Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

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THE STORY: Loraine Stuart, Jimmy Carr's fiancee, has handed Pat Friday an order, signed by Captain Carr himself, commanding her to return to Elmira. Ed Bryan, who has often towed Pat's glider on other flights, is to fly her back from Chicago. All the way back, on an uneventful trip, Ed keeps thinking about the order Captain Carr has signed. When the plane arrives at Elmira, Bryan takes another order from Captain Carr out of his flying jacket. He compares signatures. "Miss Pat," he declares, "This order Miss Stuart gave you is forged."

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NO ARGUMENT

CHAPTER XIII

WITH no thought given to that detail at first, Pat Friday had discovered first in Cleveland and then in Chicago that she was "Miss Loraine Stuart, Captain Carr's fiancee." So, still to protect Jimmy, to help him toward the promised promotion, and generally help make the soaring flight a success, she had held to that harmless masquerade. But tonight at 10:30, room 1220 in the big Chicago hotel telephoned downstairs.

"Send a waiter with a menu up here at once," the speaker ordered, peremptorily. "And a servant to unpack a suitcase."

"Oh, surely!" the service hostess was apologetic. "Are you—is this Miss Stuart's maid?"

"This is Miss Stuart herself! What's the matter with this place?"

"But—room 1220, you say? I didn't recognize your voice over the phone, Miss Stuart. And when you were downstairs you told us you wished to be left alone until morning, so I specifically ordered all servants not to disturb you. Is—is this the Miss Stuart of the transcontinental soaring flight?" Doubt sounded in her tone.

"Of course it is. Don't be stupid."

"I'm sorry. The waiter and maid will be up immediately."

Loraine issued further orders. She wanted laundry and pressing done here in the night, and she demanded that it be finished before dawn. She needed lipstick because she had forgotten her own, and had the hotel service send up a drugstore clerk with eight different shades for her selection. She demanded that somebody come and take the several bouquets of flowers out of 1220, sent up as welcoming gifts for the lady passenger that afternoon.

During this interval of petulant complaining and ordering and of getting herself refreshed, Loraine thought of her victory over Pat Friday. The little snip had been squelched! It had been good to see Pat back off and leave the room, scared to death of a gun.

Loraine paused, inhaling smoke, and considered that part of it. She looked at the automatic pistol which she had used. Something inside her told her that Pat Friday actually hadn't been afraid. Indeed, Pat had seemed a little disdainful of the pistol, at first. But when Loraine had shown her that Army order—

Loraine chose to believe it was fear of the gun, too. She gloated silently over the triumph. Damn her! She'd taken all she meant to from that Friday person. But, even so— "I'm a little shaky," Loraine confessed. "What I need is a drink."

She ordered liquor sent up, and during the short wait for it, she felt herself go really jittery. A reaction had set in, to leave her nerves jangling. It made her hate Pat Friday more. Friday was the cause of all this, obviously.

Loraine grew bored with considering it, and as the drinks took effect she felt spirited again. She reached for the telephone. "Connect me with Capt. James Carr," she ordered.

"Mr. Carr left orders not to be disturbed."

"Don't be ridiculous! This is his passenger on the flight!"

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THAT, of course got Jimmy at once. Loraine recognized his answer, and her own lovely voice flowed to him meltingly.

"Jim-mee darling," she cooed.

"Hey, that you, Loraine? By George!"

"Yes!"

"Are you all right? Say, this is great, your calling. But where in the devil were you this morning at 11 o'clock?"

"Jimmee, I want to see you, now."

"Sure wish I could. Say, we had a swell flight, Loraine. Clear as crystal all the way, but looked like we might have out-run a storm. Any sort of blow or rain there tonight, hunh?"

"Jimmee, I am in this hotel with you. Two floors down."

"What? Hey!"

He hurried down to meet her in the mezzanine lounge. He was smiling broadly when he approached, but when she kissed him lingeringly and clung to him, he took her by the shoulders and eased her away.

"Loraine!" he spoke softly, but in disappointment. "This liquor business—I thought we agreed—look, people who fly, and—"

She stopped him by snuggling close and laughing in easy, too-intimate manner, and petting him and murmuring little cozy sounds.

"You didn't wait for poor little me!" She started to pout.

"Listen, Loraine! That flight was set for 11 o'clock!"

His tone, definitely ominous, knocked the pout right out of her. She resumed her softer technique.

"We made a swell run to Cleveland and a mob was there to welcome us," he said. "But when we got here to Chicago—wow, Loraine, they all but gave us the town! You should have been along just to watch Pat. Say, you know what? That kid has something! I mean, she has! She had stage fright at first, but later she—"

Loraine kept control. Naively, Captain Carr praised the other girl; no more than was due, surely, but with more enthusiasm than was necessary at the moment. "Have you checked in on Pat, too? Told her you were here, Loraine?"

"Jimmee, Miss Friday has returned to Elmira."

"What?" He was astonished again.

"But of course, Jimmee! When I found you had already gone, and been forced to take her with you, I came at once. She's gone back."

"But—no! We can't—look, Loraine, we—that kid's worn out! Hasn't slept in two nights, and anyway I—look, how'd she go back?"

"She went on the same plane that brought me, darling."

"What plane? There's no commercial flight at this hour, or any—"

Loraine smiled ever-so-sweetly and intimately now, snuggled her blond curls in the hollow of his shoulder. She was wise enough to know she could spike bad news by admitting it first.

"Sweetheart," she purred, "I'm afraid little me was naughty. Just a little-itty bit. I went to your desk, back home, and got one of the order blanks, and filled it in for a plane. And I—" she giggled a little, sweetly, "I signed your name. I knew you wouldn't care."

He sort of stiffened, automatically.

"Loraine," he breathed, frowning.

She giggled again, possessively, snuggling him very close and petting his firm young cheek, as a fiancee perhaps has a right to do.

There was no argument he could summon, no reprimand.

(To Be Continued)

Always read the classified ads.

SNAKE STORY

The python is the only snake of the oviparous class to incubate its eggs; the others leave them to be hatched in the sun. Ovociciparous snakes retain the eggs within their bodies until hatched and then bring forth the young alive.

If nobody ever said anything unless he really had something to say, a lot of us might never open our mouths, and few of us would keep them open as continuously as we do now.—Channing Pollack, author.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

NEXT: Do elephants like tobacco?

MOVIE ACTRESS

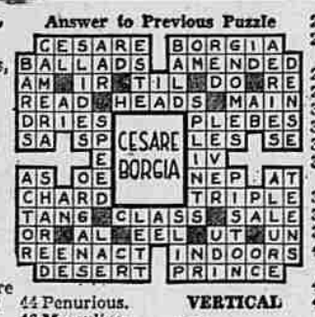
HORIZONTAL

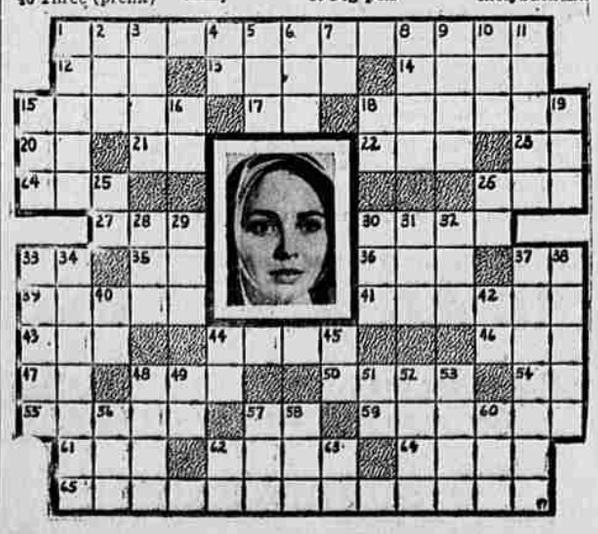
1 Pictured movie actress, ——
12 Exist.
13 Close to.
14 Gaseous element.
15 Signaling device.
17 Symbol for erbium.
18 Parts of a drama.
20 Cloth measure
21 International language.
22 Color.
23 And (Latin).
24 Snake.
26 Attempt.
27 Beverage.
30 Payment for passage.
33 Like.
35 Electrical term.
36 River (Sp.).
37 Tantalum (symbol).
39 Stem.
41 Commands.
43 Three (prefix)
44 Penurious.
46 Masculine (abbr.).
47 Music note.
48 Ledge (var.).
50 Stair.
54 Id est (abbr.).
55 Musteline mammal.
57 Pound (abbr.)
59 Far East.
61 Mountain pass
62 Quick prosperity.
64 Poker stake.
65 She is a well-known —— ——.

VERTICAL

1 Prisons.
2 Mistake.
3 Never (contr.)
4 Within.
5 Charge.
6 Auricle.
7 Railroad (abbr.).
8 At one time.
9 Require.
10 Age.
11 Jeer.
15 Ocean.
16 Negative.
18 Senior (abbr.)
19 Pig pen.
25 Part (abbr.).
26 Tellurium (symbol).
28 Long fish.
29 Inquire.
30 Back.
31 Atmosphere.
32 Stick.
33 Star (comb form).
34 Elongate.
37 Conditioner.
38 Credit.
40 Three-toed sloth.
42 Print measu
44 Belonging to me.
45 Nova Scotia (abbr.).
48 Prison part.
49 Measure of area.
51 Toward.
52 Ages.
53 Liquid measure.
56 Also.
57 Humble.
58 Deride.
60 Greek letter.
62 Per.
63 Symbol for molybdenum.

Answer to Previous Puzzle





Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla

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by Alice Brooks

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MANY-NATIONED MALTA

Before it became a British possession in 1814, Malta belonged to many nations: Carthagenians, Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Moors, Spaniards and French.

To win permanent peace, the nations of the world will have to transfer some of their national sovereignty to an international agency.—Dr. Frederick L. Schuman, professor of government, Williams college.

Every work stoppage, no matter how small, is direct aid and comfort to the enemy.—Sherman H. Dalrymple, president United Rubber Workers.

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