Wings for Sally

by BAILEY WOLFE

SYNOPSIS: To help her family's dwindling income, attractive Sally Warren, who always thinks of others, becomes society editor of the Warrenton Courier. She feels responsible for gay, wilful Tip and handsome Ray, the 18-year-old Warren twins who are about to finish high school. Terry Maynard, boyish, blond aviator in love with Sally, flies her to nearby Greensboro to stand by during his interview with the head of a large aviation line. He lands a job with South American prospects and asks Sally to marry him that very night.

Chapter Six

Tip Gets Caught

BUT they were not married that night. Sally, on the way to the plane, trying to match Terry's long stride, tugged at his arm breathlessly.

"Terry, we can't be married now. I don't know whenever we can be married."

Terry stopped short. "But you said . . ."

"I know. But we must wait. We mustn't even let anyone know we're engaged. Father and Mother can't do without my salary now. They've got to have the money, and I've no right to take it away from them until I've seen Ray safely off to school and got a place for Tip."

"Why didn't you say no, then, instead of yes?" said Terry sullenly. He turned away from her and stood by the plane, his hands plunged in his pockets. "That'll take years—and I'm leaving here in six months—I hope."

"Maybe you'll have to leave without me," said Sally. "We're both young. I could come to you later."

"That won't do," said Terry. "If I leave here without you, we'll never get married. You'll forget me."

"Let's not try to settle everything tonight," urged Sally. "Let's wait. We've got six months before you go. Maybe by that time I can see my way clear. So much can happen in six months."

"Sure it can. Maybe somebody will die and leave us a million."

And so it was settled that no one was to be told of the engagement until the six months were up. By the time Terry had brought the plane to a landing on the home field, he was in good spirits again.

"In six months," he boasted, "I'll make a flyer of you. I mean to begin teaching you right away."

Sally was too wise to let him know what dismay this proposal caused her.

They were very gay on the way home. Terry told her all about the interview with Willis Cates, who owned the largest block of stock in the air line where Terry hoped to make his fortune. Sally predicted that one day Terry would be seated behind a vast mahogany desk, telling other people where and how to fly, and Terry vowed that no amount of money would ever make him give up flying itself.

Duke Has Tire Trouble

THE old car rattled around a bend in the country road and came suddenly upon a parked car. Terry rammed on the brakes.

"They're having trouble," said Sally, noticing someone standing by the car. "Maybe we'd better stop and see if we can help."

They got out and walked toward the car. As they did so, they saw a girl, who had been holding a flashlight for the man, cut off the switch and run behind the car.

"Come back here with that light," yelled the man.

"It's Duke Adams," said Terry. "What's the matter, old boy?"

Sally recognized Duke at once. He worked at the Maynard garage and was a flying pupil of Terry's.

"Been up tonight?" inquired Terry, holding his own light for Duke Adams to work by.

"Yep." Duke Adams worked at his tire, keeping his face turned from Sally. "Couple of passengers wanted to make a train at Raleigh. I flew them over."

Suddenly a suspicion came to Sally. "Did my sister Tip fly with you tonight?" she asked quietly.

When Duke said nothing, and only stood there, fumbling with the wrench, Terry laughed. "Guilty by the looks of him," he told Sally.

"I didn't say a word," said Duke sullenly.

"Well, then, I will," said Tip Warren, coming around the side of the car to stand by him. "I went up with Duke. What of it?"

"That's the spirit," said Terry.

"Come on and get in Terry's car," said Sally sternly. "We'll take you home."

"I'll have this tire fixed in a minute," said Duke.

"I'd better go with Sally, Duke," said Tip. "There'll be a terrible row if Sally gets in before I do."

"Just as you say," said Duke disconsolately.

"Thanks for the ride. I had a perfectly swell time." Tip marched over to Terry's car and climbed in with all the dignity of a queen being kidnaped. Sally followed, furious with Tip for putting her in the position of a tyrant before Terry.

"Ran away, didn't you?" queried Terry good-humoredly.

"Of course I did," said Tip. "It's the only way you can have any fun in Warrenton—to run away."

"Right," said Terry. "Isn't it so, Sally?"

Sally gave in gracefully. She couldn't go on acting like a grandmother, even if Tip had scared her.

"Tip, you're a wretch and I ought to scold you, but I just can't. Promise me, though, one thing—if you have to fly, let Terry take you up."

"I'd love to," said Tip. "Wouldn't you love to take me, Terry?"

"Anything to keep on good terms with the family."

Tip Flies With Terry

THEY all three reached the Warren house in high good humor. Before Terry drove away, it was arranged that Sally should get permission for Terry to take Tip up in his plane. Sally was secretly relieved. She would not worry about Tip so much if Terry was looking after her.

It was only after Sally was undressed and lying beneath the blue patch-work quilt that she realized fully that she had promised to marry Terry Maynard, and that if she did she would be saying goodby forever to Warrenton and to the old, humdrum life of Sally Warren. The thought filled her with a delightful sense of excitement.

In the days that followed, Sally was too busy with her job and the demands on her time at home to spend much time with Terry. But she delighted in the knowledge that Terry was always near, ready to take her for an outing when she could spare a moment. And when Sally was too busy to go with him, Tip went, and Sally was glad that Tip was in safe hands. Somehow, Tip seemed to have grown up a little. She was more considerate of her mother and father, and gave up running around with some of the crowd Mrs. Warren considered too "fast." Sally put it down to Terry's influence and to the fact that Tip was about to graduate from high school and realized that she must choose some sort of career for herself. None of them realized that Tip had already chosen her career.

Sally, herself, never dared to plan as far ahead as the end of the six months' grace she had asked of Terry—not even when two months had slipped by. She would not admit to herself that her salary was becoming more and more necessary to the Warrens. Tip had to have clothes for graduation, and some money had to be put in the bank toward Ray's medical course. The rest of Sally's salary went toward providing some comforts for the household, which had been hard put to it to make ends meet on Mr. Warren's dwindling earnings.

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Sally meets her new employer in the moonlight tomorrow.

They saw a flashlight turn off, a girl disappear.

AIR SERVICE IN STATE TO SERVE SMALLER POINTS

PORTLAND, Dec. 5.—(AP)—Hainer Hinshaw, assistant to the president of United Air Lines, said today that with the replacement of present equipment the company plans to extend its service to smaller communities at present being flown over on various routes.

In that connection, he said, airports will have to be provided meeting department of commerce regulations but he said the ports would not have to be "super" fields.

"Within 30 or 60 days we will have much larger equipment calling for larger fields," he told the northwest aviation planning council. "Smaller towns, of course, cannot support these larger fields. Our present equipment can serve these communities. So when our larger 21-passenger planes come into general use, we are going to take the '247s' and find out if they are adaptable to local service."

He did not say at what points such service might be planned, although Salem and Eugene have been mentioned in recent months as possible stopping points on the southbound of United.

JACKSONVILLE UNIT MEETING WEDNESDAY

The Jacksonville Home Extension unit will hold the last meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. Anna Hartley next Wednesday, with luncheon starting at 12:30 o'clock. Each lady is asked to bring a gift worth not to exceed fifteen cents. The gifts will be placed upon the Christmas tree and after the lunch and a short business session, the exchange of gifts and a social hour will be enjoyed. All are urged to attend.

Wheat Replanting In Eastern Oregon Seen

LA GRANDE, Dec. 5.—(AP)—The break in the autumn drought hasn't removed the losses suffered by wheat producers in this section. Reports continue to come of the necessity of replanting large tracts because of destruction to roots from dryness and cold.

Several communities, including Union, have seen their water supplies dwindle to a dangerous low. One farmer has been hauling 50 gallons of water a day for 3½ miles.

Growers say, however, adequate winter snow and spring rains will brighten the prospects for 1937 crops.

"Choral Speaking" Taught

STATE COLLEGE, Pa.—(UP) "Choral speaking" has been introduced among women students of Pennsylvania State college. Thirty girls are being organized into a speaking choir which will become available next spring for performances before clubs and other groups. They will recite and dramatize poetry.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Oyster Bridge

Stretching seven and a half miles from shore to shore, the San Mateo highway bridge across the southern reaches of San Francisco Bay is the longest one of its kind in the world.

Strange as it seems, every ounce of cement in the huge structure was made from oyster shells taken from their bed of clay in San Francisco Bay by means of dredges or great suction tubes. The oyster shells were loaded on barges and towed to a grinding mill where they were pulverized.

Approximately 184,000 barrels of the oyster cement were used in building the concrete portions of the bridge. Thus, while man's work in constructing the bridge took little more than 14 months, the job of billions of oysters began many thousands of years ago when they started to extract the lime necessary for the cement from the water of the bay.

College President

Eliphalet Nott began the career he was to follow the rest of his life at the age of 17 when he took charge of a small school at Plainfield, Conn., in 1790. Studying divinity in his spare time, Nott was licensed to preach in 1794 and shortly afterward became pastor of the Presbyterian church and principal of the academy at Cherry Valley, N. Y.

A progressive educator, he soon won widespread recognition and in 1804 was elected to the presidency of Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., a post which he held until his death more than 61 years later. For 16 years of this period, Dr. Nott simultaneously held the post of president of Rensselaer school, now Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York.

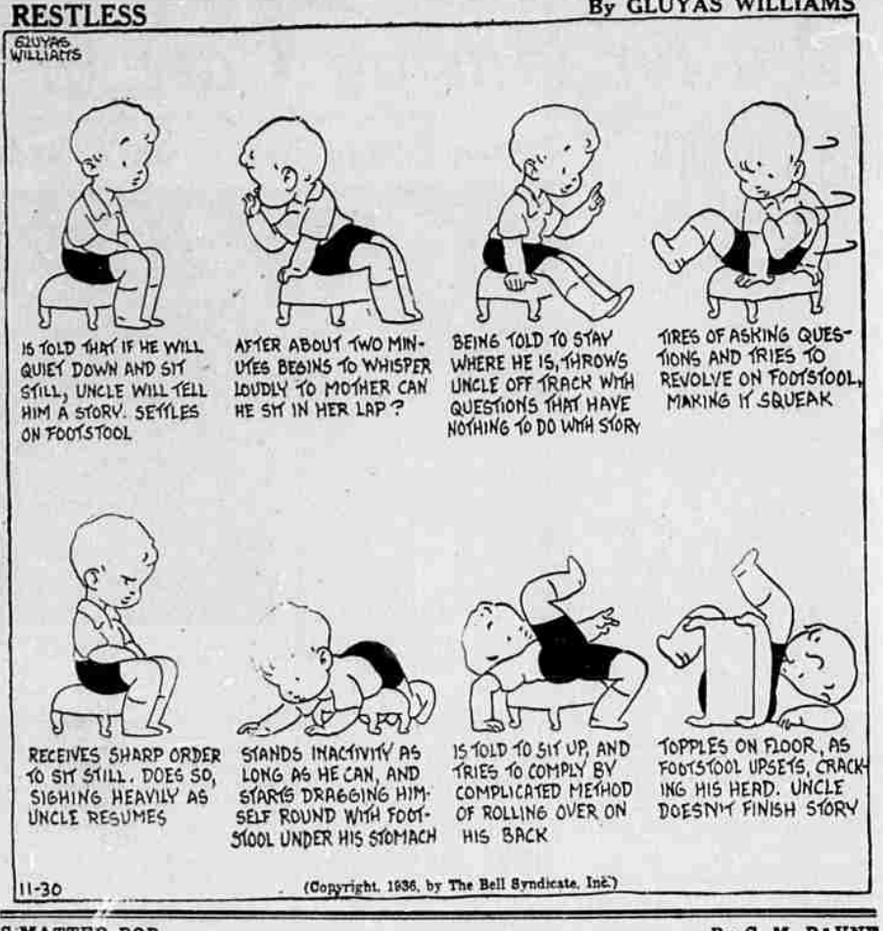
Illinois Territory

Kaskakia Township of Randolph county lay east of the Mississippi until April, 1881, when a flood broke through a narrow strip of land to move the course of the Mississippi river four miles east. This cut off from the rest of the state of Illinois the 27 square miles which comprise Kaskakia township.

Tomorrow: Literature In Reverse!

RESTLESS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Help From the Sky!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On the Trail

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Passing It On

By SOL HESS