

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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PLUNGE TO EARTH

CHAPTER XV

To complicate matters, Rick was coming to, and the Jap probably would be in a few minutes.

"Can you fly this plane?" Brit asked Beth. "Sorry. They made us everything except flyers at Des Moines."

Beth took care of Rick first. He was kicking around, and it was obvious that the captives' feet would have to be tied, as well as their hands.

Beth looked for something she could use to tie the ankles together. Attached to the wall were three parachutes.

Then she went to the Jap. She reasoned that it would be better to tie him immediately, then struggle with Rick, than to take a chance on having to fight both of them—particularly since the Jap might know some tricks with his feet.

She put the cord around the Jap's ankles and made it secure. "Now it's your turn," she said to Rick.

There was a firm set to her jaw. SHE watched Rick carefully as she neared his feet. This was going to be a problem.

She fastened one end of the cord firmly to the Jap's ankles. Then she formed a running loop in the right of the cord.

She started toward Rick. "Watch out," Brit warned. But there was no need to have any fears.

Beth stepped quickly past Rick, and as he turned to try to trip and kick her viciously, she threw the running loop over his legs and pulled as hard as she could.

She had the advantage, and in three seconds the helpless spy had been caught and dragged so that his ankles were tied to the Jap's.

It was a matter of another few seconds to tie the knot securely. Then Beth rolled the pair away from the center of the cabin and further lashed them to the side of the plane.

She returned to the front. "Good work, Beth," Brit said. "You seem equal to anything. I've never seen anyone cooler . . . in the face of danger or possible death."

"A soldier has to face those things," Beth said, smiling. "Right," Brit answered.

"You know, the way I've always looked at it is that when the end comes, it will be just like getting transfer orders. I've been transferred a dozen times in the Army. Sometimes to a better spot, sometimes to a worse. Only always always to a better one."

"There's something final about a transfer—it closes the chapter of your life which was spent at the last post." He stopped a moment. Then he resumed. "I've always thought that my final transfer would be that way—final, closing a chapter or maybe even the book, and maybe sending me to a better post."

"That's a good way to look at it, I think," Beth said. As she spoke, she realized that she and Rick had a great many things in kinship as far as their attitudes toward life were concerned.

"Fine time to talk of death," Brit laughed, "when we're staring it in the face." He switched off the cabin lights again so he could get a clearer view of the ocean.

"There's the island, but it's a thousand to one we'll never be able to come down on it."

"You can't get through with the radio!" she asked. "It was plenty of use to the Jap, but none to me. Wrong frequency."

"There aren't any flares?" "Wouldn't do us any good. That would bring the guns into action."

Beth remembered that there were two parachutes hanging on the cabin wall.

"Brit," she said, "could you fly over the island lengthwise—you know, so we went across it at its greatest length?"

"Sure," he said. "Why?" As he asked, he swung the plane around so that they were approaching one end of the island.

"Oh, I just wondered." She dared not tell Brit her plan. So she went back into the cabin and removed one of the parachutes.

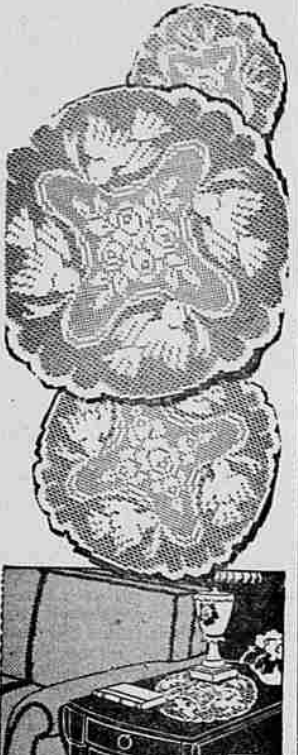
She got into the harness, and made doubly certain it was securely attached.

"Goodbye, Brit," she said. "Stay aloft as long as you can."

He turned toward her. At first he did not understand what she was about to attempt. When he did, it was too late.

Lieut. Beth Carter of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps had opened the cabin door and plunged free of the plane.

(To Be Continued)



by Alice Brooks 7556

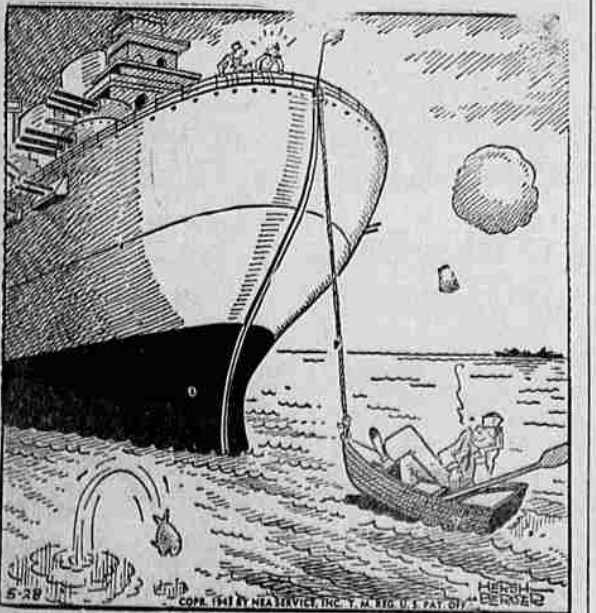
Swallows circle around a cluster of roses in these attractive round filet crochet dollies that you'll find so useful. Make them up in fine cotton for incidental purposes . . . make a large one in string for a centerpiece. Pattern 7556 contains instructions and charts for dollies; stitches; materials needed.

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."

HOLD EVERYTHING!

DR. PEEPER'S EYES EXAMINED. Illustration of a woman at a bus stop with a sign that says "BUS STOP".

FUNNY BUSINESS



"It's his afternoon off!"

Although most of the highways in Martinique are excellent, sugar plantations have the only railroads.

Eventually the pain in the neck which Hitler has been to all of us is going to boomerang. Pass the rope.

The Colossus of Rhodes, erected in 280 B. C. and destroyed in 224 B. C., cost about \$258,000.

Gasoline curtailment has shrunk the 3,000,000 private-car licenses of pre-war Britain to 250,000.



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

MOST OF THE NOISE MADE BY THE FIRING OF BIG GUNS CAN'T BE HEARD AT A BYSTANDER'S EARS SINCE IT IS BELOW THE RANGE OF OUR EAR MECHANISMS. I CAN STILL HEAR TOO MUCH.

WHISKERS DO GROW FASTER IN HOT WEATHER... AS MOST MEN HAVE SUSPECTED. A MORON IS MORE OFI THAN ON. Says MRS. G. P. HEFFELINGER, San Francisco, California.

U. S. ARMY LEADER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for U.S. Army leaders and other terms.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Comic strip 'Out Our Way' showing a man with a dog and another man talking about tools.

The vine of the rattan palm is sometimes 1000 feet long, a record in the plant world.

The first electromagnet, an American invention, was made in 1828.

Britain had only 25 motor torpedo boats when she entered the war in 1939.

The antlers of the Maral, a Pesian deer, always terminate in more than two tines.

Red Ryder

Comic strip 'Red Ryder' showing a man on a horse talking to a woman.

Freckles and His Friends

Comic strip 'Freckles and His Friends' showing a group of people talking.

Wash Tubbs

Comic strip 'Wash Tubbs' showing a man in a bathtub talking to a woman.

Boots and Her Buddies

Comic strip 'Boots and Her Buddies' showing a woman talking to a man.

Allep Oop

Comic strip 'Allep Oop' showing a man talking to a woman.

Little Orphan Annie

Comic strip 'Little Orphan Annie' showing a man talking to a woman.

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

Comic strip 'Our Boarding House' showing a man talking to a woman.

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