

L. 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.

SPITFIRE MAKES A FRIEND XXII

GINGISS was waiting for us in front of the Delamar Hotel in Bombay. He waited outside until we had signed up for rooms. When he saw us head for the elevator he came in and briskly walked across the lobby to join us. All the way up in the elevator he complained in a loud voice about the taxicab situation in Bombay, continuing his lutey lament until all our baggage had been brought to the rooms and the porters were paid off and the doors closed. Then he sat down the canvas bags and dropped into a chair, exhausted. In the welcome silence we could then hear the protesting whines of the cats.

We had arranged for transportation to Durbin on the east coast of South Africa aboard the British passenger ship Strathmore, and during our stay in Bombay we gave considerable thought to how we were going to get the cats aboard without tiring the ship's crew. The best bet finally seemed to be to put them back in the two canvas bags, and that is what we did. I took one bag, with Spitfire in it, and Tony took the other containing Margot and Suzy Q. Gingsiss said it was up to us to get them out of Bombay; he had gotten them in. We strolled around until the last minute before the ship sailed, in the excitement of our late arrival, together with the fact that we were still wearing our service uniforms, the port authorities gave us no trouble at all.

IT'S a 10-day voyage from Bombay to Durbin—4000 miles of mild, blue Indian Ocean—and after two days sailing under the grim conditions imposed on us by the leopards, Gingsiss and Tony and I were just about ready to slit each other's throats or murder the cats or both. One of us was always in the stateroom, another of us was always fishing extra towels from the general toilet rooms to use—quite inadequate—as diapers for the pets. These had to be washed out and dried and used again for the same foul-smelling purpose. Asking the steward to bring a pitcher of lukewarm milk to the room hadn't seemed to disturb the fellow the first time—"One of my friends is a little uneasy on the water," Gingsiss had explained. But when the same request was made every two hours the steward began to show a bit of interest as well as annoyance.

Finally, toward evening of the second day, I intercepted the Captain as he was heading for his cabin and said, "Say, Captain, how'd you like to see something? I know it's against the rules—but you know what I have in my stateroom?" "No, sir," the Captain said stiffly. "I have no idea what you have in your stateroom."

"Well, sir," I said, "you'll certainly get a kick out of this! Wait here a minute and I'll bring it out and show you."

to his full height, glaring at me in outraged dignity. "Just a leopard, Captain," I said. "Cute little fellow—just a kitten. Captured him myself in the jungle. Taking him home—back to the States, you know—look now, just put out your hand, real slowly. He'll come over to be petted."

Cautiously the Captain bent down a little and stretched out a hand. Spitfire studied it warily a moment, then he got up and trotted forward. The Captain touched the back of his hand, twiddled his ears, stroked his back.

They were friends in two minutes. There was a trying moment a couple of hours later when Gingsiss and Tony and I trotted out all three of the leopards for the Captain's inspection, but after a certain amount of protest and sputtering he calmed down and agreed to expand the accommodations then being prepared for Spitfire in the stateroom.

THERE was only one disturbing note in the entire affair then, and that was that Gingsiss Margot was acting strangely. She preferred lying down to standing and she didn't want to play with the other cats or even to be petted by Al. She hadn't eaten well for 12 hours or more and the way she curled up when she was lying down suggested stomach pains. The reason, we knew, was that she wasn't getting barley water with her milk. In the excitement of getting the cats on the boat at Bombay we had forgotten to lay in a supply of that essential digestion aid, and there was none of it available on the boat.

When the captain noticed Margot's lethargy he summoned the ship's doctor. For the next two days, under his treatment—which consisted of adding a couple of drops of brandy to the milk—she showed some improvement. And then one night at 2:30 a. m. the little leopard let out a last feeble whine and died.

(To Be Continued)

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Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

Out Our Way



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin



Colonial Potholder



5008

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

As pretty as the best of grandmother's old-fashioned quilts—big, thick, potholders neatly hand-quilted and appliqued with bright flowers. Do the morning glory applique in scraps of blues and purples. The Chinese lantern flowers can be done in shades of yellow and orange. Use a medium dark green for the leaves and bind the holders in a lighter green.

To obtain pattern for holders.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 2)

If the above facts describe Washington and Oregon accurately they certainly apply to northeastern Oregon in general. There is no resource mentioned in Case's article which is not found in great abundance, or potential abundance, in northeast Oregon. No matter where Oregon men or women may have to go during the war emergency, it is a safe guess nearly all of them plan to return to the mountains and valleys of their youth as soon as they possibly can.

Official Records

Water turned off, July 8: H. W. Smith, 906 I avenue; Troy Corum, 1018 Y avenue; H. A. Dotson, 1306 Fifth street.

Water turned on:

J. C. Snikert, 1903 Cove; Mrs. R. A. Tull, 1201 Eleventh street; H. A. Dotson, 2109 First street; Mrs. A. B. Shirley, 2812 Fourth street; F. M. McGee, 2812 Third street; Dr. Sate, 902 1/2 N avenue.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL 52 Wading bird 53 Lease 54 Eternity of U. S. fight 55 Symbol for ing planes in orbium Middle East 57 Vegetable Brig-Gen. 58 He headed Aubry C. U. S. fighting planes in the 9 Mineral rock 10 Whirlwind 11 Fish eggs 12 Small horse 14 War god 16 Mountain lake 19 Unit of work 20 Vindicate 22 New Guinea part 23 Birds' homes 25 Endures 27 Suo loco (ab.) 28 Rupees (ab.) 29 Symbol for silver 30 Electrical unit 31 One (Scott.) 32 Symbol for tellurium 33 Early English (ab.) 35 Symbol for iridium 36 Within 37 Street (ab.) 39 Comfer 41 Musteline mammal 43 Indiana (ab.) 44 Acclimatize 49 Scottish sheepfold 50 Ooze

For Tots



8883 1-6 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT

As dainty as can be—this dear little drawing dress is cut all in one piece and can be put together in no time at all. Make your young daughter several of these gay sets in different fabrics.

Building Permits

George Deeds, erect one-story frame dwelling, 902 C avenue, \$500.

Hold Everything



"You won't have to worry about full employment after the war!"

Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin

