

Glider Girl

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THE STORY: Pat Friday, who has passed her solo flight test as a glider pilot, is happily engaged in working out details of the transcontinental flight. Jimmy Carr and I feel as if we were modern pioneers, paving a new way for progress as did our forefathers, those intrepid souls who—She smiled to herself, lighting a cigarette.

"That's a thought!" Loraine conceded. It would come in handy for interviews. Captain Carr and I feel as if we were modern pioneers, paving a new way for progress as did our forefathers, those intrepid souls who—She smiled to herself, lighting a cigarette.

LANGUID AND LATE

CHAPTER VII
THE transcontinental soaring flight was to start tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. And tonight at 1, Capt. Jimmy Carr and his secretary were still huddling in the field office building. Three other office workers had stayed to help them.

"All right, that's that," Jimmy snapped, eventually. "Route's clear, down to the last notch. First stop at Cleveland, next at Chicago, then St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, angle back up to Denver, cut southward again to Phoenix, and hit the Pacific at San Diego."

He was studying a map for the millionth time.

"What about Great Bend, Kan.?" Pat asked.

Jimmy grinned. "I'd like to drop in on mother, at that."

"Capt. Kansas Carr! Did state pride have anything to do with your choosing two Kansas towns?"

"They're aviation centers. Don't be insubordinate, Private Friday!"

"You're really awful."

"I oughtn't court-martial you. Maybe I will."

"Hush. What about your money?"

"Money?" He looked blank.

"Yes, money, Captain. M-O-N-E-Y!" She spelled it. "Even you, soaring down on top of city roofs and such, will need some money in hand. To eat on, and buy hotel rooms, and . . . and—"

"Lordy, Pat! I never thought of that!"

So, between one and two in the morning, Pat Friday in a commandeered peep tore around Elmiria cashing checks. She managed to get together about \$200 in bills. At least that detail would be off her mind for tomorrow.

"Now, mister," she challenged him again, just after 2 a. m. "It is assumed of course that your personal luggage is all packed. You can wear nothing but dress uniforms you know, because you'll have to be showing off constantly. John Q. Public will demand that you look nice. Or his wife will anyway. Your mustache needs trimming on the left. And you could stand a hair cut."

She was standing across his desk, looking down at him. He swallowed, helplessly. "Pat, you—lordy!"

She gave an exaggerated sigh. "Come on," she ordered. "You remind me of my brother."

She and the peep driver, who was sort of special man for Captain Carr, served as valets for him. They rolled up to his quarters and went quietly in. And for an hour they all had fun packing his things. Pat even trimmed the mustache, and the hair around his ears. Then when she went to the peep to be driven to her own home, she paused for a moment.

"Jimmy," she said, quietly. "I'm not teasing or anything, now. Tomorrow morning everybody will be too busy for words, but—I want you to know we're for you. Good sailing, Jimmy, and—good-by." She held out her hand and he squeezed it.

"Lordy, Pat," he murmured. Plainly, he was touched.

"Goodby, Jimmy. . . Goodby!" The peep moved away, and Pat felt that the parting was a vale-dictory, an end of a grand, glorious something that could never be again.

MISS LORAIN STUART had an appointment at the hair dresser's at 8:30 this morning. It was earlier than she liked to do such things, but this was a special occasion, and she'd need time to be groomed her very best. One of the news reel companies, it had been announced, would film the entire flight story in full color.

She was out of the beauty shop by 9:30, and she went rather leisurely to her apartment. From her bedroom window she could look across two roadways and onto the Double Eagle Soaring Field a mile beyond. But this morning, the colored girl who helped in the house here and doubled as Loraine's maid, was much more excited than Loraine.

"Mm, mm," Martha grunted, genially. "Miss Loraine, you got to hurry yourself up. Just look over there already!"

Loraine deigned to glance out the window. "Quite a crowd gathering," she confessed. "Odd, that so many people would be interested in such a little thing."

"That last was sheer pretense and insincerity; a vain person's effort to impress a servant."

"This ain't little, Miss Loraine! This is really something! Big!"

Loraine looked amused. She was idly studying herself in a mirror, debating which shade of rouge would heighten her color best for the movies. Also, she quietly rehearsed certain movements and gestures that might come in well when she faced the cameras and the public.

"It's a heap of people interested," Martha went on. "Just imagine. Riding in a ship without no motor and no gas bag. Away up in the sky!"

"Soaring isn't new, Martha. It's been done."

"But you and him's going clear across the land! You and him's like pioneers, heading west!"

Mary Pickford, Lt. Buddy Rogers Adopt Two Children

HOLLYWOOD, March 10 (AP) Legal steps to adopt a six-year-old boy and take guardianship over a six-month-old girl have been taken by Mary Pickford and her husband, Naval Lieut. Charles (Buddy) Rogers, the star of silent films has announced. Identity of the children's parents was not revealed.

The RAF has been making a lot of direct hits on Berlin. We wonder how the German people are enjoying being home on the range.



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SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

The ATLAS MOUNTAIN RANGE, EXTENDING THROUGH MOROCCO, ALGERIA, AND TUNISIA, HAS A GREATER AVERAGE ELEVATION THAN THE ALPS.

OPPING ODDS

WORK ST.

STARS APPEAR TO HAVE POINTS BECAUSE OF IMPERFECTIONS IN THE HUMAN EYEBALL, WHICH CAUSE THE POINT OF LIGHT TO SPREAD OUT AS IT REACHES THE EYE.

"EASY STREET IS HARD TO FIND," SAYS MARJORIE SUE CHALMERS, Independence, Missouri.

Hold Everything!

Red Ryder

GRAB THAT OUTLAW MARSHAL, WHILE I CLIMB OUT THIS PEG-LEG DISGUISE!

THAT BLASTED FOOL DIVED RIGHT THROUGH IN THAT GLASS WINDOW!

IF I CAN ONLY GET TO LOLITA—I'LL NEVER HANG DOWN!

BUT THE MARSHAL'S BULLET KNOCKS THE OUTLAW FROM THE SADDLE!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

YOU'RE IN THE FRATERNITY AND YOU'RE A PUBLIC HERO BESIDES, LARDIE! I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL! CAN YOU COME OVER?

SURE, HILDA! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

IT MIGHT FIT ME TEN YEARS FROM NOW! I CALL IT MY "TOO MUCH AND TOO SOON" MODEL!

MRS. KELLY KNITTED IT FOR ME—I HAVE TO WEAR IT OR HURT HER FEELINGS!—WAIT! GET YOUR TYPEWRITER!

EDITOR SHADYSIDE BUGLE—I THINK LARD SMITH IS SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE AS A PUBLIC HERO. WHY DOES HE WEAR A SWEATER WITH SO MUCH EXTRA WOOL IN IT? WHY DOESN'T HE DONATE THAT WOOL TO A GOOD CAUSE?—SIGN IT "PATRIOTIC CITIZEN."

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

WHAT? ONE OF OUR MEN TOOK AMERICAN CIGARETTES INTO GERMANY?

YES, SIR. HE DIDN'T LIKE THOSE GERMAN CIGARETS, SIR. SO HE SLIPPED A FEW OF HIS OWN BRAND INTO THE PACK, AND A GERMAN OFFICER GOT ONE.

WHERE IS THIS MAN?

HE WAS ON THE GLIDER THAT WAS LOST, SIR. HE DIDN'T DREAM ANY HARM WOULD COME OF IT.

OH, NO, OF COURSE NOT! IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY OF A PERSON BEING UNWILLING TO GIVE UP SOME TRIFLING COMFORT. BUT IN THIS CASE THE RESULTS ARE PARTICULARLY TRAGIC, BECAUSE OF ONE CIGARET A BRILLIANT RAID HAS ENDED IN UTTER FAILURE AND INFORMATION HAS BEEN LOST TO US WHICH WOULD HAVE SHORTENED THE WAR BY MONTHS—POSSIBLY YEARS!

IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHEN ARE WE AMERICANS GOING TO LEARN WE CAN'T WIN A WAR WITHOUT SACRIFICING OUR CONFUNDED PETTY LUXURIES?

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

NOW, CAPTAIN, IF YOU'RE THROUGH CONQUERING MOVIE JAPS MAYBE WE CAN CONTINUE MY BUSINESS TRIP.

HERE'S BOOMTOWN.

AND THERE'S OUR FACTORY.

BUT WHERE'S THE TOWN?

IT'S BEHIND THE FACTORY.

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

Allep Oop

By Martin

HMM! SO YOU KNOW THESE VINES ARE RUBBER, DO YOU?

VER DANG TOOTIN' I DO, DOC! I SURE OUGHTA KNOW—I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH 'EM PLENTY.

WELL, HOW REMARKABLE! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A CHEMIST.

CHEMIST?—LET ME SEE—WHAT'S CHA MEAN, DOC? I DON'T GET IT!

NEVER MIND—TELL ME, HOW DO YOU KNOW?

WELL, I CAN SHOW YOU EASIER THAN I COULD TELL YOU—WATCH!

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

WHAT? TWO MORE GONE? WHERE? HOW? THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE! OR WASH! I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

IN EACH CASE THE GUARDS WERE HERE ALONE—

ALONE? BAN! DO YOU THINK THE PRISONERS ARE BLIND? THEY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AND THEY'LL BE GLAD TO TELL US—

HERMAN! GET THAT THUMBSCREW MACHINE READY!

AT VANCE, HERE, SALTZ!

HERE! COLONEL ANHIE! SALTZ! HE'S IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER! HE'S GONNA TO TELL US THE PRISONERS, TO MAKE 'EM TELL ABOUT THOSE FOUR GUARDS WE TRAPPED—

WE WOULD! SOMEHOW, WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

PINEAPPLE DOILIES IN TWO STYLES

7500

by Alice Brooks



Lovely, individual touches add so much to the pleasure of home life. These pineapple doilies (one of the easiest designs to crochet) lend themselves to endless uses. Done in string they'll do for a luncheon set. Pattern 7500 contains directions for doilies; illustration 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.

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.

North African Warfront

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted country.

7 Its chief port is . . .

13 Indigo dye.

14 Street (abbr.).

15 Half an cm.

16 Lade.

17 Degree.

18 Frots.

20 Froits.

21 Hard-shelled fruit.

22 Descendants of Shem.

24 Observe.

25 She.

27 Carry (cant).

29 Whether.

31 Negative.

33 Destroys.

36 Sign.

39 Abstract being.

40 Type of moth.

41 Unusual.

42 Entangle.

44 Farm tool.

46 Part of "bc."

48 Myself.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

HAMILTON LAWYER
APACE WE ARABLE
SP EASE RID IN
TL R I ADDS LAD
E IDENT TREELESS
NEON ESTER TA
SIG AES SO
MO MISSY ETNA
FRAGRANT EH
EES ANTS AA ALEXANDER
AT ANN AR HAMILTON
SI FEE AWN
TATTER LESS

VERTICAL

1 Mountain lake.

2 Two-toed sloth.

3 Last inning in baseball.

4 Kind.

5 Island.

6 Particle.

7 Vegetable.

8 Insert.

9 Decline.

10 Lift.

11 Turning point.

12 Otherwise.

13 1416.

22 Senior (abbr.).

23 Therefore.

26 Sea eagle.

28 Beret.

29 Anger.

30 Mirth.

31 Slight bow.

32 Aged.

34 System.

35 Satiated.

36 Drink slowly.

37 Yellow part of egg.

38 Front of ship.

43 Prince.

45 Sheath (bot.).

46 Many—tribes live here.

47 5280 feet.

49 Shove.

50 Upon.

51 Eat sparingly.

53 Let it stand.

54 Go by.

56 Fondle.

57 Make lace.

58 Pig pen.

60 Possess.

The American Red Cross begins the greatest single crusade of mercy in all history. In the axis nations, mercy and decency are regarded as synonyms for weakness and decadence. In our land it is from our great tradition of mercy that we take part of our strength.—Chairman Norman H. Davis of the Red Cross.