

Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

Copyright, 1943
NEA Service, Inc.

THE STORY: Pat Friday, seeking a position that combines patriotism, adventure, and romance, has convinced Jimmy Carr that she is just the girl he has been looking for to learn soaring. He explains to Pat, who knows nothing about gliders, that her duties will take her to Elmira, N. Y., soaring capital of America. There she will learn to pilot a glider. Jimmy Carr has sent Pat Friday's spirit soaring, and she is off to see the possibilities of her new job, until Lorraine Stuart walks in. Lorraine, and is introduced to Pat as his fiancée.

CHAPTER III

NOW in this world of women, there is hair and hair. Her own curls, for instance, could be accurately described as blond, or fatty, Pat Friday told herself. But — so could Lorraine Stuart's. The difference was not in color or in fineness or in anything tangible; and yet to Pat it seemed very marked. Her own hair was heavy, ever prone to berserk and look like a pencil drawing made by a baby. But Lorraine's was perfection right off a magazine page.

And another thing: Lorraine Stuart obviously didn't have to diet. Pat counted calories, ate extra slices of buttered bread, gorged potatoes. But her all-time high remained at 89 pounds. The streamlined Miss Stuart, Pat confessed silently, was four inches taller and 17 or 18 pounds heavier. All of her was applied in exactly the right places, in exactly the right way. Her walk, too, was a symphony, no less than her hair and her complexion and her voice. "She positively flew!" Pat conceded, in admiration that was worrisome but genuine.

This appraisal was made on the train going to Elmira, but it was a one-sided appraisal. Lorraine had given no indication that Pat existed at all. Lorraine merely sat beside Jimmy in the Pullman and engaged in what Pat understood to be sophisticated smart talk. Pat had to ride alone and backwards, in the seat behind them.

That arrangement, in a way, was Pat's own; she had felt a sense of responsibility as Jimmy Carr's new secretary, and so she had carefully seen to it that his luggage got on the train. The porter had noted that. He favored her with a warm smile and cordial but ever-so-respectful manner which Pat liked, but at the same time she felt a bit fattened.

"I can make any servant in the world like me, but—" She didn't finish the thought, sitting there rocking in the car. But she was thinking of Lorraine and Jimmy.

THE little sense of gloom might have deepened if Jimmy Carr hadn't suddenly stood up, looking for her. Lorraine stood, too, and they moved into the aisle.

"Club car," Jimmy said, beckoning. "Okay?"

"Yes sir."

Jimmy grinned. "Listen, Private Friday! Maybe I ought to make you salute me, too."

Pat looked quickly up at him, caught his infectious grin.

"I never know when you're teasing!" she murmured.

"What say?" The train roar had drowned her.

"I say, I never know when you're teasing."

"I never tease children."

"Oh."

"And you're just a little girl." He emphasized the little.

"Well—well you—!" She decided to let him have it back. "At least my ears are little, too."

Jimmy pretended to scowl. "Listen, private! Want me to fire you? My ears are my sore points."

"They aren't points. They are landing fields."

"Wow!" They had come between two cars, and he held her arm. They had to shout over the wheel clacking. "Okay, I won't pick on you, then. You can't help being little, and I can't help having mule ears."

"They aren't really mules."

"What?"

Now they were in another Pullman, with passengers looking up. Unconsciously, Pat shouted louder. "I say your ears aren't really as big as a mule's, and anyway, I like 'em!"

Fifteen or 20 people laughed, then, at the three young persons who had just entered. Jimmy turned a little pink behind his grin. So, too, did Patsy Redden; she felt horrified. "Oh, I—I'm sorry!" she managed but somehow that didn't help.

"How perfectly charming every one is!" cooed Lorraine Stuart.

Pat could have kicked her, and kicked herself as well. Why, darn it, was she so ill at ease around that Lorraine person? And so desperately anxious to please Jimmy Carr?

ON a curved seat in the club car they began talking business.

"Now soaring, Pat, is not only extremely important, but it's more fun than—than—" he eyed her a second—"than a week on Coney Island. Ever ride a Ferris wheel? Same thrill, only more so. Much more. And the Army doesn't pay 50 bucks a week just for stenographers."

"But do you think I can learn? I mean—I'm sure I can, and—"

"You're going to, miss. Get that straight right now."

"Oh."

"The Army needs thousands of trained pilots. To teach our pilots, smart women often are better than smart men teachers. That's why we advertised for you girls. At first, we want the cream of the lot only. We got six this trip. I sent the other five to other fields, and I'm bringing you here to Elmira with me, for your training."

"Yes sir. I mean, yes—Jimmy."

"That's better. Honestly, Pat, I'm not so dogged old. And

while discipline is all right in its place."

He lectured and teased her for half an hour, tactfully, kindly, delightfully to Pat. All the things she needed to know at first about office routine and soaring and airplane flight. Plus a lot of little personal bits thrown in both ways.

"And so," Jimmy was saying, "I'll ask Lorraine to teach you, in person, because she's already expert both in motor ship and sailplane. And this will give you two kids a chance to get really acquainted. You'll have a lot to talk about. I have a hunch we'll all get along fine."

Pat looked at him in quick distress. Her own hunch had been just the opposite! But already he was standing, saying that they could start making plans right away because Elmira wasn't much farther, and that nowadays things had to happen fast. Pat watched his fine shoulders disappear through a swinging door, and noted too that his ears weren't really large. She turned then to look a little bit fearfully at Lorraine.

Miss Stuart was perched on some figurative height. Her eyes were narrowed, and she showed a funny little half-amused smile which quickly vanished. Then she spoke, and it amounted to her first instructions.

"That yes-sir no-sir act," she began, and paused to spit out tobacco crumbs, her pretty lips puckered disdainfully, "it didn't go over at all. Not with me. Perhaps I'd better remind you that Jimmy and I are engaged. Don't bother wasting your talents and time."

(To Be Continued)

THE WINNAHI

PORTLAND, Ore. (AP)—Portland's fire department insisted hoarding gasoline in unapproved storage facilities was dangerous. The firemen seized a drum of the fuel from a hoarder, keeping it over night at the fire station before moving it to a safe place. It proved their point. Fire damage to the station was estimated at \$2000.

Whatever our views may be about communism, Russia stands today as the savior of democracy in Europe.—Wendell Willkie.



\$25 CREDIT
ONLY \$5 DOWN
\$5 A MONTH

Don't wait 'till you have the money to buy the things you need. Get \$25 buying power in Purchase Coupon Books today and spend it when you need it for any number of articles which don't cost more than \$4 each. Or pay a little more down and get coupons that buy higher priced merchandise. Usual carrying charge.

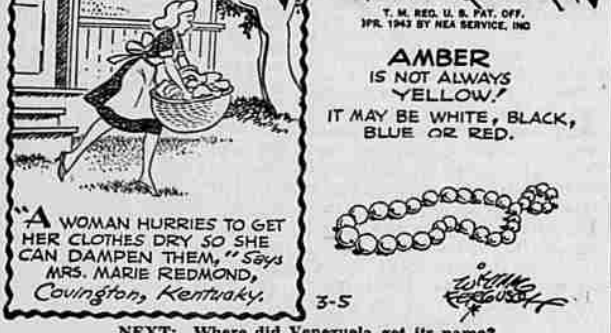
SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



AFRICAN ZOOS FREQUENTLY IMPORT LIONS THAT HAVE BEEN RAISED IN EUROPEAN MENAGERIES... SINCE THEY ARE LARGER AND HAVE FINER MANES THAN THOSE RAISED IN AFRICA'S OWN WILDS.



QUINING OGS

AMBER IS NOT ALWAYS YELLOW! IT MAY BE WHITE, BLACK, BLUE OR RED.

U. S. RELIEF HEAD

1,7 Pictured U. S. Director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation.	21 Cow's call.
12 Before.	23 Mythical king of Britain.
13 Honey producer.	25 2000 pounds.
14 Half an em.	27 Rim.
15 Frozen water.	30 Arctic sandpiper.
16 Gentle blow.	33 Two-wheeled vehicle.
18 Require.	36 Always.
20 Pair of horses.	38 Group of three.
22 Oboe (abbr.).	40 Operatic solo.
24 Seine.	42 Native of Serbia.
26 Standing room only (abbr.).	44 Morality.
29 Irritate.	46 Abdicant.
31 Accomplish.	48 Trail.
32 District of Columbia (abbr.).	50 Less important.
34 Therefore.	53 Become weary.
35 Walking stick.	55 Musical sign.
37 Gun (slang).	58 Negative (abbr.).
39 New star.	61 Paper (Gypsy).
41 Makes mistake.	63 Away.
43 Designate.	65 Every third (comb. form).
45 Row.	69 International language.
47 Electrical term.	71 Symbol for silver.
49 River (Sp.).	

THE FIX
SAYRE, Okla. (AP)—George Hedick's cold resisted all his favorite remedies. Finally he went to the medicine cabinet and in desperation took a swig from every bottle therein — no matter what the label said. Today's communique: The cold is virtually gone. Mr. Hedick is still there.

Guard duty consists of walking no place in opposite directions, keeping constantly on the alert for something that never happens.—To Keep 'Em Flying, Miami Beach, Fla., air force publication.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla

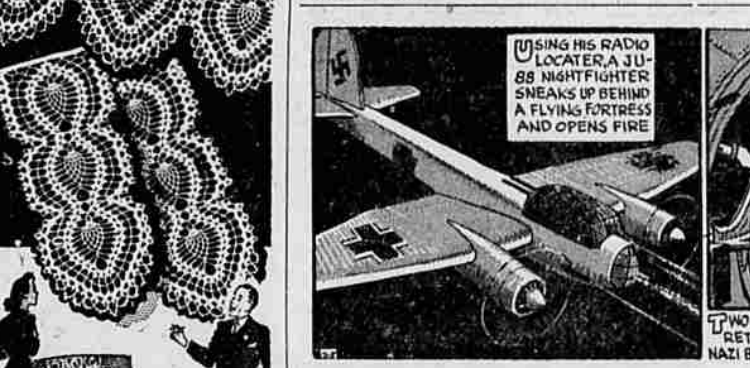


Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



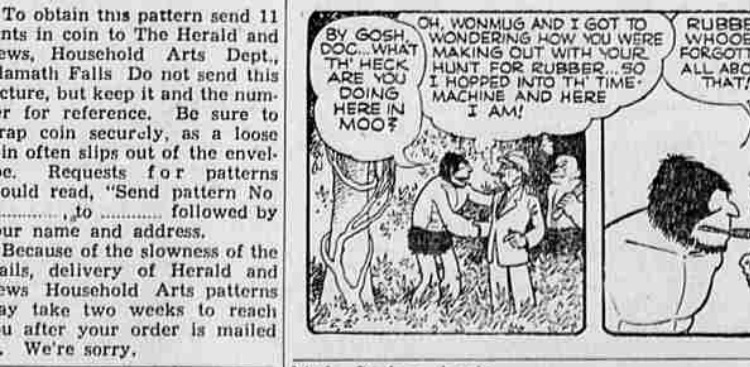
Wash Tubbs

By Crane



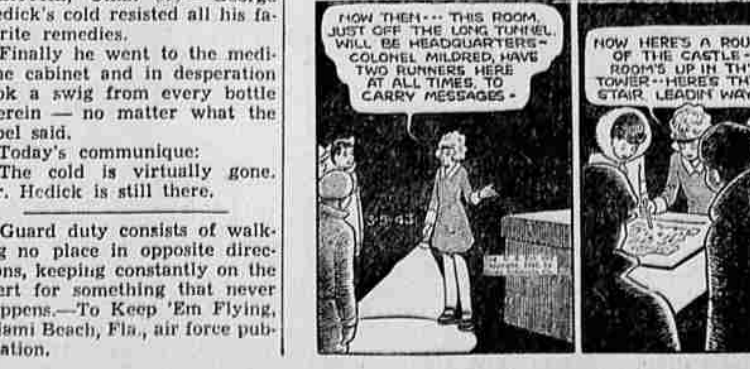
Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

