

# GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: In order to save Norland Airways from bankruptcy Alan Slade agrees to fly a so-called scientist named Frayne and his assistant, Karnell, to the Anawotito river in search of the trumpeter swan. With the proceeds Slade's partner, Cruger, has bought a plane, a Lockheed, which is stolen while Slade is away. Suspecting that the disappearance of the plane has something to do with Frayne, Slade returns to where he left the swan-hunter, only to find him apparently doing nothing but hunt swans. There is no trace of the plane. That leaves Slade with only one clue, the "devil bird," or "ghost" plane which the eskimo, Umanak, first heard and which appears to come from Echo Harbor. On his way back to report to Cruger Slade stops to see his old prospector friends, Zeke and Minty, and learns that the gas cache he keeps near their cabin has been robbed. Now he and Cruger are talking and Slade is outlining his plans.



The hungry look was still in her eyes. But the world had come back to her.

Now continue with the story.

## CHAPTER XI

Slade's first impulse was to proclaim that he'd be looking for a ghost plane.

"All right," Cruger said out of a prolonged silence. "You win. Give that Anawotito country the once-over. We're going bust anyway, the way things are."

Slade's lips thinned with resolution.

"I'm going to find that Lockheed," he affirmed.

Cruger remained unimpressed.

"When do you start?" he inquired.

Slade disregarded the note of mockery.

"As soon as I have a look around this burg," was his slightly abstracted reply. "And then a look around McMurray."

"For what?"

"To find a friend of mine," was Slade's unexpected reply, "who got hurt in a fight—Silm Turnstead."

"I didn't think you played around with camp bums," said Cruger.

"What's your fighting friend got to do with this trip into the Anawotito?"

"I don't know yet," was Slade's quiet-voiced reply. "But it's going to help a little to know just where he's hanging out."

The cabin on the Kasakana, nestling between its shouldering hills, stood a place of peace as the sun mounted high above the spruce ridges and the spoonbills and waveys fed in the water shallows.

But that air of peace departed once Zeke Pratt had rolled out of his wall bunk and reached for his scarred old larrigans. From one of them, he saw, a lace was most unmistakably missing. He squinted about the floor boards. Then he groped and grunted about under the bunk end. Then his narrowing gaze centered on his camp-mate, whose smile was bland as he busied himself slicing sowlbelly for breakfast.

"You took my shoelace, you Judas-souled old skillet-swabber," was Zeke's indignant accusation.

"What'd I want with your shoelace?" demanded Minty, edging away until he stood at the far side of the cookstove.

"You wanted it enough to swipe it from this here larrigan," charged Zeke. He dropped down on all fours to inspect his companion's shoe-packs. "And she's there, wrapped around your scrofulous old shin-bone."

"She ain't," piped Minty.

"You gimme back that lace o' mine, or d'you know what I'll do? I'll call it quits for keeps. I don't aim to do minin' work with a human polecat who robs a camp-mate in his sleep."

"And I'm sure fed up with tryin' to live peaceful under the same roof with a rattlesnake in larrigans."

But by the time they had eaten, the hurricane had blown itself out. They were forlornly dependent on each other, in their isolation, and they knew it.

"Meat's gittin' lower'n I like to see it," ventured Minty as he hung up the flour sack that served as a towel. "S'posin' you finish up the strippin' on that new dike while I go scoutin' for a day or two."

"What'll you scout for?" demanded Zeke, secretly disturbed by the thought of being alone.

"Spotted a buck out by that old caribou crosin' yesterday," said Minty. "Reckon I'll go after him."

He had, he knew, a second reason for that excursion out over the northern ridges. He had a hankering to nose about a bit and find out what might be bringing an outsider's plane into that district of theirs.

Minty was too good a woodsman not to spot his landmarks and blaze an occasional spruce or jackpine as he pushed deeper and deeper into the broken country north of the Kasakana. He went on, hour after silent hour, encouraged by a showing of deer tracks and spoor. But he got no glimpse of his buck.

What most occupied his mind, as the sun lowered and weariness overtook him, was the problem of finding a comfortable place to make camp. And he had the needed wood and water, he discovered, when he came to a loon-haunted lake lightly fringed with spruce. He stoically made his fire, cooked his supper, and ate his bannock and bacon, washed down with strong tea. Then, lighting his pipe, he sat watching the wild fowl on the lake water.

To the silent watcher, a moment later, came a sound that was neither a throb nor a drone, a far-away

sound that grew stronger as he listened. Peering north, where a belated sun still hung red above the horizon, he caught sight of a plane. It was flying low, growing bigger as he watched. It showed dark, at first, against the evening light. But as it came closer and veered a point or two into the wind it became a framework of ghostly white, heeling down in the lake and slowly losing headway on the ruffled water.

Minty, blinking at the pallid wings, realized the ship was both bigger than Lindy Slade's Snow-Ball Baby and different in outline. It floated higher on the water, and gave the impression of being bobbed, as it drifted slowly in toward the shoreline where the spruce groves met the water.

Then Minty rubbed his eyes and blinked harder than ever. For, before he quite knew how or when, the plane had disappeared from sight.

Minty, who didn't believe in miracles, decided to look into what had all the aspects of a miraculous disappearance. He smothered his fire and rolled up his worn old four-pointer. Then he took up his rifle and quietly rounded the southerly arm of the lake, making it a point to keep as well under cover as possible.

But no sign of life, as he stepped from time to time, stood revealed to him. He seemed so alone in a world of twilight emptiness that he fell to wondering, as he pressed on, if his old eyes had been playing tricks on him.

Then he stopped short, arrested by the sound of voices.

"Why'd you have a fire on the other side of the lake?" one of these voices inquired.

"I had no fire," a more guttural voice responded.

"But I saw it as I came down," maintained the other. "And if you advertise this layout you'll last about as long here as a snowball in hell."

"I had no fire," was the stubbornly repeated protest.

Minty's first impulse was to creep a little closer. But on second thought he dropped behind the ridge and circled back through the scattered spruce boles. He noticed, as he traversed the valley that led to the neighboring ridge, how the timber had been cut away to leave a rough trail that led lakeward. He also noticed, as he skirted this second ridge, that its black-rocked surface was scored and seamed with shallow trenches, as though a prospector had been stripping and searching for color there.

Minty stood thoughtful a moment and then made his way higher up the sloping hogback that terminated in an abrupt cliff end at the water's edge. He crouched low as he went, for the cover thinned out as he ascended. But he could no longer hear voices. That troubled him a little as he moved forward to the crest of the divide. From there he could see how the lake bluff merged into a darker tangle of timber. And that timber, he saw, was a man-made canopy of spruce boles. It was an arbor-cave into which the wings of a plane could slip and lie concealed. And under the casually woven cover that arched the narrow harbor between the rock-shoulders he could make out the pallid outlines of his vanished airplane.

A tangle eddied through him as he discerned a roughly made landing platform close under the plane wings, a landing platform on which he saw a double row of ore bags. They stood there filled and tied, as though waiting for transport.

Minty's anxiety for a better view of those ore bags prompted him to move to the upper peak of the ridge. He hesitated about advancing down the open slope. And as he hesitated a sudden blast of sound broke the quietness.

He knew it was a gunshot, even before he felt the force of the bullet. The impact of that bullet, tearing through the blanket folds within three inches of his ear, twisted his startled body halfway around and sent him tumbling along the rock slope. He lost possession of his rifle as he fell. He kept on rolling and bounding down the long slope until his body collided with the underbrush that fringed the valley bottom. From the ridge top he heard

a triumphant voice call out: "I got him!" But his one impulse, at the moment, was to put distance between him and that unknown sniper. He crawled into the underbrush, grateful for the thinning light that was paling to semi-darkness. He wormed forward, seeking always any deeper cover that offered. He went on until he came to a stony cross gully quartering off to the left. Once in this he scrambled to his feet and ran forward, stooping low as he went. When he spotted a spruce grove on his right he dove into it, emerging on a slope of glacial hardheads along which he dodged from shadow to shadow.

He neither stopped nor rested until he had mounted a second ridge and lost himself in a second scattering of stunted timber. There, panting and wheezing, he sank down behind a ridge of granite.

But there was still peril, he felt, in that neighborhood. He pushed on through a sludgy bed of tules, crossed another timbered ridge, and came to more open country. There he studied the stars, made sure of his course, and began fighting his circuitous way back toward the camp on the Kasakana. When tired out he slept. When the sun awakened him, he ate and went on. The second night he slept for an hour or two, and then pushed doggedly on.

The sub-arctic light of morning was returning to the land when Minty reached the shack. Zeke, he found, was still asleep in his wall bunk. He awakened him with a shout tinged with bitterness.

"Your days o' peace is over, you pillow-lovin' old profligate. There's goin' to be war in these regions."

Lynn was restless and worried. For the third time in half an hour she crossed to the door and scanned the pearl-misted skyline that stretched away to the south. She told herself that she was merely watching for a familiar blue plane with weathered wings, a plane with the Flying Padre at the controls. But her thoughts, as she did so, were on another plane, an equally weathered plane known as the Snow-Ball Baby.

Her week of watching over old Umanak had persuaded her that she was not equipped for solitude. She turned back to her patient when she saw Umanak lift his white-swathed head in an attitude of listening.

"Devil-bird come," he muttered. A moment later Lynn herself heard the familiar bee-hum of a distant motor.

"That's the Padre," she said as she ran to the door. A moment later she was hurrying down the slope to the waterfront.

But the long-legged figure that emerged from the cabin was not that of the Flying Padre. She brushed back her wind-blown hair to see Alan striding toward her.

He must have caught the surge of joy that swept up to her eyes, for he stopped abruptly and stood studying her upturned face. He did not speak. But his own eyes darkened as he detected the look of hunger in the questioning hazel eyes resting on his face. He groped for her hand, with his heart pounding. Then he took her in his arms.

She roused herself and forced her quickly breathing body free of the encircling arms. The hungry look was still in her eyes. But time and the world had come back to her.

"What is it?" he asked, conscious of the firmness with which she was holding him away from her.

"I've a patient there," she reminded him, pointing to the knoll-top surgery.

Slade strode after her as she moved up the slope. He remembered about old Umanak.

"How is the old boy?"

"That's what I'm waiting to find out," Lynn explained. "Everything looks all right, but, of course, I can't tell. Father'll be here, any time now, to take off the bandages."

"Will he be able to see?" Slade asked. "I mean Umanak?"

"If hoping helps any," answered Lynn, "that old hunter will be following a dog team again before long."

Slade arrested her in the doorway.

"I may be out of a job earlier than I expected," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## History in the News

By FLEMO SCOTT WATSON

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### Forgotten 'Savior'

THE 200th anniversary of an important event in American history passed almost unnoticed recently—at least, so far as any national observance of it was concerned. It was the Battle of Bloody Marsh, fought near St. Simon's, Ga., on July 7, 1742, and this fight was, according to historians, "one of the small number of decisive battles of all time."

When it ended in victory for the English colonists of Georgia it meant that the English, instead of the Spanish, should rule over what is now the southern part of the United States. For, had the Spaniards won that battle, English colonization in North America might have stopped at Virginia and our Southern states might now be a part of Mexico.

Not only is Bloody Marsh a "forgotten victory," but the man who won it is also something of a "forgotten hero." True, most Americans remember Gen. James Oglethorpe as the founder of the colony which became the state of Georgia. But few, if any of them, know of all his rights to fame, including the military genius which won that decisive victory 200 years ago.

His colony served as a buffer state between the Carolinas, the southernmost English colonies, and the Spanish settlement at St. Augustine in Florida. Among the Georgia colonists was a party of Scottish Highlanders who settled on St. Simon's island in 1735, established the town of Frederica and built a fort which was the British outpost nearest New Spain. Its strategic value was apparent to General Oglethorpe, whose career as a soldier had begun at the age of 18 when he served under Prince Eugene against the Turks. At 19, upon the recommendation of the great Marlborough, he had been



GEN. JAMES OGLETHORPE

appointed aide-de-camp to the prince and had served brilliantly during the siege and capture of Belgrade. Then he gave up his military career to become a member of parliament and to begin his philanthropic labors which led to the founding of the colony of Georgia in 1733.

However, he had learned his military lessons well and when England and Spain went to war in 1739, he immediately led an expedition against Florida. He succeeded in capturing several Spanish outposts but failed to take St. Augustine. The Spaniards retaliated by attacking St. Simon's island but under Oglethorpe's leadership the tough Highlanders beat off the attack.

The next year Oglethorpe again descended upon Florida and drove the Spaniards within the defenses of St. Augustine, but did not have a force strong enough to capture the city. There was a lull in hostilities for the next two years. Then Oglethorpe attacked St. Augustine again but after a brief siege withdrew in such a manner as to trick the Spaniards into counterattacking.

They assembled an armada of 50 ships and set out for another assault on the English stronghold on St. Simon's island. Landing there, they were confronted by Oglethorpe's little army which fought a delaying action until the thistles which covered the island were at their prickliest stage, thus slowing down the barefoot Spanish soldiers who outnumbered the English seven to one. Oglethorpe maneuvered the enemy into fighting on ground of his own choosing, allowing them to push forward toward the fort along the edge of a marsh over a trail that was so narrow that the Spaniards had to advance in single file.

Then Oglethorpe launched his attack and cut the attackers to pieces. When the Spanish leader brought up reinforcements to cover his retreat, Oglethorpe ambushed these forces and the Spanish invasion ended in a complete rout.

This campaign proved that Oglethorpe was a great soldier. But he was also, according to one historian, "a great administrator, a great philanthropist, who instituted and supervised a colony for poor debtors, taking no salary, profits, perquisites or land; a great reformer; a great artist and a great Christian gentleman. As administrator, he founded the 13th state and ruled with justice and humanity the diverse elements which composed it; English debtors, Austrian religious refugees, Scottish Highlanders, Indians and Negroes."

## Wide Wale Corduroy Is Given New Importance by Designers

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WATCH corduroys as they take the lead in the fashion parade this fall. As front page fabric news corduroy is "it" this season and no mistake. Ask any college-bound girl. She knows!

Not only are campus enthusiasts "rushing" corduroy for all it is worth, but though the season is yet young this material is proving so much of an out-and-out choice the fabric sections are booking orders one fast following after another.

To be sure, the fact that corduroy is free from priority rulings is in itself a sufficient reason why enthusiasm for it is running high. However, seeing the stunning coats and suits designers are turning out made of corduroy puts an irresistible desire in one to acquire a whole wardrobe of corduroys.

The amazing adaptability of corduroy to all phases of fashion is enough to inspire one to do just that. Certainly corduroy serves as an all-purpose fabric with amazing versatility. You can find in the shops everything from slacks to the smartest sort of town suits and stunning topcoats to satisfy the most exacting and discriminating taste.

Wide wale corduroy is the important news in stylish corduroys this season. The new wide wales are making such a dramatic and spectacular appearance in all costume collections you can find everything from knee-length shorts outfits to daytime boxy jackets and coats that are so craftily styled they really out-style everything in corduroy that has gone before.

A tailored suit of wide wale corduroy of the hollow-cut velveteen type as pictured to the right in the above illustration is a prize possession

to include in a 1942 collegian's wardrobe. It's the suit of a hundred uses, dressy enough to wear to faculty teas, sturdy enough to wear to class, of a weight that is comfortable for spring (looking ahead) and just right for fall wear. For town wear add a casual hand-crocheted chenille hat (note its towering tall crown) and handsewn double-woven cotton gloves.

Off to town for a big week-end the young lady shown centered in the above illustration chooses to wear a hollow-cut velveteen coat, for it's going to look ever so smart when she goes tea dancing or to the matinee with her soldier. This corduroy velveteen is not only glamorous, but being cotton and sturdy, it has plenty of common sense back of it.

The fingertip coat pictured to the left will prove a friend indeed come rain or storm. Here is an outfit that shows judgment, common sense and high fashion instinct combined. This two-piece which mounts a reversible corduroy-lined coat over a corduroy skirt is typical of what college girls will be wearing this fall.

They will also be lounging informally or playing hard in corduroy slacks and in culottes made of corduroy. The favorite color in corduroy is a rich beige. College girls also like coats made of bright red corduroy, and forest green corduroy lined with quilted red cotton is another college favorite.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

## Farm Topics

### Conservation Farming Most Effective Way

Nation's Farmers Learned Lesson During Last War

This time it's going to be different!

American farmers learned a bitter lesson from the last World War. In today's war they are answering the demand for more food by careful



Conservation farming in the most effective way to boost output now and make even greater production possible tomorrow.

planning to avoid the ruinous exploitation of soil resources which cost so much last time.

"Plow to the Fence for National Defense" was the cry during the World War. Forty million acres of grass never before broken were uprooted by the plow. Much of that land should never have been permitted to be sown to anything but grass.

Conservation practices were forgotten in the zeal for "more of everything."

This time farmers have a national wartime farm program developed by farmers and co-ordinated through the United States department of agriculture adjustment and conservation agencies. It is a plan for getting more of the right things and it stresses conservation farming.

Experience has shown conservation farming is the most effective way to boost output now and make even greater production possible tomorrow.

Farming on the contour, for instance, has increased corn production twofold on farms in test areas. Also, it has required 7 per cent less time and 10 per cent less fuel in preparing land and seeding small grains than non-contoured farming.

It is estimated that if contouring were extended to one-third of the corn acreage in the corn belt, production would be increased 100 million bushels, an average increase of six bushels per acre.

In West Virginia, a 30 per cent increase per acre in tomato yields was achieved through use of strip cropping.

By following good range management, a West Texas rancher increased the weight of his calves by 75 pounds at selling time.

This year a minimum of 20 per cent of the crop land of a farmer



A. C. A. A. Photo. C. D. Blubaugh, Danville, Ohio, weighing the harvest from a strip cropped field. He is one of the some three million farmers in 693 soil conservation districts.

participating in the AAA program will be devoted to soil-conserving crops and land uses.

Conservation is already paying war dividends. Without the advances of recent years, America's farms would not have a chance of reaching 1942 production goals, not to mention the strain of producing even more in 1943.

Thus farmers recognize conservation as the key to getting the most of the right products now and continuing to get them as they are needed without permanent injury to our land resources. That is the lesson they learned from last time.

### Agricultural Notes

Domestic consumer demand for farm products will continue to rise during the next few months.

Ground which has been planted continuously to corn loses almost half of the normal rain fall.

Over 215,000 tons of food are represented by the game animals, game birds, and game fish taken by sportsmen in one year.

### Gabardine Jumper



Keeping close watch on the clothes preferences of women as they lead a life packed to the brim with activity, designers have laid much stress on practical clothes. The present revival of the jumper dress as a smart and much-needed fashion is recognized in the practical outfit pictured above—a model displayed at the Merchandise Mart of Chicago at an advance showing of fall styles. It is made of red gabardine, will wash and is altogether practical. Its gay color classes it as right up to the minute.

### Lace Blouse

Dressy afternoon styles place emphasis on the velvet suit worn with a blouse fashioned of lace. This is a fashion that is destined to become of outstanding importance as the social season gets into swing.

### Lace Adds a Touch Of Feminine Charm

For memorable evenings what better choice than lace—that lovely non-priority charmer that makes women appear at their loveliest. Lace is being partnered with fabric and other media in effective ways. Especially new is the dress that has a full lace skirt topped with a fitted long-torso bodice of black velvet. It is the sort of gown you will want to wear for your man in service who wants you to look pretty and feminine.

The emphasis placed on dressy formal afternoon suits is a call for lovely blouses of feminine type made of dainty lace. Three richly jeweled buttons add to the gracious attractiveness of a brocaded cotton lace charmer that is warrantable to add distinction to winter suits. The lace is an exclusive heavily corded pattern, and with lace on the non-priority list one can feel well dressed and patriotic at the same time.

### Gloves, Hat, Shoes and Bag All Dyed in One Vat

Hats, gloves, bag, shoes in fine dyes in one vat have been made possible through the teamwork of those who are working together to achieve a new color formula for smart accessories.

Your gown is smart black and your accessories are carried out in a vivid one-color technique. There is a new red that is wonderfully effective for monotone accessory ensembles. Green is a favorite, also, and the new fuchsia shades are stunning with black.

### Black Velvet

The black dress sleeved in black velvet with a huge bow of black velvet at the waistline of the wrap-around skirt is very distinguished. Coats of the dressy type are also trimmed with black velvet.