

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

UNSUSPECTED TREASURE XIX

THE day after we wired Bond I met Tony Mercide in Kunming. He was upset at the thought of our leaving so soon. "Hell," he said, "I'm only going to be here another month. My contract was up a long time ago, but I agreed to stay until summer..." He broke off abruptly and snapped his fingers. "Listen: how about another hunting trip before you go? I'll get hold of a fine tiger in Calcutta tomorrow or the next day and make the arrangements, and we can spend a few days up in Tongswa. Maybe we'll get us a leopard or a tiger or something. And you and Gingsiss can hang around Calcutta for a week or two after that, and by then I'll be ready to go back to the States with you."

I agreed for both Gingsiss and myself. Three days later Tony hopped out of an Army transport and announced that everything was set. Elephants and guides and all the paraphernalia for the safari would be ready for us at the Maharajah's lodge within two days.

As a vacation and a complete change from flying transports over the Hump, that hunting expedition turned out to be just the thing. We even found something to take the place of oxygen. (The only pilot was that it had to be the Great White Trader's favorite brand of Scotch.) But as a game-bagging proposition, the trip was pretty much a bust. It was until the last day, that is.

TONY was on the leading elephant, Gingsiss rode the second

and I followed up the rear as we moved slowly along the jungle trail.

We were passing through a kind of glen formed by lumpy, moss-covered rocks and overhanging trees that sprang up and behind them, when I heard the soft crackling of twigs underfoot of a habitant of the jungle. It seemed to come from very near the trail and a little off to the left. I decided to investigate. Without making the mistake Gingsiss had made when he spotted his overage tiger, I said absolutely nothing, and simply swung my feet out of the chair and slid off the elephant's back. I landed upright in the tall grass with surprisingly little noise and took about two short steps forward. Crouching low in that position for at least three or four minutes, I decided it must have been my imagination and was just about to throw the rifle over my shoulder when my Number One Boy to my left let out a scream, "Sahibi-Sahibi!"

I flinched and pulled my gun around at the same time—just to see the boy's spear flash through the air toward a point a little above and in back of me. I shot a glance toward the low branches of the heavy jungle oak, and there she was—130 pounds of leopard, claws unsheathed and ready to spring—less than six feet away with nothing between us but the clearest kind of space—when I fired. She was in the air when the bullet struck; I could see it jerk her head back. Almost at the same time there was a sharp crack from Tony's gun. He had crept behind me. And then the huge beast crashed at my feet—lifeless.

GINGSISS, Tony and I were examining the leopard when I heard, directly behind me, a mewling sound like that of a small kit-

ten, and yet it had had a slight growl. I grabbed my gun, cocking it at the same time, ready for action. The native boys had already raised their spears, poised for the kill—but nothing happened. We waited that way for fully a couple of minutes when the sound was repeated. This time it was louder and I could tell it came from an animal; however, I forged steadily forward and under the thick vine-like growth for about five or six yards, half on my stomach, half on my hands and knees. I was about to give it up as a false alarm when I noticed just ahead of me a cavetike opening. I pushed aside the branches and foliage and there in a pocket of a huge gray rock sprawled three baby leopards, sound asleep.

They were within six feet of where I stood, and my first feeling was one of bitter disappointment: I didn't have my camera. I was cursing softly to myself when I realized I was out hunting leopards—that's why I was here in the jungle—and practically within my very grasp were three of the finest prizes a man could possibly find; evidently the cubs of the mother I had just killed in self-defense. . . .

I HAD my rifle in my hand but, knowing I wouldn't need it for these kittens, I laid it down and signaled for Gingsiss and Tony to come near. I figured we would each of us creep up very quietly and grab one of them. The native boys knew something was up by this time and they circled back to see what it was. Just as they arrived I sprang into the cave and caught one of the cubs in my hands. The other two let out yips and tried to scramble out of reach, but Gingsiss and Tony had followed my example, and in a matter of a few seconds we were standing in a group, panting and laughing, each of us with a startled and shivering baby leopard in our arms.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

YOUNG MAN, YOUR INVENTION FOR WATCHING BURGLARS AT WORK BY TELEVISION STANDS OUT LIKE GOERING IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD! HERE'S A SNAPSHOT OF MY OLD FRIEND WILLIAM MCKINLEY—YOU CAN BUY ME A PACKAGE OF SCRAP AND KEEP THE CHANGE AS AN INVESTMENT!

UM—AS I WAS SAYING, CRIME WILL BE FLASHED BY RADIO WAVE (86,000 MILES PER SECOND, SO YOU SEE—

AWPF! GREAT CAESAR! THAT'S A \$500 BILL!

FATHER WILL AT LEAST GET A CHEW OUT OF IT!

With Major Hoople

I'LL PAY YOU THESE POINTS BACK, MOTHER, JUST AS SOON AS MY NEW STAMPS BECOME GOOD!

NOW WHAT SILLY STUNT ARE YOU PULLING OFF THERE?

I'M MARKIN' THE EXACT DATE SHE GOT THEM POINTS! SHE'S GOT A VERY BAD MEMORY, AN' I DON'T WANT MY GROWTH STUNTED FROM UNDERNOURISHMENT JIS CUZ I GOT A MARRIED SISTER AN' THERE'S A WAR ON!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Boots and Her Buddies

WELL, DERN MY BRITCHES! LISTEN TO THIS!

ANY MAIL TODAY?

I'LL SEE, ROD!

Y REMEMBER HORTENSE THATCHER, OL' MAN THATCHER'S GAL!

By Edgar Martin

WELL, DOGGONE IF SHE AINT FIXIN' T'MARRY UP, SAYS HERE WITH SOME MILLIONAIRE DOWN SOUTH AMERICA WAY! GIT A LOAD OF THIS!

LET ME SEE THAT!

HORTENSE THATCHER, LOCAL GIRL, NOW A BROADWAY STAGE STAR, TO WED WEALTHY SOUTH AMERICAN CATTLE BARON! MISS THATCHER'S MANAGER CONFIDES THAT HIS STAR WIFE WILL BE A SUCCESS!

FOR GOSH SAKES! LOOKIT YOUNG RUGGLES!

EEE YIPPP EEEEE

PA! PA RUGGLES! THAT'S RODNEY COMIN' UP TH' LANE—WHISTLIN'!

Freckles and His Friends

LOOK, LARD... THE LATEST ISSUE OF FILE MAGAZINE!

GOSH, I BETTER PHONE DREAM-PUSS RIGHT AWAY!

OH, HELLO, SAD SAM... I WAS HOPING YOU'D PHONE I WOULDN'T IT BE SUPER IF WE COULD GO ON A PRE-WAR PICNIC TODAY?

Merrill Blosser

YEAH, BUT... BUT THIS IS A PERFECT DAY, GOOBY BOY... AND I'D JUST LOVE TO SHOOT OFF SOME FIREWORKS!

YOU WILL, SUGAR! JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE A CERTAIN MAGAZINE COVER!

Red Ryder

HAW, HAW! LUTHER WANTS A PURTY GAL TO RIDE IN HIS HACK AN' FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM!

PEOPLE COMIN' TO RIMROCK AN' T'EN GALG, AN' USUALLY AIN'T PURTY!

THE 11:40 ARRIVES AT 11:40

GO ON... LAUGH!

Fred Harman

GOLLY, LUTHER! LOOK!

HACK, MA'AM?

WHY, YES? TO THE HOTEL, PLEASE!

Wash Tubbs

YOUR PRISONERS ARE BADLY WANTED BY THE WAR CRIMES COMMISSION—SEE THAT NOTHING PREVENTS THEIR GETTING 'EM! GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!

YES'R!

LOOK AT 'EM, SARGE! TH' BRAINS BEHIND SUCH CONCENTRATION CAMPS AS BUCHENWALD, DACHAU, BELSEN... MASTERS IN TH' ART OF MASS MURDER, TORTURE AND STARVATION!

AND IT BEHOOVES MERE HOI POLLOI, LIKE ME AND YOU, TO DELIVER INTO CUSTODY SUCH TOP DOG SPECIMENS OF TH' MASTER RACE!

OKAY, FATS! CURLY! ALL YOU KRAUTS—LET'S GET GOING!

By Leslie Turner

For Hot Days



5850

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

This flirtatious looking little frock is as cool as they come on the hottest days of summer. The complete simplicity of the frock—it opens out perfectly flat for laundering—will please both the mother who makes it and the little girl who wears it! The four-inch duck is applied of pretty ser p material!

To obtain complete pattern, finishing instructions, duck applique pattern for the frilled sleeve frock (Pattern No. 5850) sizes 2,

Official Records

Water turned off, July 3: Mr. Fred Jones, 1201 Eleventh street.

Water turned on: Lucas Sterne, 1708 Oak; Bill Hammock, 1433 Madison; Mrs. S. A. Hoyt, jr., M avenue; Fay A. Harold, 2102 1/2 Fir street; Mrs. Fred Jones, 1503 M avenue; Ernest Etherington, 1216 Y avenue.

Deeds Filed

Roy E. Hogue et ux to M. F. Wilkinson, Lot 4, Bldk. A, New Haven addition, La Grande city, \$10.

Summerville Cemetery association to Miles Woodell, Lot 26, Blk. 9, Summerville cemetery, \$50.

Elmer J. Skala et ux to C. R. Leighton, portion of Blk. 14, Coggin's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

C. R. Leighton et ux to W. E. Wilkins, Lot 22, Blk. 20, Predmore addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Building Permits

John Harris, alter and repair one-story frame dwelling, 2203 Depot street, \$150.

For Afternoons



8861

36-52

By SUE BURNETT

You'll be as cool as the shady side of the street in this charming afternoon frock for the larger woman. Make it in soft sheer fabrics in all-over floral or scroll prints.

Pattern No. 8861 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

For this pattern, send 25 cents, in coins, 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 needs for all the family.

FOUR ARRESTED

Glenn Graham, Elgin, F. M. Rippey, B. H. Nighthart, both of La Grande, and Frank Colbert, Kansas City, were arrested by police last night on charge of being drunk. They were cited to appear in city court today.

Hold Everything



Well, son, how do London and Paris compare with Lanesome.

11th Air Force Head

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL: 1 Pictured commander of U. S. 11th Air Force, Maj.-Gen. Davenport

VERTICAL: 1 Squeeze

7 Kind

12 Paid notice

13 Genus of shrub

14 Individual

15 Accomplish

16 Male

18 Wandering

20 Scatter

21 Before

23 The gods

24 Girl's name

26 Hoarder

28 Kind of medicated cigaret

31 Poker stakes

32 Elicit

33 Symbol for niton

34 Loose leaf (ab.)

35 Animal

39 Caravansary

42 True heath

43 Elevate

44 Mongrel

45 Whether

47 Transgression

48 Charge for services

50 Grating

53 Whiting

56 Rough lava

57 Honey maker

58 Lampreys

59 On account (ab.)

62 He is one of Army's outstanding—

63 Guide

64 Over (contr.)

65 Spikenard

67 Weight unit

68 Lure

69 Compass point

70 Dutch city

71 Staff

72 Bird's home

73 Sloth

74 Forbidden

75 Scottish

sheepfold

25 Unexploded bomb

26 Skin disease of animals

27 Bury

29 Ostentation

30 Caluminate

36 French city

37 Small shield

38 His men look for enemy

39 Genus of herbs

40 Yale

41 Genus of frogs

45 Two (Roman)

46 Insect

48 Tire

49 Auricle

51 Legal point

52 Bulgarian

54 Card game

55 Gibbon

57 Exist

59 Symbol for samarium