I handed Tsui a note giving our estimated position for him to radio to Dinjan in code. Our sets weren't strong enough to send word messages unless we were within a half-hour's flying time of either base. Tsui took the note, switched on the transmitter—and then began to curse quietly in Chinese. A few minutes later he handed back the note with a brief message appended: "Radio dead."

That meant we were out of contact with the base, strictly on our own.

(To Be Continued)

## Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



## With Major Hoople Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



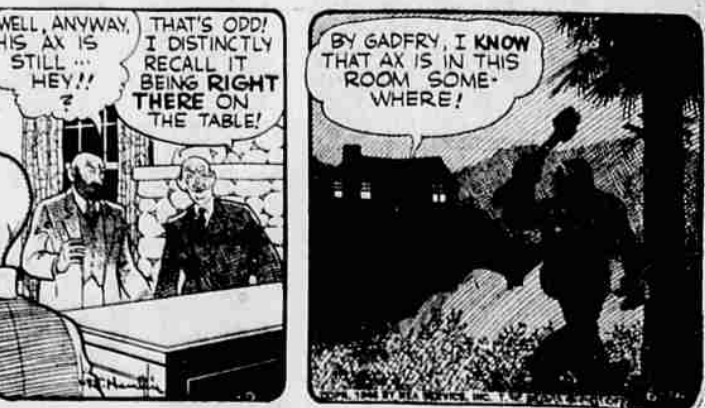
Fred Barman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



## Air Cooled!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Just the sort of easy-on-the-feet sandals you'll like to step into after a cold shower on a torrid day! Crochet them in bright colors—red, yellow and green—and wear them with your cotton slacks or house shorts. They're inexpensive to make and are quickly crocheted.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the summer sandals (pattern No. 5898) sizes small, medium and large included, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

## Two More Japanese Generals Killed

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13 (UP)—The Japanese Domei agency reported the deaths of two more Japanese generals in action today.

Maj. Gen. Katsu Yukawa died of wounds April 16 and Maj. Gen. Tasuku Yoshikawa died in action May 7, Domei said. Both were promoted posthumously to the rank of lieutenant general.

## Tailored Lingerie



By SUE BURNETT

Well-tailored slip and pantie set especially designed for the larger woman. You'll like the way it fits under sheer summer dresses.

Pattern No. 8738 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38, slip, requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; panties, 1 1/2 yards.

## AUTOMOBILES COLLIDE

A minor collision between automobiles driven by F. J. Lottes, 604 M avenue, and John B. Camp, 2010 Washington avenue, was reported to the city police yesterday. It occurred at Jefferson and Hemlock streets as one of the cars was pulling away from the curb.



'TOJO NO GOOD'—Waving one of the "I surrender" leaflets dropped in northern Luzon, a bearded Jap soldier emerges from tall grass crying 'Tojo no good. Americans very good.' Alert for a trick, Yanks keep him covered.

## Hold Everything



"My girl writes she's also wearing an 'up-do' now!"