

# GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Because Norland Airways needs the money Alan Slade agrees to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his partner, Karnell, to the Anawotio river in search of the trumpeter swan. With the proceeds Slade's partner, Cruger, buys a Lockheed plane, which is stolen while Slade is away. When he returns he starts out to recover the plane. He is being aided by an eskimo named Umanak and by two old prospectors, Zeke and Minty. Acting on a hunch Slade goes to Frayne's camp, where he discovers that the missing plane is being used by Frayne to take something out of the country. Slim Tumstead, an outcast pilot, is flying for him. When Slade attempts to examine the plane's cargo he is knocked unconscious by Karnell. He is "rescued" by Tumstead but later abandoned by him on a deserted island. Zeke and Minty find Slade's plane near Frayne's camp and, after a gun battle with Frayne's crowd, return to guard it. Now Slade is making preparations for his escape to the mainland.



For that gasping white body meant life; it meant hope.

## CHAPTER XV

It was not long before he had firewood awaiting his lighter. And by the time he had gathered wood and dry moss and feathered his cave floor with spruce branches his joints felt rusty and his movements slowed down. He ate an inch of his chocolate, added wood to the fire, and crawled into his cave, where he nestled down in his bed of spruce needles and moss. There quick wave after wave of utter weariness wiped memory from his mind.

The fire was out and the sun was up when he awakened. He emerged from his smother of moss and sat up, refreshed by his sleep.

Having breakfasted with studious frugality, he realized that he must widen his margin of safety in the matter of food supplies for the future. His one possibility there, he felt, would be fish from the lake.

But his first tries were fruitless. Then it came home to him that in his haste he had resorted to water too shallow for his purposes. So he wound up his line and rounded the island until he came to a more promising pool.

In five minutes he had hooked a fish heavy enough to threaten his pole. He stood a little drunk when it finally lay on the rock ledge beside him.

For that gasping white body meant more than a meal to him. It meant life; it meant hope; it meant final deliverance from a prison of hunger.

For he had decided to effect his escape to the mainland. It was, he felt, his only hope.

While his first need would be a reserve of food, the one thing essential to his escape was a raft. As Tumstead must have figured out, his prisoner would be without strength for a three-mile swim in cold northern water. Even though he survived that swim, to land sodden and exhausted on an inhospitable shore, without fire and ample food, would be to invite disaster. On his island stood no timber of consequence. But, spindling as they were, he could collect and trim enough spruce boles to make a raft capable of carrying his provisions and keeping his lighter and his clothing dry. It would not be substantial enough to sustain his own weight. But he could strip and push it ahead of him as he swam.

That day and the next day and the day that followed were crowded with toil. The early morning glow of the day he gave to catching fish, which he later dressed and smoked and stowed away on his stachelgan. He fished again in the evening, at an hour when his strikes proved most frequent. At mid-afternoon, when the sun had warmed the shallows, he dug and washed his bulrush roots. When that was done he gathered firewood. And when that was done he turned to digging spruce roots, which he patiently knotted and braided into lengths of wapp. From them, with equal patience, he wove a muskamoote, which could hang from his shoulders like a musette-bag and hold secure his possessions and a quantity of food.

The next morning Slade made ready for his trek. He had chosen mid-day as the best hour for pushing off, since the surface water by that time would have lost a little of its chill and plenty of daylight would remain, at the end of his journey, to find a suitable camp site and get settled for the night. The water was colder than he had expected. This prompted him to throw more vigor into his arm strokes. But half a mile from shore he found an ache of fatigue creeping into his muscles. That frightened him a little. He leaned on the raft end and rested.

He looked about, to place his landmark, knowing that he must keep active, that he must keep blood coursing through his chilled limbs, that he must push on to the end. He was within a mile of his goal. He thought of a hot campfire, with flames bursting through spruce logs piled high.

Then all such thoughts abruptly ended. For out of the blue that arched above him he heard a far-off and familiar drone. It was a drone that grew louder as he listened and became shot through with a throb of power and mounted almost to a roar. High in the sky above the serrated ridge-tops he saw a plane.

Slade waved and shouted. But the wings neither dipped nor banked. Slade started swimming again, in a cold fury of defeat. Something not unlike indignation gave strength to his strokes as he fought his desperate way forward. He kept on, refusing to recognize the claws of pain that tore at his entrails or the weariness that made his breath come in quick and shuddering gasps. He kept on until his raft end grounded on a sandspit and he stumbled ashore and threw himself full length along a sun-warmed slope.

"I don't like this," said the Flying Padre, after he and his leather-clad daughter had dropped down on Iviuk Inlet to learn that Umanak had not returned from his overland trip to Echo Harbor.

"Umanak knows his way about," said Lynn. "What worries me is that we've had no word from Alan."

"Why should that worry you?" asked the Padre.

"Because he should have been back before this," protested the girl in dungarees. "I hate to think of him in country where he's so out of reach of help."

"Isn't he that way most of the time?" "But this is different," maintained Lynn. "And we can't even get through to him by radio."

"So you've been worrying about Slade?" "I'm afraid I have, Dad."

Some unexpected note of humility in that response prompted the Padre to glance over his shoulder and meet her gaze.

"When did you find that out?" he asked.

"Find what out?" parried Lynn. "That your bush hawk's worth worrying over. Or, to put it more plainly, that he's beginning to loom a little bigger in your mind than Barrett Walden."

"I didn't say that." She was able to laugh a little at the solemnity in his eyes. "But you must remember that I've still got you on my mind."

Lynn's father, turning to her, rested a hand on either slender shoulder.

"You're mighty loyal to me, aren't you?" he said.

"I love you, Dad," she said quite simply.

"What we're going to do now is pick up Umanak. And as soon as that's done we're going to see what's keeping Alan in the Anawotio country."

But that declaration failed to remove the line of worry from Lynn's brow as she stood staring across the low-lying horizon to the south.

"He's so careless and reckless," she complained. "He seems to love taking chances. He won't even carry a radio."

The Flying Padre smiled. "When did women begin losing their liking for courage?" he demanded.

"They always like courage," answered Lynn, "but when you like the man who has it you rather want to know what's happening to him."

"All right," said the Padre, "let's start. And while the sun's still high we'll see what we can do about picking up old Umanak."

Picking up Umanak, however, proved less simple than it promised. A two-hour combing of the coastline showed no sign of him. Then Lynn, acting as observer, caught sight of what looked like smoke signals from an empty fishing village. The Flying Padre, informed of this, promptly circled back and swung low over the forlorn little huddle of huts. In front of those huts Lynn made out a squat figure, gesticulating to them as they drifted over it.

By the time they had nosed out a landing space, behind a saddle-back island that broke the surf, Umanak was waiting for them on the beach. He was footsore and emaciated, but the seamed old face wore a smile of triumph.

"He's weak from hunger," she contended. "He must take some of this before he talks."

Umanak squatted on the shingle slope and ate like a hungry wolf. Then, grunting with satisfaction, he reached into the pouch of his worn and patched kooletah and produced a fragment of velvet-black mineral with a pitch-like luster.

"That um," he announced. The Flying Padre took the fragment and turned it over in his hands. He noted its heaviness and compactness, its suggestion of octahedron cleavage with faint tinges of brown and green.

"Why, this is pitchblende," he said. "It's what we're getting our radium from these days."

"But why should pitchblende be flown to Echo Harbor?" asked Lynn as she studied the lustrous mineral.

"Who'd want it for radium there?" "That's what I don't understand," said the man of medicine. He turned to question Umanak.

"Just where and how did you find this?" "Me find um in cave," Umanak repeated. "In cave where water make deep harbor behind island. Heap big black stones piled there. Black stones like that," he insisted, pointing to the pitchblende.

"How big heap?" questioned the other. "More big than two three black whale. Big heap hide there next to sea. Maybe ship come and take black stones away."

"But why?" demanded the puzzled Padre. Umanak had no answer for that. He was more interested, at the moment, in reaching for another handful of Lynn's dried beef.

The Flying Padre suddenly turned to him. "Did you see your ghost plane when you were out there?"

"No see," answered Umanak. Lynn took her turn at once more inspecting the lustrous fragment of mineral.

"Is there any other use for pitchblende?" she inquired. "Yes," was the meditative answer. "It's our best source of helium gas now. But what good would helium be to anyone in this wilderness?"

"What good is it in other parts of the world?" The Flying Padre considered that question.

"The American Navy uses it in their dirigibles. And the Germans, when they could get it, used it in their Zepps. But the States refused to release a stock to Hitler's airmen when we couldn't get a guarantee it wasn't going to be used for war purposes. So our German friends fell back on hydrogen, you may remember. Helium, you see, isn't inflammable."

"But they're so far away from our pitchblende," Lynn objected. "They would have no way, now, of getting it to their chemical plants."

"Chemical plants," echoed the man of medicine as his brow creased with thought.

"Wait a minute," was the cry that came from the Padre's lips. "We're overlooking something." He took the black stone from Lynn. "You get more than helium from this stuff. You get more than radium. You get uranium, uranium that has a flow of atomic energy five million times greater than what you'd get by burning coal. And supposing Alan's right in his claim that this is going to be harnessed and controlled and his U-235 is going to be a new power, a power a billion times stronger than anything known? And supposing Hitler has ordered a blitzkrieg of research in his home laboratories and they're a jump or two ahead of us in splitting the uranium atom? That would give him an explosive three hundred times stronger than TNT and a battleship that would be independent of fuel as long as it floated. And pitchblende, remember, is the nut that holds that meat. And all around us here is the world's biggest and best pitchblende deposit."

"But still I don't understand," murmured Lynn. "I don't, myself," agreed her father. "Not yet. But the light's coming to me. And the sooner we take Umanak home and get at the bottom of this the better."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## History in the News

By FLEMING SCOTT WATSON

### 'The Marines Have Landed'

"THE marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."

For more than a century and a half that statement has been literally, as well as figuratively, true. For November 10 of this year marks the 167th anniversary of the founding of the United States marine corps and within a year after its birth the marines WERE landing and DID have the situation well in hand.

As a matter of fact the marine corps is older than the republic itself—if we date the latter from July 4, 1776. For it was on October 13, 1775, that the Continental congress took the first official step to develop a navy. A small fleet was formed later and Essek Hopkins was selected as its commander-in-chief.

On November 10, 1775, congress authorized the formation of two marine battalions and provided for one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors and several other officers.

The oldest existing marine corps commission, dated November 23, 1775, was issued to Capt. Samuel Nicholas, who was destined to lead the marines on their first expedition.

Marine recruiting was first undertaken at Tun tavern in Philadelphia where Robert Mullan, proprietor of the tavern, became captain of a marine company and was one of the principal recruiting officers during the Revolution.

More difficult than obtaining men for the marine corps was the problem of arming those it did secure.



MAJ. SAMUEL NICHOLAS

There was no standard armament for a marine—muskets, blunderbusses, pistols, bayonets, cutlasses, lances, pikes, spears, even tomahawks, all were used.

In contrast to the scanty armament of the Patriots were the ample military supplies of the British and it was because of this fact that the navy and marines set out on their first joint mission—an epoch-making expedition which started the 167 years of close co-operation between these two branches of the service.

With a fleet of eight ships, Commodore Hopkins, with his detachment of marines, set sail late in the winter of 1776 for New Providence island in the Bahamas where the British had large quantities of military supplies stored. The fleet arrived off New Providence in March.

Directed by Captain Nicholas, the marine force was transferred to two smaller vessels for landing operations. Under cover of gunfire from two larger vessels, Nicholas and his men landed without resistance.

Nicholas seems to have been a diplomat as well as a fighter for he sought to accomplish his mission with the least bloodshed possible. When the governor of New Providence sent him a message asking his intentions, the marine commander replied that he wanted only the military stores and that if they were surrendered no harm would come to the inhabitants.

But the governor was not willing to hand the supplies over so easily. So as the Americans advanced toward Fort Montague, near the town, the governor ordered the garrison to open fire. Three 12-pounder shots were sent hurtling toward the marines but did no damage and as they continued to advance, the British spiked the guns of the fort and abandoned it.

Commodore Hopkins then sent word to the inhabitants of the principal town, Fort Nassau, that he wished to carry out his mission without doing them any harm or damaging their property. Accordingly, they offered no resistance and soon afterwards Hopkins' little fleet sailed for home, taking with it the British governor and other British officials and the much-needed supplies which had been turned over to the invaders.

After the Revolution both the navy and the marine corps went out of existence. But the scourge of piracy along our coasts caused congress on March 27, 1794, to authorize establishment of a navy and to direct that each ship carry a marine detachment. The marine corps as it is known today, was established by an act of congress on July 11, 1793. It provided for an organization of "one major, four captains, 16 first lieutenants, 12 second lieutenants, 48 sergeants, 48 corporals, 32 drums and fifes and 720 privates, including marines who had been enlisted."

## Velvet Is a Fabric Favorite For Lovely 'Dress Up' Things

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



VELVET has ever been a magic word in the fabric realm and this season its flattery is being played up more glamorously than ever. It is in lavish mood that designers are stressing velvet throughout fall and winter collections, bringing out most exciting "date dresses" and evening modes styled for "date" wear, for afternoon and after twilight formals, in charming off-duty contrast to sturdy uniforms and functional workaday outfits.

There are many outstanding slants to the velvet vogue that make for big news just now. One is that of the simply tailored afternoon velvet suit that is conceded to be one of the smartest items on fashion's program this season. It adds to its lure that it is so dramatically adaptable to the accompaniment of show-piece furs, lovely, lacy blouses, glittering jeweled buttons and, what is most important, high color touches in gloves, bags and begetting hats.

Then, too, stunning separate coats made of ink-black velvet luxuriously collared in ink-black fur carry a message of ace-high chic for winter. Which all goes to show that no matter how formal or casual your sociable moments are, there will be lovely, appropriate costumes for the occasion done in regal velvet which will make you as feminine and elegant as your best beau's heart could desire.

Suitable for any "date," from afternoon to midnight, is the charming priority-correct furlough frock shown to the right in the above illustration.

tion. It is fashioned of handsome, wine-colored, crush-resistant transparent rayon velvet. The grand thing about crush-resistant rayon velvet is that it is all that its name indicates—crush-resistant! You can wear it with confidence, knowing that it will keep its freshness. Note especially that gleaming metallic embroidery defines the simulated two-piece effect. Many of the new velvet fashions are gleaming with bead and sequin touches. The slimly fitted bodice has a deep V-neck. Worn over a properly fitted foundation garment (the new slenderizing fashions call for just that) the youthful, slim-waisted lines of this lovely dress are unusually graceful.

The vogue for contrast has inspired the charming "after five" bolero costume to the left, which is done in rich crush-resistant rayon velvet in deep midnight blue. The long slim lines of the colorful rayon-and-metal bodice are accented by the patriotic fabric-conserving brevity of the bolero jacket, making a well-corseted figure a necessity for effective wearing.

The flattery of handsome velvet in deep, rich black is combined with the enchantment of exquisite lace in the charming dinner dress illustrated in the center above, which is designed especially for the woman whose program includes club activities. The graceful, long lines of this dress are accented by effective, velvet-banded puffed sleeves of thin-transparency black lace. A cluster of flowers adds coloring to the softly draped neckline.

Enthusiasm for velvet is also finding a new outlet this season in that most important vogue which calls for accessory accents, especially velvet gloves matched to hats, the ensemble carried out in daring colors, notably fuchsia shades, kelly green, turquoise, and flaming red.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### Shawl to Match



As Scotch as heather is this plaid outfit made of spun rayon yarn fabric dyed for true color combinations. The material has a warm, woolly finish. The navy sweater is piped in the plaid of the skirt. The outfit includes slacks, a mannish lined vest, a calot and, most important of all, a three-cornered fringed shawl made of the identical plaid used for the dress. The idea of a cunning shawl "to match" is taking the young campus crowd by storm. These are often embroidered in peasant style and colorfully finished off with hand-tied yarn fringe or with a self-fabric, frayed-fringe edge.

### Small or Large—Hats Are Feathered

Gorgeously colorful feather hats are out in full force. They range from the pheasant-pad calots (so tiny you have to look twice before you can identify them as hats) to pillboxes and dashing types that flaunt towering crowns with imposing feather motifs.

A charming feather fantasy that does the "pretty-pretty" gesture is the halo of pastel feather flowers that pose back of your forehead curl.

The single ostrich plume swirls from the front over the top of the hat to the back where it falls low to the nape of the neck.

### Ruffles Galore Are Seen On Coats, Skirts, Suits

Be on the lookout for ruffles galore, for many of the newest fashions are being smartly styled with ruffles.

Even cloth coats are taking on ruffle effects, such as cascades of self fabric running down side closings from neckline to hemline. Tailored suits, too, are softened with jabots of self fabric on the jacket fronts. Afternoon dresses have cascades of ruffles on both skirts and bodice tops. Tiny flutings and ruche effects finish off the hemlines of narrow skirts.

### Cozy 'Nighties'

The flannelette nightgowns that we'll be wearing this winter will be old-fashioned, long sleeved ones. Women who never wore these quaint types will be wearing them this year. Some of them are really very pretty, made as they are of flower prints in delectable colors.

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## Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

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TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

WNU-U 44-42

## Kidneys Must Work Well

For You To Feel Well  
24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood.  
If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.  
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