

# Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

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## SKY HARBOR WEDDING

CHAPTER XXIV  
LORRAINE STUART saw Ed Bryan and Pat leave the luncheon table, but she made no protest. She shifted her lovely, sultry eyes back to Captain Carr.

"You must understand that I think of you constantly," Jimmy was saying, and his voice had a desperate tone. "Lorry, you and I—why, good grief, Lorry girl, we're like that!"

He held two fingers up, side by side. Lorraine said nothing. Food on the table went untouched, but she opened her bag for a cigaret. Jim Carr, who didn't smoke but who usually held a match for her, apparently didn't see the cigaret at all now. He was that intent.

"Little girl, I'm as serious about this as possible. I won't have you or anybody else imply that I two-time you! I'm not that kind of a heel. Don't you understand?"

Lorry squirted smoke out of the side. The motion screwed up her pretty lips unprettily, and her eyes were narrowed, watching him.

"You believe me, don't you, Lorry girl?" Jim begged, low tone. "We—had everything understood. Didn't we? . . . Didn't we?"

She finally deigned to speak. "What about this Friday person?"

Jimmy was struggling harder than ever. "I won't belittle Pat. Not in the slightest. Matter of fact, she's swell, but—well, look, Lorry, I—"

"Then you still want to marry me?"

"Lorry! Of course!"

"All right. Will you? And if so—when?"

"Why—why—well, look—look, you say it!" Jimmy swallowed, and his eyes were wide now. "You name the date yourself! You're the one, not me! Whenever and wherever you say!"

He was like a soldier going to do a duty if it killed him, and shrewd Lorraine Stuart did not miss that fact.

She tamped her cigaret out and said, "Tomorrow at noon. Right here."

"H-Here?"

She nodded. "There's a cute outdoor chapel right here at the Phoenix Sky Harbor. Where a great many movie stars are married after flying over from Hollywood. A Spanish arch, under palm trees and a climbing rose. Okay, Jimmie?"

This had become business-like now. A strictly business contract, arranged by the party of the first part while the second party was willing.

"Absolutely!" said Jimmy. "Absolutely, Lorraine!"

PAT'S breakdown of sobbing passed in a very few minutes. She wiped her eyes on a huge kerchief, gave it back to its owner and stammered, "T-thanks, Ed. You are so kind."

"Do you good, crying a little," said he. "All right now?"

"All right. Only I'm ashamed." "Forget that part. Nobody saw you. Not even me."

"Thanks, Ed."

"You want to eat anything else? Or you want to go back to that office? You better eat! You got to fly in a sky train at 4 o'clock. That ain't but a few hours."

"I'll get a malted milk later. And a sandwich. Everything is so horrible now and—oh!"

He turned to follow her gaze. Jimmy and Lorraine were coming out on the terrace, toward them. "It's all right," Ed comforted. "Just don't try to talk for a little while."

Lorraine, surprisingly to Ed, had all her old verve and sparkle back. She strode toward the canvas swing like a conqueror, like an imperious dress model on a stage, like a woman of absolute purpose and poise. Jim Carr's face was set.

"Well," Ed Bryan began, rising. "Well, uh—uh—it's not 1 o'clock yet, but maybe we—"

"Sit down! Do sit down!" Lorraine directed them, brightly. "There may be something you two people want to know!"

going down the terrace here; the distinguished young Army aviator and soaring expert, and the statuesque, blond girl.

When they were out of sight, Ed exhaled again. He turned to Pat Friday.

"I—I better get back to work," she said, nervously.

He took her to Major Hale's office without another word. People were waiting to see her. Ed went on away, a whipped, angry man.

Pat did not go at once to the desk she had borrowed. Rather hastily she went on through to a small anteroom. She just had to have a moment alone!

She didn't cry any more. Not now. Control had to be forced at any cost, because of the afternoon's task before her. . . . But for an ageless minute or so she did think.

The old hope within her of course lay completely dead. She had tried everything. Everything! Kindly Ed Bryan had sought to help her; it just simply hadn't worked. She had tried slaving for Jimmy. She had tried being honest, sweet, girlish. She had tried—once back in Elmira—being sophisticated, and that had been terrible. Today, she had tried a cooing, purring technique which Lorraine herself used so effectively on Jimmy Carr. Nothing had worked.

Pat whispered a quick little prayer. "Please take care of him, God. Always!"

Then she hastened back to her assigned job.

(To Be Continued)

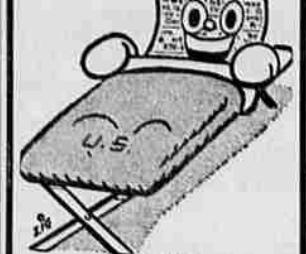
Always read the classified ads.

## HE NEEDED A PULL

FARMINGTON, Utah (AP)—Gasoline rationing is prolonging an unidentified sufferer's toothache.

Stating it was impossible to get a dental appointment before April 26 in either nearby Ogden or Salt Lake City, he applied for extra gasoline rations for a trip to Denver to get the tooth pulled.

The board denied the application.



\$2 BUYS ONE WARM ARMY BLANKET

One warm blanket might avoid a fatal case of pneumonia!

War Stamps buy warm blankets.

Some unused things around the house that you've forgotten all about will buy extra War Stamps.

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

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR forgotten things into warm blankets for soldiers!

Herald and News Want-Ads Get Results

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



ABSENTEEISM

## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



AHOY! SUBMARINE ASTERN

## HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder



"You must be a semi-private!"



Red Ryder

## Freckles and His Friends

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE GREAT BRITISH SHIP, LYING AT ANCHOR IN SCAPA FLOW, MADE A PERFECT TARGET FOR U-BOAT GUNNERS AS IT STOOD OUT IN SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE LIGHTED SKY.



WHERE'S ELMER? ANSWER: St. Augustine, Florida.

NEXT: What color is an insect's blood?

## CALLING ALL SMART VICTORY GARDENERS



7523

by Alice Brooks

Make these accessories to lighten your gardening chores.

The kneeling cushion with pockets for tools and the "pocket" apron for seed packages and markers are of oilcloth. The box with handy oilcloth pockets on each side serves as a tray for seeds, twine, markers. Instructions 7523 contain complete directions for these garden helps.

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."

## ANY TOOTH ACES?

PORTLAND, Ore. (AP)—Fifty Washington dental students still are waiting to take their license examinations because there aren't enough available cavities.

First the Washington State License bureau delayed the examinations because it couldn't find a suitable place in Seattle. Finally room for the tests was found in Portland, 200 miles away and out of the state.

Now the bureau can't find 100 persons with cavities to serve as patients during the examinations.

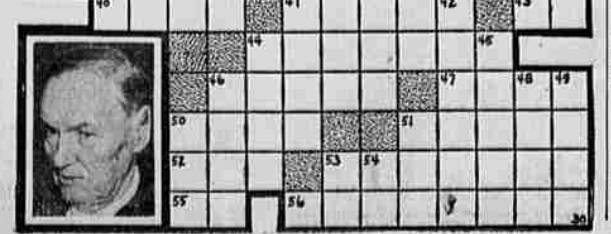
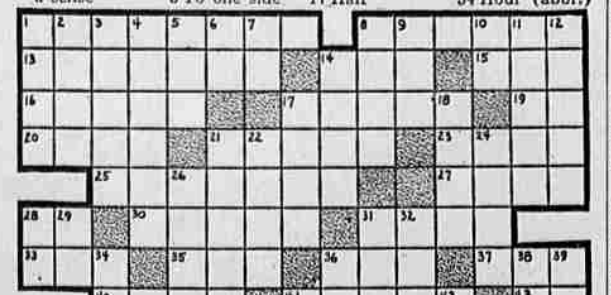
## BOTTLENECK BY BEES

PHOENIX, Ariz. (AP)—Southern Pacific trains were snarled for an hour at the railroad yards. The reason: Bees.

A swarm ganged a switch box, short-circuiting electric wires.

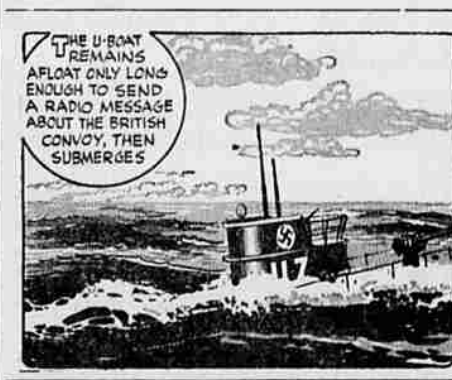
## FAMOUS LAWYER

18 Fruit	21 Roman goddess
19 Annamese weight	22 Bride strap
20 Taro root	23 Creeping plant
21 System of religious belief	24 Summits
22 Same as 21	25 Morinda dye
23 Constantly	26 Exist
24 Reverses	27 Synovial sac
25 Ventilates	28 Bear
26 Symbol for Alabama	29 Forenoon (abbr.)
27 Gateway	30 Moors
28 Scorch	31 Compass point
29 Meadow	32 Ambary
30 Writing tool	33 Tissue
31 Dressed pet	34 Belonging to Ethel
32 Termination	35 Infallible (abbr.)
33 Succinct	36 Aliates
34 Babylonian deity	37 Related
35 Feel through a sense	38 Unique
	39 Greek letter (pl.)
	40 He practiced
	41 Fish eggs
	42 Has on
	43 Symbol for calcium
	44 Saints (abbr.)
	45 Hour (abbr.)



## Wash Tubbs

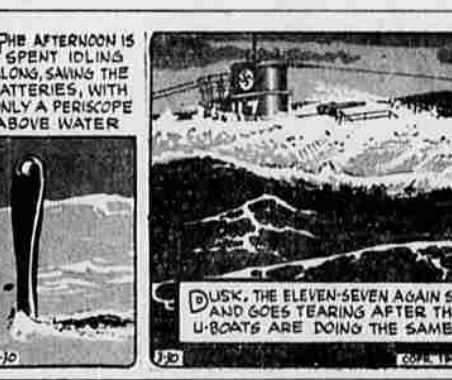
By Crane



Wash Tubbs

## Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

## Allep Oop

By Martin



Allep Oop

## Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



Little Orphan Annie

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