

# Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD NEA Service, Inc.

**THE STORY:** Pat Friday seeks a job that offers patriotism, adventure and romance. She is attracted by a help wanted ad that offers a young woman with "sure-fire" an opportunity to learn soaring. When Pat arrives early to place her application, she finds 40 girls ahead of her. She shows resourcefulness by passing as a secretary and obtaining data from all the applicants. James Carr, young and boyish, though of military bearing, is surprised to find Pat has assumed secretarial duties in his office, but cannot be sorry for long.

**CHAPTER II ENGAGED**

PAT sat far on the edge of her chair, as if poised for flight. Her eyes were wide and beautiful, as always.

"I just—just—well, your secretary didn't seem to be here, so—"

"Miss Stuart is often late for work. Confound it!"

"Is she? I mean—well, then, I—"

"And so you just took charge of the waiting applicants, with a little artistic bluffing?" Jimmy Carr's grin was appreciative and broad.

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Friday, were you deliberately trying to show your source mind?"

"No, sir. I mean—"

"Blushing becomes you, did you know that?"

"Oh!"

"You remind me of my little sis, back home."

"Oh."

"You don't need character references. I can read your character. And you look healthy as an Army mule."

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir; No, sir; Oh-oh-oh! How you do chatter, Miss Friday!" Jimmy Carr laughed out loud. Then he resumed the inquisition.

"What college graduated you, ma'am?"

"That stymied Pat Friday. She hadn't been through any college. There had been one year and part of another before the funds ran out, but—"

She swallowed, thinking fast. His want ad yesterday had specified college graduates.

"I hardly ever carry a diploma in my purse." She was stalling for time again.

He jabbed a pencil at her. "Listen, it doesn't matter. I paid \$10 for mine, see, to be sure it was genuine sheepskin. I paid \$10 more for a leather case to roll it in. Know where it's been all these six years since? In an attic trunk back at Great Bend, Kan. Nobody's ever asked to see it yet! What's your full name?"

"Patricia Friday." So he was a westerner! With graceful movements and deep brown eyes. "Were you a rancher out there?"

He looked at her, smiling again. "I'm asking the questions. But the answer is yes."

"Are you terribly angry at me, Mr. Carr?"

"None." He was writing on a form.

"I was—I guess I was awfully nervous."

"Yep."

"What did you mean by soaring?"

HE turned to her again, studied her in fresh astonishment. "You mean you don't know? Honest?"

"The dictionary—it—"

"Soaring isn't in many dictionaries yet. Not our kind. It's the same as gliding, only more so."

Their eyes held, until he smiled again.

"You remember Crete," he went on. "The Germans took it with paratroops dropped out of gliders. Gliders, see? Airplanes without motors. Soaring is flying in those planes. Only—"

"Oh... OH!"

He caught her heightened interest.

"Mmmmm! Sounds exciting, eh? Okay, Miss Friday, it is! I'm here to tell you soaring is more fun than power flying. Easier, and safer, too. Now look—"

His boyish enthusiasm had him again. For five minutes he lectured Pat, and she was a fascinated pupil. He leaned close to her, he swayed back, describing things with his hands. It was a mere five minutes, but that was long enough for Pat to feel something brand-new welling within her. Moreover, it was a grand something. She hadn't time to understand it fully, but it was the most delightful, most exciting feeling she had ever known!

"Soaring? It had to do with aircraft, yes; but it had to do with her own consciousness, too! Jimmie Carr had sent her spirals soaring sky high."

"YOU'RE hired." He turned abruptly to his desk again, writing. "What's your age?"

"It's—22."

"Mmm. Height?"

"Five feet one. Almost two. Maybe I could—"

"Weight?"

"I'm dieting. I think I can make—"

He wrinkled his nose at her, implicitly grinning. "Ninety-five?"

"Oh, no! It's 90!"

"Mmm! Fat lady!"

"I want to gain."

"Married?"

"Goodness no! I mean—no!"

"Plain No!" He chuckled. "Any encumbrances?"

"No, I—I'm an orphan. Brother's in the Navy. We—"

"Typing? Shorthand? Dictaphone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty a week, and it'll be hard work for a while, Miss Friday. I may take you right out to Elmira with us."

"Elmira?"

"Down state here, not far. Elmira, N. Y., is called the soaring capital of America. Nice town. But we're expanding fast, all over the nation. Don't mind travel!"

"No! I'd love it!"

"Good! Now I must warn you—"

Pat stopped him, with a motion of her hand. "Mr. Carr, those other girls waiting outside—I can't play dirty!"

"Hm?" He waited.

"I did sort of barge in ahead of them. I mean, that act of mine—taking their names and all—look, talk to all of them and then decide if you can hire me! You understand?"

He sat back in his swivel chair, studying her. His smile was gentler now. Less teasing. More respectful. Pat felt like a heel.

He might have said more, but the office door opened and a tall new girl came in. Instantly there was a touch of fragrance in the room, new fragrance. And a very air of superior quality!

The new one was like a thing from the fashion pages. Status-ess. Cool. Perfectly poised, and perfect to look at. As if Pat never even existed, she came around the desk to Jimmy Carr, leaned over and kissed him twice.

"Jim-meel! Darling!" It was sheer music, no less.

Jim Carr returned her kiss, but he was getting to his feet, too. In a moment he was saying, "Lorraine, this—uh, Miss Friday, may I present Miss Stuart?" He was a trifle awkward and formal with it. "Miss Stuart is not only the office secretary here, she—uh—she and I are engaged. Lorraine will be going to Elmira with us. I'm sure your two kids will be great friends!"

(To Be Continued)

**SWAP FOR VICTORY**

The WPB committee at the Timken Roller Bearing company, Canton, O., issues a publication, "Trading Post," which contains classified columns on swapping rides, buying and selling tools and other aids for workers.

The fact that the government is pointing the way doesn't make it any easier to get all the canned food you want.

Teeth that you aren't true to are likely to be false to you.

**Do You Need a BICYCLE for DELIVERY?**

Or to Carry Your Tools and Packages?

See the **Heavy Duty CYCLE TRUCK**

A real bicycle "truck" with extra heavy wheels, spokes, tires, front axle, and big sturdy built-in carrying compartment.

**POOLE'S BICYCLE STORE**  
222 S. 7th Phone 3520

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson

**10,000,000,000,000,000 STARS** (TEN QUADRILLION) ARE WITHIN PHOTOGRAPHIC RANGE OF OUR LARGEST TELESCOPES.

**KWIK-KOPPER**

**HORSES REST BETTER AND USE UP LESS CALORIES STANDING UP THAN WHEN LYING DOWN.**

**MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL PITCHERS—CARL MAYS, AD LISKI AND ELDON ALUKER... USED A CURIOUS DELIVERY! WHAT WAS IT?**

ANSWER: They all pitched with an underhand delivery.

**NOTED GOLFER**

**HORIZONTAL**

1,4 Pictured golfer.  
9 Assent.  
14 Unit.  
15 Ascend.  
16 Stale.  
17 Obtains.  
19 Living.  
21 One who mimics.  
22 Upon.  
24 Genus of monkeys.  
25 Alleged force.  
28 Causes.  
32 Fetid air.  
35 Symbol for chromium.  
36 Decay.  
37 He is an golfer.  
39 Feminine undergarment (colloq.).  
40 Chaldean city.  
41 Accepting as one's own.  
44 Lease.  
46 Lariat.  
47 Genus of herbs.

**ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES**

LYNN BARI SITARS  
IONS ARID ORBIT  
CUE SIMPLE EYE  
KIT WILLY EAT TPI  
HAIL SAD OP  
SINK ENAMEL  
PERT BARI S MAMA  
OASES SIA CY  
TRIA LOGES  
SM RAW MADE OD  
A OH CINEMA IRE  
TALES LEAP AIDEN  
EVENT LENS BASS

23 Neither.  
25 Organ of hearing.  
27 Term of endearment.  
29 Comet's path.  
30 Mythical demigoddess.  
31 Male deer (pl.).  
33 Editor (abbr.).  
34 Parrot.  
38 Paid (abbr.).  
40 Rubber tree.  
42 Footlike part.  
43 Chinese dynasty.  
45 Earth.  
47 Twirl.  
48 Leo.  
49 Ailments.  
51 Female saint (abbr.).  
52 Malaysian tin coin.  
53 Boat paddle.  
55 Sheltered side.  
11 Tear.  
12 Summer (Fr.).  
13 Ever (poet.).  
18 Therefore.  
20 Person entitled to vote.  
63 Senior (abbr.).

**GAY CROSS-STITCH FOR KITCHEN TOWELS**

**TUESDAY**

**SATURDAY**

Private Tool, your ears are still clean!

**7502**

Put this "calendar" of household events right on your kitchen towels! Demure old-fashioned cross-stitch figures bake, iron and even go to church on Sunday. There's a design for every day of the week in this easy needlework. Pattern 7502 contains transfer pattern and color chart of 7 motifs averaging 5 by 8 inches; stitches; 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.

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

We are in total war. We are fighting for a common future. We must all make common sacrifices. This time we must hold the line against inflation and deflation. This time we must win the peace for the sake of ourselves and all humanity—Economic Director James F. Byrnes.

We have had too much of a tendency in the past to look upon the people of China and Russia in terms of masses of population rather than as men and women as deeply concerned with world progress and security as we are ourselves.—Wendell Willkie.

Always read the classified ads.

**Out Our Way** By J. R. Williams

YEH, JUNIPER SPRINGS! DON'T KNOW WHY THEY HAFV TO KEEP A MAN CAMPED UP IN THAT LONELY HOLE, WITH NOTHIN' TO KEEP A GUY COMPANY BUT DEER, ELK, WILD TURKEY AN' QUAIL!

AN' TROUT, AN' A RIFLE, A RADIO AN' FEATHERS BED—THE FELLER SOUNDS LIKE HE'D LIKE TO GIT AWAY FROM IT ALL!

THAT'S A DISEASE—HE CAME HERE FROM A BIG CITY TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL, AND NOW THAT THERE'S NOTHIN' THERE, HE WANTS TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL AGAIN!

HULLO, ONE AN' ALL! WELL, WHAT'RE YOU TOTEM POLES SO GAUCER-EYED ABOUT?—SURPRISED TO SEE OLD GOOD-NATURED JAKE? IT'S A RUSH VISIT, CHUNG—I I KIN ONLY STAY A COUPLA WEEKS!

TWO WEEKS? THAT'LL BE AN INTERESTING TEST CASE—IF YOU STICK, WE'LL KNOW THE MISSUS IS LOBBING HER MOP TECHNIQUE!

WE DIDN'T LOOK FOR YOU OR THE PRICKLY HEAT TILL SUMMER—IS THE PAROLE BOARD SOFTENING UP?

YESTERDAY A COW, TODAY JAKE=

**HOLD EVERYTHING!** Red Ryder

WHAT? YOU'RE AN OUTLAW!

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS AT THIS BANK

YEH—PEG-LEGS! GIT BACK HERE AND HELP TH' BANKER OPEN THAT VAULT!

ROBBER—HALP!

BUT AS THE BANDIT FIRES—PEG-LEGS' GUN LEADS UP, AND A SLUG TEARS THROUGH THE KILLER'S LEFT HAND!

Private Tool, your ears are still clean!

**Freckles and His Friends** By Blosser

WHEN THE BULLS COME DOWN HERE, WE'VE GONNA TAKE THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR BACK UP!

ARE WE?

NOW RUN! AND DON'T YELL FOR HELP, OR SOMEBODY'LL START SHOOTING!!

W-WHAT ARE YOU GETTING THAT FOR?

JUST IN CASE YOU GET TIRED AND DECIDE TO STOP RUNNING!

**Wash Tubbs** By Crane

RETURNING TO ENGLAND OVER THE DUTCH COAST!

WE'LL BE HOME FOR COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS SOON, MY LADS!

MAKE Waffles AND MAPLE SYRUP

SUDDENLY PALE ORANGE LIGHTS GO SCOOTING BY...

HEINIES!

TAIL GUNNER TO PILOT: NIGHT FIGHTERS, SIR! JU 88'S

GIVE IT TO 'EM, SCOTTY! HEY! BUT REMEMBER, WE GOT A COUPLE OF GLIDERS BACK THERE!

**Boots and Her Buddies** By V. T. Hamlin

WHATTA Y MEAN? I'LL HAVE YOU UNDERSTAND THIS PLANE...

HAS A FLOATING RIB, OR SOMETHING! IT'S KNOCKING LIKE A BILL COLLECTOR

WHY, YOU YOUNG—

HOLD YOUR WIG CHIEF—WE'RE GOING DOWN STAIRS FOR A LOOK-SEE!

**Allep Oop** By Martin

A HECK OF A MESS! THEM DANK KIDS OF FOOLY'S PUTTIN' TH' BEE ON ME TO MARRY OOLA!

AN' THEN WHEN OOLA TELLS ME SHE WOULDN'T MARRY ME EVEN IF I WAS TH' LAST GUY ON EARTH, DO I GET CAREFREE AN' HAPPY AGAIN?

I HOPE TO KISS A TRICERATOPS, I DON'T!

WHAT TH' HECKS TH' MATTER WITH ME, ANYWAY?

THIS IS TH' DOGGONEDEST SITUATION I EVER DID GET INTO!

WELL, WELL! NOW WHAT'S THIS DOGGONE SITUATION YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF INTO, ALLEY?

EH? WELL, I'LL BE—!! DOG BRONSON!

**Little Orphan Annie** By Harold Gray

GET-IT—A TUNNEL! DOES IT GO CLEAR BACK UNDER TH' CASTLE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

THIS IS A BIG JOB—THE LIVES OF ALL OF US DEPEND ON EACH ONE DOING EXACTLY AS ORDERED!

COLONEL MILDRD, PORT A BENTLEY HERE AT THIS OUTSIDE DOOR—ARRANGE FOR RELIEF AND A GUARD HERE AT ALL TIMES!

YES, SIR COLONEL MILDRD—JETS TAKE OVER THE PRER WORD IS—!!

YES, SIR COLONEL MILDRD!

NOW THEN—THE REST OF YOU, FOLLOW ME—AND REMEMBER, NOT A SOUND—WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE ALL THESE PRERAGES LEAD TO—