

WE FLEW Without GUNS

This is a true story of the men who by the "hump"—crossing the high Himalayas between India and China. Here tell it the toughest airline route in the world.

ST. ELMO'S FIRE

YOU miss crashing like that once in a lifetime, and when you do, you lean back and say, "Thanks, God." After that, if you have time, you say it again and again, and then again. But I didn't have time for more than the first one.

I kept the motors at full throttle and took the highest altitude the ship would take, 21,000 feet; then I motioned Fox to take off his mask. I put on my own and took a couple of deep draughts. I looked back at Tsui and saw the business filtering through his yellow skin. He was out cold.

Even while we were gaining altitude I had begun to correct our course, pulling the ship hard out to the southwest, and the fight became a battle not only against the winds blowing north but against the ice that kept dragging us down. We could hold only to 21,000 feet even at full throttle for a matter of 10 or 15 minutes; then the altimeter began to show a steady decline. Our only hope was to get out of the high mountain ranges before we were dragged too low.

At the time of that flight, in February of 1943, Bill Fox had only been with us a couple of months. He still hadn't checked out as a full pilot, and there were a lot of things he hadn't seen that most of us with C. N. A. C. were more or less accustomed to—and I say "more or less" advisedly.

St. Elmo's Fire, for instance. I don't care how many times a man sees that, it always does some-

thing to him. Gingiss, Privensal, Johnson, "Skippy" Lane, all the boys I flew with in China, they all felt the same way.

We pulled through those Tibetan peaks by the grace of God—there's no other way of accounting for it—and got ourselves well south of the heavy ice. But when the ice began to thin, it turned into just plain ice water, then this phenomenon of St. Elmo's began.

I HAD been riding with it for some 10 minutes—Fox was only semi-conscious in the cockpit's seat—and the blue flame flicking at the windshield and along the leading edges of the wings wasn't bothering me at all. That is, I had overcome that initial fright that it always brings with it.

But I reached out to set the gyrocompass and that was when Fox first noticed it. My hand was still two inches away from the instrument when the blue flame leaped across like an arc light, throwing a dim blue flash through the cockpit. Fox screamed—I know he did, although he always denied it—and I laughed. I felt as though I had pulled a trick that he couldn't understand. I was delighted—in the way, of course, that only a man with too little oxygen in his lungs can be delighted. And for all the tungsten I had carried from China to India I couldn't have explained to poor Fox then that St. Elmo's Fire was a phenomenon of static electricity, generated by the rain beating against the plane, under peculiar climatic conditions that exist in only a few parts of the world. The fire is truly dangerous because it's real fire. If you were carrying a cargo of gasoline it could easily mean an explosion in mid-air. Our cargo was not combustible, so I was not worried about that score, but Bill Fox passed

completely out the moment he had finished his hysterical scream.

I took the ship down at 1000 feet per minute and at 10,000 feet I reached over and pushed with gigantic effort to open the side window and get a breath of air.

At 6000 feet we swept out of the clouds. Below us I could see the Brahmaputra River running its smooth blue ribbon through the deep green blanket of India's Assam Valley. Fox had come around and was sheepishly reorganizing himself at the auxiliary controls; Tsui was stirring behind us, and he and the passengers would soon be all right.

As we came in over the airfield at Dinjan and Tsui went back to tell our passengers to get ready to land, I said to Fox, "I'm going to make it this time, Bill. I'm going to set her down neat as a pin, and Captain Bridgit, that old dog, won't have a chance to wash me out this time."

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Out Our Way J. R. Williams



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New Pajamas!



5899 24 yrs.

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

The shortage of children's underwear and sleeping garments has been a very real problem to mothers of small children. However the matter can be easily taken care of if you know how to sew! And even if you don't it's no trick at all to cut out, baste, seam and finish a simple pajama. The one illustrated can be worn by boys or girls of two, three or four years.

To obtain complete pattern and finishing instructions for the pajama suit (pattern No. 5899) size 2, 3, 4 years 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.

Official Records

Water turned on: Carlos E. Eastley, 507 Fourth street; Mrs. Elizabeth Ricker, 905 Division street; Ed Klassert, 2221 Jefferson avenue; Mrs. W. C. Bruce, 2112 Walnut avenue. Water turned off: Mrs. A. G. Nerry, 908 Main street; Mrs. Glenn Peck, 2007 Oak street.



MAYOR OF NAHA—A pistol-packing "city father" is Maj. Anthony Walker, above, of Fairfax, Va. He's the new mayor of Naha, capital of Okinawa, "elected" to the job by his division commander.

For Tots



8873 2-8 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT

Little girls like pretty play outfits for fun out of doors. This simple princess dress with matching panties and bolero makes a perfect sunny day set.

Pattern No. 8873 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 3, dress and pantie, requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; bolero 1 yard.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coins, 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 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

MULES

Seventeen ships—13 Liberty and four cargo ships—have been especially converted to accommodate mules. Each ship is designed to carry from 320 to 699 mules, attesting to the importance of mule power in army transportation.

Hold Everything



I don't think Smote likes it here!

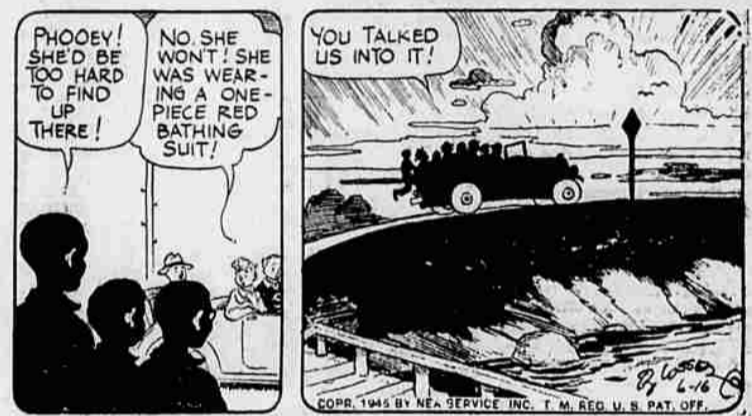
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



U. S. Army Unit

- 4 Gaelic
- 5 Symbol for tellurium
- 6 French river
- 7 Indo-Chinese language
- 8 Conceal
- 9 Conceive
- 10 Pauses
- 11 Doctor of Science (ab.)
- 12 Annamee measure
- 13 Mist
- 14 Lady Literature in Arts (ab.)
- 15 Auricle
- 16 National Recovery Act
- 17 Depicted as insignie of U S Army
- 18 Division
- 19 Idolizes
- 20 Assistants
- 21 Bitter vetch
- 22 Nullifies
- 23 Blaze
- 24 Railway (ab.)
- 25 Consumed
- 26 Wide-mouthed jar
- 27 Czar
- 28 Georgia (ab.)
- 29 Decigram (ab.)
- 30 Sun god
- 31 Overtime (ab.)
- 32 Symbol for iron
- 33 Half-om
- 34 Exempli gratia (ab.)
- 35 Left gulf
- 36 Land measure
- 37 Air raid alarm
- 38 Pan (ab.)
- 39 Ship
- 40 Mucous slug
- 41 Lubricant
- 42 Caden meter
- 43 to even
- 44
- 45 Trails
- 46 Posture
- 47 FUGICAL
- 48 Symbol for seabird
- 49 Parcel
- 50 Regular

Answer to Previous Puzzle

