

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

MY CO-PILOT GOES BATTY

XIV

WHEN I returned to duty at Dinjan two new boys were assigned to my plane, a co-pilot named Hung and a radio operator named Li. They were smart boys, both of them, but on our third trip together I had one of the worst experiences of my flying career with Hung.

We were coming back from Kunming with a load of tin and the overcast was soup-thick all the way up to 24,000 feet. The plane I was given was an experimental model with special supercharged engines, designed to permit greater altitude than the DC-3's and C-47's whose ceiling was 24,500 feet.

At 25,000 feet we came out above the overcast. The temperature at that altitude was far below zero. The heater in the plane wasn't working very well, and an added disadvantage was that we had been using our oxygen almost constantly since leaving Kunming four hours before.

We were over the most dangerous part of the hills, about an hour out of Dinjan, with known peaks rising as high as 24,000 feet, when this boy Hung suddenly hollered, "Boohoo! Boohoo!" in Chinese that meant "No good!" I jerked around to see what was wrong. Hung immediately grabbed the controls and shot the plane down in a steep dive into the overcast.

With a load of tin you just don't do things like that for fear of shifting the cargo, and anyway I couldn't see anything wrong. I reached out, knocking his hands from the controls, righted the

ship and started to climb up again.

EVERYTHING was all right for about five minutes. Twice I asked Hung what the hell he was trying to do, but he didn't answer. He continued to stare directly ahead and kept his hands clenched in his lap. The overcast was climbing higher by then, and we were going right into it, and I was busy with the instruments, checking our position against the known peaks in the vicinity. And when you're under oxygen for a long stretch you doublecheck those things because it's easy to get careless—woozzy—the stuff is so much like a drug.

Without warning this time Hung grabbed the controls again. He really had a death grip on them, and he was heading us straight down into almost certain death. I had no alternative. I reached over, pulled off his oxygen mask with my right hand, loosened my safety belt and came around in a roundhouse with my left, catching him squarely on the jaw. His head bobbed over on his shoulder, his hands relaxed on the controls, and I pulled out of the dive. I don't know how close we came to disaster because I couldn't see a hundred feet ahead of me. According to my charts we should have hit a 23,000 foot peak at that point, and I'm sure we must have missed it by only a few seconds. In any event, I replaced the oxygen mask on Hung's hip face and we got back to 26,000 feet and made the crossing without further trouble.

We were down to about 7000 feet and within sight of Dinjan when Hung slowly roused himself and began to feel his chin. "What the hell happened to you?" I demanded. I still felt I hadn't settled my score with him.

Hung looked at me, startled.

"Nothing, Captain," he said. "I—I'm all right."
"What was our highest altitude?" I asked him.
"Eighteen thousand, sir," he replied instantly.
"You don't remember going above 18,000?" I asked.
"No, sir. We haven't been above 18,000," Hung said.
"What are you rubbing your jaw for?"
"It's sore. I must have bumped it. I don't remember. . . I don't know when . . ."

HUNG was too good a boy to do what he had done unless he was out of his head, and by the time we landed I could make a pretty good guess as to the cause of his conduct. To some extent it was typical of the Chinese, even the smart ones like Hung. Little details irk them; they aren't naturally scientific in their thinking or in their conduct; and if they can't see the immediate value of a procedure or a policy they are likely to figure it is unimportant. That may not be true of all Chinese, but it is definitely true of the ones I have known. It was true of Hung.

"Let's see your mask," I said to him as soon as we stepped out of the plane at Dinjan.
He handed it to me and I tilted it. A good half-ounce of water ran out into my hand. I shook the water from my palm and handed the mask back to him.
"If that ever happens again, Hung," I said, "I'm going to report you."

The most dangerous mistake a person can make who is dependent on an oxygen mask is to let the condensed moisture from his breath remain in the mask after using it. The orders are specific in that regard: you drain your mask and dry it every time you use it. Hung had failed to do so, and in the intense cold about 18,000 feet a little clot of ice had formed in the tube, almost completely blocking off his oxygen supply. Most people would have fainted under such circumstances; Hung had gone batty instead.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

Out Our Way

J. K. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies

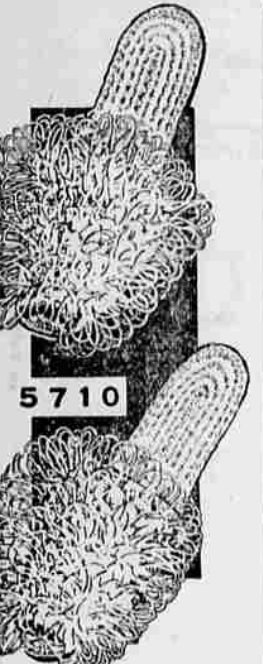


Feeding a Local Europe

By Edgar Martin



Pastel "Mules"



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Crocheted of pale blue or pale pink mercerized cotton thread, they'll wear beautifully as a base of ordinary twine. The fluffy loops make them unusually dainty looking. You'll want to make a couple of pairs as trousseau gifts—make them in more practical colors for your family. They're dandy summer bathroom and bedroom "suffa's!"

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the pastel "mules" (pattern No. 5710) sizes include small, medium and large, 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 street, San Francisco, Calif.

City News In Brief

Manuel T. Larue and Albert Sharp, both of La Grande, were arrested last night on charges of assault and battery. They were taken to municipal court, where they were fined \$25 each.

Harry McCarthy has returned from a 10-day business trip to Portland and Seattle.

Dick Bunting who is majoring in accounting at the University of Oregon, Eugene, is here for the summer vacation and is working at the Bunting tractor company.

Bob Kopp, who this spring completed his second year at the University of Oregon, Eugene, is here for the summer and is employed in the Umatilla national forest.

Kopp is majoring in geology at the university.

Deeds Filed

Lee D. Houston et ux to Ruth L. Kilgore, Lot 7, Blk. 2, Pleasant Home addition, La Grande, \$1.

Alberta Goodman et al to H. S. Overpeck et ux, portion of Lots 18, 19, 20, Blk. 108, Chaplin's addition, La Grande, \$10.

WALLOP

The eight-inch (200 mm.) gun, recently added to Uncle Sam's artillery, can hurl a 240-pound shell for a distance of 20 miles.

A baseball diamond is really a square.

Pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

British Field Marshal

- HORIZONTAL
- 1 Pictured
- 2 Unspirated
- 3 Otherwise
- 4 Greek letter
- 5 Soon
- 6 Roman emperor
- 7 District Attorney (alt.)
- 8 Heating device
- 9 Factual
- 10 Negative
- 11 Window parts
- 12 Make beer
- 13 Ox (var.)
- 14 Either
- 15 Brads
- 16 Indian coin
- 17 Negative
- 18 Apportion
- 19 Superlative suffix
- 20 African worm
- 21 European river
- 22 Thoughtless
- 23 Behold!
- 24 Morinda dye
- 25 Post
- 26 He helped free the nations of Europe
- 27 Nocturnal bird
- 28 Bulgarian coin
- 29 Name
- 30 Near
- 31 Game like halma
- 32 Cuts
- 33 Like
- 34 Vegetable
- 35 Play
- 36 Scratched again
- 37 Takes as one's own

Answer to Previous Puzzle

WASHERMAN
HARRY TRUMAN
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

26 Owens
27 Every one
28 Tapers
29 Dual name
30 Change
31 He command of the river
32 Hoity
33 Remain
34 Large deer
35 Fish eggs
36 Man's name
37 Ogle
38 Feminine name
39 French
40 European
41 Clobberer
42 Poker stake
43 We
44 Sun god

For Juniors



8859 11-18

By SUE BURNETT

Pert, young and very smart is this junior "date" frock with fitted corselet waist and unusual yoke and shoulder treatment. Make it checks, all-over floral prints or polka-dots.

Pattern No. 8859 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, requires 3 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; 3 yards rick-rack 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.

Ready now—the spring issue of Fashion. Just 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe trends for all the family.

Official Records

Water turned on, June 28: Mrs. Margaret Ketterer, 502 Fourth street.

There are 55 species of native orchids in Vermont; in Hawaii, there are only three.

Hold Everything



"What do you think of sending junior to night school?"

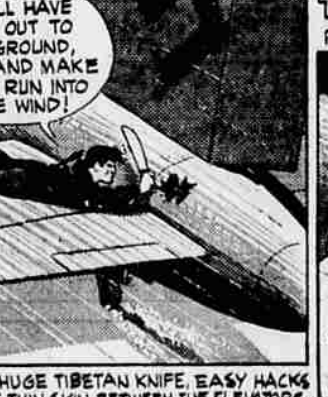
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



By V. T. Hamlin