

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.

WE SAY GOODBYE

BRINGING 'em back alive calls for different kind of equipment than we had. We called off the hunt and told our guide to get us back to the lodge in the shortest and quickest possible way. It was then about 11 in the morning. By sundown he had brought us out of the jungle onto a fairly good dirt road that paralleled the Brahmaputra River on its meandering course to within a few miles of Vince's lodge.

All the way back Gungis and Tony and I carried our baby leopards in our laps, and by the time we climbed down out of our saddles along about midnight we needed clean, dry clothes worse than we had ever needed them before. In the days to come we were to learn that the leopard kittens were a feeding problem, but at no time in their lives, right from that first day, did they ever have any trouble with elimination.

The cats were as tired as their captors by the time we reached the lodge. After they each had a supper of milk—which we dribbled into their tiny mouths from the tip of a spoon—they were perfectly content to curl up again with their ferocious little heads on each other's bellies and go sound asleep on a thick Oriental rug, which we took from the living room for that purpose and put in the butler's quarters. With them safely stowed away, Gungis and Tony and I sat down to our own midnight snack. Until the small hours of the morning, we sat talking about what we were

going to do with our charges. Much earlier, as we logged down the river road on our elephants, we had decided on names for the cats. Gungis, insisting that there was a resemblance to a girl in Calcutta, had named his "Margot." And since Tony, whenever he was feeling his drinks, had a tendency to go into a certain very corny dance routine, it was only natural that he would call his "Suzzy Q." Another reason for those selections, of course, was that they were lady cats. Mine was a male, and in addition, to being the more active of the three he had a habit of licking out with his tongue and making a hissing noise whenever either of the others got too close to him. I called him "Spitfire."

TONY and Suzy Q flew back to Kummung from Dinjan while Gungis and I—and our cat—went down to Calcutta to arrange for our return to America. I knew it would be good to see the States again, to visit with my family and friends back home. But there was a feeling of going out of action; of leaving important things behind—things that had to be done by someone, things that perhaps I should be staying on to do. I've heard soldiers talk that way when they are given a medical discharge. "Hell, the war isn't over yet, and I can still fight. What if I do limp a little bit? I can still carry a gun, can't I?"

Sure, and I could still fly an airplane and the C. N. A. C. needed all the pilots it could get to fly its transports across the Himalayas. But it was like that old saw: "The best soldier is a live one." And the best pilot is a live one, too. If I stayed on in India drinking oxygen with the C. N. A. C. I couldn't possibly have remained alive for more

than a few months—possibly even days. Wacky pilots don't last long anywhere, and on the trans-Himalaya run only the very best pilots survive. I wasn't in that category there anymore, and the best thing I could do for myself and my crew and the C. N. A. C. was to clear out before that one inevitable overdose of oxygen destroyed one of their invaluable planes and took the lives of a promising young co-pilot and an expert radio operator, as well as my own.

It was goodbye to a wonderful bunch of boys—courageous, hard-working lads who liked their jobs and the thrills they entailed just as much as I did; who liked to laugh and drink and play cards; who liked carousing and song and women—and who day after day risked their lives on the toughest airline route in the world not because they had to but because they wanted to.

Gungis and I were afraid that it was going to be goodbye to Tony Mercede, too, because during the first week of waiting for word from him in Calcutta we heard nothing. Finally we went ahead with our own plans, arranging transportation to Karachi and Bombay and by liner across the Arabian Sea to Durbin, South Africa. From there we would take the train to Cape Town, where we hoped to get passage on a convoy or troopship returning to the States. Two days before we were to leave by plane for Karachi we received word from Tony that he would join us in Calcutta on the fifteenth. Al Privenal brought the message, having arranged to spend a few days with us in the city before we left, and we sent word to Tony through the pilot who had brought Pri down that we would meet him in Karachi instead. Then Gungis and Pri and I started making the rounds of the bars and night clubs and theaters. Two days later we shook hands at the airport, and Gungis and I and our leopard kittens began the long journey home.

(To Be Continued)

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Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople Out Our Way

J. K. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin

Daisy-Fresh



Washington Merry-Go-Round

This burned the senators up. One demanded why the men who fought in Europe shouldn't have a chance to spend their money and enjoy life now the shooting has stopped. Ferguson asked what the army is doing to improve the situation. Brig. Gen. Kenneth Royall replied the army is expanding post exchanges in France so men can buy everything, including gifts, at reasonable prices. Several senators quizzed Dean Acheson and Will Clayton of the state department as to who had fixed the unfavorable rate of exchange with the French. Both replied they didn't know. Actually, President Roosevelt had done it, personally, during the Casablanca conference.

Official Records
Water turned off, July 5:
C. V. Talbot, 220 Fir; Home Lumber company, 1315 Jefferson.
Water turned on:
Charles Cater, 1503 Washington; Blanche Clark, 402 Jefferson; Grothe Lumber company, 1315 Jefferson.

RESUME MEAT RATIONING
OTTAWA, July 6 (UP)—Meat rationing will be resumed in Canada as soon as the wartime prices and trade board completes necessary arrangements, Prime Minister MacKenzie King announced today.

FIVE STORY DROP
NEW YORK, July 6 (UP)—Michael T. Morris, 37, window cleaner, was treated for possible internal injuries at Columbus hospital today after falling five stories through a skylight.

U. S. Naval Air Unit

- HORIZONTAL: 46 Mistakes, 1 Depicted is, 25 U. S. naval aviation, 13 British account money, 14 Ripe, 15 Dutch city, 16 Military lunch time, 18 College head, 19 Indians, 20 Tops of heads, 22 Bachelor of Music (ab.), 23 Manifest, 24 Dispatched, 25 Understands, 26 Station (ab.), 27 Anger, 28 Symbol for, 29 Nova Scotia (ab.), 30 Amount (ab.), 31 Bronze, 33 They help the fight to, 34 Dampens, 36 Sightless, 37 Street (ab.), 39 Bow's weapon, 41 Corrosive accretion, 42 Airship, 44 Out of danger, 45 Dined

ANSWER TO Previous Puzzle



Pretty Apron



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Your entire family will think you look very young and gay indeed when they find you wearing this summery-looking "flower pot" apron. Make it of pink and white checked cotton—do the flower pot pocket in a pinkish-brown or a dusky pink. Applique the flowers onto the apron. Use scraps of bright color and do the leaves in dark green.

To obtain complete pattern and applique pattern for the flower pot apron (pattern No. 5007), small, medium and large sizes included, 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.

Hold Everything



What can you do for me? Pauline says I'm too young for her!

Red Ryder



Fred Harman

Wash Tubbs



By Leslie Turner

Alley Oop



By V. T. Hamlin