

suspects him of being up to something, Alan Slade has agreed to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his partner, Karnell, to the Anawotto river to look for the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Frayne has paid them well enough to enable Alan's partner, Cruger, to buy a Lockheed that will help Norland Airways meet the crushing competition of the larger companies. Before leaving, Alan helps Lynn Morlock, daughter of the "flying Padre," give first aid treatment to an outcast flyer named Slim Tumstead and learns that Tumstead knows about the plane and about Frayne's expedition. During that night the new plane is stolen by a masked man who heads north. En route to the Anawotto Slade's plane runs out of gas and they spend the night at the cabin of his prospector friends, Zeke and Minty, where Slade keeps a gas cache. Frayne shows no interest in either gold or pitchblende, the latter a newly discovered source of power. But the next morning, when they have been in the air only a short time. Fravne decides to land and stay there on the Kasakana instead of going to the Anawotto. Now, while Alan is on his way back, Lynn and her father are planning to operate on Umanak, a blind Eskimo, in the hope of restoring his sight. Lynn has just suggested that they try to reach Alan and have him bring the supplies they need for the op-

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VIII

So while the radio searched the Barrens for the whereabouts of Alan Slade the abandoned Iviuk Inlet store-shed had been taken over as an emergency hospital. It had been scrubbed and disinfected and fitted with a homemade operating table and instrument stand.

Lynn turned from the sea front and walked up the slope to its rough-

wasn't for the man with the Viking

boarded walls. She tried to tell herself that it

eyes that she was waiting. No, she stubbornly contended, it wasn't for Alan she was waiting. It was for those needed supplies he

was bringing in to them. Her thoughts, a moment later, went to other things. She crossed to the door, convinced that she had a motor. She scanned the grayblue sky and searched the long line strong. of the lilac-tinted horizon above the southern muskeg fields. But all she could see was an arrowhead of ed two bulky envelopes embossed blue geese winging silently north-

She was still at the door when she observed that Kogaluk was leading old Umanak through the topek-

huddle toward her. "You hear um?" Kogaluk sur- go out of the sunlight. prised her by asking.

"Hear what?" questioned the girl, still again searching the horizon.

It was Umanak who answered. "The devil-bird that comes from Aowhere, and go nowhere. I hear am go for two days now.'

"What does he mean?" Lynn inquired of the slant-eyed Kogaluk.

The young Eskimo woman found it hard to explain. "Um a plane, a ghost plane,"

she finally asserted. "But your father can't see," Lynn

persisted. "No see," said Umanak. "But

hear um. Hear um two, three days "But it couldn't just melt away,"

said Lynn. "It must have gone somewhere." Kogaluk's braided head nodded

unexpected assent. "Um go to Echo Harbor," she

asserted. "That harbor on sea, full of devil voices. Echo Harbor taboo to our people."

"But what could it do there?" It was Umanak who answered.

"If Umanak have good eyes him go see. Me no afraid devil voices." He squared his sturdy old shoulders. "When was the last time you thought you heard this ghost asked the young white woman. They were, she knew,

countless miles away from any possible air route. "Me hear um today," said Umanak. And he said it with convic-

Lynn gave some thought to this. She was still trying to persuade herself that these credulous and childhearted people were merely fabricating a mystery out of something that could and would be quickly re-

duced to the commonplace. But even as she stood there she could see old Umanak stiffen in his

tracks. "Me hear um now," was his abrupt cry of triumph.

His hearing, apparently, was keener than the others'. For when Lynn stepped forward, with straining ears, she could hear nothing. "Me hear um," repeated the old

But Lynn disregarded his cry. For as her coasting gaze wandered back and forth along the southern skyline she caught sight of a small speck that grew bigger as she watched.

"That's no ghost plane. Umanak," she cried. "That's Alan Slade with his Snow-Ball Baby and the

supplies we've been waiting for." The Flying Padre, waiting at the water's edge as Slade came ashore.

promptly noted the sense of strain on the bush pilot's face. "What's wrong?" promptly ques-

tioned Padre. "A bit of bad luck," said Slade. "We've lost our Lockheed."

"A crash?" The tired face became grim. "That's what I have to find out." | trict. My cache

Slade indicated his armful of pack- | cleaned out."



ages. "I shouldn't be here. But I | knew you needed this stuff."

The Flying Padre's smile was an understanding one. "Yes, Lynn's waiting for it," he

casually observed. He also observed that a little of the shadow went from the Viking blue eyes. "Then she's here?" he asked.

The Padre nodded. "She'll be anchored here for a

couple of weeks with an eye case. But she's been worrying about you." for a moment.

Slade was the first to emerge from that moment of abstraction. "I caught up this mail for you at Yellowknife," he said as he handed letters and papers to the older man. Slade's eyes rested on that older man, bareheaded and gaunt in the revealing arctic sunlight, as the letters were examined. Lynn was right; her father was not so young as he had once been. Yet if there was any inner weariness there it was masked by a quick decisiveheard the faint and far-off hum of ness of movement that spoke of a mind still active and a will still

> "These are for Lynn," the Flying Padre was saying as he inspectwith English stamps. "They've come a long way," ob-

served Slade. "Yes, from Barrett. He's at Al-

dershot now." Slade felt a little of the warmth parage.

"And these are the drugs and things," he explained as they mounted the knoll to the plain-boarded little surgery.

Slade pushed through the cluster of natives about the door, disturbed by the quicker pounding of his heart. Then he saw Lynn, all in white. She was boiling something in a test tube, over an alcohol lamp.

"Here's Alan," announced her father. "He's brought you two letters from Barrett."

She took the letters, not unconscious that two pair of questioning eyes were resting on her. But her gaze remained abstracted as she glanced at the bulky envelopes and placed them on the window sill.

"They'll have to wait," she said. Then her face lost its abstraction as she smiled up at Slade. "And you've got our supplies," she cried with a note of relief that brought no particular joy to the bush pilot bearing them.

"That means we can get busy,"

the Flying Padre proclaimed. Slade's frown deepened as he stood watching the nondescript line of Innuits that formed outside the door of their improvised surgery. "When is this bread line of the

igloos over?" he asked. "Why?" asked the busy nurse.

"Because I rather wanted to talk to you," asserted the flyer, touched with a feeling of jealousy at the renewed discovery of how this whiteclad reliever of pain could remain so immersed in her work.

Then, for a moment, she emerged from the shell. He saw, or thought he saw, a fleeting look of hunger in her eyes. But that look vanished as the Flying Padre called out: "Is

Umanak ready?" "Not yet," she answered.

"Don't you think it's rather worth while?" Lynn questioned. "I suppose so, trouble-shooter." he responded lightly. It was worth

something to be there at her side. "Then you can help me scrub up old Umanak," Lynn said with a smile. "Dad's going to do that cataractemy on him this morning. And something tells me it's the first hot-

water bath he ever had." "We'll probably have to hold him down," said Slade.

But Umanak, to their surprise, was not averse to his bath.

"Um good," he murmured. "What kept you late?" Lynn

asked as she toweled her patient dry and proceded to robe him in flannelette pajamas that were much | different shape. too long for him.

"Then you were waiting for me?" he challenged. There was a tinge of hope in his voice. "For our supplies," was her re-

"I had to swing back to Jackpine Point to refuel," Slade said in a slightly hardened voice. "There's a gas thief loose somewhere in this dis-

"But who could have done it?" questioned Lynn. "It's such empty country."

"That's what I intend to find out," Slade told her with determination. Lynn stood upright, fixed by the sudden thought of the ghost plane. But before that thought was put into words the Flying Padre ap-

peared in his pontifical-looking surgical gown. "If you've time to sit in on this," he said with one eye on the flyer struggle that is going on today for The gaze of the two men locked and one on his waiting instruments, the preservation of the ideal which 'you can wash up and help. It's a it symbolizes. The man who con-

rather interesting bit of work." "Will the old boy see again?" said the man of medicine. "But ence how easy it is for a nation to

"Me see the devil-bird that go nowhere after you make eyes good," proclaimed the patient.

There was sureness in the delicate movements of the doctor's fingers, but Slade couldn't rid his mind of try. He served as a leader of troops the thought that one small slip might and then as a member of Garibaldi's could mean blindness for life. He war ended he was homeless, for his concealing what had been done to it. was ruled by the Commune.

"Is that all you do?" Slade inquired. He tried to make the ques-

Lynn is going to stay on and look moved them to make some tangible after Umanak. I've a couple of meningitis cases at Cape Morrow that mustn't be neglected."

"And he'll be able to see again?" persisted the skeptic-minded lay-

"Of course he'll see again," was Lynn's low-noted reply as she tucked a warmed four-pointer about her pa-

"Me see devil-bird that go nowhere," murmured Umanak. Slade stood suddenly arrested by those murmured words. He knew

well enough what a devil-bird was to a native. "What does he mean by that?" "He keeps saying he can hear a ghost plane, a devil-bird that comes and goes along the coast-line," Lynn explained. "And his daughter Kog-

aluk claims she's seen it, flying low between here and Echo Harbor." It was Dr. Morlock who spoke next. "I suppose," he said as he tles and stowed them away in his

checked over instruments and botabraded bag, "you'll be heading south tomorrow?" Slade crossed to the window and

looked out along the empty and interminable skyline. "No," he said, "I'm not going

south tomorrow." "What are you going to do?" asked Lynn, startled by the grim-

ness of his face. "I think I'll look into this devilbird business," he said as his narrowed gaze rested on the horizon.

For just above that horizon he caught sight of a small and ghostlike gnat of silver winging its resolute way southward above the dark site. line of the muskeg country. It A committee to raise funds for looked as insubstantial as a soap the statue was formed in 1874 and bubble. But Slade, as the silver fleck the plan won the immediate apfinally vanished, told himself that proval of the French people. Money he knew a plane when he saw one. "Where'll that take you?" the Fly-

ing Padre was asking. "I don't know yet," said Slade. 'But I've an idea it'll end up some-

where along the Anawotto." you," she said as she joined Slade in the doorway.

top surgery, a few minutes later, statue in 1876, as a part of the celeher waiting father detected both a bration of 100 years of freedom in new light in her eyes and a this country, it was not until Octodeeper line of thought between her ber 28, 1886, that it was dedicated. brows. She had the look of a woman who had been kissed and, hav- day, with an incessant drizzle of ing been kissed, found the world a

The Padre's own face took on a deeper line of thought. "How about Alan?"

Instead of answering, Lynn crossed to the window. There, aft- with the program as planned . er a glance out over the empty rock Bartholdi saw the President of the ridges, she took up the two letters lying on the sill.

army of Americans, who were "Let's see what Barrett has to say," she observed with a forced marching to the waterfront for a was casualness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Liberty-There She Stands! LL over the world human liberty is being curbed or threatened by the German and Japanese war lords, but here in the United

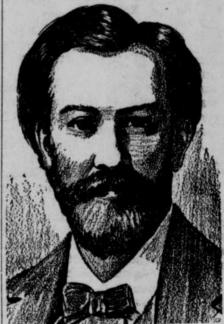


where stands the Statue of Liberty will come the armed millions that will make them

free once more. There is an interesting connection between the conception of that statue 70-odd years ago and the ceived it was not simply an artist with an abstract ideal of freedom. "That's what we're counting on," He had known from bitter experi-Umanak speaks a little English, re- lose its liberty and the heavy price it must pay to regain it.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, an Alsatian sculptor, laid aside his chisel to take up a gun in defense of his counmean disaster. One wrong move staff in the Vosges but when the was glad when the bandages were native city of Colmar was in the bling back-to-school wardrobes, one about the swarthy-skinned old face, hands of the Germans and Paris of the "thrillingest" of which is the

As early as 1865 Bartholdi had conceived the idea of a memorial to took wartime scarcity of other fibers tion seem a casual one. But he the long-enduring friendship be- to break down the tradition that found himself touched by a new re- tween France and the United States cotton is just for warm-weather spect for a calling which he had but he was unable to interest his wear or for the workaday houseso recently been tempted to dis- countrymen in the project until the dress and such. Actually cottons conflict of 1870-71 with Germany. can be warm as well as cool. "That's all we can do," said the Then the sympathy shown by Amer-Flying Padre, "for the present. But icans for the French in that struggle ly cotton conscious, new uses of it



FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI

gesture of appreciation and Bartholdi was able to persuade an influentheir country, recently ravished by the invaders, was struggling to pay the heavy war indemnity imposed by the conquerors.

He was commissioned by this group to design and execute the memorial and was sent to America to look over the ground. As his ship entered New York harbor he immediately decided that an island in the harbor would be the most fitting

came from 180 French cities, 40 general councils and from thousands of citizens until the cost of the statue, \$250,000, was met. Erection of the base for the statue and the work of installing it on Bedloe's island, "I'll go down to the plane with which was paid for by popular subscription in the United States, brought the total cost to \$600,000. When she returned to the knoil- Although it was planned to erect the

> "It was an intensely disagreeable cold rain, the streets muddy and the harbor overhung with a curtain of mist," writes one historian. "But the Americans demonstrated their ties are so popular on the homeinterest in liberty was more than a sunshine affair by going through creating fashions that are pictorially perfect for the occasion. This Republic standing bareheaded in the

rain, returning the salutes of an

glimpse of the Goddess his art had

created."

Back-to-School Clothes Made Of Smart, Practical Cottons

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



So FAR as the "clothes" program is concerned, exciting moments are ahead for teen-aged school girls and their collegiate sisters. The new styles fascinate with their refreshing originality, their bright and lovely colors and their altogether different outlook from that of past

There's just one thrill after another in promise for those assemacceptance of cotton as smart and wearable for fall and winter. It

Now that fashion has grown keenare being played up which hold promise of surprises and exciting interest for everybody A new order of experience is awaiting school faring youngsters in that they are going to have the fun of selecting a complete wardrobe expressed in terms of cotton from start to finish. The new fall cottons are of such tremendous scope they take in every phase of school fashion as seen in coats, suits, dresses, accessories and lingerie. The cotton fabric list includes corduroys, velveteens, twills, whipcords, black poplins, ginghams, homespuns and challis.

Not only are the new fall and winter cotton weaves breathtaking in their colors (especially the new velveteens and corduroys), but the new style developments are so outstandingly different in technique there isn't going to be a dull moment in the entire procedure of getting a smart and practical back-to-school wardrobe together.

Each of the fashions pictured in the above illustration serves as a prophecy of what is to be in the way of smart fall trends. Considering tial group of Frenchmen to attempt these styles from the viewpoint of to finance such a project even though | the wearers themselves young Miss America shown to the left in the

Now that backyard barbecue par-

apron with capacious pockets.

group is probably soliloquizing in this wise-"I hope I'll be as smart in courses as I am about clothes, because I really think I'd made the dean's list if my cotton whipcord bolero suit with braid outlining the jacket and cuffs and velveteen collar could count for credit! Well, I'm on my way to a lecture but I have a feeling I'm going to have a time of it keeping my mind from wandering off into thoughts of the jigger coat I've ordered made of one of the new priority fleeces woven on cotton backing and cunningly lined with bright quilted cotton suit-

"Now what do I need for my next class (bright girl centered in the picture speaking)? My clothes ought to help the intelligent impression I'm going to make, because they began "Keeper of the Flame" with are so right for the campus and Katharine Doyle as stand-in. There show I used my head in choosing are two more Doyle sisters, so it washable cottons. My jumper is looks as if the supply would last as green pinwale corduroy with a chic long as the star's in the movie busidirndl-like skirt and handy slash pockets, and my woolly cotton blouse is inspiringly cheerful in color. I'm so glad jumper dresses are 'the style' for with blouse changes a jumper dress is a whole wardrobe in one. I'm finding a lot of satisfaction in knowing that the plaid I'm wearing washes 'just like new,' and my pinwale corduroy skirt goes | mander to squadron commander. through a soap-and-water beauty treatment as nice as you please!"

"I'm starting my sophomore year," says Miss Collegiate to the right in the group, "and after two semesters in college I know what's what, what's done and what's worn, slipped over-guess what? A cotton in 1900. challis play suit for lounging around! I adore the slenderizing lines of this play suit cut princess bodice-andshorts fashion. Don't you think the challis has a cunning rose patterning? Be sure to notice the fullwhich looks as if it took yards and yards, but designers are clever these days about using not even an allowed under WPB regulations. They've learned to get maximum fullness with minimum yardage." Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Barbecue Dirndl

Felt Hats Crowned By Dizzy Heights

The most noticeable thing about the new felt hats is their crowns, which mount to dizzy heights. To add to their spectacular rise in the headquarters in New York searchworld they are manipulated into fan- ing for service men named Bakertastic shapes which are breathtak- wanted them for his anniversary ing in their daring and their origi- and birthday broadcast of August

Feathers galore will also adorn the new hats. You can get allplumage turbans, or, if it's a huge from her young daughter, April, felt beret you are wearing, it has and promptly exposed the entire more than likely taken on a spectacular coq sweep in vivid coloring. Felts also are taking on intriguing had them. She says she looked as crochet accents. Colors important if she were wearing a small balloon in millinery displays include salute for a necktie. blue, commando tan, Australian green and a goodly showing of gray.

Tip to Toe

A costume formula that is in for a tremendous vogue calls for a suit rines as soon as he was 21; a week entertaining program, designers are made up of a velveteen skirt topped later he told his family and the with a cardigan velvet jacket. Car- studio what he'd done-on the very ry with this one of the new velve- day that RKO announced him for winsome outfit is of cotton percale | teen drawstring pouch bags, and be | a pair of important roles in "Ladies" in a quaint print. It has a square sure that the velveteen bumper-be- Day" and "Seven Miles From Alneckline, puffed sleeves and corselet | ret you wear matches, too. You catraz." lacing up the blouse front. The can carry the ensemble out in mono- He just had time to finish the forand hat with the suit.



By VIRGINIA VALE

NOW that Vera Zorina has role of "Maria" in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and Ingrid Bergman has been assigned to it, a lot of people are much happier. The role seems made for Miss Bergman. The change wasn't made without a struggle; extra tests were made after the first few days' work, but finally out came the dancer. Paramount announces that this did not in any way impair the star's career, and put Somerset Maugham's "The Hour Before

Dawn" into preparation for her. Metro's talking about opening "Seven Sisters" simultaneously in America's seven most romantic cities; if you think yours is one of them, they ask you to send in statistics! Of course, Savannah, Charleston and New Orleans ought to be on the list. But let's hope that they won't ignore smaller towns when they make their decision, the ones that are really representative of

modern American life. When Katharine Hepburn made her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," Adelyn Doyle was her standin. When Adelyn married, her sister Patricia took over the job. Pat



KATHARINE HEPBURN

married, and Miss Hepburn recently

Remember David Niven? Nigel Bruce, working in "Journey for Margaret," had a letter from him saying that he's now a major in England's armed forces. And Robert Montgomery has been promoted by Uncle Sam's navy from com-

Alice Faye will return to the screen soon after more than six months' absence, to do a musical picture called "Hello, Frisco, Hello." It's another of those costume pictures-she must be getting sort such as my peasant corduroy skirt of tired of them-with a story laid

When Connie Boswell sings "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings" it's more than just a song to her. It's a salute to her young brother-inlaw, Ben Leedy, a flier-to-be stalooking skirt with intriguing pockets | tioned at Mitchel Field. If you've seen her work you'll recall him. rushing out of the wings to lift her into her wheel chair, hurrying out inch of material over the amount again to take her off stage. She sings it as often as she can on the Friday "Caravan" show.

The kitten, "Zero," heard frequently on "Those We Love" broadcasts, is played by that very versatile actress, Virginia Sale. She also portrays the principal role of "Martha" in the drama series. You've seen her in pictures.

For weeks Phil Baker had USO 23, when only persons named Baker Designed to be worn with suits are could take part in "Take It Or small cloche brims with tall taper- Leave It." Celebrities who qualified ing crowns, some with self-bow ac- were numerous enough, starting cents, others having their outlines with Bonnie, Benny, Kenny and softened with gracefully dangling Belle. But the program was incomplete without men in uniform.

> June Havoc caught the mumps company of "My Sister Eileen" to them; hadn't the faintest idea she

> Jack Briggs is going to find "Seven Miles From Alcatraz" especially interesting, if he gets a chance to see it. The young RKO contract player enlisted in the ma-

dirndl skirt is protected by a cute | tone color or contrast matching bag | mer when he had to report for active duty.