



By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE STORY SO FAR: Although he suspects him of being up to something, Alan Slade has agreed to fly "Doctor" Frayne to the Anawalt 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 "dying Padre," and goes with her to help a dyer 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.

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 fled 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-metalled 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 plane 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 tooled 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 glinted insubstantial and ghostly 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.

"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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO

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 indigestion 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 Bulley 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'll be 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.

* * *

"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 paddle-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.

Slade's glance flickered down to his meager instrument board.

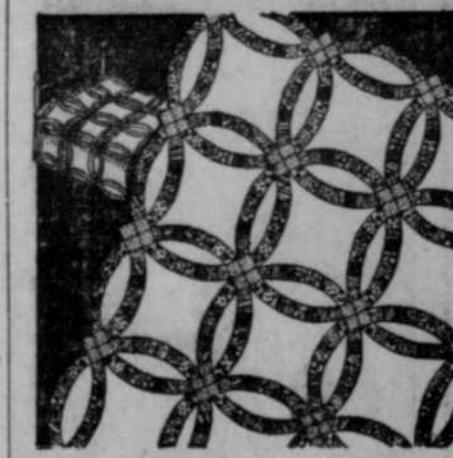
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Advance Collections Herald Narrower Silhouette for Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THINGS for You TO MAKE



DOUBLE WEDDING RING—beloved quilt of many generations—returns in all its traditional 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:

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



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 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 in the fall color card.

A semi-surface 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 flattening brims.

The dress to the left in the above picture interprets a stunning version of the new peg-top 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-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-tie 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 bauk.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Practical Trio



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.

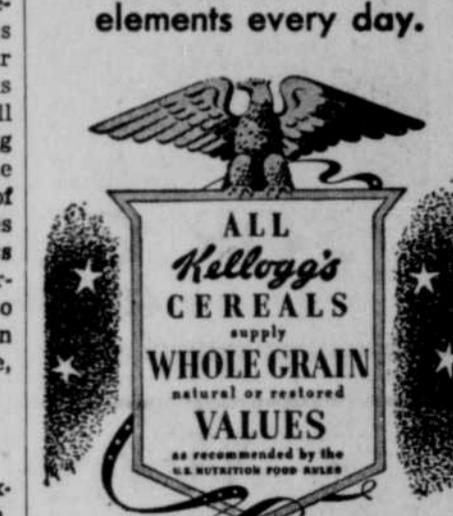
Necessarily certain requirements must be observed in behalf of safety. For instance, most factories stipulate that women and girls wear slacks or coveralls or jumper slacks carefully styled so that nothing will catch in the machinery. Covering for the head is required to keep the hair protected. Dresses are out of the picture, with 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 quilting extended 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 novità 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.



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