

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 bave been in the air only a short time, Frayne 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-

boarded walls. She tried to tell herself that it wasn't for the man with the Viking

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 heard the faint and far-off hum of ness of movement that spoke of a 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- with English stamps.

She was still at the door when she observed that Kogaluk was leading old Umanak through the topekhuddle toward her.

"You hear um?" Kogaluk surprised 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 in-

quired 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 now."

"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 plane?" asked the young white woman. They were, she knew, countless miles away from any pos-

sible 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 reduced 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 old Umanak," Lynn said with a 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, Uma-

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



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

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." The gaze of the two men locked

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 decisive-

"These are for Lynn," the Flying Padre was saying as he inspect-

mind still active and a will still

"They've come a long way," observed Slade.

"Yes, from Barrett. He's at Aldershot now." Slade felt a little of the warmth parage.

go out of the sunlight. "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 fa-

ther. "He's brought you two letters from Barrett," She took the letters, not uncon-

scious 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

"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

igloos over?" he asked.

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 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 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 trict. My cache "

"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-

gical gown. "If you've time to sit in on this," he said with one eye on the fiyer struggle that is going on today for 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 conrather interesting bit of work."

peared in his pontifical-looking sur-

"Will the old boy see again?" "That's what we're counting on," said the man of medicine. "But ence how easy it is for a nation to Umanak speaks a little English, re- lose its liberty and the heavy price

"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 mean disaster. One wrong move staff in the Vosges but when the could mean blindness for life. He war ended he was homeless, for his was glad when the bandages were native city of Colmar was in the concealing what had been done to it. was ruled by the Commune.

quired. 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 Kogaluk 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 checked over instruments and bot-

tles and stowed them away in his abraded 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?"

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

asked Lynn, startled by the grim-

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.

ing Padre was asking. "I don't know yet," said Slade.

where along the Anawotto." you," she said as she joined Slade scription in the United States, 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

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

Instead of answering, Lynn sunshine affair by going through 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 Republic standing bareheaded in the

lying on the sill. "Let's see what Barrett has to gas thief loose somewhere in this dis- say," she observed with a forced o 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

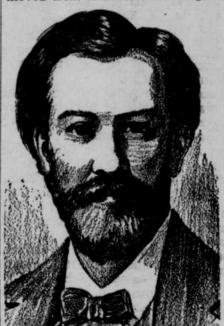
States still stands this gigantic symbol that men must and will be free. It was more than half a century ago that France, then recently freed from German invasion, gave this symbol to a sister republic to commemorate the centennial of her successful struggle for liberty. Today France again lies prostrate under the German heel but in the hearts of her liberty-loving people is the certain knowledge that from the shores of the land

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. He had known from bitter experi-

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 coun-

"Is that all you do?" Slade in- As early as 1865 Bartholdi had conceived the idea of a memorial to 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 so 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 influential group of Frenchmen to attempt these styles from the viewpoint of to finance such a project even though | the wearers themselves young Miss their 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 gen-"Where'll that take you?" the Fly- eral councils and from thousands of citizens until the cost of the statue, \$250,000, was met. Erection of the 'But I've an idea it'll end up some- 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 subbrought the total cost to \$600,000. When she returned to the knoll- Although it was planned to erect the

"It was an intensely disagreeable

ing been kissed, found the world a cold rain, the streets muddy and the harbor overhung with a curtain of mist," writes one historian. "But the Americans demonstrated their interest in liberty was more than a rain, returning the salutes of an army of Americans, who were marching to the waterfront for a 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 assembling back-to-school wardrobes, one about the swarthy-skinned old face, hands of the Germans and Paris of the "thrillingest" of which is the acceptance of cotton as smart and wearable for fall and winter. It took wartime scarcity of other fibers wear or for the workaday house-

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 comof 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 America shown to the left in the

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 are so right for the campus and green pinwale corduroy with a chic long as the star's in the movie busipockets, 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 satisplete wardrobe expressed in terms | faction 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 what, what's done and what's worn. such as my peasant corduroy skirt 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 inch of material over the amount allowed under WPB regulations. They've learned to get maximum fullness with minimum yardage." Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Barbecue Dirndl



Now that backyard barbecue parties are so popular on the homely perfect for the occasion. This apron with capacious pockets.

Felt Hats Crowned By Dizzy Heights The most noticeable thing about

the new felt hats is their crowns, which mount to dizzy heights. To

Feathers galore will also adorn the new hats. You can get allmore than likely taken on a specin 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 entertaining program, designers are made up of a velveteen skirt topped later he told his family and the creating fashions that are pictorial- 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 monodirndl skirt is protected by a cute | tone color or contrast matching bag | mer when he had to report for active and hat with the suit.



By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union. NOW that Vera Zorina has been removed from the 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 stand-When Adelyn married, her sister Patricia took over the job. Pat



KATHARINE HEPBURN

married, and Miss Hepburn recently began "Keeper of the Flame" with 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

> Remember David Niven? Nigel Bruce, working in "Journey for Margaret," had a letter from him saving 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, Helsemesters in college I know what's lo." It's another of those costume pictures-she must be getting sort 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 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 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 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 plumage turbans, or, if it's a huge from her young daughter, April, felt beret you are wearing, it has and promptly exposed the entire company of "My Sister Eileen" to tacular coq sweep in vivid coloring. them; hadn't the faintest idea she Felts also are taking on intriguing had them. She says she looked as crochet accents. Colors important if she were wearing a small balloon

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 marines as soon as he was 21; a week

He just had time to finish the for-