

Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD
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All characters and incidents in Glider Girl are entirely fictitious.

CHAPTER I

MISS PAT FRIDAY was in that ominous state of mind known as I-won't-stand-for-it-anymore.

She had, in fact, just ceased to stand for it. Half an hour back she had told the boss where he could go, and it wasn't heaven. Or at least she had implied it, enough to need a new job at once.

Pat was like that. Being a lady is very difficult if the boss is a heel and pays you only \$22 a week anyway. Moreover, her job had little or nothing to do with either patriotism, adventure or romance, three items which Pat held to be important. And it was down in the second basement, which made her feel like an owl or a mole. Surely there would be a job, somewhere, with a boss who minded his own business and gave her a chance to see the sun. She was rocking now with the Uptown bus, and a fat lady crowded her tight.

"Stop it!" Pat snapped at her, then instantly added, "Oh I didn't mean that I'm sorry!"

You see? That's the state of mind Pat was in. Touchy. Fed up. She was not the kind who snapped at people. It made her ashamed. She just had to do something, wherever she was, to get deeper into the long "Help Wanted" column of the newspaper which she held folded near her nose.

Half way down, a large want ad arrested her. It was in bold face indented type, as if extra important:

SIX YOUNG WOMEN
Wanted; 20 to 25; secretarial, learn soaring while you work, replace men needed in service; must be unincumbered, for travel; \$30 a week to start; highest character references; physical examination; source minds only, college graduates. Apply 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, James Carr, Suite 20, Columbia Building.

Pat's mouth made a pretty red O. "For Pete's sake!" she breathed. Avidly she read the want ad again. She moistened her lips. The fat lady stepped on her and went unnoticed. Secretarial. . . . Soaring—what the heck is soaring? Replace men. . . . fifty dollars. . . . physical. source. . . . Source minds? Pat's brow furrowed.

At 103rd street she left the bus and half trotted to her room. Her mind was whirling. She stood before her bed, a cute somebody unconsciously snapping the elastic band of her new skirt that had cost three whole dollars. Friends would have known that something audacious was cooking in Pat Friday's brain.

In the Columbia Building at 8:15 next morning, Miss Patricia Friday suddenly realized that, so far, other want ad readers had been as smart as she. Get there early? Nearly 40 girls had that same ideal. The line reached almost back to the elevator. Instinctively Pat paused to think.

On quick impulse she turned and went down again. In the corner drugstore she bought an ordinary stenographer's notebook and two pencils. She raced back to the elevator again. A snappy lad of 17 operated it.

"Look here, mister," Pat melted him. "It's worth a dime—no, a quarter—if you hold my hat and coat for an hour. Emergency, see?"

She hadn't have offered money; her smile was enough. She mussed her taffy hair to make it just a trifle unbecoming. She stuck one pencil boldly in the front roll of taffy, donned her severest frown and approached the line of girls once more. There, she spoke loudly.

"You will have to be more quiet." She made it sound as harsh and authoritative as she could. "Mr. Carr would not approve of too much noise, I am sure."

Instantly she had their attention. She was walking primly toward Suite 20 with its closed door. There was still more than half an hour. If only her luck held!

"Give me your names, in turn. I will list appointments starting at 9:15. Remember the advertisement. If you can't fully qualify, I advise you not to wait!"

That took crust, Pat told herself. She felt her hands trembling, but she looked at those girls severely. In a moment she was at the head of the line, writing. She asked questions rapidly, and under each name made a few shorthand notes. In this procedure, about half the girls departed on their own. But plenty remained and more kept coming, and Pat saw that some held in her manner a defiance as keen as her own.

Then Pat's heart skipped a beat when the elevator door clicked open and out stepped a man in uniform. Intuition drove Pat ahead of him to the Suite 20 door. Here, she faced the climax of her act.

"I have the names of all the applicants, sir," she said. "I assigned 10-minute appointments to each, with the promise of a return for any you thought advisable."

"Excellent!" he replied, crisply fitting a key to the door. "I had no idea there'd be so many! Tell only the first few to wait. Telephone Major Sellers that I have no verification of that wire from Washington. Call the British Embassy and tell them to—hey! You aren't Miss Stuart!"

"Certainly not!" she shot back, as military as he. "I am Miss Friday. Please, let me go in. After you!"

She almost shoved him through the door. Then she closed it and

put her back to it with the waiting girls outside. She looked up at him. He was a handsome man.

"I had to do it!" she spoke much less defiantly. "But anyway I don't see any Miss Stuart. And I can call your major and your—your—I can do anything you need d-d-one!" The tremble had crept right into her voice.

Silence held them for a long moment. She felt him appraising her. Then she relaxed, just a little, when he showed a slow, interested smile.

"I only work here," he suggested.

"You are Mr. Carr?"

"Yes."

"I—I—you said 'source mind.' I looked it up. The dictionary. It didn't help, but I guessed maybe—well look—here's the list—those girls. Somebody had to help you!" She emphasized the some.

"It was a silly word ad! Of course you'll get a million applicants with an ad like that. And you only need six."

Silence held them again. Could he now see her pulse jumping and hear the thunder in her heart?

Finally it was he who broke the spell, and he spoke not with military crispness but in a boyish western drawl.

"Maybe you have something. Maybe we had better sit down and talk, till I can see what the score is."

(To Be Continued)

More than 100,000,000 Chinese are now literate. There are more people in China who are literate than in any nation in the world except the United States.—Wendell Willkie.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



GERMANY
HAS A EUROPEAN FRONTIER OF
14,000 MILES
TO GUARD AGAINST
ALLIED INVASION.



FLYING ODDS
"THE WIND MAY BLOW A BIRD'S FEATHERS UP, BUT THEY'RE STILL DOWN," SAYS L. V. SHAW, Clementsport, Nova Scotia.

DORMICE
SNORE LOUDLY
DURING THEIR WINTER SLEEP.

NEXT: How Dobbin rests best.

SCREEN 'STAR

HORIZONTAL

1.5 Pictured movie actress.

9 She is one of Hollywood's well-known.

14 Electrified particles.

15 Dry.

16 Comet's path.

17 Hint.

18 Mere.

20 Biblical pronoun.

21 Knight (abbr.).

22 Subtle.

23 Dine.

25 Township (abbr.).

27 Greet.

29 Sorry.

31 Opera (abbr.).

34 Writing fluid.

35 Glossy point.

37 Saucy.

39 Mother.

40 Garden spots in deserts.

42 Membranous bag.

43 Transpose (abbr.).

44 Sun god.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

JANE STAGE PATER OWL
EPOS STATER OGLE
EAST AD TR ARIA
PREEN ASTERS
RO RIO
CREST JANE NEE
AAR COUL TEDIUM
PSALM KISMET
EARL TRAP
GRANTEE IONIZES
RANT AM TN RENO
ANTE POULU AROW
MAIN SNEER LOSS

VERTICAL

45 Box seats.

47 Symbol for samarium.

49 Uncooked.

52 Manufactured.

53 Alleged force.

58 Exclamation.

58 She is a shining light.

60 Anger.

61 Story.

64 Jump.

65 Arabian port.

66 Happening.

67 Camera eye.

68 Fish.

1 Beat.

2 Adolescent.

3 Compass point.

4 Nova Scotia (abbr.).

5 Surety.

6 Organized warriors.

7 Tear.

8 Unemployed.

9 Therefore.

10 Attempt.

11 Aid.

12 Rhode Island (abbr.).

13 Pig pen.

19 Makes easy.

22 Cold season.

24 Light brown.

28 Ode.

29 Ventilates.

30 Mar.

32 Dramatic production.

33 Place.

36 Spice.

38 Auricles.

41 Sardinia (abbr.).

42 Sodium carbonate.

45 Lighting devices.

46 Painful spots.

48 Animal.

50 Alternating current (abbr.).

51 Testament.

52 Cruel.

54 Lair.

55 Has eaten.

57 Fowl.

59 Born.

60 Girl's name (abbr.).

62 Average (abbr.).

63 Street (abbr.).

65 Heart (Egypt).



United States trainer planes are replacing nazi planes in Latin America.

FIGHTING FEMALES

Females of the bustard quail of Africa and Asia, are the larger and prettier birds. They do the calling and fight over the males, while the males set upon the eggs.

Tire tread designs show great changes. Before the advent of the modern highway they were designed with heavy knobs and lugs to provide adequate traction in dirt and mud but now they are designed primarily to provide a high degree of non-skid safety and quiet operation.

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Our Out Way

By J. R. Williams



HOLD EVERYTHING!



CUTE BUNNY DESIGN FOR BABY'S SPREAD



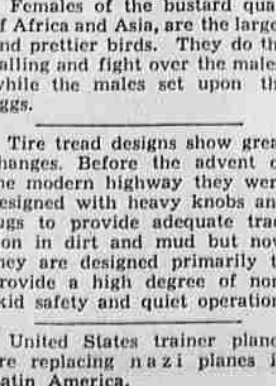
by Alice Brooks

Little Peter Rabbit gets a long careful of advice from mother in this adorable crochet spread for a baby. It's in two sizes so that you can make it for a crib or carriage. The plain background nicely sets off the animal motifs. Pattern 7506 contains instructions and charts for making spread; illustrations of stitches; list of materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. . . . to . . . followed by your name and address.

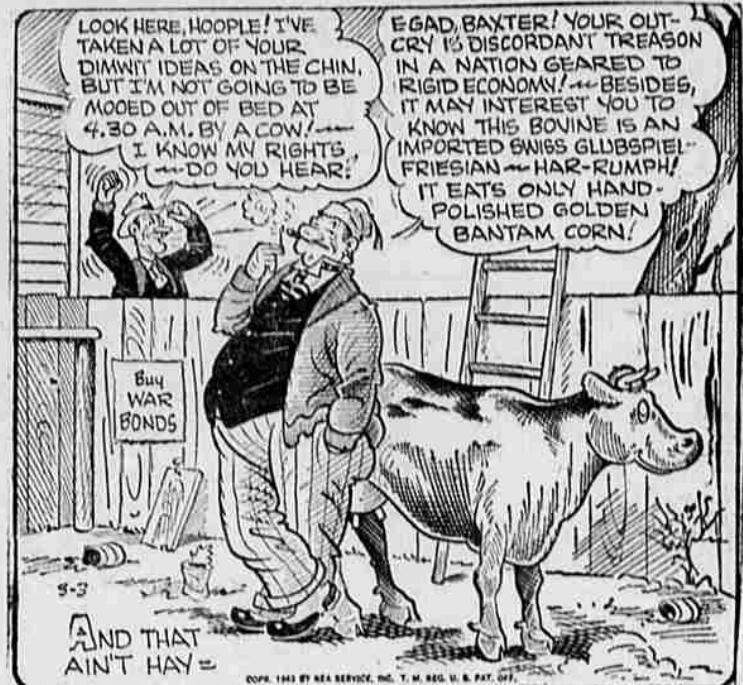
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Little Orphan Annie



Our Boarding House

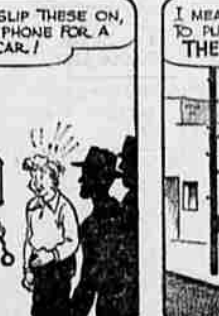
With Major Hoople



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



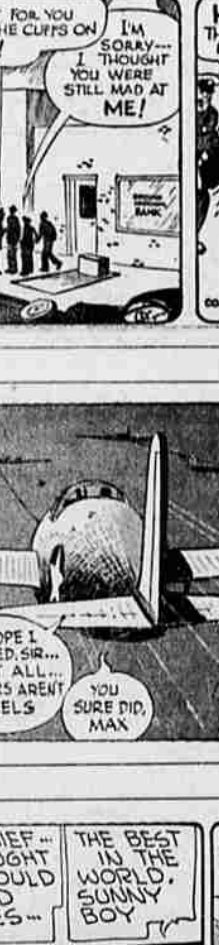
Little Orphan Annie



Hold Everything!



Cute Bunny Design for Baby's Spread



by Alice Brooks

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