

Glider Girl

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THE STORY: Capt. James Carr and his passenger, Pat Friday, are warmly greeted in Cleveland and Chicago. Their first stops on a transcontinental glider flight. Pat has a bad case of jittery at first but soon recovers her poise and wins the admiration of the press and public. She is very happy, though very tired, when her day's work is done. All is going well. When she enters her hotel room and switches on the light, she is shocked to find Lorraine Stuart standing there. In Lorraine's voice there is anger—in her hand there is a gun.

CHAPTER XI

PAT froze in her tracks. Then she squeezed her eyes shut and sighed again, understanding that she had been more fatigued than she realized, because here was a horrible apparition. She had no idea her nerves were in such state.

But next moment, the apparition spoke again.

"So you thought you could get by with it!" it snapped. "Well, you can't, you cheap little cat!"

Pat opened her eyes. Then she knew! That really was Lorraine Stuart and that really was a gun in her hand, impossible as it all was.

"You—you—" Pat stammered, lamely.

"Yes, me, me! And don't you open that door or screen! Or do anything I don't tell you to!"

Pat exhaled, relaxing now. What had been fear of an apparition, oddly enough was not fear of the real thing. All at once she was not the slightest bit afraid of Lorraine nor of her gun either. She was just astonished, and angry.

"Lorraine, what in the world!"

"You'll find out."

"I—I don't understand this. Your being here!"

"You didn't expect me!"

"No!"

Lorraine laughed, mirthlessly. "Lorraine, please I—goodness!"

"I could kill you."

"Oh don't be stupid! Put the gun down!"

Pat started to move but Lorraine made a gesture with the automatic pistol. Her face was white with anger, too.

"You stay where you are! Don't you think I know how to shoot? Aren't you afraid?"

Pat actually sighed. "I suppose I'm too tired, Lorraine. But to tell you the truth, I think you're being a fool. I know you are. I—I was much more afraid of you without a gun."

That was confession, and all at once Pat regretted it. Suddenly, too, Pat realized that she herself was being a fool. If this crazy girl before her really had a loaded pistol—and there was no mistaking it—then she could really shoot to kill. Pat's mind began to click more sensibly. She had to deal with this thing in another way.

"Lorraine, I—I—please lower the gun. Sit down and let's talk."

"I'm doing the talking, Friday! You're doing the listening. I told you once before to let Jimmy Carr alone. I meant what I said!"

"I haven't done a thing to him."

She mimicked. "You haven't done a thing to him!"

"But I haven't! He snatched me up and forced me—" Pat stopped. No, darn it, she wouldn't put the blame on Jimmy! Not even if this crazy girl did shoot. "I mean, well you weren't there and it was necessary for somebody to go. Some woman!"

"So you horned in. You!"

Pat felt pride stirring. "What if I did? Jimmy didn't object!"

Centuries passed while the two stared at each other, eyes to eyes. But in the time there, Pat was thinking furiously, too. Something inside her told her that this was in truth the showdown moment, and that she had a chance to win.

"Now about this soaring flight." Pat resumed. "You were not there at 11, and I helped Jimmy save face. Eleven o'clock meant 11! This is the Army, Lorraine! We couldn't let Jimmy down! But—but if you had a good excuse—I mean, I tried to tell Jimmy that you probably were just delayed, and—well goodness, what in the world are you doing here? In this room?"

This was Lorraine's moment for triumph.

"You're getting out," she said. "Out of the room and out of the flight. I was to make that trip, and I still am. I'm rated above you as a pilot!"

"I know that," Pat said, "of course."

"Then get out! And if you don't obey me, then I'll make you—with this!" Lorraine took a paper from her coat and held it toward Patsy. "You needn't think you're so damned smart!"

The gun lay forgotten now, but hatred on Lorraine's face was even more dangerous looking. Pat took the paper, recognized it at once.

It was unmistakably an Army order, correct as to form. It commanded Miss Patricia Friday to leave the transcontinental soaring flight at once and return to Elmira for duty, and in her place put Miss Lorraine Stuart as originally planned. It even implied that there might be hell to pay because Pat had dared come along. Pat was to return in the same airplane that had rushed Lorraine to Chicago. A pilot was waiting. Worst, though, was the fact that the order was signed by Capt. James Carr, himself.

(To Be Continued)

Always read the classified ads.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

MONARCH BUTTERFLIES MIGRATE IN GREAT SWARMS EACH AUTUMN TO SPEND THE WINTER HANGING IN TREES OF PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA, AND AN ORDINANCE OF THE TOWN MAKES IT A PUNISHABLE OFFENSE TO MOLEST THE INSECTS.

PARACHUTISTS ARE THE ONLY PERSONS WHO GET UP IN THE WORLD BY FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB. Says DON CONNERY, Great Neck, Long Island, N.Y.

Next: The tragedy of Rudolf Diesel.

CZECH PRESIDENT

HORIZONTAL

1,6 Pictured leader of Czechoslovakian government in exile.

10 Become oxidized.

11 Anger.

13 Mineral rocks.

15 Celebration.

16 Creep furtively.

18 Nevada city.

20 Covered with ice.

21 Noise.

22 Place.

24 Males.

25 Lieutenant (abbr.).

26 Kindie.

27 Call.

28 Cloth measure.

29 Essence (abbr.).

31 By.

32 Shrewd.

33 Saute.

34 Upward.

36 Area measure.

37 Legislative body.

41 His govern.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

MISSOURI SHOWME
OST SLID LOTION
ATE PEP BAN ROD
TORS REMOTE
CT GE RESTS
RELAY SAR A
INT MISSOURI
MT RC PATIO
ESTERS NASAL TN
REATAS ILEA
ADO TAN ENE GAP
POORER ATEN IRE
REPORT HAWTHORN

12 Music note.

14 Jeer.

15 Rasp.

16 Father.

17 Ship part.

19 Solely.

21 Immerse.

23 Attempt.

30 Solar body.

33 Friday (abbr.).

35 Tablet.

36 Hatchet.

37 Engaged in song.

38 Arab chieftains.

39 Five and five.

40 Concludes.

41 Australian bird.

42 Persons in love.

43 Paradise.

49 Soft mineral.

51 God of war.

53 Turkish headgear.

54 Tiny.

56 Us.

57 Exclamation.

58 Nova Scotia (abbr.).

59 Senior (abbr.).

50 Possess.

59 Prophet.

60 He was elected president by the people before the war.

61 Emphasize.

VERTICAL

1 Builds.

2 Obligation.

3 Employ.

4 Near.

5 Meal.

6 Animal.

7 Negative.

8 Sin.

9 Appear.

57 Possess.

59 Prophet.

60 He was elected president by the people before the war.

61 Emphasize.

At SEARS... IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purse. Get a bookful today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge.

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Pick out a card—any card!

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7509

By Alice Brooks

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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. 7509 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.

We must rid ourselves of our isolationists' dream. We must stop regretting that all this happened to us, and realize that we can turn this barren, ghastly tragedy into a tremendous opportunity to create the world of the future.—Rep. J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas.

To plan forms and institutions now for the fast moving world is speculative. The other peoples have their own ideas, which are not our ideas. Our paternalistic ways do not make us any too popular.—Alf M. Landon.

Always read the classified ads.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

LISTEN, SOLDIER, IF THEM'S SUPPLIES YOU'RE CAPTURING, YOU'RE GITTIN' EM A LOT EASIER THAN WE ARE—SO SEND US A FEW!

THE "STORE" FRONTS

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

YOU BEEN A SWELL SCOUT, MARTHA, TO MAKE THINGS SO NICE-FER ME HERE!—SO I'M GONNA PAY MY RENT IN ADVANCE—AN' JIS TO SHOW OL' JAKE NEVER FERGITS A FRIENDLY GESTURE, HERE'S AN EXTRA DOLLAR!

ONE MINUTE, JAKE! I'M NOT FORGETTING ANYTHING EITHER!—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR OUR SPECIAL MARCH RATE ON COWS—SO DIG DOWN FOR ANOTHER MOTHEATEN FINE-SPOT, OR I'LL SHOW YOU ONE OF MY UNFRIENDLY GESTURES!

BONDS STILL SAME PRICE!

BOSSY BECOMES A BOARDER! 3-15

Red Ryder

WELL, OLD TIMER, I'M RETURNING YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR PEELED DISGUISE WORKED!

YUN COME BACK MIGHTY EARLY— I DON'T RECOLLECT ANY MASKED BALL SHINDIG EVER GITTIN' WARNED UP TILL LATE EVENIN'!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

DID THE PARTY LAST TILL THIS HOUR?

NO, MOM—I WAS CALLED OUT ON POLICE DUTY ON ACCOUNT OF MY HONORARY BADGE!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE SUBJECT TO CALL?

YEP—AND I SURE AM TIED! I'VE BEEN AROUND DOING NOTHING FOR FOUR HOURS!

WHILE JOE GANGER TOOK HILDA HOME FROM THE PARTY!

THEY WANT YOU DOWN THERE AGAIN FOR SOMETHING!

IF I HAD IT TO DO OVER AGAIN, I'D RATHER BE A SLEEPING COWARD THAN A TIRED HERO!

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

YOU THE FELLOW WITH STADER SPLINT ON YOUR LEG?

YES.

HERE'S ONE ON MY JAW, TORPEDO HIT US THREE DAYS AGO—BROKE IT IN TWO PLACES.

HOW YOU DOING?

SWELL. USED TO BE WHEN A FELLA BROKE HIS JAW THEY WIRE IT SHUT AND HAD TO PULL A TOOTH OUT SO HE COULD DRINK THRU A STRAW. IF IT HAPPENED AT SEA, THEY HUNG A PAIR OF PLIERS AROUND HIS NECK SO HE COULD CUT THE WIRES AND KEEP FROM CHOKING TO DEATH IF HE GOT SEASICK.

WELL, NOT ME. I'M EVEN CHEWING SUM. SO THREE CHEERS FOR UNCLE SAM'S MEDICAL CORPS. SAYS I I THEY'RE REALLY GIVIN' US GUYS A BREAK.

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

BOOTS, IT'S FINE OF YOU TO HELP ME, BUT IT'S NEARLY MORNING. WE'D BETTER CHECK THE REST OF THIS STUFF TOMORROW.

ALL RIGHT, MR. BUFFINGTON! LET ME FINISH THIS LAST REPORT ON THE MACHINE SHOP.

GOOD NIGHT, SIR.

MY GOODNESS, I'M TIRED! IT'S TWO O'CLOCK.

Z... Z... Z... TOMORROW I'LL GONNA CATCH ME A MESS OF CATFISH—M-H-M-H.

CATFISH! CATFISH! PUG IS MUMBING IN HER SLEEP—BUT CATFISH—SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA—

Allep Oop

By Martin

HUH? WHAT TH'Y WELL, HOW'D I GET ALL TIED UP LIKE THIS?

OOP'S DEMONSTRATION OF THE ELASTIC VINES ENDED DISASTROUSLY. WITH HIM OUT, HIS COMPANIONS WERE EASY PREY FOR MARAUDING RENEGADES.

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Grey

HEY, MAKING LIKE A "GHOST," ANNIE SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF SIMPLE-MINDED OLD WINKERS—AND TOOK SAIDS' MIND OFF "TORTURING THE REAL MR. MITT—FOR A LITTLE WHILE—BUT NOW—

YOU AND YOUR GHOSTLY BAH! I'VE WASTED TROUGH TIME HERE!

B-B-BUT YOU DID SOUND LIKE THAT VOICE, DAD!

HMM-YES—AND IT DID SOUND LIKE THAT VOICE, DAD!

W-W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE! I'LL COME BACK!

THEY COME ALONG WITH ME, WHILE I PUT OLD MITT THROUGH ONE OF THOSE WRINGERS AND SEE WHAT HE KNOWS.

NO! NO! YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND SUCH A SIGHT—

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST— I ALWAYS THINK BETTER AFTER A GOOD MEAL— WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

NO! NO! I'M SICK! HOW CAN I EAT NOW?