

Glider Girl

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By OREN ARNOLD
NEA Service, Inc.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT
CHAPTER XVIII
"STAND BACK, PEOPLE! ... BACK, PLEASE! ... GIVE THE LITTLE LADY ROOM! ... BACK, EVERYBODY!"

The mayor of Phoenix, Ariz., never one to miss a spotlight, was assuming full command here now. He had ridden up to the golden sailplane on a horse, with a retinue of horsemen behind him.

The mechanics faded back. So did the Army men. After all, this entire sailplane junket was for the civilian public. A demonstration of what gliding and soaring can be expected to do.

His Honor the mayor had doffed his 10-gallon hat, and he was beaming. Sheriff Jordan and his men formed their horses beside the plane. This was perfect for the newsreel men and the newspaper photographers.

The little ceremony, too, was enough to quiet down the cheering crowd. Especially when Chief Wipala Wick, magnificently costumed Hopi Indian, strode forward with a huge bouquet of flowers for the lady in the plane.

It was at this moment that Capt. Jimmy Carr turned to his passenger, for the first time since landing. He had been engulfed in the initial confusion here.

"Lorraine, you must be as gracious to these people as—hey! HEY! ... Pat!"

Pat Friday, sitting back there in a veritable daze, could only stare helplessly at him. But off to one side rose a stentorian voice.

"WELCOME TO ARIZONA, CAPTAIN CARR!" roared big Ed Bryan. Jimmy turned, saw his friend. Bewildered, he looked at Pat again.

"AND WELCOME TO THE YOUNG LADY PASSENGER, TOO!" Ed bellowed, giving Jimmy the high sign.

This welcoming speech was all extra-curricular. Not planned by the reception committee at all. Later, some newspaper reported that a stranger made spontaneous outburst in token of the crowd's enthusiasm. Which was at least partly true.

Jimmy's mouth had dropped open, but when Ed signaled, he kept quiet. By the time, anyway, Chief Wipala was rumbling some words. The chief extended roses. Automatically, Pat stood up to receive them.

"Thank you!" she managed. Then she inhaled deeply, caught big Ed's eye, glanced fearfully at Jimmy Carr—and pitched in.

"Thank you, so much!" she repeated, very loud. "I—as a representative of—the women of America—I accept these roses—"

she looked at Ed again, shaking literally in her shoes. Ed nodded, emphatically. "I accept these roses as your expression of friendship. It is a pleasure to be in Arizona. We want to stay as long as we can. We—Captain Carr and I bring you cordial greetings from the people of the eastern states, and together we pledge our co-operation in making the soaring carnival a success."

SHE might have said more, but some exuberant fellow shouted, "Whoo-pee, E-YEOW!" Next moment a cowboy shot off his pistol, and the crowd was in hilarious eruption all around.

"Pat!" exclaimed Jimmy Carr. "Pat—You—"

"Jimmy! ... Oh!"

"How in the world did you get in here? In this plane?"

"Ed Bryan put me here! He stuck me in, just as you landed. The crowd was so excited, nobody but—"

"Where's Lorraine?"

"I don't know!"

"But Pat—my lord!"

"Ed took her away!"

"Stick with me, Pat. ... Stand by!"

They were being separated now, out of the plane.

"Of course, Jimmy!" she yelled at him. "Of course!"

The substitution of Pat Friday was never known to those personally concerned, because Ed Bryan had engineered it so adroitly. And Pat's appearance, her speech, was accepted quite naturally by the public because there was the same pretty girl whose photographs had been in the local papers today. This was the passenger who started yesterday from Elmira, who was with Captain Carr in Cleveland and Chicago. The public had no cause for suspicion!

Pat suddenly found herself in a hand-toddled, silver studded saddle, high on a white horse between the sheriff and the mayor. A young reporter ran to her side.

"When are you and the captain going to be married, Miss Stuart?" he shouted at Pat.

"Oh!" Pat gasped it. But Jimmy, across from the mayor, had heard, too.

She looked fearfully across at him, and he smiled broadly and answered the young man. "No personal news," Jimmy said. "Many thanks. Just say that the lady and I desire only to emphasize the importance of soaring. We believe gliders and sailplanes can change the entire American way of life."

"Yes!" Pat chimed in. "Almost anyone can operate a sailplane after a few weeks of training. And they need cost only \$200 or so each. Soaring! It's the coming thing in travel!"

you are! We'll talk this other thing out later, but keep up the front now!"

"Yes, Jimmy," she whispered back.

"Any—any hint of scandal, or mixup, might wreck the whole soaring flight. Do a great deal of harm. That's why I phoned Ed Bryan to bring you back. I knew I could trust him, but he was more clever than I hoped. Stay alert, Pat! Tonight in the hotel we can talk and—"

She nodded. A band was playing, and a team of Hopi Indians in native costume was coming up to dance. The Arizona sun was about to drop behind the distant mountains, but right now it made the theatrical lighting for the grand show here on Sky Harbor field.

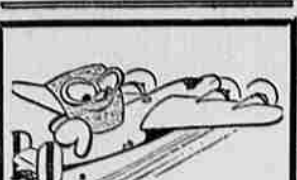
Only two people of the 10,000 or so present were not striving to crowd up as close as possible. They were Ed Bryan, airplane pilot, and a blond young lady whom he held lightly by the wrist.

He escorted her off to one side toward the main passenger station here at Sky Harbor. Then he pulled her into partial privacy behind a clump of palm trees.

"Before I turn you loose I got a thing to say," Ed began. "You saw what I done, Miss Stuart. You're blazin' in the eyes now. But okay, okay; you just blaze—and keep quiet. If you wanta be so free with forging Army orders and pointing pistols around—"

He never quite finished. He just clamped his lips shut, glared straight into her eyes. And for good measure he significantly patted his own holstered gun.

"(To Be Continued)



TARGET FOR TODAY!

NO MORE OF THESE FROM ATTIC, CLOSET, STORAGE GARAGE!

SELL THEM THAN THEY WANT AND ...

TAKE THE CASE

AND NOT A WAR BOND

TO BOMB ADOLF AND HIS GANGSTERS

Herald and News Want-Ads Get Results

By William Ferguson

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

SCIENTISTS WERE AMONG THE LAST TO ADMIT THE POSSIBILITY OF STONES FALLING FROM THE SKY, AS IN THE CASE OF METEORITES, AND NOT UNTIL THE FIRST OF THE 19TH CENTURY WAS IT CONCEDED GENERALLY.



On this big island in the western hemisphere, white men farmed long before Columbus discovered America! Yours for freedom, Private Elmer

CONNECTICUT FOREST ASSOCIATION HAS ISSUED A BULLETIN ON "HOW TO BURN WOOD."

WHERE'S ELMER? ANSWER: Greenland.

NEXT: The thirst of a corn crop.

U. S. ARMY OFFICIAL

1 Pictured U. S. Army official.	20 DOROTHY STRATTON	39 Long fish
2 H. —, Jr.	21 ELUDE TALE FORCE	40 Long fish
3 Prayer	22 NODD SCHEMIS MAID	41 Long fish
4 Watercourse	23 LAIKUTSIA ILLIS	42 Long fish
5 Morass	24 UTRIM ISTRILDO	43 Long fish
6 Symbol for helium	25 SAID IN IVEEVEER	44 Long fish
7 Biblical pronoun	26 MR OWNS FREEWE	45 Long fish
8 Bitter vetch	27 SPANIA ART	46 Long fish
9 Type measure	28 HAVEN REEB	47 Long fish
10 Males (abbr.)	29 GREAD AIRED	48 Long fish
11 From	30 PESTER SPARS	49 Long fish
12 Ambary	31 Unit of energy	50 Long fish
13 Greek (abbr.)	32 Symbol for virginium	51 Long fish
14 One (Scott.)	33 Egyptian goddess	52 Long fish
15 Laughter	34 Neither	53 Long fish
16 Weight of erbium	35 Credit note	54 Long fish
17 Increase	36 Parent	55 Long fish
18 Scottish sheepfold	37 Scrutinize	56 Long fish
19 Old	38 Brought up	57 Long fish
20 Beverage	39 Daybreak (comb. form)	58 Long fish
21 Selections	40 Lixivium	59 Long fish
22 Rubber tree	41 Titled nobleman	60 Long fish
23 North Carolina (abbr.)	42 He is U. S. Army — of	61 Long fish
24 Myself	43 Symbol for samarium	62 Long fish
25 French article	44 Weaving frame	63 Long fish
	45 Chaldean city	64 Long fish
	46 Interferes	65 Long fish



Out Our Way



By J. R. Williams

Hold Everything!



By Fred Harmon

Red Ryder



By Blossor

Freckles and His Friends



By Crane

Wash Tubbs



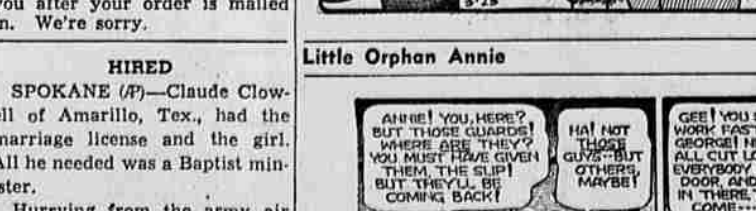
By V. T. Hamlin

Boots and Her Buddies



By Martin

Allep Oop



By Harold Gray

Little Orphan Annie



Our Boarding House



With Major Hoopla

Hold Everything!



By Fred Harmon

Red Ryder



By Blossor

Freckles and His Friends



By Crane

Wash Tubbs



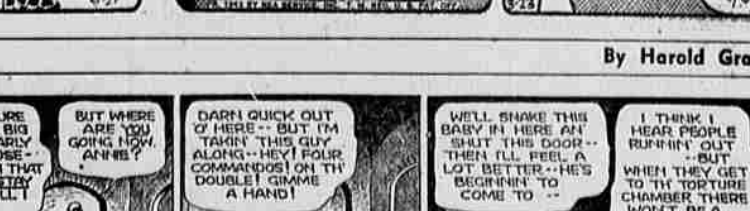
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Little Orphan Annie



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