

WE FLEW Without GUNS

This is a true story of the man who by the "hump" carried passengers and cargo over the high Himalayas between India and China. Pilot calls it the toughest airline route in the world.

"PUPS ARE NOT ALLOWED" XXI

"So sorry, Sahib," the hotel clerk said when he saw Spittfire and Margot poke their heads out of the basket and blink at him there in the lobby. "Pups are not allowed in the hotel. Government regulations."

"These aren't pups," I said. "They're kittens, and they won't cause any trouble. We'll keep them right in our room. They're the quietest and cleanest little fellows you ever saw. They'll be all right."

"I cannot help it, Sahib. They cannot be kept in the hotel." Gingiss picked up the basket and said, "Go ahead and sign for a room. Gen. I'll take the cats to a veterinary and board them until we leave."

five rupees to get the conductor to assure us a compartment to ourselves. As we showed our tickets before climbing aboard, the uniformed inspector looked suspiciously at the big basket I was carrying. "What's in there?" he asked snappishly. "No pup allowed on the train, you know."

"Pups?" I repeated, laughing as if that were a very funny joke. "What would I do with pups? This is just our laundry—soiled cloth, you know." I took hold of the shirttail that I had left showing from under the newly acquired cover for the basket.

ONCE during the night the train stopped on a siding some distance out of the next village. Gingiss and I stepped outside for a few minutes, leaving Tony to guard the cats. The heat and the sand blowing into the compartment had been bad enough all day, but the increasingly foul smell of the cats was making the night really wretched.

fooling the inspectors who would be waiting to inspect everyone's baggage at the depot. Finally we got an idea. We had noticed that the train always slowed down to a bare crawl as it approached a station, so Gingiss was elected to jump off the train with the cats as soon as we got to the outskirts of town. We emptied the clothes out of two canvas duffel bags, cut holes in their sides and put the cats into there Spittfire in one and the two females in the other. Then we opened the compartment door and tossed the basket—feted smells and all—out on the sand. When the train slowed down to about five miles an hour a few minutes after we entered the city, Gingiss said, "If I'm not at the Delamar Hotel in half an hour you'll find me in the clink." Then he took the two bags in one hand, swung himself to the ground with the other and was gone.

The minute the train stopped there was a pounding on our compartment door. Tony turned the handle and two burly Indians wearing baggage inspector's uniforms barged in. "You got some pups in here!" one of them shouted. "We got a wire. Where they at?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "You can see for yourself that there aren't any pups in here."

Our Boarding House

THE INDOOR PATROLS REPORT YOU INVESTED \$500 IN MY HUSBAND'S LATEST BOOBY TRAP—DO YOU WANT ME TO RETRIEVE IT?—I HATE TO SEE ANYBODY BUYING DOUBLE ORDERS OF WHISTLE STEAM!

NO, MARTHA, LET IT RIDE! HIS CRIME CONTRAPTION SOUNDS LIKE ICE SKATES FOR GIRAFFES, BUT HE'D WAVE THE WAND OVER THE CALENDAR ANYWAY AND CONJURE UP A BIRTHDAY—BESIDES, I OWE HIM A BONUS FOR MARRYING SUCH A GRAND COOK!

POP IS MORE DIPLOMATIC THAN OPTIMISTIC =

7-9

Boots and Her Buddies

PA! PA, BACK OUT THE CAR QUICK!

OKAY! BUT... BUT...!

GOODBYE, MA! GOODBYE, PA, I'LL WRITE...

WHOOSH

7-9

With Major Hoople

HURRY UP, PA! I GOT TO CATCH THE 4:17!

SON!

7-9

Out Our Way

THAT PAPER? WHY, I PUT THAT IN THERE TO KEEP THE WEEDS FROM SPILLIN' OUT THROUGH THE CRACKS!

THERE'S NO CRACKS IN THAT BASKET, IF YOU EXPECT TO BE PAID FOR DIGGIN' WEEDS, YOU GOTTA EXPECT YOUR CUSTOMERS'LL HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH NOT TO BE SHORTCHANGED BY A LITTLE AMACHOOR!

J.R. WILLIAMS 7-9

THE WORRY WART

By Edgar Martin

Midsummer Hat



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Looks as cool and delectable as the icing on a birthday cake! Crochet it in white straw yarn or in a pale pastel shade and you'll have a very fetching hat to wear with summer prints. One yard of narrow velvet ribbon makes four bows—one bunch of vivid artificial flowers, separated into four sections, make the rest of the trimming.

Motorist, Driving On Turpentine, Not Willing to Pay Tax

KANSAS CITY, July 7 (UP)—Police were stumped on this one today. Forrest Bennett, a patrolman, stopped a motorist.

Unusual Nautical Film at Liberty

"Nautical But Nice," hilarious new Warner Bros. featurette coming to the Liberty screen on Sunday, goes behind the scenes of one of Uncle Sam's navy recreation halls to offer some of the most entertaining acts ever assembled.

Summer Cooler



8881 12-20

By SUE BURNETT

For the dearly beloved broad-shouldered look, you won't find a lovelier frock. A summer wardrobe treasure—make the yoke in contrast for a striking note.

Red Ryder

LOST A PAL, MATOR? WHAT'S TH' TROUBLE?

A WOMAN, RED?

A PRETTY STRANGER IS IN TOWN—THE KIND THAT GENERALLY TURNS EVERYTHING UPSIDE DOWN!

7-9

Wash Tubbs

THE CHIEF FOOD OF THESE NATIVES IS CALLED TSAMBA. FEW VISITORS WILL EAT IT, SERGEANT

WE MIGHT TRY IT ON TH' KRAUTS, LIANG. THEY HAD TH' GALL TO GRIPE ABOUT THEIR RATIONS

IT'S MADE BY CHURNING RANGIC YAK BUTTER IN STRONG TEA, THEN MIXING WITH PARCHED BARLEY FLOUR!

UGH! DOT ISS REVOLTING!!

IT WOULD'VE TASTED MIGHTY GOOD TO TH' THOUSANDS YOU STARVED IN EUROPE, WHILE KEEPING YOUR OWN GULLETS WELL STUFFED!

WE'LL GET ALONG ON OUR K-RATIONS CORP—BUT OUR PRISONERS DESERVE TH' BEST. GET ENOUGH TSAMBA TO FEED 'EM TH' REST OF TH' TRIP!

7-9

Alley Oop

LOOK AT 'EM, LOCKED UP LIKE SARDINES IN AN OLD CHINESE JAIL! HAW! BY THE TIME THEY GET BACK FROM THIS JUNKET, THEY WON'T BE SO SOLD ON THIS INFERNAL TIME-MACHINE!

BUT WHAT MISTER OOP? HE'S DONE ESCAPED

MEANWHILE, ALLEY IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE DISGUISE HE NEEDS

WHISKERS OF THE DRAGON! I'M NEARLY STARVED

AH, MY LITTLE FLOWER, WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?

RICE PUDDING, LUG! WHAT ELSE?

7-9

Building Permits

Estella Pippens, after and repair one-story frame dwelling, 1204 Monroe, estimated cost \$75.

Arabic Leader

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1, 5, 8 Pictured Arabian monarch | 1 Dwarf European oak |
| 12 Heroic | 2 South American creeping plant |
| 13 Ruminant animal | 3 Pinch |
| 15 Prong | 4 Grand Chancellor (ab.) |
| 16 Corded fabric | 5 Notion |
| 17 Smear | 6 Cots |
| 19 Fied | 7 Tidy |
| 20 Master of ceremonies (ab.) | 8 Street (ab.) |
| 21 Cookers | 9 Ventilate |
| 23 Bismuth (symbol) | 10 Incapable |
| 24 Relaxes | 11 Negates |
| 26 Anoint | |
| 28 Saurels | |
| 29 Ventures | |
| 30 Within | |
| 31 Anent | |
| 32 Fishes | |
| 35 He is called the "Guardian of" | |
| 38 Out of date | |
| 39 True (comb. form) | |
| 40 Providing | |
| 41 Immaculate | |
| 46 Area measure | |
| 47 Tear | |
| 49 Educates | |
| 50 Three (prefix) | |
| 51 True being | |
| 53 Tie | |
| 54 Tatters | |
| 55 Part of leg | |
| 56 French plural article | |
| 57 Assist | |

Official Records

Water turned off, July 6: H. W. Smith, 906 I avenue; Roy Corum, 1018 Y avenue; H. A. Dotson, 1306 Fifth street.

Water turned on: S. K. Snikert, 1903 Cove; Mrs. R. A. Tull, 1201 11th street; H. A. Dotson, 2109 First street.

Hold Everything

Stop reading over my shoulder—get a paper of your own!

7-9

By Leslie Turner

By V. T. Hamlin