

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

WE MEET A MAHARAJAH

I STOOD at the bar in Calcutta's 300 Club drinking a coke while Tony Mercedes polished off one Scotch and soda after another. I was thinking about how we might spend the rest of the afternoon, pending the arrival of Gingsiss and Lane in the evening.

"We might take a run out to Six Acre Road," Tony suggested. "You've never met Tangerine and Blitty."

"That's right," I said, "I never have. But I don't like to go to a place like that. Why don't we give 'em a call and have them come into town. We could take them out to dinner and have a few drinks and enjoy ourselves."

"Take 'em out to dinner?" Tony cried. "Are you crazy? Who the hell do you think these gals are—society?"

"No, but they're worth talking to, aren't they?" I asked.

"Worth talking to?" Tony was going apoplectic.

I started to laugh, then casually turned to see if the fellow at my left had heard our conversation.

Obviously he had, because he was smiling broadly. He was a tall, good-looking lad about 30 to 32 years old, quite obviously Indian but of high birth judging by the regularity of his features, clear brown eyes, long thin nose, regular line and strong, chiseled jaw. He was dressed conservatively in black with a kind of white ascot tie; wound tightly around his head was a smooth-fitting black silk turban.

The Indian looked us over quickly, still smiling, and then he said to me, "You have more in common with my people than your friend. We, too, think conversation has a place in romance." He spoke perfect English by Oxford standards, having a pronounced British accent.

BOTH Tony's and the Indian's glasses were empty and I signaled the bartender. He came running, saying "Yes, Sahib!" and then, as his glance touched that of the stranger, he bowed deeply and murmured something I didn't understand.

"These shall be on me," the Indian said. "Whatever the gentlemen wish."

I started to protest, but the bartender shot me a look almost of fright as he bowed again and said, "Of course, Your Highness."

The Indian smiled at the startled expressions on Tony and myself, and he bowed very graciously. Then he held out his hand and said, "Jagaddipendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur, Maharajah of Cooch Behar, gentlemen. It is a pleasure to meet you."

Tony and I introduced ourselves and shook hands, and for over an hour the three of us stood there talking about the C. N. A. C. and the new Lodo Road, which was Tony's special interest at the moment. And then, when the Maharajah learned that I had flown with the Air Transport Auxiliary of the R. A. F., the two of us fell into reminiscences about England. "Vince"—as he asked us to refer to him—had gone to school in England, had taken his degree at Oxford, which explained the accent as well as the easy social manner.

I told him that Al Gingsiss had hunted ducks in a Hurricane fighter over the king's private preserves at Windsor Park, and

nothing would do but that I promise to introduce him to Gingsiss at the earliest opportunity.

AL GINGISS was with Tony and me in the club a few days later when we ran into the Maharajah again, and it was on that occasion, after he had heard Gingsiss' own heroic account of the Battle of the King's Ducks over Windsor Park, that he promised us some real hunting on one of his own estates in upper India near Tangawa. "Maybe it won't compare to machine-gunning royal ducks," he laughed, "but I think you'll have some fun. I'll arrange everything for you—elephants and native guides and guns and all that. It's good hunting country up there, especially for tigers and leopards." He hesitated a moment and then said, "But maybe you'd prefer hunting wild boar? That's wonderful sport, you know."

I didn't know anything of the sort. I had never even seen a wild boar and all I had ever heard about them was that they usually did all the killing.

"You hunt boar with a spear, you know," the Maharajah went on. "It's really quite thrilling."

Gingsiss looked at him with an expression of distaste. "Hell, that's just pig-sticking," he said. "I'd rather bag me a tiger. A man doesn't get a chance like this every day in his life—and sticking pigs just ain't glamorous, that's all."

Gingsiss' words were weighted with wisdom, so a tiger hunt it was. The Maharajah didn't accompany us, but three days before our leave was up we flew back to Dinjan and were met there by one of the Indian potentate's servants in a luxurious big Buick station wagon. It was a good hard ride over a difficult jungle road to Vince's hunting lodge at Cooch Behar, and when we arrived there we were dined lavishly in the huge painted building. In the morning, after a fine breakfast, we stepped out onto the porch to get our first look at the accoutrements of a first-class Indian safari.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople Out Our Way

J. K. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies

THERE! IT FEELS GOOD TO GET BACK INTO MY OWN CLOTHES! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET A TRAIN OUT OF HERE...

NEW YORK? YOU'RE IN LUCK, MISTER! THAT TRAIN'S TWO HOURS LATE AN' OUGHTTA BE THROUGH HERE ANY MINUTE NOW

WELL, FLAG 'ER DOWN, COW-BOY!



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



For Gifts



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Cross-stitched "lovebirds" in hunter's green, grass green, orange and a touch of tangerine and maroon make a really handsome set of tea towels. Nice to use on guest towels, too. Just omit the names of the days of the week when you are using the transfers. You can also cross stitch the birds on tea cloths, on a luncheon mat or on cotton porch pillows. Designs are 3 inches big.

To obtain the 7 transfers for the love bird designs (pattern No. 5459) color chart for working, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent

postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

City News In Brief

Charles Wilson Lawrence, of the voice department of the University of Washington, is here from Seattle as a guest instructor for the special summer vocal institute being conducted at Eastern Oregon college.

Automobiles owned by Mrs. Armilda L. Brown, La Grande, and Olga Louise Ran, Cove, collided yesterday afternoon at Jefferson and Second streets, causing minor damage to the vehicles.

Official Records

Water turned off, June 25: Lucie C. Buell, 1423 Washington Ave.

Florence Puchett and Oscar Marshall, 3103 Fourth street; Mrs. Homer A. Jenkins, 2907 Fourth street; Oreila Holmes, 1423 Washington avenue.

Deeds Filed:

William W. Holden, by guardian, to Ernest Becka et ux, E½ of NE¼, Sec. 33, and portions of NW¼, NE¼, SW¼, SE¼, Sec. 35, 34, and portion of SW¼, Sec. 35, all in Twp. 2 S., R. 37 E., S2400.

Henry W. Heidenreich et al to Orville G. Grubb et ux, Lot 5, Blk. 75, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1.

Henry W. Heidenreich et al to Ralph E. Gerards et ux, Lot 3, Blk. 107, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1.

Meda Alderman to La Grande Concrete Pipe company, a portion of NE¼ of SW¼, Sec. 34, Twp. 2 S., R. 37 E., \$10.

Marvin R. Tate et ux to John C. Griffith et ux, a portion of Lot 14, Blk. 6, Grand's addition, La Grande city, \$1.

Mother-Daughter



By SUE BURNETT

Pretty apron-pinafores in the popular mother and daughter vogue. Wear them as sun dresses, too, with the added side pieces.

Pattern No. 8777 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14, pinafore, requires 3½ yards of 35 or 39-inch material; with side waist 3¼ yards; 4 yards lace to trim.

Pattern No. 8777C is designed for sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Size 4, either version, requires 1¾ yards of 35 or 39-inch fabric; 4 yards lace to trim.

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.

Hold Everything



"Why don't you come down and eat your lunch in this nice, cool sewer?"

Opera Singer

HORIZONTAL	4 Palm lily	26 Steep descent	43 Northeast
16 Pictured opera singer	5 Finish	31 Oiler	41 Three
13 Begone!	6 Learning	32 Peppercorn	44 Three
15 Overlap	7 Level	33 Scorch	47 Airforce
16 Man's nickname	8 She	35 Hatful	47 Airforce
17 More costly	9 Written form of Mister	36 Character	fuel
19 Recent	10 Measuring by	37 Up (It)	48 Ampere (ab.)
20 Grow old	11a	41 Nevada city	51 Sun god
22 So be it!	11 Relatives	42 Seen	53 Missouri (ab.)
23 Visage	12 Latest		
24 Wind	13 Beheading		
26 Wine men	14 Exalt		
27 Show contempt	15 Exalt		
28 Wave top	21 Clov		
29 Musical note	23 More remote		
30 Near	25 Endure		
31 German city			
34 European river			
38 Clear			
39 Treadle			
40 Grime			
41 Rave			
43 Feminine name			
46 Greek letter			
47 Categories			
49 Editor			
50 She is a			
52 Impression			
54 Treachery			
55 Attitudes			
VERTICAL			
1 Wreckage			
2 Source			
3 Ohio city			