

**SERIAL STORY**  
**Beth Carter, WAAC**  
BY LORETTE COOPER

**UNHAPPY LANDING**  
CHAPTER XVI

BETH had jumped impulsively. During those first sickening seconds of the drop, while she was fighting to keep from pulling the rip cord too soon, she felt nothing except the sensation that her insides were zooming upward—much the same sensation, only on a larger scale, that a high swing would have given her.

Then she was jerked and jolted almost insensate. Her head was thrown back and she saw the parachute billow out, then momentarily collapse, then billow out again.

She wondered if she were visible in the moonlight. The moon was very low now, and it did not light up the ocean or the island quite as it had several hours before. The fantastically exciting and active night was nearing an end. Beth wondered if there would be a dawn for her.

Down, down she went. She heard no noise—only the rush of air past her head. She felt cold, almost numb.

The island was rushing up at her very fast. It was a miracle that Brit had found it, and it would be more of a miracle if she landed on it safely.

SHE could not decide what portion she was about to hit. The contours were deceptive from aloft. She had expected to be able to recognize the cove and the headquarters area, but she could not.

She thought she was only a few feet above the island now. Odd, how at first her progress had seemed so fast, then so slow, and now so fast again! The ground was coming toward her in a terrific rush of shadowy vegetation.

She tried to look at her watch, but could not see the dial. She wished she had looked before she jumped—it would be something to be able to know just how fast time was going. Brit could not have more than an hour's gasoline left.

Beth thought she heard a shout from below, then decided it was her imagination. Then she hit.

She struck a treetop first—a palm—and the points of the fronds jabbed into her flesh. Fortunately the night was almost windless, only a faint pre-dawn breeze being present near the surface.

Then she bounced down through branches and vines and leaves to the earth. The parachute struggled against the weight of her body and the entanglement of the branches as the breeze caught it and opened it full for one last sail, then it collapsed over a low treetop. Beth was dragged against the bole of a stubby palm. The wind was knocked out of her and she lay there for several minutes, semi-conscious.

When Beth fully regained her senses, it seemed that hours had passed. Nothing appeared real. With difficulty, she fixed her mind on her whereabouts and on her experiences during the night.

What brought reality to mind first was a pain in her ankle. Beth disengaged herself from the parachute. Where she was—except that presumably she was on the right island, and the correctness of the presumption depended completely on the correctness of Brit's navigation—she did not know.

IF she was at the far end of the island from headquarters, she had a long walk to find help, unless she could attract the attention of an outpost. If she did attract attention, she might be shot immediately.

Beth arose and tried to walk, and sank back down again immediately. The hot ankle would not bear her weight. Beth removed her shoe, tore a length of cloth from her skirt, and wrapped it around the ankle. The pressure of the wrapping braced the ankle and somewhat relieved the pain. She heard noises in the jungle. She remembered that Brit had told her there were all sorts of tropical animals in that jungle—things that crept and things that crawled, and other things full of venom and poison.

She called out, "Help!" Then, not because she was frightened—for her mind was too full of Brit's predicament for fright to enter—she screamed. She hoped that a

screen might carry farther than a simple outcry. Her shout unnerved her, for it was answered by a thousand other screams. She could not decide whether she had startled all sorts of jungle denizens, or whether there were that many echoes. She called "Help!" again. It was to no avail. She must make headway. She wished she could hear Brit's plane motors. She needed reassurance that her mission still had a purpose. But if he had been that close, he would have drawn fire.

As though to give terror to her thoughts, she heard the unmistakable voice of an anti-aircraft gun far down the island, barking viciously at a target aloft. She knew how excellent was the marksmanship of those American Coast Artillerymen. Her heart sank. Then she heard another noise. It was of something crawling a few paces away in the impenetrable jungle.

(To Be Continued)

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(To Be Continued)

**EXTERMINATOR TO PIRATE**  
The work of capturing ships for the British government as a pirate exterminator was too much for Captain Kidd, so he, himself, became the world's number one pirate.

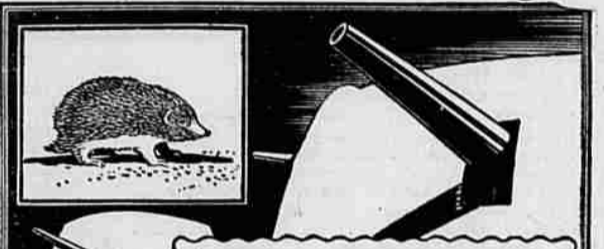
**INDUSTRIAL CENTER**  
Geographic center of the United States steel industry lies about eight miles northeast of Mansfield, O., near Olivesburg and Paradise Hill, tiny settlements.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Sessions spent the weekend at Ashland with his sister, Mrs. Neva Carlisle. He also saw Miss Wanda Sessions, his sister, for the first time in eight years.

**"How to Transform Out-Dated Furniture"**  
A limited number of copies of this fascinating book by DUPONT available for the asking.

**F.R. Hauger**  
OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY  
515 Market Phone 7221

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson



**"HEDGEHOG DEFENSE"**  
CITIES, STRONGHOLDS ALONG THE GERMAN EASTERN FRONT, GET THEIR NAME FROM THE LITTLE EUROPEAN HEDGEHOG, WHICH, DEPENDING ON ITS PRICKLY, BRISTLING ARMOR, ROLLS ITSELF INTO A BALL TO WITHSTAND SIEGE FROM WITHOUT! ...BUT HEDGEHOGS DO PERISH, AND HITLER'S GUN-STUDDED STRONGHOLDS DO FALL UNDER ALLIED ATTACK!

**ITALY**  
HAS AN AREA ABOUT THE SAME AS THAT OF NEW MEXICO.

**WINKY KORTER**  
IN THE BASEBALL WORLD, PAUL WANER IS KNOWN AS BIG POISON! WHO IS KNOWN AS LITTLE POISON?  
ANSWER: Lloyd Waner, younger brother of Paul.  
NEXT: Alaskan orchids.

**HOLD EVERYTHING!**

**U. S. ARMY INSIGNE**

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Depicted is insigne of the U.S.  
13 Natural power  
14 Trial  
15 Domesticated  
16 Whirlwind  
17 Fish eggs  
19 New Testament (abbr.)  
20 Regius Professor (abbr.)  
21 Entire  
22 Shade tree  
23 Over (post.)  
25 Mountain pass  
26 Bengal quince  
27 Ward off  
29 Liquid part of fat  
31 Companions  
33 Patterns  
35 Drivel  
38 Bustle  
39 Bind  
40 Tatter of cloth  
41 Utters  
43 Czars

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

SIMON BUCKNER  
ODES TEN YEAR  
EN SATINER  
SEA FARTAN NEW  
GA TO MOP VA  
STARE SIMON ERASED  
RA PI  
SEEMS BUCKNER TRENCH  
OR PA AIR RU  
BEE PUP AMP RYE  
VP SLOPE TI  
MIEN EWE ARCS  
ALASKAN LAYER

**VERTICAL**

44 Sleek  
45 Sicilian  
46 Mountain  
47 Dove's call  
48 Courtesy title  
50 Part of "be"  
51 Indian  
54 Paid notices  
55 Myself  
56 Her  
57 Id est (abbr.)  
58 By  
59 Be quiet!  
61 Cloth measure

9 Sufficient  
10 From  
11 Boring animal  
12 Shout  
13 Users  
18 Users  
21 Irregular  
24 Indian  
25 One who arrives  
28 Like  
30 Fish  
31 Dance step  
32 Girl's name  
34 Narrow inlet  
36 Greek letter  
37 Hen product  
42 Street (abbr.)  
43 Trainers  
44 Therefore  
16 Titles  
47 Intersect  
48 Levantine  
49 Mental image  
52 Those persons  
53 Lampreys  
58 Measure  
60 Him

**Out Our Way**



**GERMAN DOGS**  
At the beginning of World War II, Germany was estimated to have 50,000 dogs under military training, with Frankfurt boasting the world's largest military dog school.

Miss LaVerne McCaine, who has been attending high school in Lakeview, is returning to her home in Idaho.

**Our Boarding House**



**With Major Hoople**

**Red Ryder**  
THAT'S A PILE OF SILVER DOLLARS WE TOTIN' IN THAT PACK, BUT NOBODY BUT THE BANKER SAW US HIDE IT!  
HOW WILL WE GET THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF INDIAN RUGS BACK TO THIS RAILROAD FOR SHIPMENT EAST, RED?  
I'M READY!  
THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR THE NAVAJO RESERVATION, DOUG!  
WE'LL BE WAITIN' AT LAKE CASH PASS, DOC!

**Freckles and His Friends** By Blosser



**Wash Tubbs** By Crane



**Boots and Her Buddies** By V. T. Hamlin



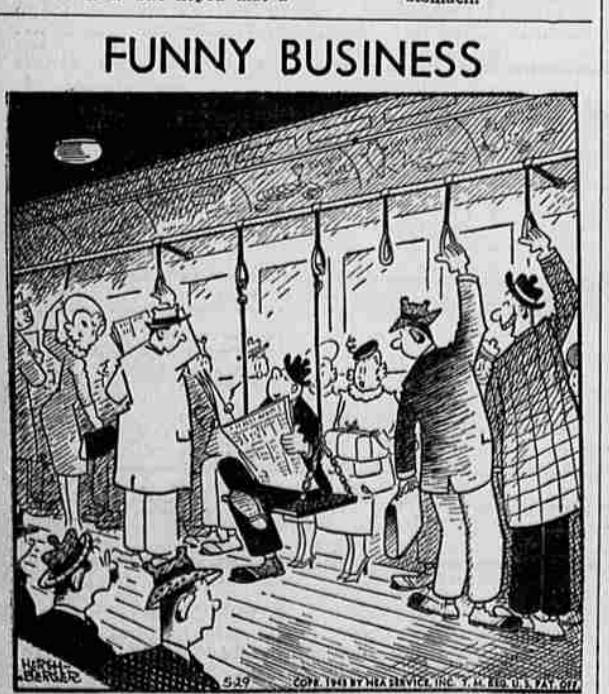
**Allep Oop** By Martin



**Little Orphan Annie** By Harold Gray



**FUNNY BUSINESS**



"It's that inventor from 82nd street!"