

# Glider Girl

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## FORGERY

### CHAPTER XII

FOR the past few hours, that embryonic hope which had lurked within Pat Friday had been growing. It was an unadmitted hope but a very real one; a hope that Jimmy Carr might think she was a woman to treat as a woman, a somebody to be loved, instead of a cute little-sister somebody to be teased. Not that she disliked the teasing—indeed she loved it!—but now she knew that teasing had been the sum of it all.

"He gave you this!" she murmured, stupefied, to Loraine Stuart there in the Chicago hotel room.

Loraine didn't answer. "Where did you—this order?" Pat wasn't coherent because her mind was whirling. And yet, she could remember enough.

There had been two hours since she saw Jimmy. At the great Chicago airport where their sailplane landed, crowds had engulfed them. Reception committees had things in hand. Jimmy had technical aspects of the flight to see to, reports to make to Army officials and the like, while she acted more as front for the public to see. It was a part of their pre-arranged plan. And so it had been two hours since she left Jimmy at the air field.

That was time enough for Loraine to have followed him and gotten the order. Of course, Loraine was originally scheduled to be Jimmy's passenger. Loraine was his fiancée. Of course. . . .

"All right," Pat breathed now, whipped. "I'll go. I—thank you, Loraine. I'm sorry. . . . Sorry for everything. I mean—the flight. It shouldn't have been mixed up this way, for Jimmy's sake and—yours. . . . I—good luck, Loraine. I'll go now."

She held on to the Army order, signed by Capt. James Carr himself. It ordered her back to Elmira immediately, in the same plane that had brought Loraine west.

"Good—good luck, Loraine," Pat repeated, not seeing her. "Take good care of Jimmy. Take good care of him."

She was out of the door again, and all at once the fatigue returned to her, engulfed her, left that horrible sensation of loneliness intensified. She, Pat Friday, had no parents, no relatives except a beloved brother on an airplane carrier somewhere near Australia. And except for Jimmy Carr, she really hadn't made any friends lately, either. Life had been too rushed, duties too stern. And she had had only four hours' sleep in 36 hours of strain and hurry. She managed to get a taxi without further recognition. The reception committee that brought her had dispersed.

In the taxi, going toward the airport again, she wished she might at least see Jimmy. She wanted to tell him it was all right. Everything was all right, even if he—if he did feel it necessary to demote her, in effect. Even if he didn't quite have the—well, the nerve, or something—to tell her face to face. Perhaps he wanted to spare her any embarrassment.

"Sure, that's it. Jimmy wouldn't want to hurt anybody. Better just send a signed Army order, formal and all. He—he couldn't—couldn't have known that Loraine—would put on a crazy act with a gun."

JUSTIFYING Jimmy Carr, she was almost in tears. It would be good to fly again. She hoped the pilot was all ready and waiting. They would be back in Elmira before too long. Maybe she could sleep a little en route, then go to bed and forget the whole thing. But no. No, she would never really forget this experience. Not if she lived a billion years.

The airplane pilot turned out to be homely, friendly Ed Bryan, who had often towed Patsy in a sailplane.

"This is a heck of a note, Miss Friday," Ed drawled his speech. "You reckon everything's okay?" That surprised Pat a little.

"Surely, Ed," she said. "It's all right." She tried, weakly, to be facetious about it. "C'est la guerre."

"I guess so. But—it wasn't all just regular. I'm talking about my scoldin' over here with that Stuart dame, and such."

"What do you mean, Ed? Regular?"

said, "but first—did Captain Carr tell you he aimed to do this?"

"No. No, he didn't. But I'm sure—"

"He never told you he aimed to put Miss Stuart in your place? Looks like he would have mentioned it, or left some word."

Pat stood up for Jimmy.

"He took off in a terrible hurry, Ed. Miss Stuart was unavoidably delayed back at Elmira, and there had to be a woman passenger to save embarrassment all around. Don't you see?"

The pilot didn't answer at once. He had opened his flying jacket and taken another Army order out. Under the light there on the landing field, he studied first one paper then the other.

"I ain't right bright, Miss Pat, but you know I'm yours and Captain Carr's friend, and—well, to tell you the truth, I used to be a policeman. Detective bureau work, a little, down in Atlanta, Ga."

"But, Ed—what?" Pat was astonished.

"I got another Army paper here that Captain Carr signed. About something else. But I saw him sign that one. And it ain't the same writing that the other one is. Miss Pat, this order Miss Stuart gave you is forged!"

(To Be Continued)

## Newell Evacuees To Work on Washington Farms, Says Board

WALLA WALLA, March 16 (AP)—Japanese-Americans from Tulelake, Calif., relocation cen-

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

**RUDOLF DIESEL,** INVENTOR OF THE NOW FAMOUS DIESEL ENGINE, DID NOT LIVE TO SEE FULL EXPLOITATION OF HIS INVENTION! ONE NIGHT, IN 1913, HE STRENGELY VANDERED FROM A MAIL STEAMER, WHILE CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. . . . AND THE MYSTERY OF HIS DEATH IS UNSOLVED TO THIS DAY.

**KNITKOPPER**  
I am at the north end of the highway! Don't forget those books you were going to send. Yours truly, Private Elmer

**WHERE'S ELMER?**  
ANSWER: Fairbanks, Alaska.  
NEXT: Growing Mt. Everest.

**KNAVE AND ADVENTURER**

## HORIZONTAL

- 17 Depleted 15th century adventurer.
- 18 Sesame.
- 19 Accomplish.
- 20 Music note.
- 21 Peruse.
- 22 Acts as leader.
- 23 Principal.
- 24 Losses moisture.
- 25 West Point cadets.
- 26 Symbol for samarium.
- 27 Spain (abbr.).
- 28 French plural article.
- 29 Symbol for selenium.
- 30 Four (Roman).
- 31 Like.
- 32 Whirlwind.
- 33 Fiber knots.
- 34 Siamese coin.
- 35 Kind of best.
- 36 Threefold.

## Answer to Previous Puzzle

- 23 Three-toed sloth.
- 25 Used in first aid treatment of broken bones.
- 27 Heart (Egypt).
- 29 Celerity.
- 31 Fry bar.
- 37 Performer on a stage.
- 38 Appropriation.
- 39 Musical instruments.
- 41 Engine part.
- 42 Attract.
- 43 Years between 12 and 20.
- 45 Any.
- 47 Parent.
- 50 Native of Latvia.
- 51 One (Scott.).
- 52 Slide.
- 56 New Guinea.
- 58 North Caucasian language.
- 61 Early English (abbr.).
- 62 Symbol for chromium.
- 64 Near (abbr.).
- 65 Ocean (abbr.).

**VERTICAL**

40 Chinese apparatus.

42 Cloth measure.

43 Slips.

44 Swiss river.

46 Either.

48 Italian royal family.

49 Unvarnished.

50 One (Fr.).

51 Mystic town.

52 One (Fr.).

53 Crimson.

54 Diminutive.

55 Abandon.

56 He was called "the Machiavellian."

57 Poets.

58 Impermeable.

59 Indian army (abbr.).

60 Picture-taking (abbr.).

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## FLOWER MOTIFS FOR HOME OR WARDROBE



7508  
by Alice Brooks

Dress up your household linens—or add refreshing notes to last season's frocks—with these lovely flower designs. They're simple to embroider and wonderfully realistic. There are twelve different garden favorites, and two of each variety. Pattern 7508 contains a transfer pattern of 24 motifs averaging 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; 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.

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE DAMPER

## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



3-16

## Hold Everything!

Red Ryder



3-16

## Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



3-16

## Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



3-16

## Wash Tubbs

By Crane



3-16

## Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



3-16

## Allep Oop

By Martin



3-16

## Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



3-16

We must never underestimate the fighting ability of the enemy, as a foe or an individual. But in my short experience with the Japs out there (Guadalcanal) I found nothing to build up a boggy as to invincibility.—Maj. Gen. Alexander A. Vandergriff.

Every day there is more indication that we're not going to let the Germans, Japs and Italians make our Statue of Liberty a memorial.

Having a swelled head is a fine way to get yourself in a tight place.