● SERIAL STORY

BRIDE FROM THE SKY

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

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THE STORY: Judy Allen decides to marry wealthy Philip Rogers, attorney for the magazine of which she is an associate editor, when newspaper stories link aviator Sandy Ammerman with heiress Peg Gordon. Judy decides she never cared for lovable, impulsive Sandy, wants the security and more mature affection Philip can offer. Judy is serenely unworried by anything, now that she has planned her life, except the disloyalty of Sara Fuller, her jealous secretary, with whom she must deal when she returns to her job. Then, on the day of the wedding, Sandy appears, telling her that it is he, Sandy, whom she really loves and must marry.

* * *

KIDNAPED!

CHAPTER XV

WHEN Sandy announced with infinite satisfaction that he, not Philip Rogers, was to be the bridegroom at her wedding, Judy laughed softly, wrinkling her nose in a way she had not done for days.

Never relaxing the hold on her wrists, Sandy drew her close kissed her hard and long, and then, in a change of mood so fast that it supplanted the first one until she doubted that it had ever been, Sandy said:

"Dearest, don't you see that it can't be you and Phil? It's always been you and I."

In that moment his face looked weary, very young, a little afraid "Please, Judy, my sweet."

Judy's eyes grew clear and brown as she met the pleading gray eyes. Here was the man she might have married if young Lochinvars still rode out of the west to steal their brides; if Jasons went in quest of golden apples because lazy princesses needed a measuring stick for gallantry! Here was Sandy, very dear in this last moment.

He must go away. Any moment a bridesmaid might come running in, or Miss Mattie might want the wedding dress.

"You're sure you know your own mind?" the low voice drawled, but there was steel hidden in its depths this time.

"Yes, Sandy!" Maybe gentleness would soothe the savage breast or whatever the old quotation said.

"Sorry, Judy, then I have no alternative." In half a gesture he had caught both wrists in one hand and was binding them together with a piece of heavy cloth which he drew from his pocket.

Judy decided instantly that she must not show fear. She made her voice low and held it to its huskier tones as she said: "Swell movie histrionics wasted."

"With my profile I've always thought I should have been a second Barrymore." He grinned but he slipped a gag in her mouth with steady fingers.

Judy couldn't answer. She bit his hand.

With a cry of anger he snatched it away. Judy made for the door but he reached her in two swift leaps. This time he worked fast and his eyes were steely.

He bound her legs, tossed her over one wide shoulder as though she were a bag of flour, and raised the window higher which led to the balcony. He crossed the window sill, braced himself for the climb down the rose trellis, and swung to the ground.

He greeted her wrathful eyes cheerfully. "I've been up before so I knew my way. Tested the trellis while you were rehearsing to marry another guy. Knew you would be glad I'd saved you from that fate in a month or a week—maybe even today."

* * *

ALL the anger flared higher in Judy. Sandy grinned again, that gay and reckless smile that showed white teeth and narrowed his eyes until they were caught in a web of laughter lines.

There was something about that grin that made her want to kick him, scratch him, bite him again.

Oh, why had her room alone been built over the wing that housed the library? Of course no one would be in the library today. No one would know that she was being kidnaped.

She didn't know where she was going. She was cruelly aware of the steady beat of Sandy's heart beneath her own, nothing more. He placed her carefully in one of the family roadsters.

Even in her anger Judy admired the stroke of genius that had planned the kidnaping. Sandy was bright enough. In fact, he might have got by in his line if he had some sense.

Now he was starting the car looking down at her critically.

"I don't like your dress," he said, holding her steady with one arm. "Too smooth. Significant of your forthcoming meeting with Rogers. Just the kind of a thing a girl would wear for him. I like you in fluffs . . . like the things you used to wear at home in the evening."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Judy." He stopped the car to unfasten the gag in her mouth. "I like your voice and this is such a deserted road nobody will hear if you give the West Point yell."

Judy didn't speak at first. Finally she said. "Sandy, I'll give you the best seat in the church for the doings and tell everyone you were a good runner-up. Sandy, I must go back."

"Why, my sweet?"

"Because I am being married in about one hour. Don't you understand, Sandy? A wedding needs a bride. And I'm it this time."

"I'll say you're it, all right, but a wedding needs a bridegroom, too, and I'm it."

"You!" She felt winded, deflated, deserted. "I won't marry you. Turn back this moment or—"

"Sorry, honey, it's a one-way road. Maybe this gag will keep spectators away. Sorry to be rough again. I'm naturally a polite young man, you know. Hold chairs for ladies and everything. But I'm in a hurry now. Got my ship waiting at the airport, ready for a take-off."

* * *

JUDY made queer, gasping noises. To think that once she even imagined she loved this barbarian. Once she had carried a faintly lighted torch for him. Why, she didn't even like him, to say nothing of loving him. She hated him.

And Phil—Phil was wonderful, just the kind of man she wanted to marry.

Oh, when she got out of this! She tried to clench her fists, but the bindings wouldn't let her.

If this flying fool ever got her up in the sky, she never would get to her own wedding. He would circle around until the ice cream bells melted and everybody went home.

Maybe Sandy had hung up a whole string of records. But this time he was flying blind.

The car swung through the gate of the airport. Dusk was coming. Sandy drove to an airplane that was ready to take off. She recognized his silver monoplane. Some man who had been guarding the ship signaled that all was ready.

She wanted to scream but couldn't. She wanted to fall out of the car, but she couldn't find the door.

Instead, Sandy scooped her up like a department store mannequin and deposited her in the back seat.

Wouldn't anyone notice that she was being kidnaped? Hadn't her father, her mother, or Philip missed her yet?

(To Be Continued)

America's Food Supplies Seen at Record Levels

CHICAGO, Dec. 18—(AP)—America entered its war against the axis powers with production of nearly all types of food at or near record levels, a survey of grain, dairy products and livestock showed today. In many cases, output next year is expected to be substantially higher than in 1941.

America's great central plains, richest productive area in the world, have presented the country with bountiful grain harvests in recent years—more, in fact than he country could export or consume, and there is a large surplus of wheat, corn oats and other cereals.

Dairy states are shattering all previous production records with scientific feeding and care, stepping up output of milk per cow and eggs per hen. Milk, cheese, butter and eggs—vital commodities for a nation at war—flow from farms in an unprecedented stream.

Large numbers of hogs, cattle and sheep—the meat in America's diet—are being fattened on farms and ranches. Producers are particularly anxious to put weight on swine, and the average hog coming to market today is a much chubbier fellow than his predecessor of a year ago.

Summary Offered

Reduced to statistics, America's food wealth shapes up in this fashion:

Wheat production this year is estimated by the government at 961,194,000 bushels against last year's 816,698,000. Corn output is expected to total 2,675,373,000 bushels against 2,449,200,000 and oats 1,138,834,000 against 1,235,628,000.

Even these figures, however, do not represent America's grain wealth accurately because of a carryover of unused grain from previous years. On July 1 this amounted to 387,000,000 bushels of wheat, 150,000,000 bushels of oats and on Oct. 1 there were 623,000,000 bushels of corn in this carry-over.

On dairy and poultry farms, hens and cows appear to have signed up for the duration. They are giving mightily to the victory program.

Egg output in the first 10 months was 4 per cent over 1940 and at a new record for the period. Production next year is estimated at 10 per cent above 1941. Milk production this year is expected to exceed the previous record by about 5,000,000 pounds. Next year's goal is set even higher.

"I am Chinese" She Proclaims

Miss Mary Luke, above, and hundreds of other Seattle Chinese are not going to be mistaken for . . . Whoa! She wears one of the Seattle Chinese Patriotic league's buttons to advertise her ancestry.

Large new FLOOR SANDER for rent at PAGES. (adv.)

OLD SPEAS BRAND Apple BRANDY 90 PROOF
QUART $2.20 PINT $1.15
SPEAS CO. KANSAS CITY, MO

Rationing Plan For Auto Tires Being Devised

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—(AP)—The government prepared machinery today for its first wartime step into over-the-counter rationing, aimed at conserving crude rubber by barring sales of automobile tires for non-essential use.

Civilian rationing boards in every community—developed from state and local defense councils—will decide which individuals are entitled to ration cards. The system is to become effective January 4.

Acknowledging the possibility of more rationing in the future, Civilian Supply Director Leon Henderson said the rationing boards could become the framework for controlling the distribution of other civilian articles.

Henderson said warfare in the Pacific, cutting off rubber imports, necessitated an 80 per cent reduction in crude rubber processing and curtailment of civilian consumption from 47,000 tons monthly to 10,000 tons.

Every new passenger car made will get four tires, but no spare or one made of reclaimed rubber, Henderson told a press conference. Manufacture of new passenger tires will be eliminated almost entirely for the present.

Will Visit in Portland—Mrs. Billie Haskill, employee at the Hotel Rose, plans to leave next Tuesday for Portland to enjoy a week's vacation and to spend Christmas with her son and his family.

Home From University—Miss Florence Hamilton, student at University of Oregon, arrived here yesterday to spend the holidays visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamilton, on Blakeley street.

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