

Glider Girl

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PILOT

CHAPTER XXI

"YOU'RE still my secretary, Private Friday," Capt. James Carr was saying, pompously. "Now you rustle up the local soaring club officials. Tell them we'll need—"

"Why don't we call the Army soaring fields?"

"No, Pat. And I'll tell you why." She and Jimmy were alone in Major Hale's office, there at Sky Harbor. Jimmy walked about the room, too full of energy to think of sitting down. "The reason is, we want civilians to do this, in spite of the dangers on a test trip."

"Do we?"

"Well, don't we? Think, Private Pat!"

"Army pilots will be better trained, Jimmy. And if we want to really demonstrate a glider train—"

"The public knows the Army can fly gliders. What we have to do is to sell civilians on civilian soaring. With a hard, even dangerous route for demonstration."

"Oh, yes, I do see."

"You and I know that the average college boy or girl, or even kids high school age, can learn to operate sailplanes in just a few days' training. But do you think the public realizes that yet? No, sir!"

"No, no, Jimmy. That farmer who took offense—he made that very point. He had never seen or heard of a glider train before, so figured there couldn't be such a thing."

"Exactly! So, Pat, you stick here and do the telephoning, huh? We want a train of 10 ships and a power plane to tow them. It's going to make a grand show. And, uh—look, Pat, you be sure and maneuver me to drive the tow plane, see? I want to be the one who runs that locomotive in the sky!"

Pat laughed. "Yes, sonny! Sister will let you be the engineer. You can toot the whistle and ring the bell!"

"No joking, Pat," he wheedled. "You arrange it. Just, uh, just sort of take it for granted. You see, it was you who suggested this train idea, and the big-shot officers all fell for you."

"Oh?"

"Sure, they did. You looked cute as pie. Turned the old charm on them, whether you realized it or not. So, you can get anything you want. Me, I'm licking your boots. I want to run that tow plane."

Pat felt a sudden tenderness for him, a surge of love for this boyish man. Her eyes were misty when she spoke again. She winked knowingly and said, "I'll do it, Jim. I'll use all the influence I can."

"Thanks, Pat." Then he added, mischievously, "But as soon as I get the time, I aim to court-martial you. Imagine, a captain asking favors of a buck private!"

He was putting on his dress cap and moving toward the door. Pat wrinkled her nose at him.

"Where can I locate you if I need you?" she asked.

"I'll check in. Right now," he lifted his wrist watch, "I'm going to meet Lorraine."

"Oh... Jimmy, is she—I tried to talk to her this morning and—"

"She's still got the sulks," said he. "Not that I blame her, I guess."

"No. No, of course not."

"And another thing, Pat," he was ever so serious now. "I want you to know I appreciate your part in all this. The—masquerading you're having to do. Every time I hear people speak to you as Miss Stuart, I jump."

PAT smiled a little. "I don't mind it. We understand why, Jimmy. You and me and Ed Bryan. And—let me say, too, that Ed and I want only to help you. We—we realize your embarrassing position. Lorraine is your fiancée; the girl you love. Isn't she?"

That last was hardly a question. It was more a restatement of fact. Jimmy looked off, face solemn now. "I guess so," he said.

"I mean—sure. Sure thing, Pat. She'll be okay. I see her point of view, and if I didn't have a definite obligation in this soaring flight, a duty to the Army, and the public—"

"It'll be all right, Jimmy. I'm sure it will. You had better scoot now."

He left her and she was glad of it. She had felt a stricture inside her throat, a tightening, a lump. It was a heavy thing that sprung up on slightest provocation, to threaten her with uncontrollable tears. And the certainly didn't want to have a sobbing scene in front of Jimmy.

She could control her emotions, she knew, by working hard at something, and so she pitched in now to do the telephoning Jimmy wanted done. She had a list of soaring club members, people in civilian life. She arranged a meeting here in Major Hale's office for 4 p. m.

Then, trying to think of every detail, she called up the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce and got help locating prominent vegetable growers, shippers, jobbers, all men in the farming industry. She remembered the Rocky Mountains, too. Could glider trains be used to move ore? She wasn't sure, but Arizona is a mining state so she invited all the mining officials she could find. Each new civic leader, she discovered, was anxious to help, out of curiosity if nothing else.

She didn't "ask" any of them

about the glider train demonstration; she just told them!

"Capt. James Carr will pilot the towing plane," she carefully informed everybody. "He wants to demonstrate that the train is feasible for civilian as well as Army use. He—he intends to be in this field as a business, when the war ends!"

That last was on sudden impulse. Jim Carr had been in insurance before he joined the Army, but Pat felt a thrill thus arranging his future life. Or pretending to in her own mind.

By working hard all day, talking to dozens of men, telephoning, planning, arranging countless details which included field clearance and authorization for an Army plane, Pat had the glider train project all completed by sundown. She gave the information to the press and radio. The train would take off, before another throng of people, tomorrow at 3 p. m. Jimmy came in to verify all the plans and routing.

Next day, though, the first hitch came.

The farmer who had challenged Pat in the first place, pointed out a difficulty now. "This crazy train idea couldn't possibly be practical until after the war," said he, contentiously. Distinguished Army men and civilians were listening. "Be too technical, and dangerous. And there wouldn't be near enough civilian pilots. All available men would be in war tasks."

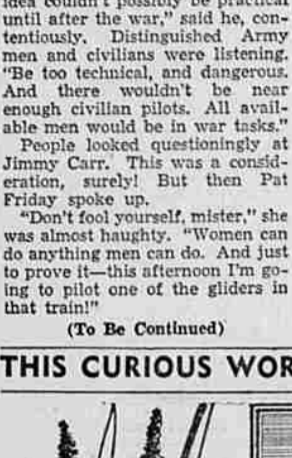
People looked questioningly at Jimmy Carr. This was a consideration, surely! But then Pat Friday spoke up.

"Don't fool yourself, mister," she was almost haughty. "Women can do anything men can do. And just to prove it—this afternoon I'm going to pilot one of the gliders in that train!"

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



CATTAILS
ARE NOW WORKING FOR VICTORY!
THE SOFT FLUFF OF THE SEED POD IS USED IN LIFE PRESERVERS, AND 20 OUNCES OF IT WILL SUPPORT AN 18-LB. WEIGHT IN WATER FOR MANY DAYS.



THE MOON
IS A DARK OBJECT!
IT ONLY APPEARS BRIGHT BECAUSE OF THE SUN'S RAYS SHINING ON IT.



QUAKING OATS
ON LONG ISLAND, I CAN SEE THE SOUND AND HEAR THE SEA," SAID MARGARET G. HALL, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



U. S. PRICE ADMINISTRATOR

HORIZONTAL

- 1,8 Pictured U. S. price administrator
- 12 Music note
- 13 Birdlike
- 16 Him
- 17 Sick
- 19 Belongs to it
- 20 Peaches
- 21 Charge
- 22 Town
- 24 Tree
- 26 Discover
- 27 Early English (abbr.)
- 28 Grandchild (Scott.)
- 30 Loose
- 31 Symbol for silicon
- 32 Cases (abbr.)
- 33 Electrical unit
- 36 Priest
- 38 Lure
- 39 Bower
- 40 Proceed
- 41 Height (abbr.)
- 43 Biblical pronoun
- 44 Company

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VICKI BAUM
CAMEO RINES
BATATA ARTIST
GOALSINEL
E WAS L PRE
GRATE MAMA
TAI INVALID
STONE LENE
ACT BEGG S DAR
NAGLNER BOGTS
PLAIFER FORAGE
ULTRAORALE
AUTHOREIS

18 Lieutenant (abbr.)
21 Falkland Islands (abbr.)
23 Long ago
25 Water barrier
26 Dog's name
29 Boat
31 Sword
34 Bustle
35 Period
36 Lever
37 Royal Red Cross (abbr.)
40 Lubricate
42 House pet
45 Musical instrument
46 Negative
48 Any
49 Three (prefix)
5 Within garment
6 Kind of hemp
7 Street (abbr.)
8 Receptacle
9 Road (abbr.)
10 From what place?
11 Requirements
14 Trick
15 Bird line (abbr.)

NO LIP, PLEASE

VALLEJO, Calif. (AP)—The customer wasn't right, in this case.

The Mare Island Greyhound transportation office confirmed a story that a woman bus driver, within a few blocks of her destination, hauled a load of male shipyard workers back to Mare Island because she resented their back seat driving. Said a Greyhound spokesman: "She was right."

Stratosphere masks worn by pilots of Kelly field are lined with wool-like asbestos to protect wearers from both cold and fire.

It won't be long until Easter—the time when every woman can be depended on to use her head.

CREDIT WITH THE CONVENIENCE OF CASH



PURCHASE COUPONS

Are Really Buying Power

Purchase Coupons are another convenient type of credit available to you at Sears. You make one call at our Credit Office, get a booklet of Coupons, then spend them like cash when you want to. Thousands of smart women keep a book handy so they never miss a bargain! Small down payment, small monthly payments, usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT SEARS CREDIT OFFICE

(To Be Continued)

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



A NATIONAL TRAIT

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



IMPORTANT IF TRUE = 3-26

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder



Hey! My charge account is frozen!

Red Ryder



Red Ryder? If we can't stop him here, we can get him on back platform to wave him off at the depot!

By Fred Harmon



PO-KO! PO-KO! IT ME!

By Blosser



THE HOSPITAL WON'T GET MANY VEGETABLES FROM YOUR GARDEN, I BET!

By Crana



---BUT IF YOUR CHICKENS KEEP COMING OVER HERE, I'M GONNA SUPPLY THE HOSPITAL WITH MEAT!

SALVAGED SCRAPS MAKE FRUIT MOTIFS



They look good enough to eat—these wonderful fruits that—"grow" right out of your scrapbag! What a delightful way to use up small print remnants. There are cherries, pears, apples and all your favorites to applique on towels with simple outline stitch. Pattern 7458 contains applique pattern pieces of 6 motifs averaging 4 1/2 x 5 inches; directions.

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.

JUNGLE RAISIN BREAD

PORTLAND, Ore. (AP)—Here's a new recipe for raisin bread—if you happen to be in the South Pacific.

Corp. Earl Howlett explained the concoction in a letter home. Soldiers have found jungle berries that taste like raisins and the bread is baked in a clay bank oven.

Yeast? Just take coconut milk, sugar and salt, age it, and the result is the same Howlett says.

A hit in precision bombing is dropping the "egg" in a circle of 50-yard radius from as high as 35,000 feet.

Freckles and His Friends



WE'RE TRYING TO RAISE VEGETABLES FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL—AND LOOK! YOUR CHICKENS ARE EATING ALL MY SEEDS!

Wash Tubbs



REPORTING FOR DUTY? GOOD! HAVE WORK LAY OUT FOR YOU, EASY!

By V. T. Hamlin



THIS CONFOUNDED U-BOAT CAMPAIGN IS SERIOUS. HITLER'S BUILDING SUBS FASTER THAN WE CAN SINK 'EM, AND SINKING OUR SHIPS ALMOST AS FAST AS WE CAN BUILD 'EM

Boots and Her Buddies



I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT LITTLE BLACK BAG—

Allep Oop



WELL, TIME'S HERE TO MAKE A CONTACT WITH BRONSON BACK IN MOO—HOPE HE HAD LUCK FINDING RUBBER.

By Martin



I'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE

Little Orphan Annie



VAIT! VAIT! DON'T TURN ON DEER WATER! THINK VE SEND UP THE PISTOLS!

By Harold Gray



SUIT YOURSELVES! HEY JERRY! STAND BY THAT CONTROL VALVE! DON'T TURN IT TILL I GIVE YUH TH WORD!

By Martin



NO SECOND FRONT CAN SUCCEED UNLESS WE LICK HIS U-BOATS AND GET OUR SHIPS THRU. IT'S THE JOB OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN AIRFORCES TO DESTROY CONSTRUCTION CENTERS WHERE U-BOATS ARE MADE AND THE BASES FROM WHICH THEY OPERATE

By Martin



WE'VE BEEN CONCENTRATING ON 'EM FOR MONTHS. PERHAPS YOU WON'T FIND IT VERY EXCITING SITTING AT A DESK PLANNING RAIDS, BUT IT'S DELICIOUSLY IMPORTANT!

By Martin



THERE'RE TWO OF 'EM—THEY'VE GOT 'EM! I BELIEVE THEY'RE ASLEEP—

By Martin



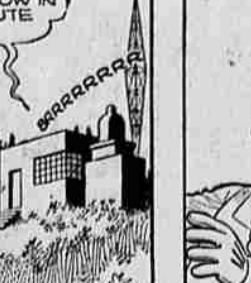
ALL RIGHT! YOU VIN! WE GOT TO DO VOT YOU EAY—WE SEND UP TH PISTOLS—

By Martin



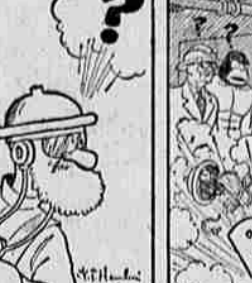
ALL RIGHT—EASY WITH THOSE THINGS! HOW MANY DO YOU MAKE IT, SO FAR?

By Martin



SEVENTEEN ONLY THREE MORE TO COME—

By Martin



AND ALL THE AMMUNITION YOUVE GOT, TOO—AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

By Martin



SHUT UP! I KNOW THAT BUT THEY DON'T—

By Martin



VAIT! VAIT! DON'T TURN ON DEER WATER! THINK VE SEND UP THE PISTOLS!

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SUIT YOURSELVES! HEY JERRY! STAND BY THAT CONTROL VALVE! DON'T TURN IT TILL I GIVE YUH TH WORD!

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