

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

AS a general rule we in the C. N. A. C. flew singly, although occasionally two or three planes would be loaded and ready at the same time and if the pilots decided to fly the same route they might take off together and fly formation all the way over.

ATTACK BY ZEROS

VIII

THE weather was not half as bad as it had promised to be, and I decided that after all it wasn't going to be too tough on the Little Colonel. But I judged the man too charitably; it was plenty tough on him. Apparently the reason he was puzzling over that map for so long was that he couldn't understand it. Or if he could, then he was unable to read it and fly the plane at the same time. In any event he was lost over the Himalayas for four hours on the crossing—and when he brought the B-17 into Kunming that afternoon, just as I was about to start back with another cargo, he showed the first sign of skill and flying sense that he had shown all day. The plane was on its last few drops of gas. The outer starboard engine was dead and the other on the same side was coughing as he came in over the rim of hills surrounding the field; but in spite of that he brought his ship down with no more than a violent jolt and a near ground loop.

Our radios, when they were working, made interplane conversation possible during the entire four- or five-hour run, in contrast to when we flew singly and could only send or receive code signals after we were half an hour out of the base. And while chatting back and forth with the other planes was likely to betray our position to Japs in the vicinity, we still did it now and then when necessary.

Gingiss and I were about three hundred miles out of Dinjan one day in February, enjoying the first clear weather we had had in several weeks. At 15,000 feet we were well above the overcast and the sun was bright on the wings of the planes. Below was an endless sea of white cloud, broken only here and there by convection currents moving up over the mountains below. Passing above a hole in the clouds like that we could look down and get a brief glimpse of the snow-capped peak shining bluish-white in the sun.

When we were in Calcutta a short time before, the dance bands and music boxes were in the grip of Bing Crosby's latest hit, "White Christmas," and seeing the snow on one of those mountain peaks brought the song to mind. I put my microphone against my throat and began to

sing. Gingiss knew the words and he too joined in. The result was not beautiful, but it sounded so to us. Even Tsui, my sober-faced little Chinese radioman, and my solemn co-pilot, Eddie Quinn, were tapping their feet to the rhythm as Al and I went into a specially catchy "bubububub" passage. Suddenly Gingiss broke in with, "We're attracting an audience, Gen. Six P-40's are falling in right behind us."

I DROPPED the mike and made a quick shift to the left to get a squint at our guests. Singing on the interplane sets was discouraged by the authorities, and I didn't know but what there might be plenty of authority riding in those P-40's. But what I saw was far worse than any C. N. A. C. or Army big shot.

"P-40's my eye!" I yelled at Gingiss, grabbing the mike again. "Those are Zeros!"

"Hold onto your hats, boys! Here we go again!" I yelled to Eddie and Tsui, and the three of us instinctively ducked as we waited for the rattle of machine-gun bullets against the tail of the plane. Fortunately, we didn't have more than about one thousand feet to dive before we were in the clouds, and although one of the Zeros was within a hundred yards of us when we went into the enveloping mist none of his bullets touched the plane. Once in there, of course, we were virtually impossible to find, and that was the last we saw of the Nips. After about five minutes Gingiss came in on the mike.

"How you doin', Bing?"

"All right," I said, "but I think I'll stay in here for a while."

"Me too," Gingiss replied. "One of the b— put a row of polka dots in my right wing."

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

SAY, POP, YESTERDAY YOU HAD STRAIGHT RED HAIR, AND TODAY YOUR SKULL EXCELSIOR IS BLACK AND CURLY—DO YOU DO IT WITH STOVE POLISH?

With Major Hoople

WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE HEP TO MY PROPS—I'VE GOT A TRUNKFUL OF THESE SCALP DOLLIES AND I CHANGE 'EM TO MATCH MY TIES!

Out Our Way

EGAD! WHAT A POWERFUL WAVE THIS TUNING FORK PRODUCES!—UM! IS THERE SOME SCIENTIFIC SECRET LURKING THERE FOR ME TO PROBE?

J. K. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies

YOU'D MARRY ANOTHER SIR AND BREAK THE HEART OF THIS POOR INNOCENT CHILD? CAD!

OH, PUD! THERE GOES OUR BEAUTIFUL PUBLICITY, UNLESS—

BUT I DON'T WANT PUBLICITY! I JUST WANT TO MARRY THE GIRL I LOVE

GO AHEAD, MARRY HER! OUR STORY IS NO GOOD TILL YOU DO!



Mother, Daughter



5875

5769

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Crochet these cool summery and very pretty Dutch bonnets in white or pastel straw yarn, in cottons or in chenille and you'll have the very nicest sort of summer hats! They look perfectly lovely with gingham, seersucker, pastel cotton frocks and are just as nice to wear with dress-up frocks, also.

Beverage Quotas To Be Reduced Due To Sugar Shortage

"The supply of Coca-Cola in La Grande territory definitely will be affected by the further curtailment in the supply of sugar after July 1st because the manufacturer of that popular drink will not compromise with the use of substitutes.

"However, an equitable system of rationing will be maintained in La Grande territory during the shortage," said K. H. Williams, manager of the Coca-Cola Bottling company.

The O.P.A. announced that the allotment of sugar to industrial users would be cut to 50 per cent of the sugar used in the third quarter of 1941, effective July 1st.

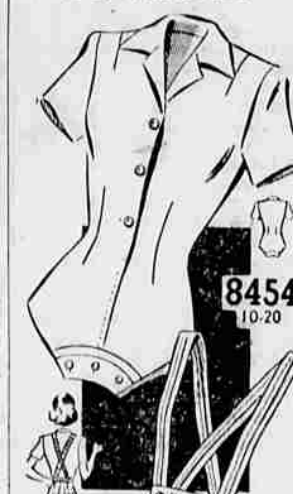
"I am informed that this sugar shortage is world-wide and not merely national and is directly attributed to the confusion in the production and distribution of sugar occasioned by the war," said Williams.

"Sugar is absolutely necessary in the manufacture of Coca-Cola. We cannot and will not use sweetening substitutes, and therefore will not compromise with the integrity of Coca-Cola. Therefore when sugar is short, there must be a shortage in the amount of Coca-Cola, but you can be certain that the quality of Coca-Cola will remain unchanged.

"My company is committed to play fair with our government and obey its regulations in both letter and spirit; to maintain the quality of our drink and to maintain an equitable distribution system to serve all our customers equally and that we will do.

"We still have a war to win and that comes first, but we will attempt still to get you all of the Coca-Cola that is possible and what we have will be available to all. I only ask that if your dealer does not have Coca-Cola

For Outdoors



8454

10-20

By SUE BURNETT

You want to look pretty when you relax—and you will in these smart togs. Well-cut pantie blouse, the popular suspender shorts and tailored slacks.

Pattern No. 8454 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12, slacks, require 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; shorts, 2 1/2 yards; blouse, 2 1/2 yards.

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.

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.

available on the day you seek it, ask him another day because we will keep our distribution up on a regular basis although the sup-

Latest estimate of the number of stars in the Milky Way is 170,000,000,000.

Hold Everything



Freckles and His Friends

LET'S GIVE UP THE SEARCH! HILDA'S JUST PLAYING TAG WITH US!

YOU WOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY IF JUNE WAS MISSING!



Red Ryder

LOOKS LIKE BOSS BUBBICK'S HORSE SOMETHING'S HAPPENED UPTRAIL!

THAT LION BROKE MY HORSE'S NECK, BOSS!



Merrill Blosser

LISTEN, FUZZBUTTONS. JUNE DOESN'T GET HERSELF LOST JUST SO SHE'LL BE WHISTLE-BAIT!

BUT DON'T EVER TELL HER I SAID THAT, OR—



Fred Harman

ANYWAY, WE'VE STILL GOT TH' \$10,000! WE'LL FINISH OUR GETAWAY ON FOOT!

THEY'RE HOOFIN' IT, BUT IT'S STILL TWO GUNS TO MY ONE!



Opera Star

- HORIZONTAL
- 1,5 Pictured opera singer
- 10 Intend
- 11 Alliance (symbol)
- 12 European river
- 14 Thrill
- 16 Chills
- 19 Air comb. (form)
- 20 Resound
- 21 Converse
- 22 Limb
- 23 Full of (suffix)
- 24 Corundum
- 27 Scatter
- 29 Old English (ab.)
- 30 Him
- 31 Stops
- 34 Concluded
- 38 Vase
- 39 Conflict
- 40 Inquires
- 42 Cushions
- 43 Goddess
- 47 Irish assembly
- 48 Century plant
- 49 Supporter
- 50 Care for
- 52 He is a known star
- 54 Domestic birds
- 55 Beholds
- VERTICAL
- 1 Issue forth
- 2 Naught
- 3 Indian army (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Wash Tubbs

COME IN, LUDWIG! WE HAF DECIDED TO QUIETLY DISPOSE OF DER HOSTAGES NOW!

EASY STALLS FOR AN INSTANT, SHAKING OFF THE SNOW, WHILE SIZING UP THE SITUATION, THEN WHEELS IN A FLASH....



By Leslie Turner

DEAD, DEY SERVE DER SAME PURPOSE, UND DO NOT HAF TO BE WATCHED

CLOSE DER DOOR, STOOPID! VE—



Alley Oop

YOUR ACTION IN SAVING WONMUG WAS A BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT!

BUT LIGHTING A CIGAR IN A 33,000-VOLT ARC WASN'T SO SMART!



By V. T. Hamlin

WE HAD TO TALK FAST TO KEEP HIM FROM CRACKING UP, AND I SUPPOSE YOU DID TAKE A VERBAL SHELLACKING IN THE PROCESS!

I'LL SAY I DID... AN I DIDN'T LIKE IT!

