

J. K. Williams

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

OUT OF THIS WORLD XVII

So far as is known, no white man ever before had seen the part of the world where Rosbert and Hammel crashed in their ice-encrusted plane, and surely no two men of any color or creed ever had a closer scrape with death. As I got the story during its many retellings at the cottage before Rosbert headed back to the States to recover his health and get a bone-setting job done on his shattered ankle, his plane took on a double load of ice when he tried to get back to Dinjan.

He kept gathering ice, and at last, out of the grayness beyond his windshield, a mountain peak virtually leaped at him. Instinctively, Rosbert swung hard on the controls to veer away, but it was too late. An instant later there was a terrific crash, and a jolt that snapped his right ankle like a matchstick and broke the neck of poor Li Wong, the Chinese boy who had been his radio operator until that morning. Ridge Hammel's right ankle was badly sprained—making it pretty evident that no right rudder had ever been kicked harder by pilot and co-pilot together.

For three days the two men lived in the shelter of their mangled cabin, Rosbert in an agony of pain from his broken ankle. Hammel, of little use to himself or his friend because of his own injury as well as the intense sub-zero cold that threatened to freeze them to death before the still-raging blizzard had died down. They hadn't even the strength to bury poor Li, but could only

spread out his parachute and lay it over his body. On the third day, when their emergency rations were just about gone, the storm cleared and Hammel dragged himself out of the ship to discover that they were within crawling distance of a steep, snow-packed decline. Studying the terrain below, Hammel noticed that the slope continued for several miles before reaching the scrubby black fringe of the timber line. He saw a chance for them to cover that entire distance without using their feet at all. He crawled back to the plane, explained his plan to Rosbert, and between them they banded their ankles with strips of parachute silk. Then they tore up a couple of floorboards from the plane's cabin and set out on probably the most colossal sleigh ride in the history of that sport.

All day long the two boys worked their way down the mountain from one ice-capped ridge to another. They would crawl on hands and knees from the foot of one decline to the top of another, then mount their individual "sleds," and, pushing over the edge, drop hundreds of yards in a few breathtaking seconds.

ROSBERT had a pocket compass with him, and after they reached the timber line they held to a course roughly southwest, figuring that it would take them—if they lived long enough—to the neighborhood of Dinjan. There was a hundred miles between them and the field, however, the unexplored, unmapped territory of the Mishmi-ites, which are inhabited by aboriginal tribes of Mishmi-ites.

It was almost two weeks after Rosbert and Hammel crashed on the mountain peak that they

crawled into a clearing and saw a small mud hut with a wisp of smoke curling out through a hole in the thatched roof.

The Mishmi-ites, whenever we had heard them mentioned before, had always been referred to as head-hunters, but they showed no inclination to decapitate Rosbert and Hammel. In fact they grew to like their guests, and were much impressed by the white men's watches, cigaret lighters and the zippers on their tattered flying jackets. When Rosbert produced a mechanical pencil and started drawing pictures on a piece of bark, showing an airplane flying through the air and crashing into a mountain, his fame spread through the hills like wildfire. Men, women and children from other tribes came to see these wonders. Finally, one day, a young boy came, an unusually bright-looking youngster, and after watching Joe draw pictures for a while he tried to explain that he wasn't satisfied with that; he wanted something different, something better. He pointed to Joe and then to the bark. Then he said the Mishmi word for "name"—which was one of the 200 words Joe and Ridge picked up during their month with the tribe—and Ridge laughed and said, "Hell, Joe, he wants your autograph."

Joe wrote his name on the bark and the boy got all excited. He was impatient to get his hands on it. Joe was just about to give it to him when it dawned on him what this bright youngster had in mind. In a fever of excitement he tore off the corner of a map he had brought with him and wrote more words, explaining who he and Hammel were and telling what had happened to them. The boy grabbed the paper and ran from the hut. Four days later he returned with a letter from the officer in command of a British scouting force saying that supplies were on their way and a medical officer would soon follow.

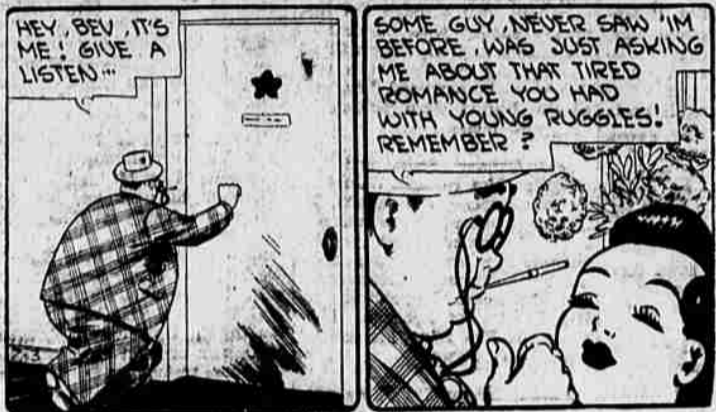
(To Be Continued)

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Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



With Major Hoople

Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Ered Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Crocheted Trim



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Simplest thing in the world to turn a plain handkerchief into a very pretty one if you'll just employ a fine crochet hook and a very fine thread. The four hand-crocheted edgings and the cross-stitch embroidery rose design are extra pretty. They'll make lovely gift handkerchiefs for very little expenditure.

City News In Brief

Harvey Carter, principal of Central school and lifeguard at Cove swimming pool, is expected to return today or tomorrow from Benbow lake, near Tacoma, where he attended a two weeks refresher course in swimming and life saving.

Lester Taal, 2706 N. Second street, is at his home recovering from injuries received some time ago while working in the woods near Pilot Rock.

Circuit Judge R. J. Green will conduct motion day in Enterprise tomorrow. He will be accompanied by John H. Newman, court reporter.

F. E. Russell, Quincy, Calif., flew to La Grande yesterday in his Ecoupe, to attend to business matters here. He left for his return trip this morning.

Merlin Johnson flew to John Day this morning to bring Mrs. Johnson, who has been visiting there, to her home in La Grande.

Keith Province is in Pendleton today on business connected with the dusting of peas by airplane. This venture has met with success and plans are to build two more dusters during the winter.

Jumper Blouse



By SUE BURNETT

To wear brightly through summer days, a smart, figure-slimming jumper and simply tailored blouse. It will be ideal for cooler weather too in plaid or striped woolsens.

Pattern No. 8754 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14, jumper requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material; blouse 1 3/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch fabric. 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 street, 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.

Official Records

Water turned off, June 30; Harry R. Moon, 2102 1/2 Fir. Water turned on; Mrs. Green, 1301 G avenue. Leona Meeks, 411 Benton.

Hold Everything



"It's from Junior—he can't turn off the bathtub faucet!"

U. S. Army Man

HORIZONTAL 51 Wa 52 He led the assault on Germany 53 He was the first to land on Iwo Jima 54 He was the first to land on Okinawa 55 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 56 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 57 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 58 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 59 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 60 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 61 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 62 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 63 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 64 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 65 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 66 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 67 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 68 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 69 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 70 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 71 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 72 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 73 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 74 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 75 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 76 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 77 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 78 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 79 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 80 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 81 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 82 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 83 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 84 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 85 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 86 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 87 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 88 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 89 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 90 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 91 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 92 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 93 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 94 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 95 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 96 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 97 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 98 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa 99 He was the first to land on the beach at Iwo Jima 100 He was the first to land on the beach at Okinawa

Answer to Previous Puzzle

