

SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Bob is worried about the X-000. When the plane was in a storm over the mountains, he is certain that it will crash, that the X-000 will explode. There is one chance for escape. Quickly, he forces Carolyn to don a parachute harness, orders her to jump. She kisses him, orders her to jump. She kisses him, orders her to jump.

SAFE LANDING

CAROLYN never knew what strange, age-old impulse within her made her take that utterly impossible leap from the airplane. It was as if she had been stripped of all superficialities, all earthly pretense, when she had lingered there that last moment in the ship. Bob was crazed with anxiety for her. He had ordered her to jump. She was unafraid!

And now, actually in the mid-night storm, she still experienced no great terror. Her senses were temporarily numbed. She had shut her eyes tight against rain. She felt a harsh whirling, then a sense of ethereal, timeless floating as if in some fantastic nightmare.

First genuine consciousness returned when her ears began to "pop," as one's ears do in a swift elevator descent. Next instant she realized the rain was gone and there was even a hint of visibility. "OH-H-h-h-h!"

The shriek was snatched out of her mouth. But now she was aware! She claved at the metal ring on her chest.

WHOO-O-O-O-O-sh! Invisible arms grabbed her, pulled her, snatched her, turned her crazily around—and then she began rocking.

The wind changed to a smaller cross breeze, and there was a singing tautness in her head. Breath came in gasps. In the same moment, which had begun with a high point of fright, a triumphant exaltation seized her. Something in this appealed to her youth! Here was excitement! Darling! Adventure! Success!

She had no time to reason about that but presently her alert senses did tell her that she had literally dropped away from the storm. The worst part of it now was far overhead and driving toward the horizon.

A flash of frenzy assailed her—Bob Hale was still up there!—but common sense made her look immediately to her own welfare. For him she could utter a quick, devout little prayer.

The pilot had said they were over mountains and she didn't doubt it. Obviously, then, she would strike one of them at any moment. She looked down. There was an irregular black void, swelling and bulging and boiling. But no! The apparent boiling was due not to its motion, but to her own.

"In a minute—in just a minute—"

She could not actually speak through the swift air stream, but she knew she was about to strike earth again and she wanted to do it safely.

She had no knowledge of landing technique. She realized only that she must land and then instantly get out of her parachute before it dragged her. She felt she could do that. She loosened a buckle tentatively.

The odd sense of elation and adventure in her was about to strike earth again and she wanted to do it safely. She had no knowledge of landing technique. She realized only that she must land and then instantly get out of her parachute before it dragged her. She felt she could do that. She loosened a buckle tentatively.

THE landing had been much harder than she had imagined. She was bruised all over. She sat on rocks, wet, blond curls were plastered over her face. She had no hat—whatever had become of that, anyway, she wondered. Her heart was pounding. And there, not too far off, was a quite unmistakable mountain.

She stood up. "Well!" she said, inadequately. She saw her parachute down the slope, flopping lazily. She had no idea how she ever got loose from the harness.

She looked around. She looked up. There were stars in half the sky. The storm? A remote black spot, still doing some thunder growling but feeling like a beaten pup.

She took a few steps. She was still on rocks. Then a pin point of light assailed her from a distance and below, two pin points. She concentrated on them; yes, they really were moving. "A road!"

But it was a long distance away and, unreasonably, she was suddenly terrified. She gave no thought to her remarkable exhilaration during the jump. Somehow that senseless plunge from an airplane, by a girl who had never done such a stunt before, did not seem frightening in the least, but here on good solid ground all manner of imaginary bugaboos loomed. In later, calmer hours, friends were destined to laugh at the feminine in that.

SHE walked about three miles to the road, slipping and sliding, falling over the rough ground.

More cars following those first two guided her.

She was wet and cold, but the exercise of walking warmed her. She was happy to find a pavement. She stood there waving, thinking frantically now of Bob Hale.

The first car to approach her slowed down, wavered, then went on. The next one stopped. A slender, wet girl waving here after midnight—!

"Trouble, miss?" a genial voice inquired.

"Oh! Oh, yes!" Then and only then did Carolyn Tyler act normally. There before a complete stranger she broke down and cried.

Her samaritan was distressed. It took him half an hour to hear her out, to comfort her and warm her with his coat, to walk incredulously back toward her parachute and then return without seeing it, and to start with her toward town.

He felt that he had picked up some sort of miracle. He was a pleasant gentleman, past middle age, to whom such things just never happened.

"I can never thank you enough," Carolyn began, when she was calm again. "Are—can you tell me where we are?"

"This is in Arizona, miss. Were you lost up there long?"

"Years, I think. I must know what happened to my friend! Is Arizona nothing but mountains? Oh, I'll go crazy if—"

"Now, now, miss, take it easy. There's not many people, but some. I looked on the gasoline map. Little place name of Blair is next community, and—"

"Blair?" She sat up. "That's where—where—oh, how far from Boulder Dam is Blair? Where is there a landing field? No! He said he would jump, too! Or maybe—"

"Look, mister, have you heard an explosion? Any kind of noise? A really BIG noise? So big that—that—"

She stopped, thinking frantically. The driver glanced once at her. Then he swallowed, and nodded in kindly sympathy.

Plainly he had to rush this stranded girl to a doctor, he told himself; delirium was setting in. (To Be Continued)

Munition Maids



Girl workers tighten caps on completed bombs as production of fragmentation bombs for U. S. and Britain moves into high gear at E. G. Budd plant in Philadelphia.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

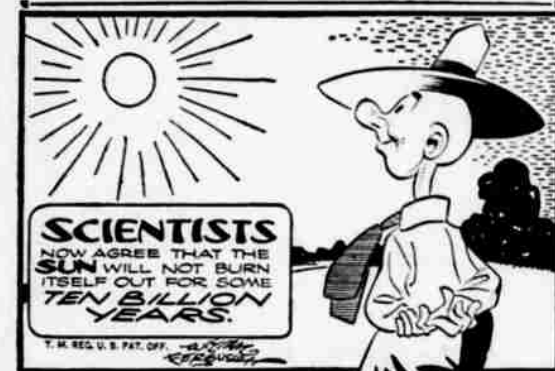
OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SCIENTISTS NOW AGREE THAT THE SUN WILL NOT BURN ITSELF OUT FOR SOME TEN BILLION YEARS.



ANSWER: 1. Battle of Bunker Hill; 2. Crossing the Delaware; 3. Lindbergh's Atlantic flight; 4. Gettysburg Address.

FOOD FISH

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words related to food and fish.

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RED RYDER



By Harold Gray

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



By Martin

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin