

Ghost Plane

By ARTHUR STRINGER W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Although he suspects him of being up to something, Alan Slade has agreed to fly "Doctor" Frayne to the Anaxotic country to find the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Slade and his partner, Cruger, have had a hard time keeping Norland Airways going in the face of stiff competition from the larger and better equipped companies, and Frayne has paid them enough to buy another plane, a Lockheed. While in town on an errand, Slade meets Lynn Morlock, daughter of the "Flying Padre," and goes with her to help a flyer named Slim Tumstead, who has been wounded in a fight. Tumstead has already lost his license for drinking, and is little better than an outlaw, so Alan is not pleased to discover that he knows about Frayne's expedition and about the new Lockheed. When he leaves Lynn, Alan goes down to the dock to watch Frayne and his assistant, Karnell, load their supplies on the plane. His suspicions are again aroused by their equipment. Now, that night, a prowler has just approached Cassidy, watchman for Norland Airways. Now continue with the story.



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CHAPTER V

Cassidy's pipe fell to the boards as that shadow confronted him. "Stick 'em up," was the curt and altogether unexpected command. "Quick!" Cassidy, instead of obeying, reached for his fallen pipe and fell back a step or two. He noticed, for the first time, how the lower part of the stranger's face was covered by a handkerchief. "What is this, anyway?" he demanded, doing his best to decipher the face above the masking handkerchief. But a second band of white that showed under the stranger's lowered hat brim kept him from seeing much of the face. "Don't talk," said the stranger. "Turn around. Now walk ahead of me into that shed." Cassidy's hesitation was brief. It seemed foolish to argue against that little round "O" of black metal which at the twitch of a finger could spit death into his body. "Stop there," was the next command. "Now put your hands behind you." He could feel the sudden bite of copper wire being twisted about his crossed wrists. "Stand closer to that upright." He saw the blink of a flashlight as the stranger caught up a strand of mooring line. Before he quite realized the meaning of that movement Cassidy felt the rope swing about his body. He could feel the coils grow tighter as the rope ends were quickly knotted together. Cassidy's first impulse was to shout aloud to all the world, to shout with the full strength of his bound and abused body. But he remembered the black-metal automatic, and shut his teeth on that passing temptation. He stood silent, watching the stranger, who hurried toward the hangar. He could see the flashlight flicker interrogatively about the dismantled Grumman and then go out. He could see the shadowy figure drift down to the dock edge and climb aboard the Postcraft that floated there, fueled and ready for its sunup take-off to Winnipeg and the East. Cassidy twisted about a little, under the rope coils that constricted his body, chilled by the thought that a plan, was being stolen from right under the Company's nose. He even waited for the expected engine-spit and flash of awakened propeller blades. But the Postcraft remained motionless. The watching man concluded, from the brief waver of light about its interior, that the intruder was searching its cabin. The next moment, from the sounds that came to his straining ears, he suspected that the stranger was tearing out the ignition wires. He could hear the splash of something in the harbor water, as though a piece of metal had been thrown overboard. That violence to machinery so artfully toiled and so beautifully fitted together for service prompted the indignant captive to writhe and strain against the rope ends encircling him. But his struggles, he soon saw, were useless. His attention went to the shadowy figure that dropped down from the Postcraft and crossed to the Lockheed that glistened insubstantial and ghost-like in the starlight softened by the distant Aurora. The darkness, he saw, was thinning a little. The stranger no longer needed the flashlight as he threw off the mooring lines and clambered aboard. It wasn't until Cassidy heard the bark and sputter of the starting engine that he gave vent to a repeated shout of protest. But that shout was lost in the mounting roar of the motor as the blades bit into the air and the silver-white Lockheed moved away. Cassidy could see it as it taxied down the shadowy water of the Snye. He could see it veer and face the wind and finally rise in the air. He could see it as it floated up, phantom-like, above the serrated black line of the spruce ridges and then swing about so as to head more directly into the North. The gray light of morning was breaking over Alberta by the time Cassidy had worked himself free and stumbled up to the administration building telephone. His call brought a ruffled and half-dressed Cruger to the airport, on the run.

"Now tell me what happened," he panted, "and tell me intelligently this time." Cassidy did the best he could. That brief and indignant recountal, however, left much to be desired. But Cruger was thinking of other things. He was thinking of his lost Lockheed and the setback it meant for Norland Airways. "It doesn't make sense," he cried. "Faith, and he was sensible, all right," persisted Cassidy. "A heap more sensible-lookin' than them two swan-hunters young Lindy Slade flew out o' here yesterday mornin'." Cruger, instead of answering, climbed aboard the Postcraft. His face, when he returned from his investigations there, remained perplexed. "He knew his onions, all right. That high-jacker fixed this ship so it couldn't follow him." Cruger's eye scanned the brightening skyline. "You say he flew north?" he questioned. "You're sure of that?" "I am," averred Cassidy. "Then it's time to get busy," cried Cruger, "or this outfit goes broke." "Then what'd we best be doin'?" asked Cassidy. Cruger's accruing sense of frustration flowered in a shout made sharp with exasperation. "If we don't get that Lockheed back, you'd best cut your cowardly throat!" Slade, flying north with his two self-immured passengers, found something consoling in the quietness which his engine hum merely seemed to accentuate. It was pretty lonely-looking country they were traversing. Yet there was, he felt, consolation in loneliness like that. It gave you time to think things out and explore your own mind. And it made you less dependent on outsiders. After refueling at Frenchman Forks the Viking-eyed pilot saw a torn drift of clouds lower his ceiling and a freshening wind sweep down out of the northeast. If his passengers understood that lowered ceiling they ventured no comment on it. Slade was lightly casual as he gunned the motor and taxied out to clear water. His eyes steaded as he nosed into the wind, slapped a run of wave tops with his floats, and rose above the stunted spruce ridges. Yet one segment of his circling attention still went to his passengers. He noticed that Frayne had unrolled a chart, over which Karnell and the birdman bent, from time to time, as they quietly talked together. They seemed to be having difficulty in linking up their chart lines with the terrain beneath them. It was dreary country, Slade admitted, and the low-sweeping clouds made it look drearier. But it had its grandeur. Even Lynn Morlock, he remembered, had caught the spirit of its immensity. "These Barrens," she had said on one of his happier flights from Coronation, "can be so empty and ugly they're able to turn into something beautiful." He was still thinking of Lynn as he battled his head wind, steadily growing stronger. He noticed, for the second time, the powerful German binoculars with which Frayne was studying a chain of lakes that grew wider as they drained over them. Then he awakened to the fact that Frayne was calling out to him. "Your plane is not modern," his passenger was complaining. Slade nettled a little at that charge. "She still hangs together," he retorted. To confirm that claim he opened the throttle and zoomed defiantly up over a mountain of shredded gray wool. He took it like a hunter taking a hurdle. "Why," asked Frayne, "do you fly without two-way radio?" Slade laughed. "I'm a bush pilot," he proclaimed. "And two-way radio weighs exactly sixty-five pounds. That'd chip just about sixty-five dollars off my pay load." "I also observe," said Frayne, "that you are without a direction-finder. Is that not like refusing to accept what science has placed in your hands?" Slade's glance flickered down to his meager instrument board.

"She's an archaic old tub," he agreed, "but I get through, as a rule." He declined to announce that he'd flown that country for nearly seven years without a major crash. He had, of course, known his minor mishaps. He'd smashed tail-skids and punctured pontoons and buckled ski-struts and straightened them out again. He'd turned more than one somersault bucking a snowdrift; he'd capped his engine and made repairs at forty below, and knocked the ice from his ailerons with a fishing pole as he went. He'd pancaked down through cotton-wool fog on ooze and musk-goose only three feet deep, and he'd pushed the old kite through snow clouds seven thousand feet up, with the haze red on one side and green on the other as his wing-lights plowed through the blanketing mist. His ship was something to look at, in those days, in her fresh coat of pale gray that took on the appearance of white in the arctic sunlight, so white that from Cooking Lake to Coronation she had been known as the Snow-Ball Baby. She was a bit old and battered now. But she'd never failed him. "In the face of such hazards," Frayne was saying, "you are well paid, I take it, by your company?" "I'm part of the company," said Slade. "But it doesn't bring me in anything to brag about." "In that case," suggested his passenger, "you must have hopes for better things?" "What better things?" Slade inquired. "There is, of course, always the matter of money. It means little to a man of science. But it must have its consolations for a young man with his way to make in the world." "It counts," acceded the pilot. His thoughts, at the moment, were on Barrett Walden, the Barrett Walden who could hunt big game and cruise in the Caribbean and airily buy his way about the world. "Then perhaps the prospect of making a good deal of money might appeal to you?" Slade's passenger was suggesting. "How'd I make it?" "There was a moment of silence. "By flying for me, perhaps," Frayne suggested out of that silence. "The tone was friendly enough. But the suggestion left Slade wondering why it confronted him with a prospect that remained so uninviting. "Hunting swans' nests?" he asked with a smile. Frayne ignored any possible touch of scorn in that query. "There are nests," he observed, "that sometimes contain what is known to your countrymen as a nest egg." "Not for me, thank you," Slade announced more decisively than he had intended. "You do not care for adventure?" Frayne was suggesting. Slade laughed. "I get all I need of that," he said, "flying this old crate. And if the weather thickens you'll know what I'm shooting at." Frayne glanced out at the lowering ceiling. But the weather failed to interest him. "Your company, I understand, is not as prosperous as it might be." "We've had our ups and downs," Slade acknowledged. "But there's zip to it when you're not sure of the outcome. I'm going to stick to puddle-jumping until we pull into the clear." "Then my enterprise fails to interest you?" "It interests me," said Slade, "only as an outsider." Frayne shrugged and bent over his chart. Then, after consulting his watch, he studied the desolate-looking terrain through his binoculars. "We are not making good time," he complained. "We're bucking a head wind," Slade retorted, "a head wind we weren't counting on. There's no one, you see, to hand us weather reports on this route." The caustic note seemed lost on Frayne, who was busy looking down at the world flowing past them. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

PEARL BUCK, head of the East and West association, which promotes cultural understanding between the Orientals and ourselves, wants a list of movies which really represent American life. She ought to include "Pride of the Yankees," starring Gary Cooper, with Teresa Wright playing opposite him. It's the story of Lou Gehrig's life—shows an earnest, rather shy young man who loved his mother and worked hard, attaining success and the honest admiration and affection of his countrymen. A typical American, we hope.

It's too bad that the dim-out forbade the use of Kleig lights for the opening of this swell picture. Never



TERESA WRIGHT

did another picture have such a first night; it took place simultaneously in 40 RKO houses in New York, and more than 100,000 people attended it.

If Richard Haydn develops indignation it will be the fault of the writers of "No Time for Love." That's the new Claudette Colbert-Fred MacMurray comedy, and Haydn eats in every one of his scenes. Might sound like heaven to some, but not to him!

They probably won't give Jerry Bulky a chance to dance in "Du Barry Was a Lady"; probably won't even know that she's a dancer. She's gone to Hollywood with a group of fellow models, and if they have an opportunity to do more than just look pretty they're lucky. New York models aren't very enthusiastic about Hollywood any more; most of them refuse to go. Even \$200 a week for three months or so doesn't tempt them, since they may never face a movie camera in that time, and when they come home folks think they just didn't make good.

Sounds strange, but here's what we hear from Metro about an important role in Katharine Hepburn's picture, "Keeper of the Flame." The actor chosen will portray the star's husband, and will appear in seven important scenes before meeting death in an accident. After that he'll still be a key figure in the picture. But—he'll never speak a word. Swell chance to be paid for keeping mum!

The latest addition to the new crop of players recently signed by Metro is William Bishop, nephew of Helen Hayes. He's six feet two, with dark brown hair and eyes, and has won fame as a football player. He's played in stock and in various stage plays in New York; in two of them he supported his famous aunt. He has also appeared on her radio program. A coming star, maybe.

Another newcomer to the screen is Lenore Aubert, chosen by Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Bob Hope in "They Got Me Covered." Born in Yugoslavia, daughter of a general in the Austrian army in pre-Hitler days, she worked in pictures in Vienna. She was discovered by a talent scout while appearing in a play in Los Angeles. Goldwyn did more testing for this role than he has for any in several years. It's a break for Miss Aubert—she has been signed to a seven-year contract.

Bob Hawk's "How Am I Doin'" show has been on the air for exactly half a year, and in that time 211 contestants have walked off with winnings totaling \$15,213. The average take, according to Quizmaster Hawk, is from \$10 to \$480; Mrs. William Riley, a South Bend, Ind., housewife, is the top winner. Six contestants have gone over the \$400 mark in the last 26 weeks.

ODDS AND ENDS—Ginger Rogers will play the title role in "The Gibson Girl," a romantic comedy in technicolor based on the lives of Charles Dana Gibson and his wife. . . "Lassie Come Home," story of a Yorkshire family and their collie, by Eric Knight, will be filmed in technicolor by Metro. . . Those who recall Margo's moving performance in "If I Stood in Your Shoes" and other productions will be glad to know she'll act as well as sing in the CBS "Caravan" hour, Friday evenings. . . Joan Blaine's getting numerous long distance calls from Private Charles Carroll, formerly her leading man in "Valiant Lady."

Advance Collections Herald Narrower Silhouette for Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



an important fashion in that it is tailored of black bengaline and it's bengaline that fashion-alert women are clamoring for this season for their best looking suit. You'll be starting your fall wardrobe going in the right direction if you buy a bengaline suit. Suits of this kind take kindly to accents of lovely lace lingerie neckwear and it's also smart to wear accessories which give the vivid touch. The front fullness of this skirt is typically "Autumn 1942" in its styling. The jacket is a newly inspired version which stresses up-to-dateness.

THE big news as to fall style trends centers for the most part around the idea of slimmest for the skirt silhouette. It's quite all right and definitely style-correct to continue to wear the ever-beloved all-around pleated skirts through the summer-to-fall midseason period, but the moment fashion's swan-song sounds the knell to summer and you know by the calendar that autumn is here in will come such an array of smart and figure-flattering narrow silhouetted skirts you'll yield to temptation at the very first glance. In fact, the new slim, black frocks are ever so good-looking for immediate wear, and they'll be smart right on through into fall and winter.

These charming dresses, styled as they are with utmost simplicity, are ushering in a new era in costume design, one that patriotically makes fabric conservation its theme. Valiantly and victoriously have designers met the challenge to create beautiful fashions out of minimum yardage. Once you've donned one of these figure-flattering narrow silhouetted gowns, suits or coats, as the case may be, you'll be all enthusiasm for the new order of things, for it is a fact that the narrowed silhouette is one of charm and chic.

A suit tailored of black bengaline or a dress fashioned of sleek jersey in either black or lush colors fashioned after the manner of the smart modes pictured in the above illustration (each is within the new fabric-saving rulings) gives the perfect answer as to what to wear now and on through the midseason days. In fact, these fashions are scheduled to function smartly far into the future.

The suit pictured to the right is

The dresses shown are New York creations which observe all the niceties demanded by discriminating taste. The gown centered in the above picture shows its new-school origin in its slenderness and classic simplicity. The fact that it is made of sleek rayon jersey in a lovely mint-julep green is significant, for much importance is attached to greens on the fall color card. A semi-surplice bodice with draped detail outlines a V-neckline, and subtle shirring is stitched into the front seam of the bias-cut skirt. The hat follows the trend to wide flatterer brims.

The dress to the left in the above picture interprets a stunning version of the new pegtop silhouette. Perhaps no word in the skirt realm is being repeated oftener than "peg-top" these days, for most of the newer skirts definitely reflect its influence. Developed of the now-so-fashionable sleek rayon jersey, this dress may be accepted as among the smartest offerings fashion has to make. Its unusual softly draped sleeves are caught on the shoulders with flattering self-fabric ties. The general air of style assurance of this dress makes it outstanding. The becoming hat with its soft matching veil is of green baku.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Practical Trio



For gardening, tennis, cycling or what-have-you in the way of hard work or sports, here is the ideal outfit. Overall shorts of blue cotton denim, with a calico print blouse and a wrap-around skirt, are ready to meet every demand. It's the type of clothes everybody's calling for now that there's work to be done, something dependably washable, chic and becoming, and at-tuned to all occasions, whether they be work or play. This outfit will hold good "for the duration."

Helps Give Variety To Work Costumes

In planning and designing practical clothes for the thousands of women now engaged in wartime factory work, every effort is being made to avoid regimentation or suggestion of monotonous uniforms. Thus, much importance is attached to color, as it offers variety and cheer. Necessarily certain requirements must be observed in behalf of safety. For instance, most factories stipulate that women and girls wear slacks or coveralls or jumper slacks carefully styled so that nothing will catch in the machinery. Covering for the head is required to keep the hair protected. Dresses are out of the picture, with a ban on culottes or skirts. Banned also are toe-less or heel-less shoes and long fingernails. Blouses must be simple, so that no frilly details get caught in the machinery, but they may be, and are, very colorful.

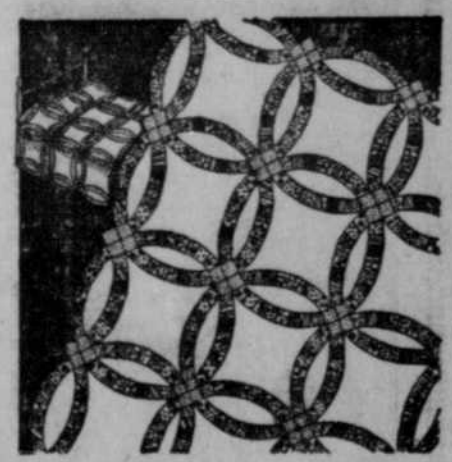
Quilted Fashions

Enthusiasm for things quilted extends to every phase of fashion. Quilting as designers are employing it gives novelty to hats, will give warmth to coats this fall by bright colored quilted linings, is used for large flat pockets and offers clever novelty ensembles which include hat, bag and jacket sets.

For Trimming

There will be a generous use of embroidery this fall and also of applique design. And again designers are lavishing fringe on dressy frocks in unique and attractive ways.

THINGS for you TO MAKE



DOUBLE WEDDING RING—beloved quilt of many generations—returns in all its tradition-laden beauty. This new pattern gives accurate cutting guide for segments containing either six or eight pieces, so you have your choice of working with small pieces or ones which are a bit larger.

The quilt size is the same in either case—an ample 86 by 99. Turn spare moments into useful moments by piecing the Double Wedding Ring; prints, plain color and white or a pastel are required. The pattern No. Z8131 is 15 cents. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address



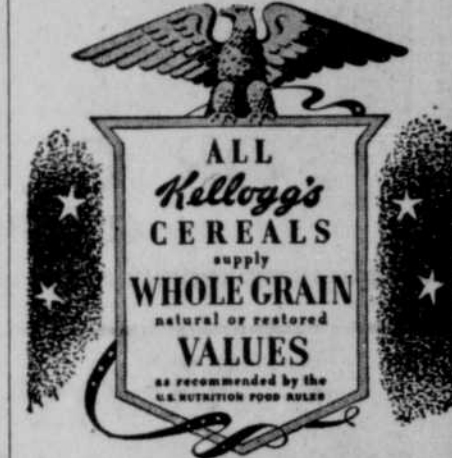
Melodious Barbershops
Musical instruments were hung on the walls of barbershops in seventeenth-century Europe for patrons who wished to dash off a tune while waiting for a shave.



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IN THIS PAPER