

# Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD

DEATH AHEAD  
CHAPTER XXVIII  
"PAT . . . Pat Friday, Plane  
Number 10! . . . Oh my God,  
PAT!"

Capt. James Carr, U. S. Army pilot of the motor ship towing a sky train, was frantically trying to get a radio communication through. He yelled at his microphone while the ship droned and bucked and twisted in the storm over Superstition Mountain. He gritted his teeth, threw electric switches, twisted dials. Beside him, Lorraine Stuart was white with fear, but he ignored her presence. "PAT!" he shrieked again. "Number 10 . . . Pat!"

In technical truth, that frantic cry of his did get through to Patsy, struggling now in that same storm. She heard him, and she tried to answer. It was Jimmy's receiving apparatus that had gone temporarily dead. But then, her own radio, both ways, seemed to be fluctuating. What's more, Pat couldn't spare the time to try to tune it. From her position as tail-end ship of the train, she had cut loose with astonishing courage. Her plane had dipped. The gusty blow had caught her unprepared.

"See-o-o-o-o!" She shrieked there in the loneliness. For a matter of seconds she rolled sideways. And it took all the skill and strength she could muster to right the ship again. When she came out of it she could see no sign of the parent train, because the cloud around her was streaked, streaming, boiling. Lightning darted through it. Oddly, in this moment of stress she remembered what a newspaper reporter had told her about Superstition Mountain.

"The Indians say the Thunder Gods live up there," he had said, "and it's a fact, because on stormy days you can listen and hear them pounding their gargantuan tom-toms."

She heard the tom-toms now. Off right, then left. Assaulting her ears, crashing against clouds and against the earth itself. She felt infinitesimal, and indeed she was exactly that compared to the bulk and anger of Nature here.

"If I can . . . keep a . . . level head," she was pleading with herself. The cloth and aluminum sail-plane she piloted was a wisp of straw. Wind whined outside the transparent hood like banshees

wailing. Daylight came through the storm at intervals, showing gray nothingness ahead and all around. Lightning intensified that same blank oblivion.

"Jimmy! . . . Captain Carr! . . . Number 10 reporting!" She jiggled radio dials. Even as she did so she knew she was wasting time. The set was completely dead.

She had watched her altimeter with greatest care. That delicate needle had shown 12,200 feet when she cut loose from the tow line. It had dropped a little. Then Pat had remembered Superstition Mountain beneath, so she soared wildly, seeking a thermal, an up-current of air.

SHE found it! Wh-r-r-r-r-r-r! It was verily like a volcano's force, this storm thermal, for her craft shot upward so fast her ears pained. Twelve thousand eight hundred. Thirteen six. Fourteen. She watched the needle, and looked fearfully through the hood for any sign of earth at all, any possible mountain peak or crag. Fifteen eight ninety. Sixteen thousand.

Pat was beginning to suffer acutely from cold and rarified air now. Three miles above earth can be terrific. She had to fight the controls in an effort to go back down, and she was afraid to go down with visibility at zero.

"I've got to think!" she literally spoke aloud, to herself. "That . . . that chart! . . . It said the highest peak in Superstition was only 5080 feet! . . . My goodness! . . . And . . . and even San Francisco Peaks, in northern Arizona, are only 12,000. . . . What am I doing up here!"

She was up there because she couldn't help herself, and she knew it. For one thing she knew Jimmy had tried to ride above the storm. He hadn't succeeded. Because she knew she must be very near Globe, her original destination, she had cut loose. But the thermal lifts had been too powerful.

Now her altimeter was galloping left to right; galloping and bounding so as to be of no possible use. "I might be 100 feet or 100,000!" Pat breathed, desperately. She knew she was somewhere under the three-mile point. But where? The needle tried to settle at 14,000 and again at 11,800, but in a single instant it shot up to 20,000, then back again. Pat knew it was off. But it was all

she had to go by, and she almost pleaded with the thing. A good quarter-hour must have passed before Pat realized fully that the instrument was functioning after all. The truth was, she had been looping, twisting, side slipping. Unconsciously she and her ship had done all manner of "impossible" things. Seasoned pilots, even motor ship pilots, could have told her that storm experiences are like that. You soon become a part of the wind and action, your ship gives with it, tumbles with it, weaves with it, and because you are strapped in, you don't fully realize all that is going on. If you didn't give and weave this way, you'd be destroyed!

That all came back to Pat's mind. Lectures! Things Jimmy Carr and that Captain Witter and

old Colonel Furedy had said. Surely! She remembered now. Those intensified courses she had taken back in Elmira. She had had to sit near Lorraine Stuart, and had borne many of Lorraine's petty slights. Here, in a real storm 2000-odd miles from Elmira, those slights seemed trivial indeed. So did all of the pettiness concerning Lorraine. Lorraine, who was still with Jimmy, flying with him, loving him, betrothed to him for life. Jimmy, whom she herself had so poignantly loved and, in her heart, loved still.

This backward streaming of her thoughts served oddly to bring Pat a new feeling of calm. "But I can't stay up here in it forever!" she told herself. "I haven't the equipment nor the food nor the strength for an endurance test. Anyway I—I want to land, near Globe!"

That goal stuck doggedly in her. It was a part of the plan. A part of Jimmy's project for the sky train. Her assigned task from the beginning. During a momentary lull Pat dipped her controls and nosed down. The altimeter reacted fast. Ten thousand. Nine thousand. Seven thousand two hundred. Five thousand eight sixty. Five thousand ten.

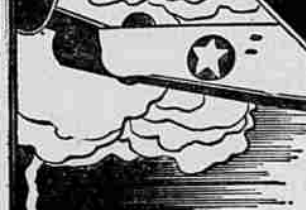
She decided she had better look hard. The storm was a bit softer here and—yes, there was a glimpse of mother earth! She headed downhill again. But all at once, a minute later—"Oh-h-h-h-h!" She screamed it, jerking her controls. There dead ahead was the ominous red bulk of rock wall.

(To Be Continued)

Always read the classified ads.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SHOW NO AIRPLANE CASUALTIES DEFINITELY DUE TO LIGHTNING!



TROUT BELONG TO THE SALMONIDAE FAMILY, AND, LIKE THE SALMON, WILL SPEND A PART OF THEIR LIFE IN SALT WATER, IF CONDITIONS PERMIT

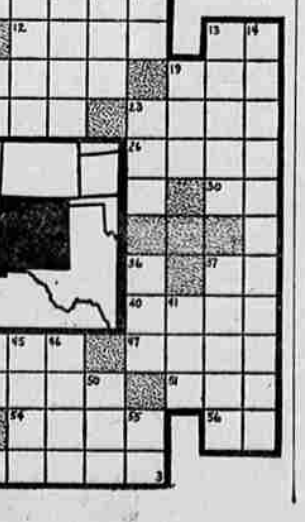


ANSWER: Caught stealing.

## "SUNSHINE STATE"

- HORIZONTAL
- 1 Depicted state.
  - 9 Like
  - 11 Musical instrument
  - 12 Taro root
  - 13 Biblical pronoun
  - 15 Lady Literate in Art (abbr.)
  - 17 Suits
  - 19 Large cask
  - 20 Three-masted vessel
  - 22 Go at once (slang)
  - 23 Agreement
  - 24 Till such time as
  - 26 Cereal grain
  - 27 Quart (abbr.)
  - 28 Midday
  - 30 Land measure
  - 31 Onward (abbr.)
  - 32 Symbol for erbium
  - 34 Solar disk (Egypt)
  - 37 Rough lava
  - 38 Wallows (colloq.)

- Answer to Previous Puzzle
- |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J | E | A | N | H | E | R | S | H | O | L | T |
| A | N | T | E | U | N | E | E | R | I | E |   |
| A | R | T | R | E | N | D | S | E | R | N | E |
| T | P | A | V | E | S | O | I | L | E | E | L |
| P | A | R | E | T | O | P | T | F |   |   |   |
| T | O | N |   | J | E | A | N |   | E | R | R |
| E | D | I | T | S | M | E | E | T | L | I |   |
| H | A | R | I | A |   | P | R | A | T | E |   |
| A | C | T | R | E | A | M | R | O | S | E | S |
| S | T | A | Y | D | E | V | O | U | T | E | D |
| O | M | E | N | S | T | A | S | E | E | R |   |
| R | E | T | A | I | N | E | R |   |   |   |   |
- amuser  
16 Skill  
18 Either  
19 Indo-Chinese language  
21 Tatar dynasty of 11th century China  
23 Golf teacher  
25 Plunders  
29 Unit  
33 Waken  
34 Ecclesiastical vestment  
35 Nail maker  
36 Wood sorrel  
37 Decorate  
39 New Guinea port  
40 Mohammedan judge  
42 Eel-pout  
43 Heeds  
44 Heeds  
47 Soon  
48 Employ  
49 Ringing  
51 Exist  
52 Early English (abbr.)  
53 Baseball team (Egypt)  
54 Smooth  
56 Near (abbr.)  
57 It produces quantities of products
- VERTICAL
- 1 Negative
  - 2 Reeds
  - 3 Troubles
  - 4 Of Mecca sayings
  - 5 Genus of Arctic gulls (abbr.)
  - 6 The same (abbr.)
  - 7 Cards (abbr.)
  - 8 Hawaiian bird
  - 9 Its capital is
  - 10 Slope
  - 13 The — is its Notary public (abbr.)
  - 14 Professional
  - 55 Print measure



Seventeen-year-old Jimmy Morgantown plays the part of Christ in a Lenten presentation of "Veronica's Veil" at Union City, N. J.

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Hold Everything!



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



Young Christus



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## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



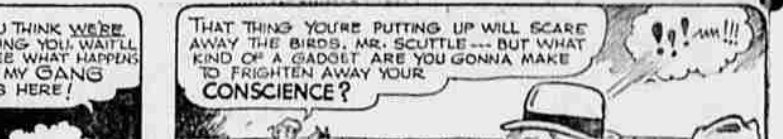
By Fred Harmon



By Blosser



By Crane



By V. T. Hamlin



By Martin



By Harold Gray

