

Slider Girl

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SUPERSTITION CLOUD

CHAPTER XXVI

"Worry! For Pete's sake keep mum now. This is the big moment!" Jimmy Carr was pleading in hushed but desperate tone.

The reporter had run to get his staff photographer who was a few yards up the train of sailplanes. In the interim, four people held strange conference.

"Keep mum, Jimmy!" Loraine asked softly. "But why? I thought we had an understanding."

"We did! But—my lord, we—" Pat spoke up. "Lorraine, please! You mustn't spoil the show now. For Jimmy's sake. Your own! Any hint of personal trouble or scandal that might influence Jimmy—"

"That's a fact, lady!" Big Ed Bryan added. "You better let Miss Pat keep right on using your name."

The reporter was back. "That's one. The tall girl, Rusty. In the flying toga." He was speaking rapidly to his photographer, and he called louder to Jimmy now.

"Okay, Captain? Is she on?" Ed Bryan stepped in once more to help a friend, and save face here all around.

"Sure she's going," Ed boomed, genially. "Name's Lo—uh, name's Mary Smith. S-M-I-T-H, Smith. More woman interest for this sky train, see? She's gonna ride with Captain Carr in the towing plane."

"Swell! Can I talk to her now?" Jimmy, suddenly understanding Ed, grabbed Loraine's arm. "Not till we get back! Come on, Loraine!"

Nobody noticed that he used her real name, grabbing her and rushing away toward a jeep. In a moment they were riding up to the tow plane, far ahead. And the officials assumed this was a signal for everybody else to get going.

They saw all pilots sent to their ships, but most interest centered on Pat Friday—alias "Lorraine Stuart, Captain Carr's fiancée"—as she got in the last sailplane of all. And then, before anybody quite realized it, the hour was 4 o'clock. A signal was given and far ahead Jimmy started rolling.

A great cheer rose from the 20,000 spectators.

Bands blared out. People were in a frenzy of excitement, and justly so. Slowly, slowly, the slider train began to snake along the runway. Then all at once it was gathering incredible speed.

Pilots waved. The cheering increased.

Like some gigantic kite tall, this sky train lifted gracefully off the ground. It was spectacular! Breath-taking! Here indeed was a beautiful maneuver, and here indeed was a harbinger of things to come.

Back in the tag-end plane, Pat Friday felt a sensation of achievement and power. She was in the big company and yet she was all alone! Many yards ahead of her was the ninth plane, flying prettily as its notch in the kite tail.

Phoenix was streaming under them now, for Jimmy was circling, far far ahead. As if she didn't know how many, Pat began counting—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and then her own plane. Beautiful craft, all. In varied colors against the Arizona sky.

She said it so vehemently, so harshly, so willfully, that Jimmy only stared. Then he concentrated on handling his plane. A frown had darkened him and his lips were tight. So this was his Loraine! The girl he was to marry tomorrow noon! . . . She danced well, looked pretty, but—as a wife? . . . Apprehension began to assail Jimmy. And yet—'I've obligated myself; I'll go through with it!' he told himself, flying there. Thus matters rested for 10 minutes.

It was just time enough for Loraine to come to her senses again. In a nervous strain herself, of course, she had done the wrong thing. And now she realized it. Contritely, and a bit desperately, she smiled at him and began talking in a melting tone.

"Jimmy, darling, I didn't mean it. Not that way. I—You do love me, and I love you."

Jimmy darling apparently didn't want to answer. He flipped back to the radio, began speaking to his pilots in strictly technical language, all-for-business now. Even Pat, far behind him, caught the odd change in his manner and tone.

But neither Pat nor Jimmy nor any of the others really had time to conjecture on personal details.

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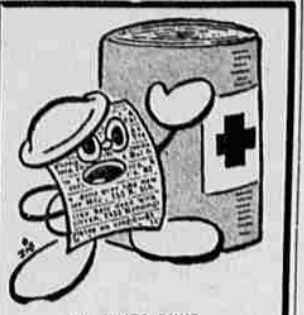
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REPRIEVE
KANSAS CITY (AP) — Bill Ratchford and a dozen neighbors labored strenuously preparing Victory gardens in a large vacant lot near their homes. One day a stranger stepped off from his automobile, nodded and said: "I bought this whole piece of ground the other day." Ratchford wilted. "And," continued the visitor, "I wish you'd save a place for me. I'd like to put in a few potatoes myself."



25 CENTS BUYS 12 BANDAGES
Twelve bandages might save the lives of 12 soldiers. Thinking of it that way, wouldn't it be patriotic to sell what you're not using and buy War Stamps that'll buy bandages?

I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration. Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused goods into bandages!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results
(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

Always read the classified ads.

THE POUSMA FAMILY, 1428 SOUTH WASHINGTON STREET, DENVER, COLORADO, REJOICED LAST AUTUMN OVER A BUMPER HARVEST OF WALNUTS. SQUIRRELS USUALLY BEAT THEM TO THE JOB. BUT WHEN THE NUTS WERE OPENED NOT ONE WAS GOOD! . . . YET HUMANS CLASSIFY SQUIRRELS AS DUMB ANIMALS.

KWIK-KOPPER

"FITTE NAMES"
M. E. SHOEMAKER IS SUPT OF A SHOE FACTORY IN DYER, TENNESSEE.

DR. CHARLES FOOTLECK IS A CHIROPODIST IN NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

Thanks
HOWARD KEAS
MRS. LEO GOODWIN

OF ALL THE STARS IN THE HEAVENS, CAN YOU NAME JUST THREE?

ANSWER: Polaris, the north star; Castor and Pollux, the heavenly twins; Sirius, the brightest star, etc.

NEXT: Can you live on 12 ounces of food daily?

FORMER U. S. PRESIDENT

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured former U. S. president.

13 Chinese measure.

14 Box with fists.

15 Pair of horses.

16 Artificial language.

17 Yellow bugle plant.

18 Type measure.

19 Land measure.

20 Female kangaroo.

22 Soaks.

24 Impetuous.

28 Get up.

29 Sink.

31 Call for help at sea.

32 Fodder vats.

33 Level.

35 Surgical saw.

37 Woody plant.

38 Ireland.

39 Anesthetic (pl.).

41 Showered.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

BEARDSLEYRUMBL
YARN TAR STAR
PSE TIER EN S
ACE ELF OWN EAT
SA MIL RED RE
STATUTE RAMP
RO BEARDSLEY VR
INCOMES ETCHE
TE AVE NML AA
EWE TEN TRI
M TI ANT OOL
POND TEE SILO
INCOMETAXPLAN

8 Dread.

9 Hearing organ.

10 Ream (abbr.).

11 Prayer.

12 Roman date.

13 Particle.

21 Type of large stout lizard.

23 Allayed.

25 Fire residue.

26 Proceed.

27 Compound ether.

28 Matured.

30 Skin opening.

32 Fine lines of a letter.

34 Terrace.

60 Bar by estoppel.

61 Remains upright.

36 Narrow inlet.

39 Exit.

40 Very (Fr.).

42 Ages.

43 Bounded.

44 Compulent.

46 Conducts.

48 Folding beds.

51 Slight taste.

53 Obtained.

56 Toward.

58 Parent.

Red Ryder

Hold Everything!

Freckles and His Friends

Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies

Allep Oop

Little Orphan Annie

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

I WONDERED WHY THIS ONE WOULDN'T MOVE WHEN I CHARGED HIM -- BUT WHY WOULD THEY HANG THE HIDE ON THE FENCE INSTEAD OF HIDING IT?

I DON'T KNOW, WES. BUT SINCE THIS HERE BLACK MARKET BUSINESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO LOOKIN' UNDER ALL THEIR HIDES TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY MEAT IN 'EM!

THE NIGHT SHIFT

Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla

GREAT CAESAR, JAKE! WHAT UNDILUTED GALL! -- USURPING ALL MY DOMESTIC PRIVILEGES AND NOW PILFERING MY NAUTICAL UNIFORM FOR YOUR FERRYBOAT JOB! -- REMOVE THAT GARB AT ONCE!

AW, LET GO OF THE WHISTLE, AMOS! -- WITH A HAN'SOME INDUSTRIOUS BROTHER LIKE ME, YOU OUGHTA PUFF UP LIKE A PENGUIN, 'STID OF HOLLERIN' COPPER. -- HERE, HAVE A SMOKE, CHUM!

THE CIGAR IS OUT OF THE MAJOR'S COAT POCKET

Red Ryder By Fred Harmon

LITTLE BEANER! YOU DID COME BACK HOME TO SEE-UM TO-NO?

YUM! ME GOT MORE FERRIANT BUSINESS THAN CHASE-UM SQUAW, YOU BETCHUM!

THAT'S ENOUGH LOVE CHATTER FOR NOW, KIDS! -- WHEN REMEMBER THE CHILDREN, I COME FOR A POW-WOW WITH HIM!

UGH! COWBOY NOW FIND OUT CHIEF HAS LIKE STRANGE PALE FACE!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

My! My! I didn't know they were drafting men as old as you!

Wash Tubbs By Blosser

WHO IS THAT OLD BUGLE-NOSE, ANYWAY?

HE LIVED HERE ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO AND HE MUSTA JUST COME BACK!

HE TOOK OVER LARD'S WHOLE GARDEN!

I BET HE'D HEAT PINNIES AND THEN TOSS THEM TO LITTLE KIDS!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE FOOLED ME THAT WAY WHEN I WAS SIX I SEE THOSE SCARS!

WHAT DID YOUR DAD DO ABOUT IT?

MAYBE MR. SCUTTLE WILL SHOW YOU HIS SCARS!

Wash Tubbs By Crane

WHAT HAPPENED?

I THINK WE'VE BEEN TORPEDOED! GET YOUR CLOTHES ON!

WHOOOM!

WE'VE DEVELOPED A LIST ALREADY, I SAY, PENNY, YOU'LL NEED A LIFE-BELT!

THANKS.

DESTROYERS AND CORVETTES ARE BUSY DROPPING DEPTH CHARGES.

Boots and Her Buddies By V. T. Hamlin

HERE'S YER SOUP, DEARIE! WE MIGHT AS WELL FEED YA BEFORE WE TURN YA OVER TO TH' COPS! WE'VE ET!

WHO'S THAT -- OUTSIDE ?? -- GEE -- ARE THE POLICE HERE ALREADY?

Allep Oop By Martin

CAN'T NOBODY TELL ME I CAN'T HAVE STEAK! ME, WITH A MILLION BUCKS... THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' I CAN'T HAVE! NO SIR, WAR OR NO WAR, WHEN I WANT MEAT I'M GOON! HAVE MEAT! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MISTER COP HIMSELF! HOW ARE YOU, SON -- AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU THIS FINE SPRING MORNING?

I WANT A NICE BIG THICK JUICY STEAK!

Little Orphan Annie By Harold Gray

BUT HOW DID THEY GET YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE?

EASILY! WE KNEW NOTHING OF THOSE SECRET PASSAGES--

THEY SIMPLY WALKED IN ON US AND TOOK OVER-- WHAT COULD WE DO? THEY HAD GUNS--

BUT WHY DID THEY DO IT?

HAI! YOU'LL SOON SEE WHY THEY WANTED THIS CASTLE-- AH-- HERE COMES BIG GEORGE--

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES WITH THAT BLOWTORCH-- WELL, ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU--

AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE-- BUT, NOW, PERHAPS I MAY HELP FINISH THE JOB, EH?

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