

Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

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GREETERS

CHAPTER XVI
"YOU mean, Ed, that we've got to fly west again? To catch up with Jimmy?"

"Yes'm. That's what he said. And it's not any forgery this time."

"But—but why? Why does he want me?"

Ed Bryan, airplane pilot, shook his head. "You know as much as I do, Miss Pat. He just telephoned me this morning and said I was to take you and catch up with him. Later I got verified orders from Colonel Furedy himself, so it ain't no monkey business."

"No. But my stars, whatever can Jimmy want? Let me get my coat, Ed."

Just that quick she was ready. Ed Bryan had telephoned her out of a sound sleep and she was dressed when he came for her at 7 a. m. She hadn't eaten breakfast, but she was ready to fly. You don't question orders in the Army, you obey them, Pat told herself. They matched coffee and a bite of food before taking off, and Ed had some food in the plane for her, too.

"This is no short hop," he explained. "We'll have to refuel along the way, but mostly we're going to be flying. We're to catch him at Phoenix."

"But what about the Kansas stops? And Denver, Colo.?"

"Route's been changed, the colonel said. They cut out all but Phoenix. On account of Phoenix is having a big soaring carnival or something, honoring Captain Carr."

"That's nice!"

"Sure! But why you and me have to be there, I don't know. Jimmy didn't specify a thing. What we were to do?"

"No ma'am. He said to tuck you in a plane and catch up with him at the earliest possible stop. That's all he did say."

They took off without fanfare and roared away to the west. Backed by Colonel Furedy, Ed had clearance at all the fields en route. And the flying today was exceptionally smooth.

To help pass the time for her, Ed taught Pat a lot of things through their head phones. You can always learn more flying lore from a pilot in the air than you can from the books on flying, she had heard Jimmy say, and she was a fascinated pupil. Later, though, she interrupted Ed.

"Ed, tell me, would you marry an aviator? A girl who was crazy about soaring and flying and all?"

"The big drawly southerner eyed her in surprise."

"I'd marry a Fiji islander if I figured she belonged to me."

"Oh Ed!" she laughed at him. Ed Bryan was a good friend to have.

It turned out that he knew a lot about the middle west, and he told her things without emphasizing her own ignorance.

"This is my first trip west of Chicago," she confessed.

"I hear tell there's a lot of land beyond the Mississippi. We'll be seeing. How come you asked who I'd marry?"

"I—I don't know."

"My girl don't fly. She runs a beauty shop. We're putting war bonds in the old sock, against the time."

"Ed! How nice!"

"Yes'm. . . What did you mean, marry a girl crazy about soaring and flying? You mean if I was Captain Carr, didn't you?"

"Why, Ed Bryan! I said no such thing!"

HE was chuckling, and she could hear that, too, over their head set.

"The captain is the smartest man I know," Ed went on, "but why he chose the dame he picked must be a military secret."

"Hush, Ed!"

"Yes'm."

The day was long, and it was good to break it this way with friendly conversation. Pat was able to sleep for about two hours. It made her feel grand again.

West of Oklahoma City she was fascinated by the changing landscape. Here, Ed informed her, the wild west began. And it looked wild, too; cities became scarce, plains barren. Then after a while mountains of amazing color and contour arose dramatically before them.

"We're seeing the Rockies," Ed said.

"Oh-h-h Ed, they're so different. Rugged and—and—everything!" Her description was inadequate, but her enthusiasm was correct; more scholarly folk than Pat Friday have lacked words to describe the Rocky Mountains.

Over New Mexico they approached a storm that was first sand, then rain and hail. It acted afraid of them and shied on away. They retreated at Santa Fe, and Pat got some travel folders telling about the southwest.

"Oh, look, Ed," she held a paper. "Here's a picture of Superstition Mountain, where the famous lost gold mine is. I've read about that!"

"It's in spittin' distance of Phoenix, too."

"Fifty miles," she read. "It even looks ghostly in the picture."

"It's east of town. We'll take a look at it, going by."

As they came to Superstition Mountain they encountered a wind blow once more. It was a black, maverick-like storm, which mottled and tossed the plane but was too small to do harm, a thing characteristic of the Rockies. All the terrain and natural phenomena here were fascinating, Pat found.

They were to arrive at Phoenix.

Weather denotes a single occurrence in the series of conditions which make up climate.

An average of only one of every 800 oysters hatched reaches maturity.

First four-master schooner was launched at Bath, Maine, in 1880.

Only foolish people make money go so far they never see it again.

Just before sundown. Only a very fast Army ship could have made it that quickly, but Ed and Pat had been favored by good weather most of the way. Ed contacted Phoenix Sky Harbor with his radio.

"We're ahead of the captain!" he called to Pat, then. "They're just coming down from Denver, but we'll land half an hour before they do!"

"Oh, Ed!"

Pat was nervous. Jittery. She couldn't say why, except that Jimmy had specified nothing in ordering her west again, and she was afraid there might be further embarrassment or trouble.

Nearly 10,000 people had gathered at Sky Harbor to welcome the soaring plane, and so Ed wasn't quite sure what to do with himself and Pat after they landed. They just hung near the main hangars on the east side of the field. And then the sailplane came into view.

"He'll come right in because it's getting night and he won't want to disappoint the people," Ed told Pat.

Jimmy's tow ship landed unobtrusively, but as the sailplane glided beautifully down, a great cheering arose. A special detail of soldiers held back the people, but Pat and Ed were inside this ring.

When the sailplane touched ground, a small knot of mechanics and officials ran from the hangars to escort it in close. On sudden impulse Ed Bryan grabbed Pat's arm and joined them.

"Ed, what are—"

"Hush!" he murmured in her ear. "Don't talk. Stay with these first greeters, and do exactly as I say!"

(To Be Continued)

25 CENTS BUYS 12 BANDAGES

Twelve bandages might save the lives of 12 soldiers.

Thinking of it that way, wouldn't it be patriotic to sell what you're not using and buy War Stamps that'll buy bandages?

I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused goods into bandages!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

By William Ferguson

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



CANARIES CAN'T HEAR SOUNDS THAT ARE LOWER IN PITCH THAN THE HIGHEST "C" REACHED BY THE SINGING VOICES OF HUMAN SOPRANOS!

DENNY BURS, BIRMINGHAM BASEBALL PITCHER, WON FOUR GAMES IN 1932, AND PITCHED ONLY THREE AND ONE-HALF INNINGS.



AN INSECT, A SPIDER, AND A BIPED HAVE A TOTAL OF HOW MANY LEGS?

ANSWER: Sixteen! Insect, six; spider, eight, and biped, two.

NEXT: Dinosaurs never heard of food rationing.

NAVAL AVIATION UNIT INSIGNE

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1,7 Depicted is insignie of— Squadron 2, U. S. Naval Air Force.

14 Prayers.

16 Disunited.

17 River duck.

18 Accomplish.

19 Eluders.

20 Low meadow (Eng.).

21 Card game.

22 Like.

24 Work unit.

27 Disfigure.

28 Greek letter.

30 Native metal.

32 Wave (comb. form).

33 Asiatic kingdom.

34 Bustle.

35 East (Fr.).

37 Roof finial.

38 Limb.

40 Entertain.

42 Dutch city.

43 Swiss river.

45 Fragrant rootstock.

46 Followed after.

50 Ellis English (abbr.).

51 Grive.

55 Without oil.

56 Fault.

58 Have.

59 Mark to shoot at.

VERTICAL

1 Witticism.

2 Part of "be."

3 Narrow inlet.

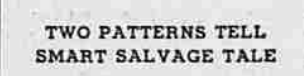
4 Religion of the Moslems.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"I'm afraid to tell anybody how happy I am here—they say if you don't gripe you're not a soldier!"

TWO PATTERNS TELL SMART SALVAGE TALE



7248



7511



by Alice Brooks

Let your old sweaters get back into circulation! Get pattern 7248; it tells you how to re-use old yarn to knit new garments, and other salvage hints. Then make a youngster's sweater like Pattern 7511 with long or short sleeves. Pattern 7511 contains instructions for a sweater in sizes 6, 8, 10; illustrations 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.

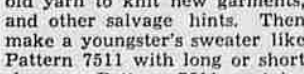
Whether it's pay-as-you-go, or four payments a year, it's still pay-as-you-go-broke with lots of people.

Beauty shops rank high in American industry. The business has advanced many good features.

If you make good use of the pointers on rationing you can get by on the points.

Hens seem to be the only ones who can sit around and make it pay—much too much!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



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Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



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Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



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