

Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD
Copyright, 1943
NEA Service, Inc.

COAST-TO-COAST FLIGHT

CHAPTER V
BEAUTIFUL Loraine Stuart had been half sitting, half leaning on the arm of a reclining chair, there in the Soaring Field reception room. It was a posture which both Loraine and Pat knew was calculated to show off her figure to full advantage.

"When Jimmy Carr paused as if in indecision, however, Loraine was already rising. She flowed to ward him. Pat just waited, and wondered.

"Jim-mee, darling!" Loraine cooed. "How thoughtful!" She took the big box of candy from him. Captain Carr swallowed, and looked helplessly from one girl to the other. Quickly then, he forced a smile.

"Y-Yes, sure," he managed. "I mean—sure!"

It wasn't like Jim Carr to lose his poise. Pat observed him with surprise. But Loraine was stripping off the pretty green ribbons which held the war stamp corsage. One ribbon also held a tiny envelope, almost self-consciously, Jimmy took that envelope. As if it were of no importance, he stuck it in his pocket now.

"Sure, sure," he kept repeating, boyishly. "They really are nice, aren't they? Sure, I mean—I thought they, uh—well, look, they're kind of like flowers, aren't they, Loraine?"

"Mmmmmmm!" She tip-toed gracefully, pressing the corsage gently between them, and kissed Jimmy full on the lips. Jimmy took it as an awkward schoolboy might have.

"Sure, sure," he was still saying. "Uh—look. How's about you and Pat having dinner with me? We have been so busy, but—all right Pat?"

Loraine seemed to rediscover Pat, then. "I'm sure Miss Friday would love to go with us," she said.

Pat's teeth pulled at her upper lip. She wasn't at all sure what the score was here. But then Jimmy came to his senses again, and before she knew it all three were being herded into his car outside. He was talking now, like the Jimmy he really was. Chatting and teasing and not waiting for answers, but—just being happy in the company of two extraordinarily pretty girls.

He took them to Elmira's swanky new Skyline Cafe, and Loraine said, "Want to touch up my rouge, darling."

She didn't invite Pat to accompany her to the women's lounge. Pat tucked in her lip again; she had often had to pretend not to see Loraine Stuart's trivial little slights, during the days of her intensive training here. Loraine was already an expert at flying motor ship or sail-plane and, to a small degree, had been one of Pat's instructors. Jimmy's plan of having Loraine teach Pat everything, however, had not worked out well; other male officers had tactfully aided Pat over this embarrassing hump.

While he and Pat waited, Jimmy was talking, low tone.

"Haven't time to take you home for dressing and all that, Pat," he said hurriedly. "You know how it is. Army life makes us informal. But I wanted you to have the corsage and candy. You deserved them! Here!"

He held that tiny envelope out to her. Pat's chin fell, and she looked at Jimmy in astonishment. Her pulse had leaped.

"Read it!" he ordered. "It's proof!"

She took out the card. "Congratulations, to a swell kid for a swell solo!" He had written that. Suddenly again he took card and envelope, tore them to bits, pocketed them. His lips set tight.

"Jimmy, I—I—goodness, I—" "Misunderstanding," he muttered. "You deserved them. But she happened to be in the reception room, too. We're engaged. Apologize. Y'know how 'tis. Gosh, Pat, I—please don't hold it against sh-h-h-h!"

Loraine was returning. But Pat was soaring again!

"Why, Jimmy?" Pat asked. Loraine, apparently not interested, gazed off at the orchestra, across the cafe.

"Because it's the public that runs this land! Not some high muck! And you know what?" He jabbed a finger at her.

"What?"

"We got new orders. A new job. I did, I mean, today."

"Oh! Jimmy, are you—?" Distress shone on Pat. Was he about to be transferred? Sent away?

"We're going to help educate the public, Pat. I got a wire today from Washington. From Barringer, the head of the nation's soaring and gliding service. He wants me to conduct a transcontinental sailplane flight."

"Oh Jimmy!"

"We are to fly coast to coast in a sailplane, with a passenger, just to prove it can be done. We stop in every big city en route. We start at Elmira and go west."

"How—how wonderful!" Pat said. "With a—passenger and—?" She finished a little lamely, worried.

Jimmy was proud, and justly so. But in Pat was that new uneasiness. Loraine Stuart had shown a spark of interest, but had said nothing; she just sat there smoking, aloof, cool.

(To Be Continued)

HELP-WANTED DEPT.

PORTLAND, Ore.—Portland cemeteries are asking the war labor board to lift the industry's wage freeze.

Several reported alarm at the shortage of caretakers, and one said it couldn't get enough grave diggers.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

AERIAL METEORS ARE WINDS, AQUARIUS METEORS, RAIN AND SNOW, EQUINOX METEORS, AURORAE, OPTICAL METEORS, RAINBOWS, TANGENT METEORS, LIGHTNING AND "SHOOTING STARS."

A SINGLE DOUGLAS FIR FURNISHED A 299-FOOT, 7-INCH, FLAG POLE FOR THE OREGON BUILDING AT THE PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION....1915.

SAND IS PUT ON RAILS TO CREATE A GRIP; BUT IS PUT ON SHUFFLE BOARDS TO CREATE A SLIDE.

SAYS EDGAR T. DARLINGTON, West California Wood, New Jersey.

NEXT: Has the earth always had a 24-hour day?

WEAPON OF WAR

HORIZONTAL
1 Depicted weapon.
7 The — uses it in hand-to-hand fighting.
13 Construct.
14 Species of deer.
15 Eagle's nest.
16 Chinese pagoda.
17 Therefore.
18 South America (abbr.).
20 Little mass.
21 She.
22 Dreary (slang).
24 Novel.
27 River (Sp.).
28 Like.
30 International language.
31 One who uses a typewriter.
32 Aspect.
35 Whether.
36 Within.
37 Egg dish.
41 Prattle.
44 3,1416.
45 Self.
46 Near.
47 All right (slang).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

GENERAL MEIRE AVAL BETWEEN PIT FAN ADMIT DOP CAR SSI US ARMY S L WAD AVERTS SILENT MO ARE AN RE PRISON STAIR SER PT H B OS DOT STALL PUT NIT TADO SAT PAIR NETS TINISIGINE

VERTICAL
1 Exist.
2 Blood vessel.
3 12 months.
4 Wig.
5 New Tessa-ment (abbr.).
6 Fishing boat.
7 Black-fin snapper.
8 Louisiana (abbr.).
9 Moisture.
10 Persia.
11 Ducks.
12 Note of scale.
13 Carbon.
14 Left side (abbr.).
15 21 Not cold.

22 Belongs to him.
23 Space.
25 Sorrow.
27 It attaches to the —.
29 Garment.
32 Dessert.
34 Collection of facts.
37 Office of Price Administration (abbr.).
38 Desert optical illusion.
39 Hen product.
40 Indian weight.
41 Standard of value.
42 Wig.
43 Piece out.
49 Money drawer.
51 Arabian Gulf.
52 The same.
53 Ex officio (abbr.).
54 Grain.
56 Extinct bird.
59 Hawaiian food.
60 That one.
61 Mystic syllable.
63 Written form of Mister.
64 Left side (abbr.).

RED FACES
CHICAGO—Home on leave, Lieut. John Hess of the armored force told this one on himself. Recently he and four other tank maintenance officers were driving from Louisville, Ky., to Fort Knox when their car sputtered and stopped. Knowing something about tank engines they set to work on the engine. An hour later they asked a passing motorist to push them into town.

A negro garage attendant lifted the hood, reached a finger inside, twirled something and, with a grin, turned around. "Gentlemen," he said, "what you all failed to do was tu'n on the switch."

Back at the table, Loraine was quietly poised. She smoked her cigaret with studied artistry. But somehow she put a damper on the spirits of the other two here. Jimmy dropped his gaily and, man like, slipped into shop talk.

"One thing, kids," he began, serious tone, "this soaring business is taking hold all over the land. But the general public isn't fully informed about it yet. And the public has to know!"

MANPOWER SHORTAGE

ST. LOUIS—The manpower shortage saved two men from workhouse sentences.

One was a butler brought in to court on an assault charge and the other was a cook held for theft.

Both were paroled when their employers came into court and asked for their services. Irony: The city jail, short of help, had put in a bid for the cook.

The balloon theory of the universe holds that the universe is swiftly and perpetually expanding like a balloon.

CREDIT WITH THE CONVENIENCE OF CASH



PURCHASE COUPONS

Are Really Buying Power

Purchase Coupons are another convenient type of credit available to you at Sears. You make one call at our Credit Office, get a booklet of Coupons, then spend them like cash when you want to. Thousands of smart women keep a book handy so they never miss a bargain! Small down payment, small monthly payments, usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT SEARS CREDIT OFFICE

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE TRICKSTERS

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopls



MIXING BUSINESS WITH EMOTION

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder



"I said your slip doesn't show—now get out there with the rest of 'em!"

Red Ryder



Red Ryder

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Freckles and His Friends

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

Allep Oop

By Martin



Allep Oop

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



Little Orphan Annie

QUOTING ODDS

SHE didn't invite Pat to accompany her to the women's lounge. Pat tucked in her lip again; she had often had to pretend not to see Loraine Stuart's trivial little slights, during the days of her intensive training here. Loraine was already an expert at flying motor ship or sail-plane and, to a small degree, had been one of Pat's instructors. Jimmy's plan of having Loraine teach Pat everything, however, had not worked out well; other male officers had tactfully aided Pat over this embarrassing hump.

While he and Pat waited, Jimmy was talking, low tone.

"Haven't time to take you home for dressing and all that, Pat," he said hurriedly. "You know how it is. Army life makes us informal. But I wanted you to have the corsage and candy. You deserved them! Here!"

He held that tiny envelope out to her. Pat's chin fell, and she looked at Jimmy in astonishment. Her pulse had leaped.

"Read it!" he ordered. "It's proof!"

She took out the card. "Congratulations, to a swell kid for a swell solo!" He had written that. Suddenly again he took card and envelope, tore them to bits, pocketed them. His lips set tight.

"Jimmy, I—I—goodness, I—" "Misunderstanding," he muttered. "You deserved them. But she happened to be in the reception room, too. We're engaged. Apologize. Y'know how 'tis. Gosh, Pat, I—please don't hold it against sh-h-h-h!"

Loraine was returning. But Pat was soaring again!

So, Loraine had "happened" to be in that reception room! Pat understood that; she could add two and two to get four. Loraine had seen Jimmy come there to headquarters and leave the note on her desk, and Loraine had gone to read that note. Of course!

Patsy bit her lip this time; to control what she might have said. She studiously avoided Miss Stuart's eyes, too. She didn't trust herself when angry.

BUT versatile Jimmy Carr now was covering everything swell. He ordered three grand dinners, and Pat's excitement had somehow built in her an enormous appetite. Jimmy teased her about it—which was fun for him and her—and took her with a penny to weigh on the big scales near the door. The needle swung back and forth, settled finally at 102½.

"Hoo-ra-a-ay!" he exulted, for her.

She was wide-eyed, beaming. "Jimmy! That means I ought to be a real hundred. Of—just me!"

"Growing up!" he avowed. "Sixteen, going on 17, I betcha!"

Back at the table, Loraine was quietly poised. She smoked her cigaret with studied artistry. But somehow she put a damper on the spirits of the other two here. Jimmy dropped his gaily and, man like, slipped into shop talk.

"One thing, kids," he began, serious tone, "this soaring business is taking hold all over the land. But the general public isn't fully informed about it yet. And the public has to know!"



by Alice Brooks

Call to Colors for Springtime—in smart crocheted accessories! The bert has a jaunty forward slant; the purse has a metal-saving crocheted fastening. Both are in a lacy pattern stitch, with a closer stitch for trim. Use a straw yarn. Pattern 7513 contains directions for hat and purse; 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.

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.

RED FACES

CHICAGO—Home on leave, Lieut. John Hess of the armored force told this one on himself. Recently he and four other tank maintenance officers were driving from Louisville, Ky., to Fort Knox when their car sputtered and stopped. Knowing something about tank engines they set to work on the engine. An hour later they asked a passing motorist to push them into town.

A negro garage attendant lifted the hood, reached a finger inside, twirled something and, with a grin, turned around. "Gentlemen," he said, "what you all failed to do was tu'n on the switch."

SHADYSIDE

LOCAL BOY IS HERO
LAD SMITH, WHOSE FORESIGHT IN REMOVING THE WHEELS FROM A "STANNY" CAR, PREVENTED A BANK ROBBERY, WAS ALSO REWARD FOR CAPTURING ONE OF THE BANK-ROBBERIES WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE. SHADYSIDE NEWS PRAISING HIM WHEN HE WENT LAST SAID—"I CHASED ALL THE ROBBERIES AND DID MY DUTY."

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

Allep Oop

By Martin



Allep Oop

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



Little Orphan Annie