

# Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

**GORGEOUS LORAIN**  
**CHAPTER XXV**  
 The newspaper reporter was probing Pat for all the side-  
 lights of the sky train trip. "Start-  
 ing from Phoenix at 4 p. m., and  
 heading out over Superstition  
 Mountain. Is that right?"  
 "Yes," Pat said. "The first  
 glider leaves the train at Globe,  
 Arizona, 100 miles away."  
 "But you do fly right over Super-  
 stition?"  
 "Sure. It's on the direct route."  
 "Aren't you afraid?"  
 "Goodness no! Sailplanes fly  
 best over mountains, because of  
 the thermals or up-currents com-  
 mon there."  
 "But Miss Stuart, I meant the  
 history of deaths in Superstition,"  
 the reporter smiled. "The  
 lost gold mine up there has lured  
 more than 20 people to mysterious  
 deaths. A lot of storms originate  
 up there, too."  
 "Sorry," she smiled back. "Can't  
 work up any fear." Pat had to  
 keep alert in order to remember  
 she was Miss Stuart, in the pub-  
 lic's mind.

"Okay, then. Eastern Girl De-  
 scribes Superstition. I can write  
 a few cracks about that."  
 "Surely. Have your fun. But  
 please print this, too: this is a  
 genuine test flight, or demonstra-  
 tion. To prove the feasibility of  
 glider trains, Jimmy will—I  
 mean, Captain Carr will pilot the  
 towing airplane and he'll lead the  
 train from city to city over the  
 southwest, mostly over Arizona.  
 It's an ideal place because the test  
 will be severe."

"How so?"  
 "It covers such varied country,  
 Captain Carr says. Flat arid land,  
 with only cactus growing. Some-  
 more actually below sea level.  
 Then rolling sand dunes. Next,  
 low foothills. Then ranges of  
 mountains made of red and purple  
 rocks—not that the colors  
 matter, I guess, but I saw them  
 coming here from New York. And  
 finally, over giant forests and  
 mountain ranges that extend up  
 to 12,000 feet altitude. You see?  
 Every possible kind of air current  
 ought to be encountered. More  
 than any average trip to the east-  
 ern states would offer." Pat had  
 penciled the route for him on a  
 map.

"But Miss Stuart, there aren't  
 half a dozen landing fields on that  
 whole route! I'll bet on that!"

She laughed gently. "Sail-  
 planes don't need 'em."  
 "No?"  
 "No, really. That's one good  
 thing about soaring and gliding."  
 "How do you mean?"  
 "I mean that a sailplane can  
 land on a very small area. Pan-  
 nake down on a school yard or  
 city lot if need be. Not like a  
 power plane."

"That's great business, Miss  
 Stuart."  
 "Surely. That's why Globe,  
 Arizona, was chosen for one stop,  
 Jimmy says. It's a town in a  
 gulch or canyon. Hardly any flat  
 ground. And the first plane to  
 leave the sky train will be over  
 Globe."

"And have to take its chances."  
 "Right."  
 "And Miss Stuart, you're the  
 only girl to be on the train?"  
 "Yes." She smiled again. "I'm  
 afraid the men pilots kind of  
 resent me."

"Gosh, I wouldn't!" said the re-  
 porter, in frank admiration. In-  
 terviewing pretty "Lorraine Stu-  
 art," whom they thought Pat to  
 be, had been the reporters' main  
 pleasure in covering this soaring  
 carnival, anyway.

**MORNING** papers of course had  
 already carried Pat's picture and  
 write-up as being the girl of the  
 train. It added zest to the  
 news stories thus to have a ro-  
 mance. Handsome Captain Carr  
 piloting the tow plane. His de-  
 licious looking little fiancée  
 hooked on somewhere behind. In  
 truth, America had pretty well  
 fallen in love with Pat's pictures  
 since she started that adventurous  
 junket from New York. What  
 persistently nagged at her was the  
 fact of her pose, her masquerade.  
 It being necessary made it no  
 less distasteful.

The real Lorraine Stuart may or  
 may not have seen the morning  
 papers, however. She wouldn't  
 have cared; she felt that she had  
 matters absolutely under control  
 once more. Jim Carr had made  
 love to her right in the presence  
 of that little snip! Jim had al-  
 lowed her to announce their wed-  
 ding plans, for tomorrow noon.  
 So, of course she, the real Lorraine,  
 could "take over" now, about as  
 she pleased.

Lorraine gave that pleasure  
 some thought. Jimmy had to  
 leave her right after lunch, of  
 course, as both he and Pat Friday  
 were swamped with last-minute  
 preparations for the sky train.  
 But Lorraine sat in a luxurious  
 swing on the cafe terrace and  
 sipped drinks and enjoyed smok-  
 ing. She could look out over the  
 great flying field. Tomorrow  
 noon, she thought again, they  
 would be married.

At 2 o'clock she took a taxi  
 back to her hotel, re-dressed her-  
 self rather gorgeously in flying  
 togs, including a cute new helmet  
 she had purchased. It was more  
 ornamental than useful. It did  
 just the right things to Lorraine's  
 blond curls. The whole outfit, in  
 fact, was sporty, smart; it gave  
 her lovely figure full emphasis, so  
 that when she came back to Sky

Harbor people inevitably turned  
 to admire.  
 That was at a quarter of four  
 —no being late for Lorraine this  
 time! There was a feel of excite-  
 ment, a tension in the very air.  
 Thousands of spectators had gath-  
 ered. Radio men were putting  
 the show on national chains.  
 Newsreel men were scurrying  
 here and there. Lorraine's entry  
 was quiet, unassuming, but de-  
 cident. She bluffed past the guard  
 lines and started directly toward  
 the group nearest the train of  
 sailplanes. Ed Bryan, one of the  
 pilots, stood there with the other  
 pilots. So did Pat Friday, Jimmy  
 Carr, a dozen or so officials, com-  
 mitteemen, reporters and such.  
 As Lorraine approached, she heard  
 Pat Friday speak rather vehe-  
 mently.

"All right, what if I am a  
 mere woman?" Pat was demand-  
 ing of the men pilots. "Women  
 are as good as men. But if you  
 insist on my taking the tail-end  
 plane, I will."

"Now, please," some man said,  
 "We just don't want anything to  
 happen to you, is all. You take  
 the tenth plane so you can cut  
 loose first and face less danger,  
 see?"  
 Pat didn't smile, but she  
 wouldn't argue any more. She  
 didn't want to make a scene.  
 Then she turned and saw Lorraine  
 Stuart approaching.

"Jimmy!" she breathed. "Ed!  
 Look!"  
 A reporter discovered gorgeous  
 Lorraine at that moment, too. He  
 sang out, "Gosh, is this lady one  
 of your pilots, too, Captain Carr?"  
 Lorraine herself answered, a bit  
 disdainfully. "Do I look as if I  
 were dressed for a dance?"

(To Be Continued)

## Here's What to Do If You Waste Your Shoe Ration Stamp

PORTLAND, March 31 (AP)—  
 What happens if you use ration  
 stamp No. 17 to buy shoes, and  
 they turn out to be defective?

The district office of price  
 administration says to return  
 the shoes to the dealer within  
 30 days of purchase and notify  
 the rationing board. The board  
 will issue a special stamp, au-  
 thorizing purchase of another  
 pair.

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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



**INSECTS**  
 MAY HAVE GREEN  
 BLOOD, OR YELLOW  
 BLOOD...  
 BUT NEVER  
 RED BLOOD!

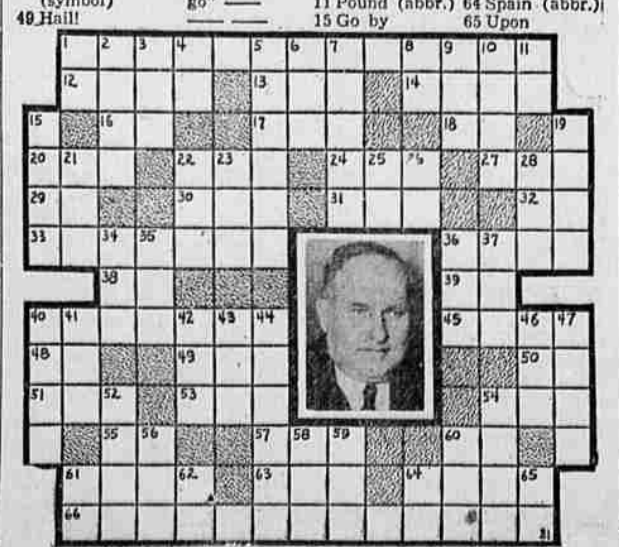


**BASEBALLS**  
 NOW IN USE HAVE GOLF  
 BALL CORES.

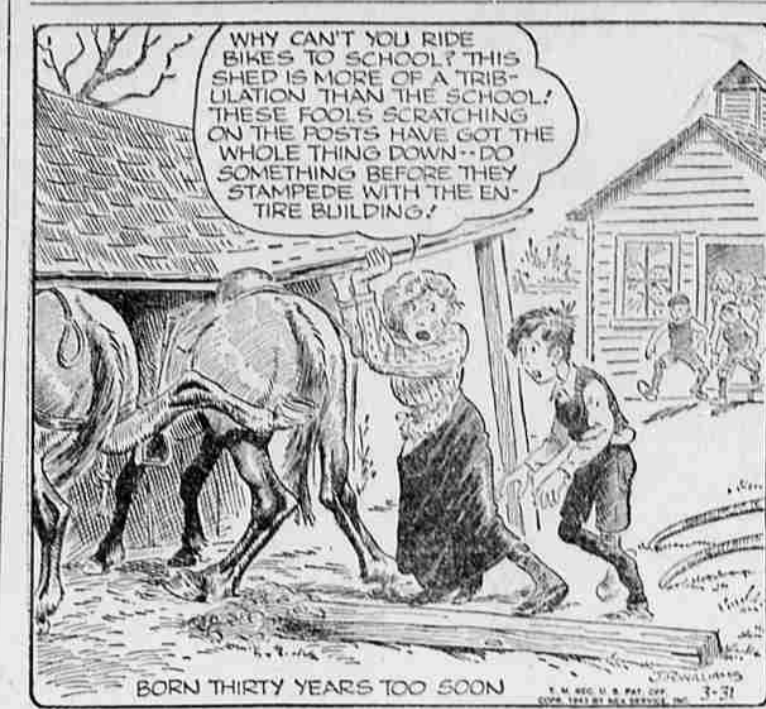
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## "PAY-AS-YOU-GO" PLANNER

1 Pictured U. S. tax expert,	CLARENCE	19 Stair
12 Woolen thread	EASIEST	21 House pet
13 Sailor	DRIPS	22 Bird
14 Pierce	EDDO	23 Ignited
15 Selenium (symbol)	ESTEMS	25 Us
17 Noun suffix	AB	26 North Dakota (abbr.)
18 Half an em	LEA	28 Limb
20 High card	MISS	34 Part of circle
22 Sprite	CLARENCE	35 Also
24 Possess	DARROW	36 Cereal grain
27 Dine	50 River in Livonia	37 Skill
29 South America (abbr.)	51 Female sheep	40 Article
30 Unit of wire measurement	53 Five and five	41 Novel
31 Bright color	54 Three (prefix)	42 Entangle
32 Music note	55 Palm lily	43 First woman received careful study in the U. S.
33 Law	57 Insect	46 Vehicle
36 Slipping way	60 Hawaiian bird	47 Great
38 International language (abbr.)	63 Golf device	52 English school
40 His plan concerns taxation of	64 Farm building	54 Weight
45 Engrave	66 He calls his "pay-as-you-go"	56 Incorporated (abbr.)
48 Tellurium (symbol)		58 Sains
49 Hall		8 Rupees (abbr.)
		9 Indian
		10 Horse's neck hairs
		11 Pound (abbr.)
		15 Go by
		65 Upon



## Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

## Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla



JAKE GIVES HIMSELF TOP BILLING

## HOLD EVERYTHING! Red Ryder



## By Fred Harmon



## Freckles and His Friends



## By Blosser



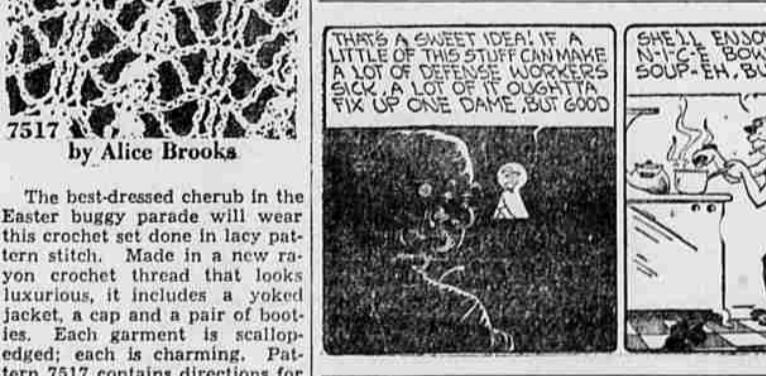
## Wash Tubbs



## By Crane



## Boots and Her Buddies



## By V. T. Hamlin



## Allep Oop



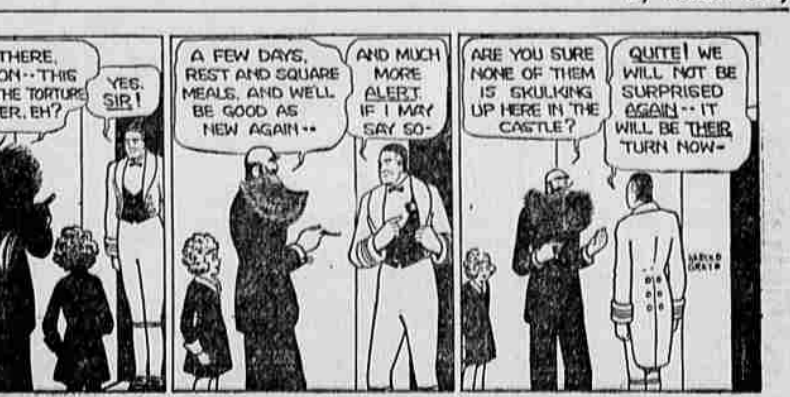
## By Martin



## Little Orphan Annie



## By Harold Gray



## British Corner All Argentine Beef

WASHINGTON, March 31 (AP)—The senate banking committee heard testimony today that the British government has "completely sewed up" the Argentine beef supply.  
 Wilbur La Roe Jr., general counsel of the National Independent Meat Packers association, testified he discovered the situation after investigating the complaint of a New Orleans packer who could not get United States meat to run his plant and sought to bring in some Argentine beef.  
 The allies have achieved notable victories recently, but to count on a quick conclusion of the war would only work to get ourselves in trouble.—British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.