

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Although he suspects him of being up to something, Alan Slade has agreed to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his partner, Karnell, to the Anawotot 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 Anawotot 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, Frayne decides to land and stay there on the Kasakana instead of going to the Anawotot. 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 operation.

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 a motor. She scanned the gray-blue sky and searched the long line of the lilac-tinted horizon above the southern muskeg fields. But all she could see was an arrowhead of blue geese winging silently northward.

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 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 um 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 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 possible air route.

"Me hear um today," said Umanak. And he said it with conviction.

Lynn gave some thought to this. She was still trying to persuade herself that these credulous and child-hearted 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 Lynn stepped forward, with straining ears, she could hear nothing.

"Me hear um," repeated the old Eskimo.

But Lynn disregarded his cry. For as her ceasing 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 questioned 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-



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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 decisiveness of movement that spoke of a mind still active and a will still strong.

"These are for Lynn," the Flying Padre was saying as he inspected two bulky envelopes embossed with English stamps.

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

"Yes, from Barrett. He's at Aldershot now."

Slade felt a little of the warmth 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 father. "He's brought you two letters from Barrett."

She took the letters, not unconscious that two pairs 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 white-clad 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 cataractomy 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 adverse to his bath.

"Um good," he murmured.

"What kept you late?" Lynn asked as she toweled her patient dry and proceeded to robe him in flannel 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 response.

"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 district. My cache of... was cleaned out."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Liberty—There She Stands!
ALL 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 a 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 struggle that is going on today for the preservation of the ideal which it symbolizes. The man who conceived it was not simply an artist with an abstract ideal of freedom. He had known from bitter experience how easy it is for a nation to 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 country. He served as a leader of troops and then as a member of Garibaldi's staff in the Vosges but when the war ended he was homeless, for his native city of Colmar was in the hands of the Germans and Paris was ruled by the Commune.

As early as 1865 Bartholdi had conceived the idea of a memorial to the long-enduring friendship between France and the United States but he was unable to interest his countrymen in the project until the conflict of 1870-71 with Germany. Then the sympathy shown by Americans for the French in that struggle moved them to make some tangible

gesture of appreciation and Bartholdi was able to persuade an influential group of Frenchmen to attempt to finance such a project even though 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 site.

A committee to raise funds for the statue was formed in 1874 and the plan won the immediate approval of the French people. Money came from 130 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, which was paid for by popular subscription in the United States, brought the total cost to \$600,000. Although it was planned to erect the statue in 1876, as a part of the celebration of 100 years of freedom in this country, it was not until October 28, 1886, that it was dedicated.

"It was an intensely disagreeable day, with an incessant drizzle of 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 sunshine affair by going through with the program as planned. . . . Bartholdi saw the President of the Republic standing bareheaded in the 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."

Now that backyard barbecue parties are so popular on the home-entertaining program, designers are creating fashions that are pictorially perfect for the occasion. This winsome outfit is of cotton percale in a quaint print. It has a square neckline, puffed sleeves and corselet lacing up the blouse front. The dirndl skirt is protected by a cute apron with capacious pockets.

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 these styles from the viewpoint of the wearers themselves young Miss America shown to the left in the

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 suiting."

"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 show I used my head in choosing washable cottons. My jumper is green pinwale corduroy with a chic dirndl-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 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, such as my peasant corduroy skirt slipped over—guess what? A cotton challis play suit for lounging around! I adore the slenderizing lines of this play suit cut princess bodice-and-shorts fashion. Don't you think the challis has a cunning rose patterning? Be sure to notice the full-looking skirt with intriguing pockets which 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."

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

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

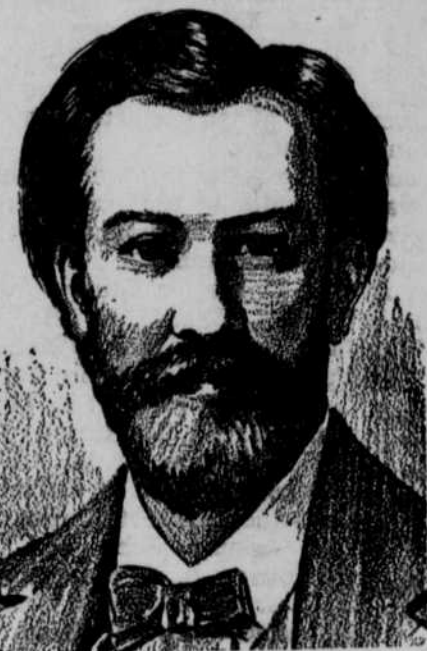


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Barbecue Dirndl



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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 world they are manipulated into fantastic shapes which are breathtaking in their daring and their originality. Designed to be worn with suits are small cloche brims with tall tapering crowns, some with self-bow accents, others having their outlines softened with gracefully dangling tassels. Feathers galore will also adorn the new hats. You can get all-plumage turbans, or, if it's a huge felt beret you are wearing, it has more than likely taken on a spectacular coq sweep in vivid coloring. Felt hats also are taking on intriguing crocheted accents. Colors important in millinery displays include salute blue, commando tan, Australian green and a goodly showing of gray.

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Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

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