

WE FLEW Without GUNS

This is a true story of the men who fly the "hump" carrying supplies and cargo over the high Himalayas between India and China. Pilots call it the toughest airline route in the world.

STUFFED SHIRT PILOT VII

It always seemed strange to me that the Army, with its super-high standards for the Air Corps and the rigorous training it puts its pilots through, should at the same time leave so little responsibility to the pilots in the matter of when they should fly and when they shouldn't. We boys in the C. N. A. C. flew thousands of tons of material across the Himalayas during 10-day and sometimes even two-week periods when not a single Army plane was allowed to get off the ground.

quit your jobs, these kids can't. The Army has a lot more authority over its boys than C. N. A. C. has over you—but it has a bigger obligation, too." TO some extent Tony was right; but he was all wrong on that matter of the money we were making. He was not the first and by no means the last to accuse C. N. A. C. pilots and even the men in the A. T. A. in England of being mercenaries, but neither he nor others of his viewpoint considered our side of it. Virtually all of us "mercenaries" had paid for our flying education out of our own pockets—and almost 100 per cent of the Army pilots had been given their training at government expense. We had investments in our flying ability; they did not. But I didn't want to go into all that again. Instead I said: "Wait a minute, Tony. Do you remember back in 1933 when the Army took over the airmail routes in the States? Remember how many planes and pilots were lost in that little misadventure? And do you know why? It was because the Army didn't know a third as much about blind flying as the commercial pilots did. . . . And it's the same thing over here now. There are a lot of stuffed shirts in the Army—even in the Air Force—and they're so cocky about their rank and their military dignity that they think they know everything worth knowing about flying. . . ."

And then I told Tony and Gings and Skippy and a couple of the other boys gathered around about a little incident I had played a part in a short time before. WHEN I left Dinjan one morning with a plane-load of Chinese money—baled in big tin containers and amounting to over a million dollars Chinese—there were eight American and British Army officers at the field. Four of them had names that regularly made the headlines in American newspapers; the other four were top-ranking colonels and brigadier generals. They had come in from Calcutta in a big Flying Fortress piloted by an extremely self-satisfied and cocky little colonel. C. N. A. C.'s field office was alongside the west runway at Dinjan, and while I was waiting for one of our usual weather reports ("Ceiling unknown; visibility limited") I saw the Little Colonel standing in front of his B-17 with a map in his hands. "Morning, Colonel," I said. "Where you bound—over the Hump or back west?" "Eh?" the fellow said, looking up rather foggly. "Why, ah—we're going to Kunming. The ship's being refueled." "It's been pretty rough on the north route the last few days," I offered. "The ice is bad. South route's not bad for weather, but the Zeros have been thick as flies the last week."

The Little Colonel looked at me as if to say he hadn't asked for a speech, so I started to move away. But then I remembered those bigwigs I had seen come in with him on the B-17. So I went back to him and said, "I'm going over myself in a few minutes. I'll wait if you like and lead the way. I know the routes pretty well." The Little Colonel's eyebrows popped up until they almost disappeared under his cap. If I had been a junior officer in the Army I think he would have organized a court martial right on the spot. He waited until his blood pressure subsided a little, then smiled indulgently and said, "Thank you, son, but I darsay I'll get along all right." Then he turned and strode off.

My plane was ready a little while later, and I lit out for Kunming with a million-dollar payroll for the Chinese Army. The Little Colonel was still puzzling over his map as my C-53 thundered down the runway. (To Be Continued)

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Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



With Major Hoople Out Our Way



J. K. Williams



A "Tie On" Set



The flattering little bonnet ties on—so does the charming pinafore! Of course the tailored panties are buttoned. It will make a pretty, airy and wonderfully easy to launder summer set for your small girl of one, two or three years. To obtain complete patterns for the bonnet, pinafore and panties (pattern No. 5001) sizes 1, 2, 3 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.

City News In Brief

Cars driven by H. E. Vincent, taxi driver, and Jack Bartlet, collided yesterday on Adams avenue near Depot street, as Bartlet was pulling away from the curb. Richard G. Taylor, La Grande, reported at the local police station that his car was struck by another vehicle as he was crossing the Oredell bridge a mile west of La Grande on highway 30. He reported the other driver failed to stop after the accident. Chief of Police Clyde Lund returned to La Grande yesterday after attending the two-day police school in Pendleton. Ernest Nolan of Durkee, and Tom Edward Kelley, of Yakima, Wash., were arrested last night by city police on the charges of drunkenness. Nolan was held for arraignment in city court, and Kelley was released to leave town.

Basque

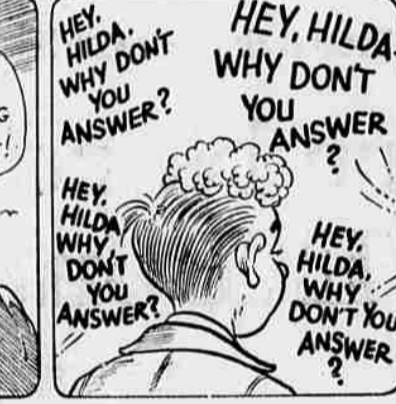


8875 12-20 By SUE BURNETT At a musicale the other evening I saw a stunning "date" frock similar to this. It's so simple to make—your ABC special this week. Pattern No. 8875 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-ten material. For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. Send for your copy of the new Spring Issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles, 15 cents.

Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Merrill Blosser



Former Governor

HORIZONTAL (ab.) 16 Pictured former gov- ernor of Washington 12 He is now assigned to the Atlantic fleet with the U. S. Naval Reserve 13 Island (Fr.) 14 Genus of maples 15 Transpose (ab.) 16 Hops' kiln 18 Whole 20 Vegetable 21 Fruit 23 Weary 24 Velocies 25 Legal point 27 Coterie 28 Slumbered 30 Tendency 32 One (Scott.) 34 Each (ab.) 35 Whirlwind 36 Sloth 37 Pertaining to a wall 39 Ravet 41 Indian 42 Note in Guido's scale 43 Vals 45 Hazard 49 Merganser 52 Hours (ab.) 53 Before 56 Lake 57 Caterpillar hair 58 Slight bow 60 Indian army

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. RICHMOND 2. TURNER 3. RICHMOND 4. TURNER 5. RICHMOND 6. TURNER 7. RICHMOND 8. TURNER 9. RICHMOND 10. TURNER 11. RICHMOND 12. TURNER 13. RICHMOND 14. TURNER 15. RICHMOND 16. TURNER 17. RICHMOND 18. TURNER 19. RICHMOND 20. TURNER 21. RICHMOND 22. TURNER 23. RICHMOND 24. TURNER 25. RICHMOND 26. TURNER 27. RICHMOND 28. TURNER 29. RICHMOND 30. TURNER 31. RICHMOND 32. TURNER 33. RICHMOND 34. TURNER 35. RICHMOND 36. TURNER 37. RICHMOND 38. TURNER 39. RICHMOND 40. TURNER 41. RICHMOND 42. TURNER 43. RICHMOND 44. TURNER 45. RICHMOND 46. TURNER 47. RICHMOND 48. TURNER 49. RICHMOND 50. TURNER 51. RICHMOND 52. TURNER 53. RICHMOND 54. TURNER 55. RICHMOND 56. TURNER 57. RICHMOND 58. TURNER 59. RICHMOND 60. TURNER

Official Records

Water turned on, June 19: Arnold Hallmark, 1811 Cedar street; Vernon A. Welo, 1906 Adams; Fred Wendt, 1011 Y. Building Permits Frank Drake, alter and repair one-story frame dwelling, 2114 Pine street, \$400.

Hold Everything



Alley Oop



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