

# Glider Girl

Copyright, 1943  
By OREN ARNOLD NEA Service, Inc.

**HOPE**  
**CHAPTER XXII**  
ED BRYAN, pilot friend of Jimmy Carr and Pat Friday, came to Pat on the quiet this morning about 10 o'clock.

"Miss Pat," said he, "I'm a little worried."

"Are you, Ed? Why?"

"Well, you know how it is. When it's going to be one whale of a big storm, everything's quiet and rosy for several hours just preceding."

"Oh . . . I see . . . Yes, Ed, it is awfully still. I-I haven't been in the weather office so I don't know what the barometer reading is, but anyway I think we—"

"I wasn't talking about the weather."

"No?"

"It may or may not storm, for the glider train flight. But I was talking about that Stuart dame."

"Oh, I see, Ed, she's acted up again?" Pat was mildly alarmed.

"No'm, she hasn't. That's just the trouble. I worry about her being so quiet."

"But—maybe she's just ashamed of herself."

Ed morted. "Huhh!"

"Maybe we helped her see it our way. Jimmy's way. I mean."

"I been sticking close to her, under cover like. She stands around and smokes and stares off at nothing too much. It ain't healthy. For us."

"Ed, be nice to her. Invite her to lunch, and invite me and Jimmy too. Will you? We got out of all the reception committee doings, because we're planning the air train. But Jimmy and I have to eat somewhere!"

"You figure if she's with company she'll behave better?" Ed asked.

"Yes! Wouldn't you mope, too, just left alone? If you were in her shoes? And besides—Lorraine can't—she isn't really—like we think. Jimmy wouldn't have loved her."

Big Ed Bryan looked intently at Pat. His lips worked in and out in half-comic way. "Hmp!" he grunted again. "You get me mixed up sometimes. Sounds like you're actually standing up for her!"

"I am, Ed."

"Why?"

She didn't answer that. But after a long pause she looked directly at him. Ed began nodding, and he spoke his new wisdom in low, respectful tone.

"Miss Pat, you been telling Stuart this was all impersonal with you. But it ain't, is it? It's so doggone personal it hurts!"

Pat murmured, "Yes, Ed."

"Truth is, you're sold on the captain, you're not."

Pat hit her lip, to keep it from trembling. "But you aren't going to say anything, are you?" she pleaded.

"Nope."

"You—you said you loved a girl. In Atlanta."

Ed nodded. His heavy-featured face was a dark study now.

"Then maybe you know how it is. Yes, I do love Jimmy Carr. I know it. And you know it now. And—and Lorraine Stuart has known it all along."

Again Ed nodded. "She would, Miss Pat," said he, softly. "She don't miss many tricks."

"But it—it's still impersonal. All of this I can tend strictly to business. And if Lorraine is—"

"You could fight back," Ed suggested. "You're pretty as she is. Frazier. And smarter. You could take and—"

"No."

Ed paused, considering her. "Hmnm," he sounded.

"Jimmy chose Lorraine. He loves her, he loves her very devotedly. I'm sure. If I love him, myself, then my cue is to help him find happiness. Ed! Not confuse him! Not make him do something he'd probably regret a little later. It—it sounds nice, I suppose, to say a girl had a right to go out and fight for her man. And believe me, that's what I'd like to do. But, Ed—I don't love him that way. I love him more. More! Don't you understand?"

She had become a little vehement with it. Ed blinked, avoiding her eyes.

"Yes'm," said he, in his southern manner. "I reckon I do understand what you say. But do you know one thing? You could be mistaken."

Pat waited, and finally asked. "How do you mean, Ed?"

Ed smiled, kindly. "I have been around. Police work. Detective. Before I had taken to flying airplanes for Uncle Sam. And, Miss Pat, a feller doing that learns to read behind people's eyes."

"Behind people's eyes?"

"Yep." He was rocking on his heels now, a little. "Now you take you—you come right out clean and admitted how you felt. And I respect that. I'll hold it sacred between us, see. But the captain, he ain't like you."

"How do you mean? Isn't Jimmy—he's as honest as he can be?"

"Oh, honest! Sure he is. He's so honest with everybody that it sometimes hurts. With everybody, that is, but himself."

"Ed, what do you mean?"

Ed sighed heavily. "Now you

take a fellow like him—he gets wrapped up in flying, and being an Army captain, and he sort of forces his personal life down, ma'am. He don't give it enough thought. He figures everything centers around winning this war."

"Well—well, of course, Ed!"

"Yes'm. But you know one thing? If I was you I wouldn't give up."

The big man and the small girl looked at each other intently for several seconds. Finally Pat felt her chin begin to tremble, and a mistiness came into her eyes.

Ed turned away, almost self-consciously. "I'll go get him and Miss Stuart and meet you here by lunchtime," he said. "Yes'm."

Pat watched him go. He walked heavily. There was something solid and friendly and good about Ed Bryan. He held an odd sort of wisdom, she knew.

"Maybe I ought to listen to him!" something sang within her. "Maybe Jimmy and I—Jimmy and I—maybe Jimmy really could be made to—"

Her eyes were bright again, and the chin had stopped shaking. For almost 10 minutes she stood there thinking of a great many things. Of Lorraine, and Jimmy, and herself. Of trivial words, which might have carried deep import if she could have read them properly.

"After all, he really did call me back from Elmira! Made Ed bring me to Phoenix. Had me be the flight passenger again. . . . And he—he's been so very nice, at every turn. He had some candy for me once, too. And he—teases me, but never Lorraine. Maybe he—"

The singing within her had become a symphony now. That odd nebulous hope, which she had

stiffed, was rising again persistent and strong.

(To Be Continued)

Metallizing, or metal spraying, is an effective method recently developed for renewing worn automobile parts so that they will be, in some cases, even more durable and stronger than the original part.

A Florida golfer played 16 hours straight. We hope he found it!

**WANT ADS**

Help you win the war:  
The bands you buy will help protect the things we're fighting for.

**Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results**

Sell planes, lamps and chairs  
To help us win the war:  
The bands you buy will help protect the things we're fighting for.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

**FLOWERS SMELL SWEETER JUST BEFORE A RAIN. . .**

...BUT YOU CAN ALSO SMELL FOUL ODORS AT A GREATER DISTANCE. . . OR CABBAGE. . . COOKING IN YOUR NEIGHBOR'S KITCHEN.

**WACO SCORED 13 RUNS IN THE 8TH INNING AGAINST BEAUMONT! TEXAS LEAGUE AUG. 7, 1930**

**A KITTIWAKE IS A CATNAD BRITISH FIGHTER PLANE SEA BIRD**

ANSWER: A member of the gull family.

**NEXT: The accuracy of celestial navigation.**

### MILITARY INSIGNE

**HORIZONTAL**  
16 Depicted is insignie of U. S. Corps  
10 Rugged mountain crest  
11 Weight deduction  
12 Stout twine  
13 Decays  
15 Credit note (abbr.)  
16 Cupola  
17 Whirlwind  
18 Reverses  
21 Cereal grain  
22 Sea eagle  
23 Neglected  
25 Wine vessel  
27 Compass point  
28 Swiss river  
29 Sacred songs  
32 Oven  
34 Members of this corps wear it on their upper  
36 This is sewn on the sleeve just

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**  
PRENTISS BROWN  
RE ORNITHOID HE  
ILL ITS OWN FIE  
CITY OADAL FIND  
E EOY LAX SI CS  
FARAD MADRE  
DECOY ARBOR  
GO HT C YVE CO  
OR AT SAGR  
REIN DATUM  
GAD FOR SAL  
AS MINISTRY  
NEVER COTE

**9 Biblical**  
13 Italian city  
14 Distribute  
16 Low haunt  
17 Sturdy tree  
19 Moderate  
20 Efface  
21 Unit  
23 United States ship (abbr.)  
24 Precipice (Hawaii)  
25 Taste  
27 Type measure  
30 Grandparental  
31 Tent  
32 Comprehend  
33 Devotee  
34 Beginning  
35 Sweetheart  
36 Unbecoming  
37 Native  
38 Follow  
41 Leg part  
44 Suffix (var.)  
45 Has dined  
46 Evergreen  
47 Winglike part  
49 Symbol for stibium  
50 Italian river

51 Woody plant  
52 Vegetable  
53 Papal cape  
54 Mockery  
55 Mockery  
56 Unbecoming  
57 Corded fabric  
58 Female saint (abbr.)  
59 Symbol for victory  
60 Soaks flax  
61 Minute particles  
62 Proportion  
63 Written form of Mistress

Pat waited, and finally asked. "How do you mean, Ed?"

Ed smiled, kindly. "I have been around. Police work. Detective. Before I had taken to flying airplanes for Uncle Sam. And, Miss Pat, a feller doing that learns to read behind people's eyes."

"Behind people's eyes?"

"Yep." He was rocking on his heels now, a little. "Now you take you—you come right out clean and admitted how you felt. And I respect that. I'll hold it sacred between us, see. But the captain, he ain't like you."

"How do you mean? Isn't Jimmy—he's as honest as he can be?"

"Oh, honest! Sure he is. He's so honest with everybody that it sometimes hurts. With everybody, that is, but himself."

"Ed, what do you mean?"

Ed sighed heavily. "Now you

### Our Way

By J. R. Williams

WAIT! WAIT! DON'T LET HIM GO UP TO THE BATH ROOM TILL I GET MY STOCKINGS AND THINGS OUT OF THERE—AND DON'T LET HIM WASH HERE!

DID YOU GET THAT DIRTY ON YOU? JUST TO GET SOMETHING STARTED AROUND HERE?

WHY NO—I DON'T LIKE TO WASH THAT WELL! 'ATS WHY MIDS HATE TO WASH—IT'S LIKE A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR—THERE'S LOTS OF PLACES TO LAND, BUT THEY'RE FULL OF JAPS!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

### Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla

YEP, MARTHA! GURE AS RAIN ON A PICNIC, I GOT A JOB!—IT'S A SUNDAY-CLOTHES POSITION, TOO—PURGER ON A FERRYBOAT!—SO YOU CAN PASTE A BIG STAR ON MY BEDROOM DOOR!

THAT'S FINE, JAKE! WE MUST HAVE A NICE LITTLE HEART-TO-HEART TALK WHEN YOU GET YOUR FIRST PAY ENVELOPE!

JOVE! JAKE HAS A NASTY HABIT OF EMBARRASSING A PERSON!—THIS THROWS ME INTO THE SPOTLIGHT AS A DRONE IN THE HIVE!

JAKE IS A TRAITOR TO HIS TRIBE

### HOLD EVERYTHING!

3-27

### Red Ryder

Red Ryder! ME SAW-UM POKO WHEN WE GO THRU NAVAJO CAMP!

SORRY WE CAN'T STOP TO VISIT YOUR PEOPLE, LITTLE BEAVER. BUT WE GOT TO BE ON 'S RANCH THIS TIME OF YEAR!

BANG

SHOTS! DUCK, KID!

INJUNS!

A HOLDUP!

LITTLE BEAVER! THESE ARE YOUR NAVAJO ATTACKING THIS TRAIN!

### Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

HOW CAN YOU TELL IF STUFF IS REALLY GROWING, FRECK?

FIRST THERE'S A TINY SHOOT. . . THEN IT BECOMES A TENDRIL. . . AND FINALLY A PLANT!

LET'S GO, HILDA!—I'M GONNA LOOK AT MY GARDEN WITH A FLASHLIGHT!

DROP YOUR GUN AND STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

WHOD YOU SAY WERE GONNA KILL? ???

I GOT EXCITED WHEN I LOOKED AT MY GARDEN! I GUESS I HOLLERED—I'VE GOT A SHOOT!—I'VE GOT A SHOOT!

### "HEAVENLY" DESIGNS FOR DISH TOWELS

7276 by Alice Brooks

A playful little girl reaches for the stars, rides the moon and has a "heavenly" time in this collection of imaginative embroidery designs for kitchen towels. Stars in each motif spell out a specific purpose. Pattern 7276 contains a transfer pattern of 8 motifs averaging 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches; 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.

A dum dum substance similar to that used by car manufacturers in side panel doors for deadening effect is now being used to spray the under part of fenders, running boards, frame and all metal underneath the car to prevent rusting.

The habit of running down the battery in a car can be checked by use of much lighter engine oil and a close check on details of ignition.

The total number of trucks now is less by at least 200,000 than it was a year ago, the ODT estimates.

### Wash Tubbs

The NAZIS HAVE A STRING OF SUBMARINE BASES ALONG THE FRENCH COAST. EASY NOT ONLY TO REPAIR AND SUPPLY A LARGE FLEET OF U-BOATS AT SEA, THEY ALSO SEND REINFORCEMENTS WHENEVER AN ALLIED CONVOY NEARS

NOW, HERE'S THE PROBLEM. A LARGE CONVOY IS LEAVING FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN IN ABOUT 8 DAYS. THE ONE PENNY'S LEAVING ON TONIGHT IS SMALL AND RELATIVELY UNIMPORTANT

WE MUST GET THAT BIG CONVOY THRU WITHOUT SERIOUS LOSSES. OKAY, SO THE AIRFORCES ARE SMACKING THOSE SUB BASES, IN HOPES OF BOTTLING UP AS MANY U-BOATS AS POSSIBLE

YOUR JOB IS TO HANDLE THE INTELLIGENCE WORK ON THE BASE AT L'ESCARROT

YES, SIR

### Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

IF I TOOK TIME TO FIND MR. BUFFINGTON AND SPEED, IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE.—I SIMPLY HAVE TO GET THAT BAG

WHO'S THAT?

### Allep Oop

By Martin

ALL RIGHT, WOUNMUG, QUIET DOWN AND TELL ME WHAT'S BITING YOU!

GOSH, OOOO! WHAT D'YA RECKON IS WRONG WITH WOUNMUG?

IF IT'S BECAUSE OF OUR FAILURE TO FIND A SOURCE OF CRUDE RUBBER. . . NO, IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH RUBBER!

DAD BLAST IT, BRONSON, THE LAST THING I TOLD YOU WHEN I TIME-MACHINED YOU BACK TO HOO WAS NOT TO BRING THAT BIG HAIRY-FACED APE BACK WITH YOU INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

CERTAINLY I MEAN OOR YOU FATHER! DON'T YOU REALIZE I NEARLY LOST MY MIND BEFORE I FINALLY GOT RID OF HIM. . . AND NOW I'VE GOT IT TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN!

### Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

DOTS TWENTY! ALL WE GOT—LND ALL OUR AMMUNITION. . . COULD WE HAVE CHUST A LITTLE WATER—TO DRINK!

SURE—I'LL HAVE A BUCKET LOWERED TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!

DON'T STICK YER HEAD OVER THE EDGE—WANT TO GET IT BLOWN OFF?

S-B-BUT WE GOT ALL TWENTY OF THEM GUNS!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT'S ALL THEY HAD? PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO PACK MORE THAN ONE GUN—WE'VE GOT TWENTY GUNS—THAT'S TH' MAIN THING!

AND THEY MAY COME IN RIGHT HANDY, LATER—POST A GUARD AT THAT TRAP—GIVE EM FOOD AND WATER. . . DON'T SHOW EVEN A FINGER—IF THEY MAKE A SOUND, SHUT TH' TRAP AN' LEAVE 'EM IN TH' DARK!

YES, SIR, COLONEL ANNE!