

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

FIRED BY OUR OWN ANTI-AIRCRAFT

WHENEVER we flew gasoline we preferred to do it during the daytime, although with other types of cargo it was sometimes safer, because of either weather or Jap activity, but the trip at night. With gasoline, however, there were plenty of hazards, without adding to them the certainty of having to make an instrument approach to the field.

The fields at Dinjan and Kunming had no floodlights to assist in a night landing or take-off. The blackouts at both fields were complete except for dim rows of green and red lights that would be flashed on for an instant along the landing strips just before a plane's wheels touched the ground.

a multi-motored ship only if the engines are in synchronization, could exactly determine the plane's position.

A JAPANESE bomber, therefore, would come in high, above the clouds, with his motors out of synchronization. The ground crew at the base wouldn't know where the plane was because the detector couldn't get a bearing, and there would be no way of knowing until the plane came out of the clouds whether it was a friendly plane having both radio and motor trouble, or whether it was a Jap. If it were the latter, and his instrument approach was on the nose, the bombs would be dropping almost as soon as the plane appeared from out of the clouds. Fortunately, most of their instrument work was pretty sloppy and they would be under an anti-aircraft barrage with Army fighters swarming up to meet them before they were anywhere near.

At night the Japs had a special advantage. Keeping the motors in synchronization, sometimes and sometimes not, the bomber would come in toward the field with its landing lights on, just as if it were a C. N. A. C. plane whose radio wasn't working. The A.A. guns wouldn't fire until the ship was identified, and by then, occasionally, it would be too late and the bombs would be falling. The searchlights on the ground were our best protection in cases like that, because as soon as they found the plane the gunners could see if the landing gear was up or down. If it was up, they fired.

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next morning with another load. The return trip was rough. We found soft ice on the south route, and, heading up north hoping to get away from it, ran into clear ice—the kind that sticks in big chunks on the wings and props instead of conforming to the plane's surface. It was difficult to keep our altitude. The ice gathered on the propeller blades and distorted the rhythm of the motors. If the radio had been working I would have checked with the field about conditions farther south, but it had gone dead half an hour after the take-off.

The strain on the engines was terrific. It was impossible to keep them co-ordinated. A good hour before we got back to Dinjan the one on the left was beginning to foul. It would run good for a few minutes, then start to cough and sputter. By working on the carburetor control for a few minutes I would get it back into adjustment. Then it would go bad again.

My approach to the field at Dinjan was good on the first try, but just as I was letting down the landing gear that left engine started to kick up again. I grabbed the carburetor control and started working on it, and then I heard Eddie Quinn, my co-pilot, let out a yell. A second later there was a terrific explosion. I realized we were being fired by our own anti-aircraft batteries. I slammed the throttle forward and got the hell up out of there as fast as I could.

For half an hour we flew around in wide circles—well out of the guns' range—working on that motor, and when it finally seemed to be in fairly good shape we tried the landing again, frantically flashing our landing lights, dropping our gear, slowing our engine speed—doing everything but dropping notes out of the plane that we were good, guys, friends, and wanted nothing but a quiet landing and a good night's sleep. We were so earnest about it that the over-zealous A.A. boys finally were convinced and we came in without further trouble.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House



PAPA GIVES OUT HIGH-FREQUENCY HORSE SENSE

With Major Hoople



ALL YOU'VE GIVEN OFF SINCE I CHECKED IN AT THIS ZOO IS INFRA-RED SNORES—AND NOBODY NEEDS A RADIO TO HEAR YOU KNOCKING OVER LAMPS WHEN YOU STUMBLE IN NIGHTS!

Out Our Way



OH, SUGAR, TH' SOAP HAS FELL OFF O' ONE O' TH' SHELVES INTO TH' RICE PUDDIN' YOU MADE!

J. K. Williams



WHUT DIFFERENCE SHOULD THEY MAKE TO YORE CAST-IRON APPETITES? IF YOU HADN'T O' SEEN IT WAS VANILLA FLAVORIN'! THET'S AS MUCH TASTE AS YOU GOT IN ANYTHING!

Butterfly Filet



5352

By MRS. ANNE CABOT
Summer butterflies and roses make a fascinating design in this easy-to-do 60 by 80 inch filet table cloth. The design is handsome and showy but is not at all hard to crochet and works up quick. You'll enjoy starting this cloth this summer so that you can have it finished, pressed and put away for an important gift when it is needed.

City News in Brief

James S. Walker has returned from Portland where he attended a conference for supervisors of telephone management for Pacific telephone and telegraph company, and will remain here over the weekend before going on to Sumpter where he is employed.

Turner Is Beaten By Missourian

PORTLAND, June 23 (UP)—Young Roy Miller, 166, clever Kansas City middleweight, wrote a virtual finish last night to the ring career of Leo (The Lion) Turner, 163, of Portland, by handing Turner one of his most decisive beatings yet in a 10 action-packed rounds.

Indian Johnny Gates, sharp-shooting marine from Klamath Falls, won a close decision from Manuel James, of Denver, in ten rounds.

Official Records

Water turned off, June 21:
Al Thompson, 2904 Oak street.
Water turned on:
Al Thompson, 1911 Third street; H. H. Becket, 2104 First street; Mrs. Dale Spray, 1810 V avenue; Mrs. Clem Wallace, 1214 W avenue.
Building permits:
A. M. Serle, alter and repair two-story frame dwelling, 1803 Third street.
C. F. Wallace, erect one-story frame chicken house, 1214 W avenue.
Most dangerous occupation for a workman 15 to 64 years old is that of stablehand, according to statistics.

House Frock



8857 14-42

By SUE BURNETT
For a flower-fresh look on scorching summer days, why not make up several of these simple, practical house frocks. You can run them up in a jiffy—just four pieces to the pattern.
Pattern No. 8857 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16, long sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch fabric; 3 1/2 yards vic-rac to trim.
For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coins, your name, address, size desired and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 700 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.

Boots and Her Buddies



I'M SORRY ABOUT BOTHERING YOU WITH MY TROUBLES—BUT I FEEL BETTER NOW!

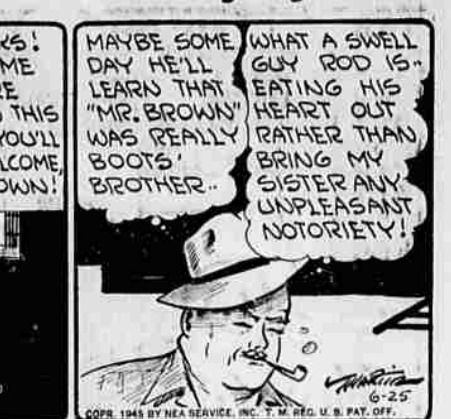


HOW ABOUT SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH US? THE FOLKS—



AND SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING EVERYTHING'S GOING TO WORK OUT!

By Edgar Martin



THANKS! ANYTIME YOU'RE DOWN THIS WAY YOU'LL BE WELCOME, MR. BROWN!

Freckles and His Friends



I HAVE A FEELING HILDA IS AROUND HERE WATCHING EVERY MOVE WE MAKE!



YEAH—DREAMING UP SOME PUBLICITY! I BET IF SHE THOUGHT HER PICTURE WOULDN'T BE TAKEN, SHE'D GIVE UP IN A HURRY!



FRECKLES, I'M AFRAID I'VE BROKEN MY CAMERA!

Merrill Blosser



CAN'T IT EVEN BE FIXED? OH, BOY, WE SMOKED HER OUT!

Red Ryder



I WANT BUICK ANY ROOMER ALIVE, BUT IF I RUSH 'EM, I'LL GET SHOT BEFORE I CAN RESCUE LITTLE PEASER AN' TH' DUCHESS!



THE SOUND OF A WAGON CAUSES RED TO TURN!



I COULDN'T STAY BEHIND, RED! I WANT TO HELP!

Fred Harman



GOOD GIRL!



IT'S A SMART IDEA, AFTER ALL! THAT WAGON IS JUST WHAT I NEED!

French Statesman

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1 Pictured	1 Mirror
2 French Foreign Minister	2 One of two
3	3 Narcotic
4	4 Depart
5	5 Make a mistake
6	6 Asiatic country
7	7 Soothe
8	8 Sick
9	9 Down (prefix)
10	10 Ideal state
11	11 By direct
12	12 descent
13	13 Cares for
14	14 Surgical thread
15	15 Avows
16	16 Forbearance
17	17 name
18	18 Deprived of
19	19 Close
20	20 Comparative suffix
21	21 Biblical town
22	22 Crate
23	23 Destroy
24	24 Meaning
25	25 Growls
26	26 S-shaped worms
27	27 Exist
28	28 Brilliance
29	29 Makes sore
30	30 Greek letter
31	31 Comfort
32	32 Anger
33	33 Malay island
34	34 Cat cry
35	35 He is a student of

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Hold Everything



"How about this steak—its most meaty bit!"

Wash Tubbs



SURPRISING THEIR GUARDS, EASY FREES THE NAZIS HOSTAGES—BUT NOT BEFORE A SHOT RAISES THE ALARM...



HEINRICH! WOT WAS DER SHOT? DON'T MOVE, YOU NAZIS!

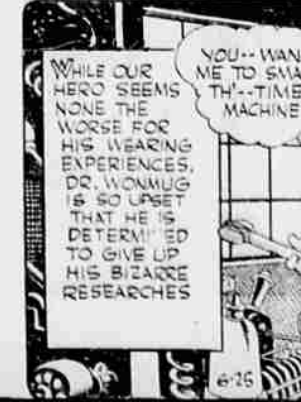


OH, DAD! EASY'S STILL IN THAT PLANE WITH THOSE BEASTS!



GET DOWN BEHIND THE ROCKS—AWAY FROM THE PLANE!

Alley Oop



WHILE OUR HERO SEEMS NONE THE WORSE FOR HIS WEARING EXPERIENCES, DR. WONMUG IS SO UPSET THAT HE IS DETERMINED TO GIVE UP HIS BIZARRE RESEARCHES



YOU—WANT ME TO SMASH TH—TIME-MACHINE?



THAT'S RIGHT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN!



DESTROY THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF MODERN SCIENCE? GREAT HEAVENS, WONMUG, YOU CAN'T DO IT!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, DOC!! THE WORK OF A LIFETIME WRECKED IN A MOMENT?? NO, NO, NO!

CARRY OUT MY ORDERS, OOP!

AWRIGHT, DOC, IF YOU SAY SO!

By V. T. Hamlin