

# WE FLEW Without GUNS

By Gen Genovese

This is a true story of the men who fly the "hump"—carrying passengers and cargo over the high Himalayas between India and China. It's one of the toughest airline routes in the world.

There are two kinds of ice found on the Himalayas in northern China and lower Tibet: the wet, sloppy kind that slushes over your aircraft and molds itself to the shape of the wings and fuselage before freezing hard; and the "clear" ice that comes at your plane in hard little nuggets, caking together in blocky lumps on the leading edges of the wings and even on the blades of the props. Since it breaks their smooth contour, that caking-up of ice on the wings cuts heavily into their lifting power.

For the first half-hour after we got into the storm we had wet ice, and our only real difficulty was holding our altitude against the increasing weight as the ice accumulated. But our oxygen was getting dangerously low and I had to tell Tsui to take off his mask. We could get along if he passed out, but there had to be someone at the controls. That meant simply that either Fox or I had to keep going; we could feel sorry for Tsui, but that was all.

With Tsui off the oxygen I felt a little easier, but our supply was still short if we were going to have to stay at that altitude for any length of time. And with every passing minute it seemed more evident that the storm was a wide one, accompanied not only with changing stages in the sleet formations—one minute wet ice and the next minute clear and chunky—but the wind was changing, too.

Tsui was pretty light on his feet when he got up out of his seat, mumbling something about taking a look at the passengers. Concentrating as I was on what was ahead of me, I was still aware of his opening the door into the cabin, and then, after a moment, tottering forward and leaning over my shoulder. He dropped a note into my hand. "Three passengers conscious," it read.

I shot a quick glance at the Chinese boy and I knew that the passengers weren't the only ones taking a beating from the altitude and the lack of oxygen. As Tsui stumbled back to his own nook behind Fox and me I began to feel some real alarm myself.

The oxygen gauge showed that we could hold out about 20 minutes more if Fox and I both continued to draw on the supply. If I cut off Fox, I could hang on twice as long, perhaps even for three-quarters of an hour. On the



From a painting by Charles H. Hubbell.

It seemed like a lifetime, but it was only a matter of seconds before we knew we had cleared the peak.

other hand, if we were on our course the breakthrough was due in less than half an hour. I leaned over toward Bill and said, "We'll take the stuff in shifts. Two minutes at a time, then switch." I had my own mask off when I spoke; in fact, I had pulled it off before I turned to speak to him. As I turned back to the controls, when I looked at the windshield—only then did I realize what we were really up against.

The glass was turning gray on the inside. My breath, condensing inside the mask until then, was now condensing on the windshield itself. My hands and feet had been getting colder and colder for the last hour; the heater wasn't worth a damn under those conditions; and when I took off that mask it was like blowing warm air into a refrigerator. Even the section of the windshield in front of Fox was coated with my breath before I had fully realized what was happening.

Then we were closed in completely. The ice on the outside of the glass had allowed us at least a dim view of the outside world. Through that ice we had been able to tell the direction in which the sleet was blowing, and thus the direction of the wind. Using that as an index, I had

tell a certain amount of confidence that no mountain peak would suddenly loom up in our path; it would have been betrayed by the shifting currents in the sleet. Now, with that gray film mak-

(To Be Continued)

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## Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Freckles and His Friends



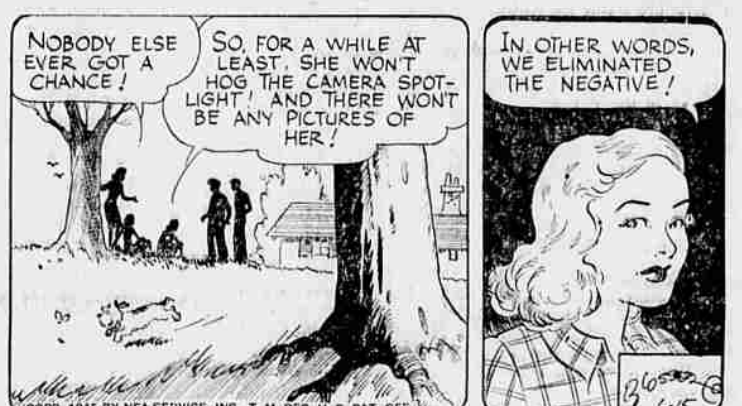
## Out Our Way J. R. Williams



## By Edgar Martin



## Merrill Blosser



## A Pretty One!



8726 Small-Medium-Large

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Yea, it is actually a dishcloth and a very popular one, too. As practical as it is pretty, it is crunched with ceru cotton and trimmed with scarlet tulle lace and hem ruffles. The 2-inch "shoulder straps" of this little dancer's frock are used to hang the 8-inch cloth on a hook over your kitchen sink. Makes a good dishcloth and is certainly a conversation-piece gift at a kitchen show!

To obtain complete cruching instructions for the doll dress dishcloth (pattern No. 5809) 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.

## WAR VS. PEACE

British lifeboats rescued 3816 lives in the first 21 months of the war, a greater total than during the preceding 10 years of peace.

Six vipers are snakes that have pits in their heads.

## Pretty Aprons



5809

By SUE BURNETT

A bib apron or a tie-on? Choose your favorite from these pretty styles that are so attractive for the summer months.

Pattern No. 5809 comes in sizes small (12-14), medium (16-18) and large (20-24). Medium size, bow knot style, requires 1 1/2 yards of 32 or 35-inch fabric; tulip style, 1 1/2 yards plus 6 yards for trimming; tie-on, 1 1/2 yards, plus 1 1/2 yards machine made ruffling; use scraps for applique.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Ready now—the spring issue of Fashion. Just 25 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

## SYMBOL OF ETERNITY

The onion, because of its formation of one sphere within another, was regarded as a symbol of eternity in ancient Egypt, and men took their sacred oaths with hand on an onion bulb.



CCF LEADER—Former school teacher M. J. Caldwell, above, is leader of Canada's socialistic Cooperative Commonwealth federation, which advocates public ownership of big business and natural resources.

## Official Records

Water turned off: Viva L. Hansell, 1302 Penn avenue; Dora Rand, 2118 Second street; Clara Wilkerson, 1202 M avenue.

Water turned on: R. E. Lovelass, 1519 Jackson street; Clara Wilkerson, 1202 Penn avenue; O. B. Maxam, 403 Jefferson avenue.

## Hold Everything



## Red Ryder



## Wash Tubbs



## Alley Oop



## Fred Harman



## By Leslie Turner



## By V. T. Hamlin

