

J. R. Williams

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

OXYGEN ADDICT XVIII

WITH every passing month the air transport traffic across the Himalayas made tremendous increases in volume. This also meant increased Jap activity. Bomber and fighter bases had been well-established by the invaders by then, and Allied transports that risked the southern route at any time of day or night were almost bound to run a gauntlet of attacking Zeros that swept into the sky from a score of hidden fields in Upper Burma.

Flying the northern route meant spending at least three out of every five hours of the average trip under oxygen, and while those masks are great things and have saved many a man's life, they have one strange little quirk that finally licked me completely.

I didn't notice the subtle change coming over me, but Al Gingiss did. We got up from the breakfast table at the cottage near Dinjan one morning toward the end of April and I immediately grabbed up my cap and flying jacket. Petch and Skippy Lane and Robertson were lolling back in their chairs lighting their after-breakfast cigars. Gingiss and I were the only ones on our feet.

"Come on, you bums!" I said. "Let's get cuttin'!"

Robertson looked up, puzzled. "What the hell is the rush? You got a date somewhere?"

I reached over and ruffled his hair, laughing and horsing around like a six-year-old. I felt like a million, full of energy and drive—and, at I had analyzed myself, of nerves. "You're gettin' old, kid," I said. "All of you birds,

you're gettin' soft. Come on, let's get cuttin'!"

ROBERTSON got up because it was easier not to argue, and Skippy and Petch reluctantly left the table, too. We all piled into the station wagon and started off to the field.

"You're getting ants, Gen," Skippy said as we drove along. "A bad case of ants. What's that babe doin' to you down there in Calcutta?"

"It isn't a babe that's doing it," Gingiss said. "It's all this damned oxygen we're using. The stuff does something to you. I feel just like Gen most of the time—itching to get up there and get that old mask on again."

I started to deny that I felt that way, but I couldn't. I suddenly realized that what Gingiss said was absolutely true. It wasn't so much the flying that sent thrills through me anymore, it was that light and utterly carefree feeling that came with breathing oxygen that made me so anxious to get back in the air.

The trip across that day wasn't difficult or exciting. It was a routine flight. We ran into snow an hour out of Dinjan, and before we had reached 20,000 feet we had had a 10-minute battle with convective currents that forced us to fly at a 45 degree angle to clear the ranges. We had run into a driving rainstorm and climbed up and over it into a 20-minute stretch of sleet. All those things were normal on the northern route—but there was one thing about that flight that wasn't normal at all. I felt as though I were no longer the master of myself or of my plane.

The instant I put on my oxygen mask at 12,000 feet and took a long deep breath I knew that I had just a battle with an enemy I hadn't even known existed. I felt my entire body relax, the

tension that had filled me back at the cottage was gone, I wasn't restless, I was completely at ease. I was an oxygen addict.

FOR a week I fought with myself over that mysterious addiction. I tried to limit the amount of the stuff I used. That only made it worse. Then fatigue would get to the point where I wasn't flying well, my mind would be slow and my reflexes sluggish. I would take the necessary amount then and try to be un-mindful of the subtle pleasure it gave me. But it was a losing battle.

And then coming back from Kunming one day I developed violent stomach cramps and had to turn the controls over to my co-pilot for almost an hour of the trip. Not until we were down to 12,000 feet and I took off my mask did I find any relief; then, as we dropped lower, the cramps gradually disappeared and I took over the controls again. When we got into Dinjan I talked to Captain Woods about it, told him what had happened and how the oxygen had been affecting me lately. He nodded and said, "You're not the first one, Gen. So far as the oxygen is concerned you might be able to lick it by taking a rest for a while, but the cramps probably mean your prostate gland is being affected. I don't know whether it's the oxygen or the altitude that does that, but several boys have had to quit for the same reason."

One of the Army doctors at the base verified what Woods had said and told me that sterility might result if the prostate trouble continued. My agreement with C. N. A. C. had been to fly for them until June 15, which was still a month away, but I knew from the experience I had had coming back across the Hump that day that I was more of a hazard to them at that point than an asset. Gingiss agreed with me when we talked it over that night, and he decided to pull out, too. We wired Bond in Calcutta the next day, and five days later we flew our last freight.

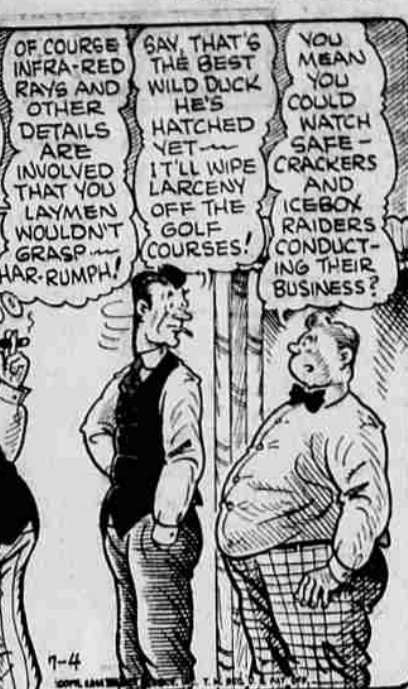
(To Be Continued)

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Our Boarding House



With Major Hoople



Out Our Way

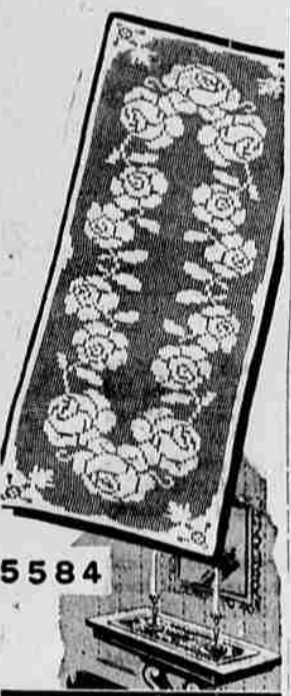


Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin

Rose Filet



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Big roses in full bloom form a bold design on a runner measuring 25 by 15 inches. The rose design is one of the easiest for a fillet beginner to crochet as the "blocks and spaces" are so easily counted. Make it in either white or ecru thread.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions and fillet chart for the rose runner (pattern No. 5584) 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 St., San Francisco, Calif.

Deeds Filed

M. F. Wilkinson to Milo R. Woollum et ux, 5 1/2 of Lot 5, all of Lot 4, Blk. A, New Haven addition, La Grande city, 10.

L. D. Noah et ux to Nathan T. Gray et ux, portion of SE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 32 Twp. 1 S., R. 49 E., \$10.

William W. Holden, by guardian, to R. E. Shenfield et ux, Lot 12, portion of Lot 11, all in Blk. 4, Holsom's addition, La Grande city, \$400.

Gertrude Shroll et ux to William B. Baxter et ux, E 1/2 of Blk. 22, Swackhammer's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

Charley Hibbert et ux to Grant W. Wilds et ux, portion of NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, Sec. 2, Twp. 4 S., R. 39 E., \$1 and other considerations.

Harry G. Steele et ux to Lizzie Bushnell, Lots 4, 5, Blk. 30, Williamson's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

Myrtle Hill et al to Arthur G. Herrmann et ux, portion of Lot 4, Blk. C, Coggan's second addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

R. L. McLean et al to Herbert Miller, E 1/2 of E 1/2 of Blk. 20, Swackhammer's second addition, north Union, \$900.

Howard C. Smith et ux to Harry French et ux, Lot 7, Blk. 61, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1800.

Building Permits

Herman Goeck, erect one-story frame building to be used as garage, on W 1/2 of Lot 3, Blk. 97, Chaplin's addition, \$50.

SABBATH EVERY DAY

Sabbath is observed every day in the week by some religious denomination in the world. Sunday is the Christian sabbath, Monday the Greek, Tuesday the Persian, Wednesday the Assyrian, Thursday the Egyptian, Friday the Turkish, and Saturday the Jewish.

Pinafore



By SUE BURNETT

From a friend in Ohio came the inspiration for this gay pinafore that's so charming and easy to make. This week's ABC special.

Pattern No. 8877 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material; 2 1/2 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.

Official Records

Water turned off, July 2: Ed O'Mahindor, 806 F avenue; Andy Dixon, 2003 Fir street; M. M. Harvey, 1608 First street. Water turned on: Robert E. Jordan, 806 F avenue; M. M. Harvey, 1309 Fourth street; George T. Curtis, 1506 V avenue; Lillian Karther, 808 N avenue.

Hold Everything



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



By Leslie Turner

By Leslie Turner

By V. T. Hamlin

By V. T. Hamlin

Orchestra Leader

HORIZONTAL 1,7 Pictured conductor of London Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir

VERTICAL 1 Treads 2 Upon this 3 Exaggerate 4 Myself 5 Skill 6 Search 7 Ordered 8 Paradise 9 Part of head 10 Centimeter (ab.) 11 Gap 12 Goddess of wisdom 13 Smeared nickname 14 Compass point 15 Niche

14 Respect 15 Human being 16 Exist 17 Sore 18 Exclamations 19 Sample 22 He has a sense of humor 23 Indians 24 Clergyman 26 Dried plum 27 Rage 28 Relaxed 29 Apud (ab.) 30 Any 31 Disbursed 34 Strictness 38 Late 39 Rush 40 Limbs 41 Demonstrative pronoun 45 Refuse from crushed fruits 46 Greek letter 47 Clans 49 Letter of alphabet 50 Cylindrical cigar 52 Lax 54 Poes 55 Strain

Answer to Previous Puzzle



IRA T LUCHE

