

Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

THIS STORY: Pat Friday has finished her course in soaring. She is an accomplished glider pilot. When Jimmy Carr meets her in the reception room, he is a student pilot. Pat explains the misunderstanding to Jimmy. He suggests dinner for three to celebrate Pat's solo flight, and she agrees. Pat explains the progress of glider flight, and she has been commissioned to make a coast-to-coast glider flight, carrying a passenger with him.

DISHEARTENING DECISION

CHAPTER VI

IT occurred to Pat that she would never have done such a crude thing as Loraine Stuart did. "She stepped in and literally took the corsage and candy," Pat recalled, that evening. "He meant them for me. He said so. But then—" She frowned, thinking. "No, of course. Of course if he came in with gifts she'd expect them. After all she is his fiancée. Far as I'm concerned, I'm just a recruit who—made good, I guess. And he was an officer who felt he ought to encourage me. Morale stuff, with presents. . . . But no! That doesn't jibe, either! Doggone her time, she read his note on my desk and told you that there to meet him, too! I just know she did!"

Her conjecture over the matter didn't calm her feelings at all, so she went to bed determined to sleep off any lingering anger. It was a wise, tested thing to do. Pat awoke fresh and happy next day.

At work next morning, too, Pat had new cause for happiness; or at least for hope. It was a hope she had never yet phrased or otherwise admitted, even to herself. It was just an incipient hope, a nebulous, lurking, embryonic, but aggressive little hope, which Pat subconsciously squelched but still allowed to live. She squelched it because obviously it would be foolish to nourish it; if a man comes right out and tells you that he is engaged to another girl, you'd be wacky to let yourself fall in love with him. . . . Let yourself? . . . There's no "letting" or anything of the sort, about love! It's a thing quite out of control. Which is why, Pat had to admit now, the nebulous little hope kept squirming deep down inside her.

The morning's new cause for happiness was that Jimmy Carr appeared in his new uniform, now Capt. James Carr of the U. S. Army Glider Corps. Pat beamed as Captains Howe, McIntosh and David huddled around him, congratulating him on his appointment. They gathered around Pat's desk. Later, too, austerely old Colonel Furedy joined them.

"The test flight must be absolutely perfect, gentlemen," Colonel Furedy explained. "It will be widely publicized in every possible way. The newspapers, newsreels, radio, magazines, all have promised their co-operation. This is our big opportunity to acquaint the American public with soaring."

"Right, sir," Jimmy agreed. "And there's this, too—if we want to capture America, the passenger I take ought to be a woman."

"By all means, by all means, Captain!"

AS if by signal, then, the officers all looked at Pat. She put down her pencil and short-hand book, and smiled at them.

"You seem to be looking for me to agree," she said quietly. "All right, I do agree! If you leave American women out of anything it will fail!"

"Haw-w-wp!" Old Colonel Furedy roared in laughter, approving Jimmy's remark. "Correct you are, young woman! Haw-w-wp! I say, Carr, who is she—your lady, are you one of our recruits?"

"She passed her solo test yesterday, sir," Jimmy supplied.

They made a happy little ceremony out of the introductions then. Pat felt herself thrilling all through. There was something grand—something altogether uplifting about this. Two weeks ago she had been slaving for a dirty-minded boss in a second assignment, doing nothing and earning nothing of which she could be proud. But today, she was in the center of nationally important things! Here, right now, significant events were being planned and she herself was in on the planning! On the "inside!"

It kept on that way, too. For three days Pat was extremely busy. Jimmy Carr would rush in, rattle off some orders for her, and she'd spend hours on long distance telephone for him. Twice, believe it or not, she actually talked to the White House itself; to Mr. Roosevelt's secretary.

"You arrange every detail, Pat," Jimmy ordered. "Use that, uh, that source mind! Remember?"

He grinned, then.

"Please, Jimmy! But I'll try my best!"

Jimmy delegated three other office girls to help Pat, which didn't hurt her feelings. It gave her needed time to be hostess to news men, radio people, and others who were flocking in with their own plans. Most of these she personally took "upstairs," soaring. She won them wholeheartedly, not only as a charming representative of the big soaring field here, but as a charming little 101-pound somebody with a cute name. Two reporters, especially, found repeated excuses to "interview" Pat; she had to outmaneuver them.

DURING the days of preparation and anticipation of the big soaring flight, Pat's own picture began to creep into the American press. Pat, with Captain This or Major That, sitting in a sailplane.

NO TRIFLING CRIME

PORTLAND, March 9 (AP)—Theft of gasoline is no trifling crime today, District Judge John R. Mears decided, sentencing two young shipyard workers to a month in jail each for stealing one gallon of the rationed liquid.

Our goal is the triumph of democracy, which cannot be achieved without the complete destruction of the military and political power of totalitarianism. — Italian-American War Council.

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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 5520

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

WHEN THIS GASEOUS EARTH WAS IN ITS INFANCY, IT SPUN ON ITS AXIS SOME SIX TIMES FASTER THAN IT DOES NOW. . . . AND DAYS THEN WERE ONLY FOUR HOURS LONG.

WHERE'S EIMER?

ANSWER: Montevideo, Uruguay.

NEXT: Do stars have points?

EARLY AMERICAN OFFICIAL

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured early American patriot, Alexander. (abbr.)

8 He was a. (abbr.)

13 Speedily.

14 U.S.

15 Constellation.

16 The (Fr.).

17 Spain (abbr.).

18 Facility.

20 Clear.

21 Within.

22 Symbol for thallium.

23 Rhode Island (abbr.).

24 Augments.

26 Youth.

27 Diligent.

30 Without trees.

32 Gaseous element.

33 Compound.

35 Symbol for tantalum.

36 Surgeon General (abbr.).

37 Bronze.

38 Therefore.

40 Volume.

42 Young girl.

44 Sicilian volcano.

45 Odorous.

46 Exclamation.

49 Eyes (Scott.).

51 Enemies.

52 Round lava.

53 Near.

54 Girl's name.

55 Skill.

56 Yes (Sp.).

57 Graciously.

58 Slender brittle of grain (bot.).

59 Rag.

60 Not as much.

VERTICAL

1 Hurry.

2 Puts to use.

3 Parent.

4 Frozen dessert.

5 Study.

6 Be indebted.

7 New England.

8 Tentry.

9 Get up.

10 Soft mass.

11 Man's name.

12 Tears asunder.

19 Locality.

24 Affirms.

25 Apparel.

28 Minimum.

28 Doctrines.

29 Half-em.

31 Lieutenant (abbr.).

34 Sanctified person.

39 Upon.

41 Giant king of Bashan.

42 Men.

43 Longs.

45 Banquet.

46 Networks (anat.).

47 Hindu queen.

49 Head cover.

54 Asten.

55 Reverential fear.

58 Morindin dye.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

WE JUST GOT TO STUDY EVERY MINUTE LIKE HIM, IF WE WANT TO SUCCEED! MY VOICE NEEDS LOTS OF PRACTICE IF I'M GOING TO BE A RADIO CROONER. BAW-WHA-HAW--BOO-WHOO--HEEEH! MAR-HAR-HARRRROO

YES, I'VE GOT TO KEEP AFTER MY ACTING--HAA-HH! DICK DE WOLF, I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LONG LAST! HAAH! YOU KNOW ME--HAAH! HEH-HEH--YOU TREMBLE! YOU QUAKE, YOU SNAKE--LET'S SHAKE!

THE RASPBERRIES

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie

EGAD, TWIGGS! I FEEL AS BLITHE AND UNBURDENED AS ATLAS WITHOUT HIS GLOBE! HEH HEH! IMAGINE, JAKE GIVING ME \$100 FOR THAT DECEPIT COW-- ENOUGH TO PAY MY TAXES IN FULL. HAW!

I WOULDN'T START A RHUMBA ON THAT CLOUD JUST YET, MAJOR! -- YOU KNOW HOW TOUGH JAKE IS -- HE'D CUT HOLES IN YOUR ROOF TO TAKE A SHOWER-- BATH!

BUST THEM BUMS WITH BONDS!

ALL JAKE GIVES AWAY IS HEAD-ACHES

HOLD EVERYTHING!

HELP PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

"Safety first--that's me!"

Red Ryder

THAT'S THE MAN THAT SHOT ME, BUT I'M NOT JUST DAD!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARSHAL! I ONLY DISGUISED IN THIS OUTFIT TO "TRAP HIM!"

HE KILLED THE BANKER IN PINE GULCH, FRAMED ME--I BROKE JAIL--OVERHEARD HIM PLANNING TO ROB THIS BANK--I TRIED TO CATCH HIM TO CLEAR MYSELF!

STOCKMAN'S BAN

By Fred Harmon

REALIZING THE SPOT HE IS IN, THE OUTLAW SUDDENLY BOLTS--

STOCKMAN'S BAN

BUTTERFLY SQUARES

INEXPENSIVE TO DO

Take a little bit of your time and some string—and the result will be this beautiful, cobweb-like spread for bed or table. The novel butterfly squares are speedy to crochet and can also be used for smaller articles. Pattern 7493 contains instructions for square; illustration of stitches; list of materials needed; photograph of square.

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.

If you send five Fortresses against one target, the chances are that all five will be knocked down. But send 250 against the same target, and it is likely that our losses will still be only five, and with luck, even less.—Capt. William Southworth Jr., son of St. Louis Cardinals' manager.

The people of China and India are now forced to the conviction that we are not fighting for freedom as a principle of human life, but to maintain ourselves with the British in a position of superiority.—Pearl S. Buck, author and Far East authority.

Always read the classified ads.

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

--- AND THE WIFE SAYS TO ME-- "IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE SMITH BOY, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN PROMOTED TO SERGEANT!" -- SO SHE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS -- SHE KNITTED IT HERSELF!

THANKS, MR. KELLY!

GEE--- THIS IS SWELL!

I HOPE YOU'LL ALWAYS WEAR IT! MY WIFE REALLY WENT OUT OF HER WAY TO KNIT IT!

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

AS I UNDERSTAND IT, BOYS, EVERYTHING WENT FINE UNTIL THE VERY LAST, RIGHT?

YES, SIR, BY THE TIME WE WERE READY TO TAKE OFF THE SHOOTING WAS GETTING PRETTY CLOSE. MAJOR WEISBERGER WAS AFRAID CAPTAIN EASY AND SERGEANT HITLER COULDN'T HOLD 'EM OFF.

HE ORDERED ALL CAPTURED DOCUMENTS PLACED IN THE FIRST GLIDER?

YES, SIR, AND THERE WAS OUR MISTAKE, SIR. . . THE FIRST GLIDER NEVER GOT BACK.

HMM! I HARDLY THINK THAT WAS YOUR MISTAKE, BOYS. SURELY SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH TIPPED THE GERMAN'S OFF AS TO YOUR IDENTITY.

HERE, HAVE ONE OF MY CIGARETS.

THANK YOU, MEN. HERE!

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

WHICH ONE OF YOUSE GUYS TROO DAT ROCK?

!!! A BRONX JAP!

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

HERE WE ARE, DOC! LOOK! RUBBER TILL KINGDOMA COME! HIGH GRADE STUFF TOO, I BETCHA.

BHP GOOD HEAVENS, ALLEY, RUBBER DOESN'T COME FROM VINES-- IT'S MADE FROM THE SAP OF TREES! SPEAKING OF SAPS-- MY, MY!

Y' MEAN YA CAN'T MAKE AUTO TIRES AN' STUFF FROM VINES?

WELL, NOW, OFFHAND I WOULDN'T SAY THAT EITHER-- JUDGING BY THE RESULTS OBTAINED BY EXPERIMENTS WITH THE CRYPTOSTEGIA VINE.

IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT PERHAPS YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING AFTER ALL!

PERHAPS, MY EYE! I'VE GOT SUMPIN'!

Allop Oop

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Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

A SECRET PASSAGE! QUICK! GRAB DOT YID OR THE GIFF AVRY OUR SECRET!

VE GET HER EASY!

VUFF! VASS IST?

YESSIR, COLONEL ANNIE! IT WORKS JUST LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED CAGE BAIT TRAP!

UH-HUH--THAT OLD SPANARD, WHO SURE HAD FEELS! WELL, WELL, WELL! WHERE THEY ARE FOR A SPELL!

HO WRY OUT IT'S TWENTY FEET DEEP AN' BIG ENOUGH FOR LOTS MORE!

HIM--TWO MORE--THAT MAMES FOUR--THAT MAMES GONTO GET HARDER TO CATCH FROM NOW ON--

ANSWER: Montevideo, Uruguay.

NEXT: Do stars have points?