

# Glider Girl

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ROUND ONE  
CHAPTER XXIII

FOR the next hour and a half a lot of people came into Major Hale's office where Pat was working, but she barely saw them. She dealt with them cordially enough, efficiently enough. But she did so like an automaton. They included city and state officials—even the governors of three states had come to Phoenix for the soaring carnival, and all the people were doubly interested in the air train project. They included technicians, weather men, reporters, newsreel people, committees for this and that. While Captain Carr handled the technical aspects of the train planning, it was Pat who handled all the civilian "front." And she did so without really knowing it. Because her mind was on what Ed Bryan had said.

"If I was you I wouldn't give up," he had advised her. "Jim Carr is honest with everybody but himself."

That had meant, plainly, that Pat herself had a chance to win Jimmy's love. In spite of Loraine Stuart who was already engaged to him.

Unfounded as that hope was, it held power in Pat's mind, and she looked eagerly for the time when she should be with Jimmy again. That pleasure came when Ed Bryan, as planned, brought Jimmy and Loraine to join Pat for lunch. The four of them would go to the Sky Harbor cafe. And that's where 12 o'clock found them.

"This is a nice private table looking out at the palm trees, with Superstition Mountain in the background," the waiter told them. "Everybody's getting heated up over the sky train, Captain Carr."

"Yes. Little bit excited myself, waiter. How about you, Lorry? And Pat? Ed's too dumb to know anything."

Big Ed grinned. He and the captain understood one another. "It's going to be wonderful, Jimmy!" Pat answered. "I'm as excited as a schoolgirl!"

And then, as if automatically, all three of them looked at Loraine. She had said almost nothing so far. And she just waited now with narrowed eyes. The moment was about to become definitely strained.

"Aw, Lorry! Jim pleaded, ever so gently. "Come out of it, won't you, sweetheart!" The word stung Pat Friday. "Here we are, four friends in a grand town, at a soaring carnival, having a grand time. Or could be. Don't nurse your mad, Lorry girl!"

Ed concentrated on a grapefruit cocktail. But Pat felt strange conflict in her soul. Ed had given her renewed assurance, hope. And she wanted so desperately to make Jimmy Carr discover her; discover her as a girl. A girl to be loved.

Well, she couldn't stand on ceremony, she told herself. Not if she really felt that way. Loraine Stuart was a formidable opponent for anybody! Beautiful. Perfectly groomed. Clever as possible, even if she did have a warped moral sense. But Ed Bryan had tactfully assured Pat that Jimmy was mistaken in his own mind, and that she could help him discover her!

Pat decided to take over the play here.

"Jimmee," she almost purred it, somewhat in Loraine's own style. "We are going to have the grandest experience today! You and I. On that glider train!"

"Sure," Jimmy agreed, loftily. "Do tell!" Loraine said, loftily.

PAT forced another try. "Jimmy I—so many people have been telling me that grand you are. To have thought you up, and planned the train demonstration, I mean." Pat swallowed. "We—we—oh, Jimmee!"

Ed Bryan's eyes lifted a moment as if in surprise, then went back to the grapefruit. His quick glance upset Pat, no end. But she tightened her lips.

Lorraine spoke. "You planned it, Jimmee darling?"

"No, matter of fact I didn't," Jim was determined to give credit as due. "The whole thing was Pat's idea. But a darn good one."

"I see!" Loraine's voice soared up scale. "And, no doubt, Miss Friday again maneuvered to be taken along. Getting to be quite a habit!"

"Now, Lorry!" Jimmy was suddenly distressed anew.

Pat felt desperate. "You wanted me, didn't you Jimmee?" she cooed, hastily. "We—we understand things! We know how things are and—and—" Ed Bryan had an attack of coughing and hurriedly beckoned the waiter.

When the glasses were re-filled with water, and the main course served, and the waiter had gone again, Loraine spoke straight from the shoulder.

"I want to get this settled," said she, with devastating calm. "Jimmee!" Pat tried.

Lorraine rode over the interruption. "I've been sitting here in Phoenix nursing my hands like somebody in jail. With—with Ed Bryan here hanging over me like the flatfoot he is! Now, Jimmy, I want to know exactly what the score is. You understand me?"

"Lo-raine!" Jim pleaded. "Please I—" He stopped, exhaled heavily, then resumed speaking as if he had suddenly made up his mind. "Lorraine, I do understand. Sure do! And I want you to know I feel like a heel. Why, sweetheart, you know what I think about you! We've been engaged for months! I admit this soaring flight has me all wacky. But I've been depending on you to stand by me, see, and I'm standing by you. I admit I've been so dog-gone busy most of the time that I—"

Big Ed Bryan broke in. "I

I ain't much hungry. Fact is, how's about you coming on out on the terrace for your ice cream? Me and you can talk while these turtle doves bill and coo."

He tried to make it casual, genial, good-natured. And even if it was rather obvious, Pat was grateful to him. Loraine and Jimmy didn't protest, in fact barely noticed them leave. Jimmy kept on talking.

Outside with Pat, Ed mopped his face with a handkerchief. "Whew!" he breathed. "Warm, ain't it?"

It wasn't warm. Pat was looking up at him, rather fearfully. Fearful of what she herself had done. He led her to a private spot in a covered swing.

"Ed—I muffed it!—oh!" She was about to cry.

He patted her hand. "That wasn't just the way to go about it, Miss Pat," said he gently. "I guess me and you, we—we have to operate in our own way. You couldn't imitate that Stuart dame's style—'Whew!' He had his 'kerchief out again."

Couldn't imitate Loraine. . . . No. . . . No, she couldn't, Pat realized now. Her purring act hadn't jelled. Her desperate, forced business of trying to impress Jimmy Carr, in the same manner Loraine used effectively, had only made her look ridiculous, naive. Jimmy hadn't noticed her at all. Indeed, he had set in determinedly to stress his love for Loraine!

Pat's breath took on a sudden trembling, and all at once she leaned over sobbing in her hands. Ed Bryan, thoroughly miserable, patted her shoulder. It was all the big fellow knew to do.

(To Be Continued)

**ANNOUNCEMENT**  
CHICAGO (AP)—Friends of Harold D. Fleischmann at first thought the engraved note on fine, heavy paper was a wedding announcement, but this is what they read:

"Franklin D. Roosevelt, commander-in-chief, and George C. Marshall, chief of staff, announce with pleasure that Harold D. Fleischmann has joined their organization for the duration."

When spiritual responsibility does not keep pace with material discovery and invention, true progress ceases.—Leslie D. Weatherhead, British pastor.



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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



WITH PROPER INSTRUMENTS AND SKILL, A PERSON STANDING ON SOLID EARTH CAN OBSERVE THE HEAVENLY BODIES AND DETERMINE HIS OWN GEOGRAPHIC POSITION WITHIN A FEW YARDS ON A SHIP AT SEA, HE CAN LOCATE HIS POSITION WITHIN A MILE OR TWO AND IN THE AIR ABOARD A PLANE WITHIN FIVE TO TEN MILES.



DRY GINGER ALE IS ALWAYS WET, Says RONALD M. ANGUS, Victoria, British Columbia.

## FORMER GOVERNOR

14 U. S. national figure	15 Word of endearment	16 Sheltered side	17 Unfolded	18 Within	19 On account (abbr.)	20 Frozen water	21 Upper part	22 One who edits	23 Cream (Fr.)	24 Music note	25 Measure of area	26 Made with seams	27 Upward	28 Pint (abbr.)	29 Even (contr.)	30 Proceed	31 Age	32 Cloth measure	33 Pigs (abbr.)	34 Voter	35 Therefore	36 Atmosphere	37 Upon	38 Electors	39 Aflame	40 Anger	41 Lubricant
42 Dry	43 Either	44 Similar	45 Required	46 Hook	47 Too	48 He was former governor of —	49 Manuscripts (abbr.)	50 Plant	51 Conduct	52 Iron (symbol)	53 Crazy (colloq.)	54 One who mimics	55 Compass point	56 Debit note (abbr.)	57 Whirlwind	58 North Dakota (abbr.)	59 Subside	60 Extent of space	61 Offer	62 Animal exhibits.	63 God of love	64 Meadow	65 Paid notices	66 Dawn (comb. form)	67 Half an em-	68 Bachelor of Music (abbr.)	69 Observe



## Out Our Way

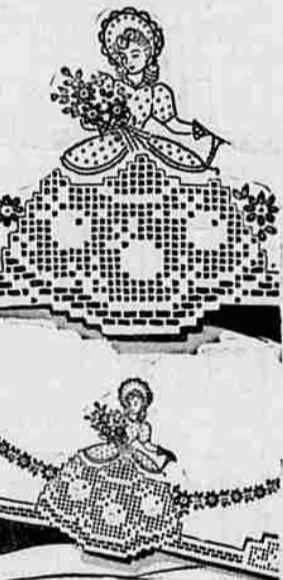
By J. R. Williams



## HOLD EVERYTHING!



## OLD-FASHIONED GIRL FOR UNUSUAL LINENS



by Alice Brooks

What a charming idea for your linens! This dainty motif combines embroidery and crocheted. The flowers and top of the figure are embroidered; fillet crocheted forms the hoop skirt and edging. Pattern 7515 contains a transfer pattern of a 7 x 17 1/2 and two 5 1/2 x 14 1/2 inch motifs; chart and directions for crocheting; stitches; 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.

## FOREWARNED

LINCOLN, Neb., (AP)—Ralph Cox, a member of the state board of control, told the legislature's appropriations committee that the south wall of the state penitentiary at Lincoln had been in bad shape for four or five years.

"In fact," Cox added, "it might go down at any minute."

One hour and a half later a 25 foot section of the wall collapsed.

Right cannot be determined by the criterion of whether it is useful or otherwise. The rights of the individual as those of the society are limited by eternal justice.—Bishop of Berlin.

## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



## Red Ryder



## Freckles and His Friends



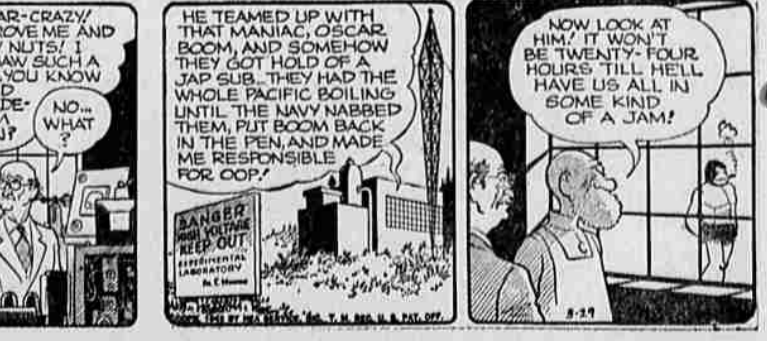
## Wash Tubbs



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Allep Oop



## Little Orphan Annie

