

SERIAL STORY

BRIDE FROM THE SKY

BY HELEN WELSHIMIR

THE STORY: Associate managing editor Judy Allen is still waiting to see aviator Phil Rogers, another of the many who have been reported as having been killed in the crash of the plane that was supposed to bring her to Eugene.

CHAPTER IV

"DON'T you see that we aren't exactly needed?" Phil asked. "Listen to sense, Judy. The long distance telephone message to Skyways vouched for everything."

"I'm probably half-cracked or something, Phil. You're sweet and kind, but you win. So forget about my lavish plans—I only have \$500 in the bank, and it won't pay the way of a properly engaged plane. I'll see you later."

A call to Skyways added just enough additional information to impetus to Judy's hesitant decision. "Ammerman's sticking by his gun," a suave voice said. "Will be ready a week until the plane is ready for a return trip."

"Is he hurt?" She needed reassurance. "No, a few scratches when he landed. Wait a minute, you're the girl that belongs to Ammerman's plane. We haven't your name, in case we get more messages."

More messages. . . It might be wise to leave her name and number even though she was leaving for a week. She gave the information in a voice that was slow and soft. Then she changed costumes. During the conversation she had decided to go immediately to the Union Station of the Air. She would engage reservations on the first plane for the west.

She slipped into a rust blouse and held the sheen of her hair, a purple light woven suit, a simple hat that was small and demure. Her gloves were white.

She grinned at herself in the mirror in the door of her room. "Never accept an aviator's color," she told herself. "You do, you'll look speckled."

She remembered that Philip had said this outfit one evening and liked it. He had said nice things about it as though such words often lingered on his tongue.

Sandy had seen it, too. He had smiled and nodded approvingly. "No, I don't like it," he had said. "How can there be when I'd see you in a gingham apron, my

darling!" he asked. After a second he had formed another question. "Does an ensemble like that empty your elephant bank?"

No, this ensemble hadn't. It was a pattern costume made up for Under Twenty and bought at the wholesale price. It was the silver fox jacket that she slipped over the purple suit that had made a dent in her bank account. She would wear the jacket and carry the polo coat.

THE taxicab that she summoned took her uptown to the Union Station of the Air. No plane could provide reservations for Chicago until 5 o'clock. She took the first seat that was available and then entered the coach that was leaving for LaGuardia Field. Once there she promenaded the terminal, gazing at its 28 clocks at least three times apiece. She saw part of a movie in the small cinema theater arranged for people who waited between ships. She ordered a sandwich on the terrace, and sat while lights began to twinkle in the vast immensity of space about her, as ships came in like gigantic lightning bugs.

Her plane was called at last. She hurried through the glassed-in underpass to her seat. Small electric letters warned all passengers to "Fasten Seat Belts." This was easy enough to do. She stared uneasily. None of the afternoon editions had given any news concerning Sandy other than that he had been located, was slightly scratched, had a broken rib or two, and that the fuel he had been testing was in no way responsible for the accident. Then what had been to blame for the disappearance and reappearance of a silver-winged monoplane? Just where was Sandy?

The ship was ready to take off when Judy glanced through her window. Phil was running toward her, waving a yellow telegram, trying to attract her attention. She started to rise, but the belt held her securely in place. She tried to signal that he should forward the message to the airport at Chicago.

Whether he understood or not she did not know. The huge transport was moving down the runway, gaining its freedom as it rose for a final circling of the field. A star or two shot through the darkness and found its reflection in the seaplane basin. There were transports everywhere, some that would leave swiftly, some that waited for another day. Perhaps if she had come with Sandy nothing would have happened. Only, no one would have ap-

proved such a trip, unless she and Sandy were married at the City Hall or the Little Church Around the Corner before the westward trek began. And that night she had not been sure. Why had she hesitated? Why had she waved so gaily when Sandy went away? She knew now what she wanted. It wouldn't be many more hours until she could tell the daring young aviator she would like a permanent seat in his plane.

RELIEVED, she fell asleep and did not wake until the liner taxied down the field to a halt. There was a moment's delay as it prepared to release its passengers. She gathered her pocketbook, bag, and the extra coat and hurried down the steps.

A messenger boy was calling her name. So Phil had caught her signal and relayed her message. She handed the boy a quarter and hurried to the corner of a long coffee counter. Her fingers trembled as she tore the envelope's flap.

She read: DARLING STOP AM PERFECTLY SAFE STOP DELAY OF NO IMPORTANCE STOP I LOVE YOU SANDY

Suddenly the other passengers seated at the counter became aware that the girl in the purple suit had gold candles in her violet eyes, that her hair was like fire-light, her eyebrows and her gay red mouth flew upward. She moved as though she belonged to wings and high winds. All this, because she had read a message on a telegraph blank.

There was such a brief space from grief to Paradise, such a brief space from world's end to world's beginning. Sandy had said, "I love you." The three words on shining wings so she could smile again. . . and now all skies were bright and every outgoing liner a magic carpet primed for heaven.

Because she had seen no papers for several hours, Judy hurried to a news stand and asked for several. She verified the time of her plane's departure, then sat down to read any new words about the tall young aviator with bright, rough hair and a crooked grin.

Suddenly the paper rustled, would have slid to the floor if she hadn't pulled it back. There was Sandy's picture, a news picture that she had always liked. Dear, lovable, laughing. But there was another picture with it, under the same heading—the picture of a girl's face, surrounded by hair that undoubtedly was golden.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Argument for the Defense

By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE

By E. C. SEGAR



Secret Agent X-9

By Robert Storm



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By WILLIAMS



TWO DEAD, 40 HURT IN TWIN CITY AREA STORM—Two deaths were reported about 40 persons injured when a storm swept the Twin City area of Minnesota during a 60-mile-an-hour wind uprooted trees and overturned railroad cars. At the Minnesota State fairgrounds the wind ripped up the tent of the International Harvester exhibit and scattered part of the wreckage amid power transformers and trees.

SIDE GLANCES



Used to waste a lot of time arguing with house-
will be thought up the idea of being hard of hearing.

Danube Gives Rumania Outlet to Black Sea

FOR 300 miles the Danube forms the southern boundary of Rumania and a large part of the country's trade, before the war, was carried on this river. It is Rumania's outlet to foreign trade through the Black Sea.

Braila and Galatz are the two main river ports, although Constanta is the only one open the year around.

Rumanian railways were retarded by lack of funds during the twenties. Before World War I, they were not of standard gauge and had to be rebuilt.

The 1939 stamp above, which pictures a wood-burning locomotive, was issued in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of Rumanian railways.

Since Germany made Rumania a puppet state in 1940, the country's transportation system has been diverted to military purposes. The Rumanian railways carried many of the troops that marched