

WE FLEW Without GUNS

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

STUFFED SHIRT PILOT

It always seemed strange to me that the Army, with its super-high standards for the Air Corps and the rigorous training it puts in the pilots through, should at the same time leave so little responsibility to the pilots in the matter of when they should fly and when they shouldn't. We boys in the C. N. A. C. flew thousands of tons of material across the Himalayas during 10-day and sometimes even two-week periods when not a single Army plane was allowed to get off the ground.

If that would seem to reflect more courage and daring on the part of C. N. A. C. civilian pilots than upon Air Force personnel, it should not. The Army pilots themselves would have flown in any kind of weather, and as the Army Ferry Command developed alongside the C. N. A. C. on the route, between Kunning and Dinjan, the red tape began to thin out a little and the pilots were given more leeway. But for many months during the time I worked for C. N. A. C. our boys would be flying regular schedules across the mountains while Army regulations were keeping scores of planes—loaded and ready—standing on the fog-shrouded fields.

Tony Mercedes took up a spirited defense of the Army every time Gingsis or I or others in the C. N. A. C. started to criticize it for its puny-waist flying regulations.

"Listen, jerks," he said one day. "You guys are getting paid big dough for doing your job; these kids in the Army are getting regular Army flyer's pay. You can

quit your jobs, these kids can't. The Army has a lot more authority over its boys than C. N. A. C. has over you—but it has a bigger obligation, too."

To some extent Tony was right, but he was all wrong on that matter of the money we were making. He was not the first and by no means the last to accuse C. N. A. C. pilots and even the men in the A. T. A. in England of being mercenaries, but neither he nor others of his viewpoint considered our side of it. Virtually all of us "mercenaries" had paid for our flying education out of our own pockets—and almost 100 per cent of the Army pilots had been given their training at government expense. We had investments in our flying ability; they did not. But I didn't want to go into all that again. Instead I said: "Wait a minute, Tony. Do you remember back in 1933 when the Army took over the airmail routes in the States? Remember how many planes and pilots were lost in that little misadventure? And do you know why? It was because the Army didn't know a third as much about blind flying as the commercial pilots did. . . . And it's the same thing over here right now. There are a lot of stuffed shirts in the Army—even in the Air Force—and they're so cocky about their rank and their military dignity that they think they know everything worth knowing about flying. . . ."

And then I told Tony and Gingsis and Skippy and a couple of the other boys gathered around about a little incident I had played a part in a short time before.

WHEN I left Dinjan one morning with a plane load of Chinese money—baled in big tin containers and amounting to over a

million dollars Chinese—there were eight American and British Army officers at the field. Four of them had names that regularly made the headlines in American newspapers; the other four were top-ranking colonels and brigadier generals. They had come in from Calcutta in a big Flying Fortress piloted by an extremely self-satisfied and cocky little colonel.

C. N. A. C.'s field office was alongside the west runway at Dinjan, and while I was waiting for one of our usual weather reports ("Ceiling unknown; visibility limited") I saw the Little Colonel standing out in front of his B-17 with a map in his hands.

"Morning, Colonel," I said. "Where you bound—over the Hump or back west?" "Eh?" the fellow said, looking up rather foggily. "Why, ah—we're going to Kunning. The ship's being refueled."

"It's been pretty rough on the north route the last few days," I offered. "The ice is bad. South route's not bad for weather, but the Zeros have been thick as flies the last week."

The Little Colonel looked at me as if to say he hadn't asked for a speech, so I started to move away. But then I remembered those bigwigs I had seen come in with him on the B-17. So I went back to him and said, "I'm going over myself in a few minutes. I'll wait if you like and lend the way. I know the routes pretty well."

The Little Colonel's eyebrows popped up until they almost disappeared under his cap. If I had been a junior officer in the Army I think he would have organized a court martial right on the spot. He waited until his blood pressure subsided a little, then smiled indulgently and said, "Thank you, son, but I dorecay I'll get along all right." Then he turned and strode off.

My plane was ready a little while later, and I lit off for Kunning with a million-dollar payroll for the Chinese Army. The Little Colonel was still puzzling over his map as my C-53 thundered down the runway.

(To Be Continued)

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TODAY'S PATTERN, 530 S. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, 7, ILL.

Five Nebraskans Accompany General Eisenhower Home

WASHINGTON, (AP)—Five Nebraskans were among the 55 officers and enlisted men who accompanied General Dwight D. Eisenhower home from Europe Monday.

They were Brig. Gen. Butler B. Miltonberger, North Platte; Capt. Chauncey E. Scott, Tilden; Lt. Richard K. Reed, Omaha; Tech. Sgt. Morris H. Smith, Omaha; and Tech Sgt. Eugene L. Pottier, Lincoln.

4-H clubs throughout Wyoming have adopted home ground beautification as one of their most important current projects.

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Destroyer Gregory Limp Into Port

SAN DIEGO, Cal., (AP)—The battered destroyer Gregory, victim of a Japanese suicide plane attack, was resting at a naval repair base here today. It was the second crippled warship Cmdr. Bruce McCandless had brought in to port during the war.

Commander Bryon McCandless, the commander's father, will supervise repairs on the 2100-ton ship.

Only two of the destroyer's crew were wounded although it was attacked by three Jap planes, one of which crashed into the port side and another of which carried away the destroyer's radio equipment as it crashed into the sea.

The wounded men—Robert J. Baldwin, Steward's mate 1c, Thomasville, N. C., and Francis P. Daily, seaman 1c, Milan, Mo.—remained at their guns through the action, while the crew worked tirelessly during the night to keep the Gregory afloat.

The destroyer received temporary repairs at an advanced base and then returned to the United States.

In 1942 Cmdr. McCandless brought the cruiser San Francisco through the Golden Gate after a Solomon Islands battle in which Rear Adm. Daniel J. Callaghan and Capt. Cassin Young were killed on the bridge. McCandless was awarded the congressional medal of honor for that achievement.

Weeping Water

A message from Flight Officer Reginald Jorgensen received on Thursday evening by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jorgensen, and his wife, the former Judy Wiseman, said that he had arrived in this country, and expected to arrive in Weeping Water within the next three days. This will be his first trip home since February, 1944. He has been overseas since July, 1944, and was reported missing in action August, 1944.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. DeCraeme and daughter, Mary Ann, left Friday on a two weeks vacation. The first week to be spent at Spencer, Iowa, and the second week at Kewanee, Illinois.

The Woman's Association of the Congregational church met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Chas. Spohn, with Mrs. Ole Olsen presiding. Mrs. Helen Clark led the devotions, and Mrs. Richmond Hobson and Mrs. Julius Nelson were in charge of the program. Their subject "Community Minded Homes." Plans were completed for the Mother-Daughter luncheon to be held Tuesday, June 19. Assisting hostesses were Mrs. Ben Olive and Mrs. Lois Tefft.

The Woman's Society for Christian Service of the Methodist church met Wednesday afternoon, with Mrs. John Norris presiding. Mrs. J. W. Wiseman led the devotions and Mrs. T. Hugh Hanlan had charge of the program on "Juvenile Delinquency." Janice Joyce played two piano numbers and Dorothy Kunkel played two violin solos, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. L. N. Kunkel at the piano. Hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. Roy Ward, Mrs. C. C. Carlsen, Mrs. G. M. Borjesen, Mrs. Sam Smith, Mrs. Herman Wagner, Mrs. A. Thingan and Mrs. Philip Miller.

Mrs. Chris Elgaard and Miss Virginia (Ginger) Philpot, left Thursday for Storm Lake, Iowa, to visit Mrs. Elgaard's daughter, Mrs. Orville Krecht.

Harley Rector and Stanley Miller went to Unadilla Sunday to visit Stanley's mother, Mrs. Har-

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



Next: Our puzzling animal names.



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Mrs. Fred Linville entertained the Dorcas Society of the Christian church at her home. Plans were made to send two young people to the youth conference at Blair. Assisting hostesses were Mrs. LeRoy Zessin, Mrs. Henry Knaup, Mrs. Cyrus Livingston, and Mrs. John Rieke.

Mrs. John Mead, Miss Maude Moulten and Miss Ellen Bates were dinner guests at the home of Miss Edith Clizbe.

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a more human role. The medical supplies which our military doctors use to alleviate pain, combat infection, save lives are prepared with war-alcohol."

FRED: "No wonder, then, more and more people are recognizing the great contribution our beverage distillers have made to the winning of the war with their double-duty product."

Huge Bomb Tonnage Will Hit Japan in 1945

MANILA, (AP)—General Henry H. Arnold, commander of the U. S. army air forces, said Monday that 2,100,000 tons of bombs will be hurled against Japan in 1946 to wipe it from the map by the end of that year, "if the war lasts that long."

once here:

"We plan to deliver 2,100,000 tons of bombs against Japan next year which will be three times greater than the highest tonnage ever dropped on Germany."

Since Japan's homeland targets are only one tenth the size of those in Germany, there shouldn't be anything left of Japan by the end of 1946—if the war lasts that long."

Arnold said that a number of B-29 Superfortresses bombings by this fall would be double the number operating in May, when 500 of the great bombers took part in a single raid.

"We are going to bring every plane into the Pacific as fast as we can build them and hasten them."

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