

# Wings For Sally

by BAILEY WOLFE

**SYNOPSIS:** Sally Warren wakes with the exciting prospect of starting her new job as society editor of the Warrenton Courier. Although thoughtful of others she calls the twins, vivacious Tip and studious Ray, and tips down stairs to find her stepmother reluctantly getting breakfast—ordinarily Sally's duty. Taking over the biscuit making, Sally deftly finishes the breakfast preparations. Her father, a respected small town lawyer whose income has dwindled sadly, joins them and the conversation veers to Sally's job as 18-year-old Ray comes to the breakfast table.

## Chapter Two In The Editorial Room

RAY WARREN gulped down his second cup of coffee and fiddled the rest of the egg into a sandwich, while his mother looked on disapprovingly.

He was a dark, handsome boy, rather slight as yet and full of promise. If his high spirits could be turned into the right channel. He was studying hard now for a scholarship which would take him away to college and a pre-medical course. Watching him eat and read, Sally thought he might as well be eating sawdust as biscuits and omelet.

"You ought to eat more, Ray," Mrs. Warren complained. "You need plenty of good food while you're growing."

"Don't worry about me, Mom, I'm always stuffing from morning till night. I've got my pocket full of peanuts now. So long."

He gave his mother a hasty kiss and ran out. Adelaide Warren's eyes followed him adoringly.

"Don't you think he looks thin, Sally?"

"He's just growing fast," comforted Sally. "I think he's handsome and fine—going to be a good doctor one of these days if we keep him on the track, and a heart-breaker besides."

"I hope he won't marry for a long time, if ever," said Mrs. Warren sadly.

"Well, I'm going to, and you might as well get used to the idea," said Tip Warren, coming in unexpectedly and lifting her mother clear of the floor in a quick hug.

"Tip, you little wretch, let mother go!" said Sally, coming to Adelaide's rescue. "Go and play with Dad—you know he likes it."

"Of course he does," said Tip, kissing Robert Warren's bald spot, and taking away his paper. "How much money have we made while we slept, Dad?"

"None—none at all," said her father with a sigh.

"Never mind," said Tip, attacking the breakfast with good appetite, "if no one handsome comes along, I'll marry a rich man and save the family."

"Tip," murmured her mother disapprovingly, but the look she gave Ray's twin was anything but harsh. Nobody could ever be very cross with Tip, who was dark like Ray, but small and vivid, like some of the pictures of the Warren women, who had been belles of Warrenton for generations.

"Forbid Tip To Fly!"

"WHILE you're forbidden, I may as well tell you I'm going up with Duke Adams in his new plane this evening," said Tip calmly.

"You're not!" said her mother. "Robert, forbid her to go."

"If Sally goes up with Terry Maynard, I don't see why I can't go up

and lead Tip, who's not old enough to know better, to that old garage to take what's left."

"Mother!" Sally's face was stricken. "You don't—you don't think that about me!"

"Of course she doesn't," said Tip, pushing back her chair. "She's only mad with me and she's taking it out on you. By-by—"

Tip blew them a kiss and went off cheerfully. Family rows never worried her, so long as she had her way.

"Don't you bother with the dishes," said Mrs. Warren, without looking at Sally. "I'm sorry I said what I did about you and—and that boy. I'm sure I didn't mean any harm."

"That's all right," said Sally, warming toward her stepmother, for Adelaide Warren rarely admitted that she was in the wrong. "But I will run along, I don't want to be late the first morning."

She started out, then turned back impulsively. "Mother, if it will make you feel better, I'll promise not to go up with Terry any more—without asking you and Dad first."

"If you would, Sally," said Mrs. Warren, looking relieved. "I declare, Tip worries me so. I know that Duke Adams is not a fit person for her to be with, and she's too young to fly anyway."

"Tip was born with wings," said Sally, laughing, "but the rest of us have to work for 'em."

**Enter: The Society Editor**

SALLY was glad to leave the house behind and go to the dusty old brick building on Main street which housed the Warrenton Courier. The clock struck nine as she climbed the stairs and paused timidly in the doorway of the big editorial office. There was no one there except the city editor, who had the largest desk, in one corner of the room.

"Good morning," said Sally uncertainly.

"Good morning," said the editor absently, without looking up. He had already gone over Sally's duties with her and had promptly forgot that there was to be a new person in the office. Sally knew him well at sight and her father had known him for years. Hugh Johnson was a competent newspaper man and everyone knew that old Mr. Wingate, who owned the paper, had long since turned over all the editorial work to him. Mr. Wingate rarely came to his office for more than an hour a day, and his editorials grew fewer and less vigorous all the time.

Sally crossed to the big desk that had been Miss Della's. There were already some items on her desk, and there was a copy of the evening paper with several bits of local news marked for her. She was busily pecking at the typewriter when the sports editor, Mac McCullom, came in. He sauntered over to Sally's desk and watched her progress with interest.

"Where'd you learn to type?" he asked presently.

"I learned at home by myself," said Sally, startled.

"Pretty good," said the red-haired Scotchman. "You're just what this

office needed." He strolled over to his own desk, leaving Sally flushed, but pleased.

Later the others came in—a girl reporter with a loud voice, who prided herself on being as hard as nails, and a talkative man who covered the police court and was always talking about it—but they paid little attention to Sally.

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Terry, the aviator, asks Sally a pertinent question tomorrow.

"If no one handsome comes along, I'll marry a rich man and save the family," said Tip.

## To Cut Power Rate For Californians

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—(UP)—The Pacific Gas & Electric company, serving northern and central California, today announced plans for an electric rate reduction estimated to permit savings of \$3,000,000 annually to its consumers. It was the third reduction announced within a year by the company. The reduction will be effective with meter readings taken on and after February 1, if the California railroad commission approves the move.

## CRATER LAKE ROAD ROCK CONTRACT IS ANNOUNCED

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—The state highway commission awarded the contract today to furnish crushed rock in stock piles on the Eagle Point-Crater Lake highway to A. S. Wallace of Roseburg for \$37,584. Bids were opened November 5.

## THE ARTIST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SEEKS MOTHER OUT AT ONE OF HER BUSIEST TIMES AND ASKS CAN HE HAVE A PENCIL TO DRAW WITH?

GLAD TO HAVE HIM OCCUPIED, MOTHER DROPS EVERYTHING TO FIND HIM A PENCIL.

IS READY TO START WHEN MOTHER CRIES NOT ON HER BEST LETTER PAPER.

FOLLOWS HER AROUND WHILE SHE SEARCHES FOR A PIECE OF SCRATCH PAPER.

RECEIVES SOME PAPER AND ANNOUNCES THE PENCIL BROKE, WOULD SHE SHARPEN IT, PLEASE.

REGARDS PENCIL POINT AND MURMURS HE THINKS HE'LL USE CRAYONS INSTEAD.

FOLLOWS MOTHER AROUND IN SEARCH FOR CRAYONS WHICH EVENTUALLY TURN UP IN THE PANTRY.

BEGINS TO CALL WHAT SHALL HE DRAW, AND IS SENT OUT-OF-DOORS TO PLAY.

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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**AMBIDEXTROUS 2-SPORT STAR...**

QUINCY A. SHAW, JR., FAMOUS RIGHT-HANDED GOLFER WON THE U.S. NATIONAL RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP 4 TIMES PLAYING LEFT-HANDED!

1899-1901-1908-1910

**THE KING WHO KNEW HIS PEOPLE**

NIKITA, LAST KING OF MONTENEGRO, KNEW THE FIRST AND LAST NAMES OF EVERY MAN OVER 30 YEARS OLD AMONG HIS 200,000 SUBJECTS.

**THE FIRE THAT BURNED 50 YEARS!**

A LUMBER MILL DUMP IGNITED IN 1879, BURNED UNTIL 1929 WITHOUT ONCE GOING OUT—Burward Inlet, British Columbia

**THE "THOMAS W. LAWSON," A SCHOONER BUILT IN 1902, AT QUINCY, MASS., WAS EQUIPPED WITH 7 MASTS... MORE THAN ANY OTHER SHIP EVER BUILT**

King Who Knew His People. Though ruler of Montenegro for 50 years, Nikita (Nicholas I), reigned for less than nine years. Taking over the helm of Montenegro's government upon the assassination of his uncle, Danilo II, in 1880, Nikita ruled as prince over a land that was little more than a Russian protectorate. It was not until the Congress of Berlin that Montenegro was formally recognized as a sovereign state. In 1910, Nikita assumed the title of king, having become "Royal Highness" in 1900. Much of a despot, though often a benevolent one, Nikita took great pains to know as much about his people as possible, actually acquiring a knowledge of the first and last names of every male subject in his land over the age of 30. This comprised a large portion of the nation's 200,000 inhabitants. Leading the approval of his people by his policies during the World War, Nikita was deposed in 1918 and forced to flee to Italy where he died March 21, 1921.

50-Year Fire. Set afire for the burning of sawdust and waste lumber of a mill located on a point of land in Burrard Inlet (now Vancouver Harbor), a lumber dump burned from 1879 until 1929 without once going out. So well known did the fire become that it came to be used as a beacon for ships' navigators entering the harbor. Waste lumber added to the dump through the 50 years served to provide the fire with sufficient fuel.

7-Masted Schooner. During a fad for many-masted ships in America in the early 20th century, the "Thomas W. Lawson" was built for service in the Coastwise Transportation company. Equipped with seven masts, according to authorities a record number, the ship proved exceedingly difficult to handle. She was wrecked in 1907 after only five years of service. Tomorrow: What Price War.

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## S MATTER POP—

I THINK THAT BOY HAS STAYED OUT LONG ENOUGH.

HEY! AREN'T YOU COLD?

OH-! NO, DAD!

GOT MUTH STEAM TURNED ON!

LOOK!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Sights the Boys!

WE LEFT TOMMY WAND SKEETER DRIVING MADLY TOWARD SAN DIEGO, PURSUED BY TWO MOTOR POLICE.... LET'S GO UP... IN THE AIR AND PEER INSIDE A CABIN PLANE.....

A COUPLE OF SPEED HOUNDS DOWN THERE ARE GOING TO GET A TICKET, CHIEF!

I'LL DROP DOWN LOWER, BETTY.

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Acting Fast

AN' IF SHR SPEARMAN'S GOT FALSE CHIN FEATHERS, YOU CAN LAY TO IT HE'S FALSE OTHERWISE!

YOU'RE DARN SHOUTING YOU CAN!

THAT BIRD HAD A REASON FOR PLAYING UP TO US, PERCY— AND I'LL BET ANYTHING HE OVER-HEARD US TALKING ABOUT GERALD KINLEY—

WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' TO DO NOW, BEN?

I'M GOING TO GET ON THE TELEPHONE— YOU'LL HEAR ME—

AIRPORT? GAY, HOW'RE CHANCES OF HIRING A SPECIAL PLANE? YES THIS AFTERNOOON— RIGHT NOW!

CHIEF!.. LOOK!.. IT'S... IT'S...

IT'S TOMMY AND SKEETER!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

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with Duke," pointed Tip. "Of course you want to do what Sally does," said Mrs. Warren angrily. "I knew something would come of Sally's going about with that garage man."

"Come, come, now, Adelaide," said Mr. Warren mildly. "Young Maynard's a schoolmate of Sally's and a fine fellow. I can't say I want either of you two flying, but Sally is old enough to pick her own friends, I'm sure."

"Yes, Sally can pick her friends,

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Acting Fast

THE NEBBS—On the Way Back

HERE WE FIND OUR HERO FLYING BACK TO HIS WIFE AND SWEET-HEART, FANNY, STILL ANXIOUS TO HAVE EVERYBODY KNOW HE WAS THE GUY SAVED FROM THE UNCHARTERED ISLAND.

GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL PERHAPS BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT I AM RUDOLPH NEBS, REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN LOST AT SEA.

WE MISSED LANDING INTO THE SEA BY LESS THAN 200 YARDS... WE LANDED ON AN UNCHARTERED ISLAND AND I HAD TO LIVE ON COCONUTS FOR OVER TEN DAYS, ETC...

JUST WHY DO THEY GROW COCONUTS?

AND WHY DO THEY MAKE AIRPLANES THAT MISS THE WATER?

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Acting Fast

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## ROOSEVELT OPPOSES THIRD TERM EFFORT SAYS GEORGE CREEL

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—(AP)—President Roosevelt was represented today as standing firmly against seeking a third term.

## Pilot Lucky When Propeller Lost

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 1.—(UP)—Fred Koehnlein, Rochester aviator, escaped serious injuries or possible death, late today when his single motor plane lost its propeller at 1500 feet and crashed into a tree near a thickly settled residential district.

## THE NEBBS—On the Way Back

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## THE NEBBS—On the Way Back

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