THE STORY SO FAR: Because he and his partner, Cruger, need the money to keep Norland Airways in business, Alan Slade has agreed to fly a supposed scientist named Frayne to the Anawotto country in search of the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Slade's suspicions about Frayne are aroused when he watches the swan-hunter and his partner, Karnell, put their supplies on the plane. They appear to be carrying prospectors' equipment. While in town on an errand Alan goes with Lynn Morlock, daughter of the local doctor, to give first aid treatment to a fiyer hurt in a fight. The fiyer is Slim Tumstead, who has already lost his license for drinking and who, to Slade's displeasure, appears to know all about Frayne's expedition and about the Lockheed Cruger bought with the money Frayne paid them. During that night the Lockheed is stolen by a masked man who heads north in the plane. Slade, en route to the Anawotto with Frayne and Karnell, runs out of gas and is forced to land near the camp of his prospector friends, Zeke and Minty, whose one interest is gold. Frayne shows no interest in either gold or the black egg-shaped object Minty has just told him is pitch-blende.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VII

"It was for this, I take it, that you came into such empty country," Frayne quietly suggested. Minty laughed.

"Not on your life, stranger. It's only the good old yellow metal'll ever git me and Zeke steamed up to the boilin' point."

"Of course," said the other. He inspected his nails and snapped shut his knife blade. "But there is more of what you call pitchblende in this territory?"

"Oodles of it," chimed in the quavery-voiced Zeke. "The dang stuff bothers us in our strippin'."

"From what you say," observed Frayne, "I assume it to be some sort of mineral. But I remain unenlightened as to either its use or its

Minty, however, was not to be sidetracked.

"If you'd been around Great Bear for a spell," that old sourdough was saying as he reached for the egg of pitchblende, "you'd sure have seen 'em scramblin' for this stuff like a she-bear scramblin' for a honey tree. Goin' down through five hundred feet o' rock for it! And then totin' it three thousand miles to that Port Hope plant where it takes sixty tons o' chemicals to git one gram o' what they want out of it!"

The ornithologist's reaction to that statement seemed perfunctory. He merely shifted back a little from the heat of the stove.

"For this, stranger," pursued the indignant Zeke, "is what they git radium from. And radium's worth just thirty-five thousand smackers a gram."

"But such things, my friends, stand remote from the field of my immediate interest," maintained the quiet-voiced ornithologist.

"Same here," concurred Minty, "seein' it takes million-dollar machin'ry to squeeze a pinprick o' color out of a trainload of ore. And the surface pitchblende in this district, that assay-office sharp reported, ain't as rich in radium as the deep-lyin' Great Bear stuff. What this seems t' have, accordin' to assay, is an overdose o' helium."

"I know what helium is, of course," Frayne admitted with an accruing note of irritation. "But I am not interested in such things." Slade felt the need of putting in an oar.

"You get more than helium, Minty," he announced, "and more than radium. You get uranium. And, in pitchblende like that, uranium is just about a million times more abundant than radium."

"And what good's uranium?" de-

manded Minty. "It's the key," said Slade, "that's going to unlock the new Age of

Power." Frayne's gaze wandered about the cabin.

"You are no longer young," he observed. "Life owes you a little comfort."

'We'll git it, later on," conceded Minty. "And when me and this leather-gulleted old skillet pal o' mine strike Outside you'll sure see us hittin' the high spots."

"That is a possibility which might be easily achieved," observed their quiet-voiced visitor.

"I don't git you, stranger," said Zeke.

"Supposing," pursued Frayne, "somebody should buy you out, pay you well for what claim you have here and take over this camp you have spent so much time and labor in making comfortable."

Slade smiled a little at the manner in which the newcomer once more seemed intent on buying up a right-of-way. But the pilot sat silent, conscious of the covert glance that passed between the two old sourdoughs.

"Who'd be doin' that?" demanded

Minty. Frayne's abstracted smile seemed fortified with some unparaded pow-

"I might," he said after a moment of silence.

Slade was not surprised by the prompt hardening of the two weathered old faces. He knew, even before it came, what the answer would

"We're sot here," said Zeke, "and we're a-goin' to stick it out to the



She lingered on the rock point and looked up at the aerial migration.

"What's on your mind?" ques-

tioned the Flying Padre as he joined

"I'm worried about Alan," she ad-

mitted. "We haven't had word

about him getting out of that Ana-

"That cloud-wrangler can take

care of himself," he proclaimed

with slightly forced blitheness. "I've

been shooting out messages from

Fort Norman to the Pelly, telling

him what supplies to fly in as soon

"Then why doesn't he come?"

same as the rest of us," was the

Padre's reply to that. "And here's

where we get busy. I've got to

change the dressing on Ukeresak's

leg wound and pull a couple of

teeth for his glamour girl of the

Lynn watched her father as he

But instead of following him

strode up to their rough-boarded sur-

and looked up at the aerial mi-

Those relentless wings made

her think of the equally relent-

less advance of the white man, the

steady and stubborn northward trek

of pioneers in their search for

earth's bright-colored metals. It was

affecting more than the wild life of

the country. It seemed to disrupt

both the modes and the mores of the

natives, breaking up their tribal tra-

ditions and leaving them more and

who took their hunting grounds away

from them. Both the Eskimo and

the Indian, her work along those

scattered littoral villages had taught

Yet she liked these people. They

so stubbornly claimed their human

right to survive; they stood so val-

orous in their fight against hunger

and cold. They were, she felt, the

most courageous people she had

ever known. They demanded so lit-

tle of life that a plug of trade to-

bacco could make them happy for

a week, a mouth-organ could turn a

funeral into a fiesta, a bright-col-

ored handkerchief could bring rapt-

ness to a sloe-eyed face under its

Lynn recalled the expression of

the girl Kogaluk, after bringing her

aged father, whose hunting days had

been ended by blindness, to the Fly-

ing Padre. Old Umanak had un-

doubtedly lost his vision. But a

quick examination by the man of

ness was due to cataracts which an

operation might remove. The Eski-

mo girl still had faith in the father

whom she had to lead about by the

"Him good hunter," she had said

"What would you say," questioned

"I say you work good magic,"

said the daughter of the wilderness.

But difficulties had interposed.

Umanak had no wish to enter the

devil-bird of the white doctor and

be flown away from his people.

Rather than be taken away from

the friendly fish smell and the husky

howls of his home he would prefer

here." the Padre had explained. "if

"I could patch the old boy up

"Perhaps Alan could fly in with

it," Lynn had suggested, coloring

a little before her father's smile

"I want to see Umanak cured,"

she had contended. "And I'd stay

"Then we'll take a chance," the

(TO BE CONTINUED)

on, of course, to look after him.'

Flying Padre had agreed.

"So it's Alan you want?"

remaining with darkened eyes.

we only had the equipment."

"Then why not get it?"

as good a hunter as ever?"

well-oiled locks.

hand, like a child.

winters ago.'

"How?"

of comprehension.

her, were a perishing people.

she lingered on the rock

gration above her.

"He's got his work to do, the

her on the rock point.

The Padre laughed.

wotto country."

as he's free.'

Slade got up from his chair and | see eiders and snow geese, in vees, crossed to the door.

"I'll have a look at my ship," he explained, "before we turn in for the night. And if you two old bushwhackers will rustle us an early breakfast we'll push off at sunup." But Slade, as he made his way down to the lake front, was troubled by some small voice of uncertainty that refused to articulate it-

Then his thoughts went to other things. For on the shore point beside the moored plane he saw the huge figure of Karnell, with the hooded pigeon cage beside him.

"Feeding them, I suppose?" Slade questioned as he bent lower. At the same time that he saw the cage was empty he heard the gut-

tural voice beside him. "They got away," mumbled Karnell. "They slipped off, before I

could stop them. Slade studied him for a moment. "That's just too bad," he observed. And in spite of the quick and hostile glance of the other man he was able to laugh a little.

Yet that sense of being enmeshed in movements that were unpredictable returned to him the next morning when, a brief half-hour after his take-off, his passenger barked out an unexpected command to land.

With one hand Frayne held his binoculars poised; with the other he pointed to a lake that lay off to the left, framed in its encircling sprawl of spruce ridges.

"That," he announced, "is where we shall land."

"Why there?" asked Slade. "I think," said the ornithologist,

"I spotted a trumpeter swan." Slade's one-sided smile seemed an announcement of his doubts as to the truth of that claim. But he remembered Cruger's warning about pilots

not being supposed to wonder. "Okay," said Slade as he turned into the wind and dropped lower. "But you're still a long jump from

the Anawotto." He could hear the mumble of foreign voices as his ship lost headway and drifted slowly in to the shoreline.

He saw the massive-shouldered Karnell wade ashore with an ax in his hand. Too minutes later he could hear the forest stillness ring with the familiar music of an ax blade against tough northern spruce trunks. The sullen giant seemed to know just what was expected of him. In less than half an hour he had his spruce boles trimmed and lashed together in a neatly made landing platform. His movements, Slade observed, were made with the automatic precision one might expect from a military engineer.

Slade sat on a sun-bleached rock and lit a cigarette. He sat there with an achieved air of remoteness. watching the swan-hunter as he made ready to land his equipment. Then the bush pilot's casual gaze wandered out to the empty ridges that ended in an equally empty sky-

"A nice place to summer," he observed.

Frayne turned and faced him. And when Slade caught the unexpected flash of fire that came from behind the bifocal glasses he realized how some ghostly armistice between him and his passenger had ended. He didn't like the man, and Fort Smith and brought him back he never would.

"When you are interested in more than engines," that passenger was proclaiming, "you will perhaps learn that uncomfortable localities quite often have undisclosed advantages."

Slade didn't quite know what that proclamation meant. But his smile was condoning as he tossed his cigarette end into the lake and rose to his feet.

"I guess you're right, Doctor," he said with a casualness that carried a note of insolence. "And here's where I pass out of the picture. But before I leave you to your swans' eggs I'd like to tip you off to just one thing. My interest sometimes extends beyond engines."

And this time, apparently, it was the man of science leaning out from the cabin hatch who didn't quite know what the speaker meant.

Lynn could feel spring in the air. Against a softening sky she could

By VIRGINIA VALE E IGHTY army nurses whose names ought to go down in history because of the courage with which they did their work during the siege of Bataan will receive their due partially, at least, in a picture which Paramount has scheduled for production in the autumn. Called "Hands of Mercy," it will be produced and directed by Mark Sandrich,

Bette Davis refuses to call her heading for their breeding tarns be-

vegetable garden at her Sugar tween the slowly greening muskegs. Hill, N. H., home a "victory Every swale and slough was noisy garden." Like a lot of other with mating whistlers and waveys people, she discovered to her and loons. But that clamorous lovesorrow that vegetables won't making failed to lighten her heart. grow just because you plant Even the sight of her father, moorthem. She says she'll be lucky ing his plane between two saddleif she gets one New England backs in Iviuk Inlet, failed to take boiled dinner out of the whole the cloud from her brooding hazel

who'll take a hand also in

writing the scenario. Another

timely picture will be Metro's "Next of Kin," in which Joan

Crawford will appear as a girl without social background, who marries a naval officer, and finds

herself confronted with navy snob-

bery. Joan will come out on top of

Charles Boyer couldn't have Greta Garbo for that murder mystery, "Flesh and Fantasy," of which he



CHARLES BOYER

is both co-star and co-director. But ideal for the entire dress or used in Universal did very well by him by combination with satin, faille or velgetting Barbara Stanwyck to play vet. The working of two fabrics opposite him in the second sequence. | together is fashion news of out-

Rosalind Russell thinks she knows picture stars, so she decided to take satin or faille or touches of black all the glamour clothes that she could pack into seven trunks when immediate moment. starting on the tour of army camps more dependent on the palefaces

starlet, isn't wasting any time be- ing. It's a style you'll adore, for tween pictures. The 15-year-old ac- it's slenderizing to the 'nth degree. tress, who plays a featured role in See it pictured to the right in the "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," accompanying illustration interpretis studying singing and taking piano ed in smart black rayon sheer, a lessons-takes piano from Diana material which is ideal for summer-Lynn and singing from Susanna into-fall wear. Delicate touches of Foster, also budding stars.

Paulette Goddard's new priority gown was made from just 11/2 yards of fabric. Designed by the famous Valentina, it's a dinner dress of black jersey, made with a backless top and a short, peg-top skirt. You'll see her wearing it in "The Forest Rangers."

Warner Baxter, who hasn't appeared on the screen since early last year, when he appeared in "Adam Had Four Sons," for Colummedicine had shown that the blindbia, has been signed by the same studio to make two pictures a year. They'll be based on the radio program, "Crime Doctor," one of our most popular air shows.

Can't keep "Mrs. Miniver" out of in her hesitating pidgin-English. the news. With the announcement "Him always good hunter until two that it was being held at the Radio City Music Hall for the ninth weekno other film has been held there Dr. Morlock, "if I flew him out to for more than six-comes the news that it had been seen in that theater by 1,142,107 persons.

> A 400-foot long, 200-foot wide duplicate of the original runway of the Wake Island airfield was con- fashion's newest fabric favoritestructed in ten days at Salton Sea, satin! The little jacket of this New Calif., for Paramount's "Wake Is- York creation features the new land"-a picture that promises to shorter length. It flares slightly, as be one of the most stirring of all this does also the discreetly gored skirt. year's crop of war films.

ODDS AND ENDS-Gary Cooper's rapidly catching up to Don Ameche as a portrayer of famous men on the screen Dennis Morgan has been taking daily treatments for the "sand blind-ness" he suffered while on location near

Gallup, N. M., for "The Desert Song" of her own humming in "The Major and the Minor" ... "Little Miss Marker," the film which made Shirley Temple famous eight years ago, may be filmed again by Paramount, with Baby Sandy in the leading role . . . Dorothy Comingore, has refused all assignments since she made "Citizen Kane."

Fabric-Conserving Fashions Possess a New Kind of Style

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



attractiveness. On the contrary, the new order of things is ushering in a fashion cycle frought with a newness in chic and charm that is excitingly interesting. Instead of finding them disappointing, you'll find that the new styles have exactly what every woman is looking forneat silhouette and fine basic design, together with innumerable little niceties of detail which are flattering and lovely and expressive of all that is best in costume technique.

The manipulation of fabric so as to use less yardage simply fascinates with its artfulness and resourcefulness. Materials favored for the new "priority fashions" are those which lend themselves best to a delightfully feminine, draped and moded styling which achieves the utmost in figure flattery. For this purpose rayon crepes are proving standing importance for fall. In fact, the new black-on-black vogue which what the boys in camp expect of works black crepe or jersey with velvet is the fashion high spot of the

Another new trend which reacts scheduled to follow completion of to the good in response to the de-"My Sister Eileen." Though on a mand for curtailment in the use of 16-hour-a-day schedule, she'll have metal fastenings is the amazingly clothes enough to change ten times clever way in which dresses and a day. "I'll wear everything but coats and blouses are made to close a bathing suit," she announced. And with self-fabric ties, or wraparound she looks so fetching in a bathing devices or with plastic buttons which trasting fabric. are as ornamental as they are useful. New to fashion is the wrap-Betty Brewer, the Paramount around frock with surplice back clos-

fine black rayon net at the neck, sleeves and hemline carry out the black-on-black idea now so important. A self-fabric sash ties softly at the buttoned back closing. Worn over a correctly fitted foundation garment, this suavely fitted frock has unusual grace and distinction.

the charming two-piece suit frock to the left in the above illustration. Designed for now and later in handsome black rayon faille, this model features the slim long-torsoed silhouette accented by folds of the fabric at chest and hips of the fitted jacket top. The new "priority" suits with close, fitted jackets and slim skirts must be worn over carefully sential this season.

For the very chic afternoon dress centered in the group sheer rayon crepe in deep, rich black is draped and molded along slim figure-revealing lines. A self-fabric spaghetti trim makes soft little bows at the flattering sweetheart neck and knots casually at the waistline above the skirt draping, which is concentrated at the front.

the working of black satin with dullsurfaced rayon crepe. Yokes, insets and bandings of the satin, as well as big, soft bows, give pleasing variation to fall frocks of con-

Color contrast is another featured theme. Designers are highlighting striking effects in no uncertain terms, using sleeves of one color and bodice top of another with the two colors appearing in the skirt. Coat dresses have panels of contrasting color to match the color of the plastic buttons. Released by Western Newspaper Union.



Black satin suits are big news for fall. Carefully sleek for autumn wear is this stunning suit done in The highly decorative plastic buttons are in aqua coloring. Together with an aqua colored corsage, they add the prettily feminine touch. The stores are showing satin suits of this type in dark, rich jewel colors, too, but black is the favorite.

Bangles

Braiding, passementerie, dangles of all kinds, sequin embroideries. beadwork, novelty buttons, plastic gadgets, much jet and crystal and a wide use of embroidery and applique give to fall fashions interesting variety.

Dressmaker tailoring distinguishes

fitted under garments to achieve the smoothly streamlined effect so es-

Tremendous play is being made on

Black Satin

'Black' Is Still an Important Word

At all fashionable gatherings it becomes increasingly apparent that black is staging a triumphant comeback into the fashion picture. The smartness and importance of black is strikingly evidenced in the stunning new black satin gowns featured in a prologue to the fall season.

The new black frocks that make slim silhouettes their theme are appearing everywhere in fashionable gatherings. They look smartest adorned with a single, important piece of jewelry and with giddily colorful long gloves and an enchanting hat to supply the prettily feminine touch.

Then there are the entrancingly "pretty-pretty" black sheers, many of which take on endearing pink or pale blue accents. Black shantung and black linen suits are declared by many to be the smartest townwear costume of the season. For dressy afternoon wear there's nothing in the way of a suit which outclasses those styled of black bengaline. Women are also expressing a desire for simple daytime frocks made of black rayon jersey.

An Old Favorite, the

Lace Blouse, Is Back

It is anticipating its advent a long time ahead, but there is promise of the return of the lace blouse to be worn with jewel colored velvet suits and, for that matter, with satin in deep dark colors or black.

The sheerest of sheer black lace blouses has been in evidence for some time past, and it will continue its triumphs. However, the big news is the lace blouse made delightfully feminine with frilly accents, styled either of delicate Alencon or of very sheer Chantilly.

clean of blood. An onion roasted with the meat improves the flavor.

Don't twist, bend or tie the socalled cord attached to your electric iron. It is not a cord, but two bundles of wires.

Put a small piece of hard soap in the sewing basket to rub over yarn or thread so it can be put through the eye of a needle with less difficulty.

Peroxide will remove perfume stains from linen bureau scarf. Keep a blotting pad under scarf to protect dressing table or bureau top when perfume is spilled on it.

Knitted garments should be laid flat to dry, shaped to the outline drawn before the garment was washed.

Three sprigs of parsley, one bay leaf, six whole cloves and a bit of thyme tied loosely together in a cheesecloth make an aromatic spice bag for cooking with soups and stews.



"Fuller," says Aunt Netty, the other day. "Folks are like wine. Some sour with age, and some, like you, get better!"

"Mebbe," says I, pickin' up that little compliment, "that's because I feel so good most of the time." For, you know, folks, when you feel good your disposition's apt to be good, too. But to do that, you got to eat right, which includes gettin' all your vitamins. And KELLOGG'S PEP is extra-rich in the two most often short in ordithe two most often short in ordi-nary meals—vitamins B₁ and D. Mighty fine-tastin', too. Try it!

vitamin D; 1/4 the daily need of vitamin B1.

Everybody wants to know what to send a soldier, sailor, Coast Guardsman, or Marine. The answer is simple if he smokes a pipe or rolls-his-own. Send a pound of tobacco. Tobacco, according to numerous surveys among the men themselves, is the gift most appreciated, and most wanted. Favorite smoking tobacco of many service men is Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke-a title welldeserved since Prince Albert is the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. Local dealers are featuring Prince Albert in the pound can as ideal gifts to men in the service.-Adv.

on "certain days" of month

If functional monthly disturbances make you nervous, restless, high-strung, cranky, blue, at such times -try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound – famous for over 60 years – to help relieve such pain and pervous feelings of women's and nervous feelings of women "difficult days."

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resist-ance against such annoying symp-toms. Follow label directions. Well

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In bringing us buying informa to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

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 When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as on expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

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