

Glider Girl

By OREN ARNOLD Copyright, 1943 NEA Service, Inc.

WELL-ROUNDED FINISH
CHAPTER XXX

WHEN the glider train had first left Sky Harbor in Phoenix, two individual planes had taken off immediately following. They carried gentlemen of the newsreels and gentlemen of the press. They were turned back by the Superstition Mountain storm. Later, though, the sky train came spectacularly out of that storm again, but with only nine of its original 10 gliders!

"Something's happened!" The news men began to shout about it. "That 10th plane—it had the girl pilot. Captain Carr's fiancée!"

They got good photos of the nine ships cutting loose, and when Jimmy Carr's motor plane headed back to look for Number 10, the photographers' ships followed him. Half an hour later, one of the greatest aviation films on record was being made.

It showed Jimmy's ship dipping dangerously into the canyons of a storied mountain. It showed him spotting a white sailplane on a high and narrow slope. It showed him climb up for safety in jumping, then leap out in a parachute. When Jimmy leaped, his chute billowed quickly. Then he began to rock and tug. Thump! When he struck the slope he scrambled and rolled in loose rocks.

"Jimmy! . . . Jimmy!"

Pat was 40 yards or so away. Jim unbuckled from his chute and ran toward the girl.

"Pat, are you all right? Are you hurt?" He was shouting frantically.

"Yes! I mean, no! I mean—I'm all right! Are you?"

They spoke no more, for a time. Partly because Pat Friday quite lost control of herself. She was sobbing in Jimmy Carr's arms. Sobbing, and hugging him, and pressing her cheek to his shoulder.

"Little girl . . . little girl," he was saying, ever so gently.

But the crying didn't last long. He kissed her twice on top of her head. Then he lifted her chin, blotted tears with a handkerchief, and leaned to kiss her full on the lips. "Pat darling," he said, then. She just hung to him, while the world swung around and around.

"WERE you hurt at all, little girl?" he asked, finally.

"No, Jim. But I—I guess I was very foolish."

"You're the bravest kid in the country."

"No."

"Yes! Chucking off into that storm—lordy, Pat!"

"I thought I was near Globe. But I was scared silly, Jim. I—I got up to 16,000! And when I was forced down I couldn't see a thing until around 5000 feet. And the first solid earth I saw was—there!" She pointed to a sheer rock wall as big as a skyscraper.

"Mimna, Pat!"

"My ship was headed right into it. And—and I did what you taught me to do. I put her over quickly. Then—then—panicked right down. I knew I must be in a canyon, or at least around more cliffs. Jimmy, that sailplane is a dream! I don't believe it's damaged at all!"

He lifted her for a kiss once more. This time she returned it, with a wild surge of ecstasy and abandon.

It was midnight before the two young adventurers were rescued from Superstition Mountain. Planes flew over the best ground route from time to time, dropping flares, to guide cowboy Bill Barker and others on horseback, with spare animals for Pat and Jimmy to ride. There was no place for an airplane to land within six miles of the mountain. But there was a paved highway, and automobiles took the adventurers back to town.

In Phoenix, apparently nobody had gone to bed. Even at the big hotel on Central avenue where Pat and Jimmy and the other soaring carnival guests had rooms, a throng of people was milling. They had to be told everything, over and over again. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Pat got to bed, exhausted. But at 8 she was up again, and Jimmy Carr was in the lobby waiting. So was their loyal friend, big Ed Bryan.

"They loaned me a car to drive us out to Sky Harbor," Ed said. "They want us there for the big celebration this morning. Last day of the soaring carnival. And say, you two! You stole this show, and I don't mean maybe!"

Pat and Jimmy were strangely quiet. Once, driving out, Pat did speak. "Ed, is—is Loraine Stuart—"

"Oh, that dame! She headed back east. Took a 6 o'clock train back to New York City. Brought your plane in safely last night, but she wouldn't talk for sour apples! What do you suppose come over her?"

Jimmy Carr grinned. "No telling! A lot of things, I imagine."

There was a session, then, at the airport. All the bigwigs had to say things to Pat and Jimmy. The nifty demonstration had proved, perhaps even better than planned, the adaptability of sailplanes. And if a train of them could weather a storm like that, it could do anything! The throng right here at Sky Harbor had seen nine planes cut loose and land safely, and as for Pat—she had truly demonstrated what a motorless ship could do and what a girl pilot could do! The press men

Automobile fires are frequently caused by accumulation of oil and oily rags in drip pans at the side of the motor.

TARGET FOR TODAY!

NO-COMBUSTIBLE THINGS FROM ATTIC, CLOSET, STORAGE GARAGE

SELL THEM THRU THE WANT ADS . . .

TAKE THE CASH

AND BUY A WAR BOND

TO BOMB ADOLF AND HIS GANGSTERS

Herald and News Want-Ads Get Results

The newsreel men and the paper photographers recorded that for posterity, too. They like to have a well rounded out finish for a news story.

The End

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

THE PORPOISE IS KNOWN AS "DEAD MAN'S FRIEND" . . . BECAUSE OF ITS HABIT OF FINDING BODIES IN THE WATER AND ROLLING THEM ASHORE.

KWIK-KOPPER

How the magic would love to have these British islands near the southern tip of South America. A German force was defeated here in the first world war.

WHERE'S ELMER?

ANSWER: Falkland Islands.

NEXT: Long range inefficiency.

SOME MUSHROOMS ARE SO DELICATE AND SHORTLY THAT THEY ARE TO BE FOUND ONLY BETWEEN DAWN AND SUNRISE!

ONE OF FIVE

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted body of water, 10 Bachelor of Art (abbr.), 11 Resident physician in a hospital, 12 Music note, 14 Obtained, 15 Negative word, 16 Siamese coin, 17 Tavern, 19 Bamboo-like grass, 21 Provide, 23 System of signals, 24 Mistake, 26 Fish eggs, 27 Inflexible, 28 Like, 29 Vegetables, 31 French article, 33 Symbol for silver, 34 Lower case (abbr.), 36 Paradise, 38 Exist, 39 Fineness

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SAM RAYBURN GAY
ODE FRO TOO LIE
BOAT MUSTY FELT
TED THE BOA
ETHER ARMOR
VES SAD SAY
X I G TO
BAT BEG WET
USAGE OPENS
BAN MAY TEA
LEARN TABLE PLOD
ERR PAL LIV TRI
MAN SPEAKER MEN

VERTICAL

14 It is the smallest of the five, 18 Born, 20 Diamond-cutter's cup, 22 Artificial language, 23 Symbol for cerium, 25 Prepared, 30 Era, 32 First woman, 35 Spotted, 36 Division of geological time, 37 Knickknack (colloq.), 38 Bargeman, 40 Genus of snow partridges, 42 From, 44 Caterpillar hair, 45 Model, 47 Dispatched, 48 Silkworm, 49 Any, 51 Gibbon, 53 Enzyme, 57 Norwegian (abbr.), 59 Adaptation, 37 Knickknack (colloq.), 38 Bargeman, 40 Genus of snow partridges, 42 From, 44 Caterpillar hair, 45 Model, 47 Dispatched, 48 Silkworm, 49 Any, 51 Gibbon, 53 Enzyme, 57 Norwegian (abbr.), 59 Adaptation, 1 More recent, 2 Relative, 3 (Bib.), 4 Mustelid's mammals, 5 Compass point, 6 Journey, 7 Poker stake, 8 Soak, 9 Constellation, 10 South African, 13 Terminates

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Our Way

THIS SEEMS SO FAR AWAY FROM ANY WAR EFFORT THAT I KINDA WEAKEN AN' LOSE INTEREST IN TH' JOB!

BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT WE ARE RELEASING EXPERIENCED FARMERS FROM THIS ROUTINE FOR THE MORE IMPORTANT JOB OF RAISING FOOD—KEEP UP YOUR MORALE!

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH TH' CIVILIAN MORALE IS THAT WE'LL HAVE ALL TH' GLOANS AN' MORALE WORN OUT BEFORE WE NEED ANY!

THE AWFUL SACRIFICE

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

JOVE, MARTHA! JAKE'S SEA-SICKNESS IS A BOON TO ME!—PICTURE ME TAKING HIS PLACE ON THE FERRYBOAT TODAY, SINGING AN OLD SEA CHANTEY!—MY WORD! HOW DID HE GET MY UNIFORM SO DUSTY IN ONE DAY ON THE BOAT?—IT SMELLS LIKE COAL DUST—KER—CHEW!

I'M GLAD I'M NOT A FERRYBOAT CAPTAIN—FIRST JAKE, THEN YOU TO PUT UP WITH—BUT IF YOU FIND YOU HAVE TO MOVE A RUGGY MUSCLE OR TWO, DON'T COLLAPSE!—YOU'LL BE NO MORE WELCOME HERE THAN A LAST NOTICE!

GETTING HIM READY FOR SCHOOL

With Major Hoopla

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Only one cup of coffee, fellows—don't you know there's a war on?"

EASY WAYS TO SALVAGE CANDLES

by Alice Brooks

Red Ryder

RUN UP, RED RYDER! THEN KILL YOU!

RECKON I'D BETTER MY HORSE IS JUST AROUND THIS HOGAN!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

By Fred Harmon

COFF! PARDON ME, MARY!

PLENTY DAD! YOU LOOKUM WHERE COME FROM INSTEAD OF WHEN GO-UM?

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

7527

Don't throw away those ends of candles—they're "good to the last drop!" Use these directions for simple quick methods of making a variety of attractive new candles from left-over pieces. Your friends will marvel and then do likewise. Here's salvage and fun combined! Instructions 7527 give directions for making eight different candles.

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. followed by your name and address."

A flying jeep has been started in production now. It is a small, highly maneuverable craft used for observation. It can land in such places as cow pastures and on highways.

Airplane windows made from lumarith, a transparent cellulose acetate-base plastic, is being used in army and navy war jets to protect crews from the burning rays of the sun.

The army now has its version of the navy's Heildiver which is said to possess unusual speed, range and striking power.

Steel begins to glow when heated to a temperature of about 1000 degrees Fahrenheit.

Always read the classified ads.

Those Confounded Kids

THOSE CONFOUNDED KIDS ARE PERSECUTING ME! THEY SAID THEY'D BLACK-LIST ME ALL OVER TOWN— WITH SIGNS!—AND I DEMAND POLICE PROTECTION!

OUR HANDS ARE TIED UNLESS THEY DESTROY YOUR PROPERTY OR DO YOU BODILY INJURY!

WHAT KIND OF SIGNS ARE THEY GOING TO USE?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT AS SOON AS I FIND ONE, I'LL BRING IT IN HERE!

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

By Blosser

ANY SHIPS MEN HERR?

NO, BUT THE SEA IS FILLED WITH LIFE BOATS AND RAFTS. WE WILL SURFACE.

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

Wash Tubbs

GOOD! WE WILL GO UP FOR A LOOK! SLOW SPEED AHEAD! FULL RISE ON THE BOW FLAME!

SUCCESS, HERR! COMMANDER! THE SLOW MOVING TORPEDO, LEAVING A TRAIL OF OIL, HAS FOOLED THE ENEMY. THEY'RE ATTACKING IT WITH DEPTH CHARGES 2200 METERS AWAY!

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Allep Oop

WELL, BOOTS—THANKS TO YOU, BULGE AND GREASY ARE GOING TO BE GUESTS OF UNCLE SAM FOR A LONG, LONG TIME

REAL SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

O-OH BOY!

Allep Oop

By Martin

By V. T. Hamlin

WELL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN... AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?

OH, JUST DOWN TO TH' STORE... YOU'RE GOING TO WORK IN A STORE DOY?

MY STARS ALLEY... YOU'RE GOING TO WORK IN A STORE?

NOPE... I'M GONNA GO GIVE SOME GUY NAMED ADOLF HITLER TH' WORKS!

UHM! SOME I'VE GOT TO GO ALL THROUGH THAT AGAIN!

Allep Oop

By Martin

Little Orphan Annie

TWENTY YEARS A SPY IN GERMANY HAS TAUGHT ME MANY THINGS!—THERE... IT IS DONE!

GOOD! JUST AS I LEFT IT! NOW TO WIPE OUT MITT AND THOSE LESSER FOOLS AND BE ON MY WAY! WITH THIS EXPLOSIVE, DER WATERLAND COULD WIN!

HE GOES BY THE MAIN STAIR—THE SECRET WAY IS FASTER—I MUST ARRIVE BEFORE HIM!

HOW LONG MUST WE STAND HERE? WE'RE GETTING TIRED!

HERR HURT WILL MAYBE LET YOU BEST... LYING DOWN... TOT!

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By Harold Gray

By Martin

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