

Glider Girl

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THE STORY: Worried, Pat Friday voices her fear that competition will arise because of her substitution for Loraine Stuart on the transcontinental glider flight. Capt. Jimmy Carr refuses to regard the situation as serious, telling Pat that he will permit nothing to spoil the thrill of his trip. Soaring over Cleveland, Pat is so sure that Loraine didn't accompany him, Pat, who has not dared to voice her love for Jimmy, cannot still her heart, which tells her that perhaps she has a chance in competition with Loraine.

GUN PLAY

CHAPTER X

CAPT. JAMES CARR took their

Victory sailplane down to Cleveland's airport like some gigantic condor settling to a leisurely perch.

"Oooooo-o-o-o, Jimmy!" Pat sounded off in a little-girl scare. "Stop it," he ordered. "No cooing. No apologizing or anything of the sort. Just put on a lot of smiling dignity and bluff right through."

"Yes, Jimmy. I—I'll try."

Smiling dignity. That's what he wanted and Pat knew it was right. Knew, too, that Loraine Stuart would have done it with naturalness and poise. "I'll probably stutter or say the wrong things," she predicted, nervously.

"You won't," said he. "You have what it takes, Pat. Remember that source mind!"

"But I—Jimmy I—"

There was no more time. The crowd was on them, the reporters and the photographers and the officials and the reception committees and the mass of John Public himself. For almost 50 minutes life was a veritable whirl around pretty Patricia Friday. She seemed to be shaking a million hands, hearing a million questions. She remembered to keep a happy smile, but that detail wasn't hard because this was all so exhilarating. Jimmy was making a show talk at a microphone. Then she herself had to speak there—and to her dying day she'd never know what she said! Smiling dignity. She hoped, for Jimmy's sake, that she had managed it.

When she became wholly rational again, she was 3000 feet up, sitting comfortably behind Captain Carr and streaming westward for Chicago. Jimmy was singing, basso-baritone.

"Heigh ho, heigh ho,
A sailing, a sailing I'll go!
High in the air
With a lady so fair—
A sailing, a sailing I'll go-o-o-o!"

He broke into his ditty. "How'm I doing, Pat?"

"Sweet."

"What?" She repeated, louder. "You're sure are talkative! Me, I'm having a time. And say, the mob down there liked you, Private Pat. Thanks plenty!"

"I'm glad, Jim."

"It'll be worse in Chicago. Or better. Depending on your point of view."

"I love it, personally. I love everything about gliding and soaring. I intend to make it a career. But—I'm out of place here and I know it. You're sweet to try to smooth it over, and all; telling me nice things."

"You're not out of place. There had to be a woman passenger."

"But I'm not the right woman. Loraine will be furious, Jim. And I don't blame her. With me, having to use her name, and—"

Captain Carr laughed. "Guess you're right. She can throw a mad when she wants to."

Now what did he mean by that, Pat wondered. Sitting there in the sailplane behind him, she studied his handsome back, the tilt of his head, the crinkle of his hair. He went bareheaded as much as Army style let him; he was like her brother in the Navy, or like a college boy, virile, and devilish, and gentle withal. In his words he admitted his fiancée ought to be here with him, but in his tone he implied that life was grand as it is.

"Jimmy," she called.

"Hup?"

"I—I'll do better in Chicago. I mean, I will. I won't have stage fright so. I have my speech all planned in my mind, and I'll try not to let you down in the slightest. I'll try to be a real lady."

He laughed loud. "Imagine—you, being a lady!"

"But Jimmy!"

"That'll take 22 more years, Private Pat! And at least 22 more pounds on you. But listen—the lady passenger we needed didn't have to be a dowager with a lorgnette, nor even a somebody with Eleanor Roosevelt's poise. Why hello-to-betsy, Pat, you did swell!"

She loved him for that. For that and—and—well she just loved him. It made her miserable even as it exalted her.

FOR days now she had ordered herself to deal with Captain Carr in a strictly business manner. Heart affairs had no place in stern Army life. She was a career girl, pure and simple. Most important of all, Captain Carr was engaged to Loraine Stuart, a person definitely his own type so far as looks go (Pat would admit no more, even to herself). It was sheer accident that she, Pat, was in this sailplane now; an emergency duty, which she was obligated to fulfill. On forced masquerade.

She faced Chicago's throng with fine determination, and she carried off her duties well. If Cleveland had turned out a "mob" as Jimmy called it, Chicago turned out a multitude. This was to be an over-night stop, so the reception

at the airport was longer, and the parade down Michigan Boulevard and around the Loop and over to Lake Shore Drive and such wonderful places all found Pat appreciative but calm. No more little-girl jitters. No more stage fright. The mayor himself went out of his way to compliment her as "the spirit of young American womanhood," and the news photographers must have used up all their reserve film. Pat was learning to take prominence and dish out the proper propaganda for soaring, which was hers and Jimmy's assigned task.

But even so, there was a strain to it. After the banquet that evening she was grateful for the chance to ride the hotel elevator up to the room that had been reserved originally for Loraine. She had worked until after 2 last night, helping Jimmy get ready. And then, having been snatched away by Jimmy as emergency passenger—it was all enough to make her want a rest.

She asked to take her own room key up the elevator, lest admiring people follow her even further. Tactfully, the elevator man gave her private express run, let her out alone. And alone she went to her door.

"Wh-h-h-h!" she sighed, pausing there a moment. "What a thing I'm doing! And what a sleep I'm going to have!"

She went inside, closed the door. The light switch eluded her a moment, but then she popped it on.

"So you thought you could get by with that!" a voice snapped, in biting anger.

There stood Loraine Stuart, holding a gun.
(To Be Continued)

HARDWOOD NEWSPRINT

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



KENTZKORNER

HERE ARE NO TRUE CEDAR TREES NATIVE TO NORTH AMERICA!

GIVE THE NATIONALITY OF THESE FOLK SONGS!
LOCH LOMOND, DARK EYES, LA CUCARACHA, LONDONDERRY AIR.

ANSWER: Scotch, Russian, Mexican and Irish.

NEXT: Don't molest the insects!

MIDWESTERN STATE

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted state.
8 It is known as the "State."
14 Hops' kiln.
15 Slipped.
16 A wash.
17 Partook of food.
18 Vigor (colloq.).
19 Interdict.
20 Wand.
21 Rocky pinnacles.
22 Distant.
25 Count (abbr.).
27 Symbol for cerium.
28 Pauses.
31 Pass on.
33 Symbol for samarium.
34 Egyptian sun god.
35 Interest (abbr.).
36 Salt.
37 Mounts (abbr.).
38 Red Cross (abbr.).
40 Spanish courtyard.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

GREMLIN BOMBERS
OUR ERE ROE VIA
TENET UDO NEEDY
SO STROKE MR
ME NOTE EBB
ALA PAR NOR
SACHEM NA
ONE RIMPIN
ND CANE IITS
OR ANGLE PM
STAYS ADO MAYBE
HAS ARC THE TVE
ENTITILE SATCHEL

13 Finale.
19 Exist.
22 Wood sorrel.
24 Beverage.
25 Misdread.
26 Canvas shelters.
29 Characteristic.
30 Drawing room.
32 Lieutenant (abbr.).
36 Street (abbr.).
38 Wild (Scot.).
39 Volcanic depression.
40 Open to public perusal.
41 Malt drink.
43 Company.
44 Begin.
45 Nova Scotia (abbr.).
46 Tendon.
49 Any.
51 Exchange premium.
52 April (abbr.).
53 Female deer.
55 Greek letter.
57 Arrive (abbr.).
58 Writing tool.
60 International language.
61 Telegrams (colloq.).
62 Anger.
63 Account.
64 The — is its state flower.
65 VERTICAL
1 Extinct bird.
2 Devotee.
3 Let it stand.
4 Large hawk.
5 Rubber trees.
6 Tear.
7 Fish.
8 Shuts noisily.
9 Holds in high esteem.
10 Overtime (abbr.).
11 Telegrams (colloq.).
12 Low, as a cow.
61 Exclamation.

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64

Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams

WHAT? GOING TO PAINT OVER THAT DIRT? WHY YOU CAN'T PAINT OVER DIRT! IT TELLS YOU RIGHT ON THE CAN TO CLEAN IT FIRST—GET ME A CLOTH AND—

GOSH, I'M SURE PROUD OF MY SISTER—SMART AS A WHIP! I'D OF NEVER THOUGHT OF GETTING MY WORK DONE LIKE THAT—SHE SAWS US COMIN'!

GO CURL UP WITH A GOOD BOOK

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

With Major Hoopla

JONE! I MIGHT WIN THE COW BACK FROM JAKE IN A SESSION WITH MY OWN DICE!

HO-HUM! DULL EVENING, ISN'T IT, JAKE? WHAT SAY WE STROLL UP TO MY ROOM AND BANISH BOREDOM WITH A FEW SEVENS AND ELEVENS?

NIX, YOU BIG SPIDER! I GOT EVERYTHING THE TIRED DAIRYMAN WANTS, AN' I AIN'T RISKIN' MY ASSETS AGAINST YOUR 30 CENTS—SPECIALLY NOT WITH THEM TASK-FORCE DICE O' YOUR'N!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

TO CARS

Gosh, this Commando training is great stuff!

Red Ryder

RED, I'LL GIVE YOU A LETTER FROM THE SHERIFF O'FINE GUY! YOU WERE FRAMED FOR ALL THEM CRIMES! GUESS YOU'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE IT TO THAT HANDSOME PERSONALITY!

SEE, MARSHAL, THANKS— I'LL ER—OH! OH!

STOP, RYDER! I'LL GIT YUH FER THIS!

By Fred Harmon

AH WAS A HANDSOME MAN FORE YOU TRIMMED MYHAR, AN' WHISKERS? ADW AH'LL KISS YUH DAID LIKE AH TOLD YUH!

"DO OVER" FURNITURE

THIS THRIFTY WAY

7460

by Alice Brooks

Here's a smart, economical way to "do over" shabby furniture and to add new notes to your home. These detailed instructions show you how to make chairs look like new by simple upholstery; how to repair damages. Don't hesitate; you'll find the work easy. Instructions 7460 give clear directions for repairing and upholstering.

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.

Freckles and His Friends

GOSH, I WAS HAVING A GOOD TIME AT THAT PARTY!

SORRY— BUT YOU'RE AN HONORARY DEPUTY, AND DUTY COMES FIRST!

YOU MEAN—

AS LONG AS YOU HAVE THAT BADGE, WE CAN CALL ON YOU ANY TIME WE NEED EXTRA HELP!

I WONDER WHAT LARD WOULD GIVE FOR A PEECE OF THIS CAKE?

HIS POLICE BADGE

JUST SORT OF. ROLL CALL— FOR CIVILIAN DEFENSE. WE WANNA SEE HOW MANY MEN ARE AVAILABLE!

WHAT'S COOKIN' TONIGHT?

By Blosser

AND BEST OF ALL A CASUALTY AT THE FRONT WILL RECEIVE EXCELLENT TREATMENT JUST AS PROMPTLY HE CRIES A SULFA POWDER TO BE APPLIED TO A WOUND IMMEDIATELY, HE RECEIVES PLASMA, IF NECESSARY, JUST BEHIND THE LINES. AND IS EVACUATED BY AIR TO A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED BASE HOSPITAL WITHIN A FEW HOURS

Wash Tubbs

THERE, CAPTAIN! THE STADER SPLINTS IN PLACE. IF YOU LIKE YOU MAY STAND UP!

WHAT! ON A BROKEN LEG?

SURE, SO AHEAD!

By Crane

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MR. BUFFINGTON?

THAT'S WHAT STOPS ME! I WENT OVER THE WHOLE WORKS TODAY. EVERYTHING IS LOVELY, ON THE SURFACE— BUT WE AREN'T GETTING PRODUCTION!

Boots and Her Buddies

WELL, DID YOU KNOW FOLKS ENJOY THE SWIM?

LODY! HOW'S ABOUT SPENDING THE REST OF MY FLOURISH RIGHT HERE?

SURE, I BREAK A CERTAIN SORT OF RECORD FOR THE DURATION!

By V. T. Hamlin

SO OUR OLD UNDESTRUCTIBLE COOP IS CUT COLD—NOW ISN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD?

YEH, DOOTSY! IT SURE IS— FOR HIM!

SO THESE CHAPS ARE OLD ENEMIES, ARE THEY?

INDEED THEY ARE, DOCTOR. UNSCRUPULOUS RENEGADES— I FEAR WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME!

I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO THAT RIGHT HERE IN MY HIP POCKET!

HOLD IT, DOC! PLAY FEEBLE AND DUMB! WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WILL HURT 'EM MORE, LATER!

THAT'S IT BOYS! WE'VE GOT 'EM UP GOOD!

HMM!

AN' NOW FOR YOU, MY PRECIOUS BEAUTY— BLAW BLAW!

Allep Oop

SAVE ME! PROTECT ME! IT WAS AUGUST'S SPIRIT I TALKED TO! IT TALKED TO ME!

WHY YOU WEARY-MIXED NUT! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

THE DOOR WAS LOCKED—IT CAME RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL! IT WAS HORRIBLE!

HIM— I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS—

TIME ENOUGH LATER TO SWEAT THAT OLD DUFFER, MITT!—HUMPH! SO YOU TALKED TO AUGUST'S GHOST, EH?

NO! NO! IT TALKED TO ME!

WELL, I'LL JUST SIT AROUND HERE AND SEE IF AUGUST WANTS TO TALK TO ME—H, AUGUST! WHADDYUH SAY? WELL, I CAN WART GET DOWN AND RELAX, YOU DOPE!

HAI! IT'S WORKED! SALTS HAS LEFT POOR MR. MITT—BUT HE'LL BE GOTT BACK SOON—WE GOTTA THINK FAST!

By Martin

THE national food of Hawaii, poi, is referred to as "one-finger," "two-finger," or "three-finger," depending on the number of fingers required to convey it to the mouth.

The allies must remain united for some time and the two great English-speaking powers must cooperate closely with Russia. There is only one Russia, the Russia of the soviets. To split hairs about bolshevism is a waste of time.—Jan Masaryk, foreign minister, Czech government in exile.

Next comes April, month of rain. The sky's the limit.

Little Orphan Annie

THICK AND THIN

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

Little Orphan Annie