

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER XIX

Lynn, following after Alan as he strode toward the lake-front, realized that he was already back in his man's world of violence and conflict. That realization grew even sharper when she saw him abruptly stop at the cliff edge and stare across the lake where the evening wild fowl were feeding in the shallows. At the same time that she saw him drop on one knee and take aim with his rifle she caught sight of two figures running down the opposing shore slope to where a plane of faded blue stood moored against a spruce-fringed bank.

Slade shot twice, but with no apparent effect on the running figures. Lynn could see them swarming about the pontoons and throwing off the mooring gear.

"It's Tumstead and Frayne," Slade cried. "They're getting away with your plane. They're doing what I—"

But Lynn's voice rose above the other.

"There's Father," she cried, "running through the trees, down the bank. He knows they've tricked him."

"Come on," he cried, "we must head them off."

"How?" she asked, panting after him.

"With my plane," he said over his shoulder. "If they get away now they're gone for good."

She kept up with him as they rounded the lake arm and bore down on the Snow-Ball Baby.

"Keep your eye on 'em," Slade called out as he made adjustments to the tail-control over his head. She knew, by the feel of the pulsating structure enclosing her, that he was flying with a full-open throttle.

"What do we do," she demanded, "when we get up with them?"

Slade indicated the rifle that had been thrown into the cabin.

She observed, a moment later, that Slade was climbing a little. She wondered as to the meaning of this maneuver. Then her eyes narrowed with a new wonder. For against the opal and gold of the northern sky she saw yet another pair of wings arrowing out of the distance. Her hope, at the moment, was that it might be the official plane from the Mountie headquarters at Coppermine, that it was help coming when help was most needed. But as she stared out through the paling light she saw that it wasn't a plane. It was a trumpeter swan, breasting the evening air lanes.

It was like a light going out when the duller blue wings of the plane in front of the watching girl veered a little and came between her and the arrowing white body.

That moment of obscured vision left her always in doubt as to how it happened. It might have been a split-second error in judgment. It might have been a final spit of venom on Tumstead's part, a final flowering of hate for what he could accept as the sign and symbol of his final defeat. But as the bird swerved, to avoid its bigger rival, the plane also swerved. They swerved in the same direction, at the same moment, and came together.

Slade banked sharply and turned, with a repeated shout as he saw the blue wings founder and twist in their fall.

"They've lost control," he cried. "They're down."

He circled blindly, waiting for the crash. Then he dropped lower, marking the spot where the tangled mass of metal and fabric rested on its bed of broken limestone.

Lynn knew, at his quick glance about, that he was looking for open water on which to land. But she remained silent until the ship was set down and they were ashore.

"Is it the end?" she asked.

"That's what we've got to find out," he said.

He mounted the bank and started running through the scrub, without waiting for her. She followed him, as best she could.

She found Slade waiting for her on one of the limestone ridges. He stood there, staring at the flare that lighted up the evening sky just over the next hill.

"You'd better stay here," he said, his eyes on the glow above the hill-top. He knew well enough what that glow meant.

Lynn watched him as he went over the hill. It seemed a long time before he came back. He flung himself down beside her and sat there silent and dispirited.

"They didn't get away," he finally observed in a voice devoid of all triumph.

Lynn, who had taken her turn at glancing about at their world of rock and water and gold-green twilight, turned back to her tired companion.

"There's nothing to do," said Slade as he rose to his feet, "except to head back while there's still a little light left."

Slade, once more hightailing it homeward from Coppermine, glanced down at the mottled country crawling under his boots.

He did a little sum on a slide rule, to check his ground speed, looked at his watch, and reached for his earphones. He smiled at the newness of the 'phones and the newness of the compact little radio set. They



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made the rest of the Snow-Ball Baby look old and battered. But Stan Cruger had insisted on putting them there. He wanted no more weeks of silence from either of his bush planes. And in fifteen minutes, back at Waterways, Stan was to tune in and get his report.

Slade, while he waited, worked his dial and heard the silent ether become busy with its multitudinous voices. He caught a whiff of orchestra music from KNX, away off in Los Angeles. He caught a fragmentary message going out from Royal Canadian Signals at Yellowknife, and the air-gossip of pilots to ground-points along the Basin. He picked up snatches of weather reports and flying positions.

Slade shut out the ghostly voices and once more consulted his watch. After a glance ahead and a second glance at his instrument panel he turned back to his radio.

"CF-KCB calling Norland Airways at Waterways. Slade calling Stan Cruger at Waterways. CF-KCB calling Norland at Waterways . . . Come in, Stan. What's my signal strength? . . . Yes, I hear you fine. I'm forty-three minutes out of Wolf Lake Post heading southwest by south with a pay load of concentrates that ought to make up for that lost week. Yes, I'm feeling fit. But I want to swing in before nine. I've got to."

Slade's smile widened as the voice of his partner took the desolation out of the emptiness.

"I'll be here at the port when you shuffle in," that voice was saying, "and I think there's going to be somebody else waiting. But I wanted to tell you the Kovalevka had been libeled and held off Echo Harbor . . . The Kovalevka, that Russian icebreaker . . . And our Lockheed lands at Yellowknife about five today . . . But wait a minute. Stay in, CF-KCB. Can you hear me, Lindy? There's a lady here waiting to speak to you."

The seconds seemed long as Slade waited.

"Can you hear me, Alan?" a bell-like voice was saying to him. It was only a voice, winging half a thousand miles over a water-spangled wilderness, but it brought a warming glow to his body.

"Yes, darling, I hear you," he answered.

He knew it was Cleaver, working VBK at Coppermine, who at that point cooed across the ether: "And the sugar-lanes will now be open." "Are you all right?" the bell-like voice asked.

"I'll be better in six hours," Slade announced. "For then I'll be seeing you."

"It will be the longest six hours in my life," Lynn's voice complained. But her laugh was a happy one.

"What did the Padre say about Thursday?" he asked.

"He won't start east until Friday. He's more excited than I am, Alan. The old dear's wired to have orchids and orange blossoms flown in from California."

"But why is he starting east?" questioned Slade.

"He's decided on a twelve-week course at McGill," was Lynn's answer. "He says it's to brush up on his surgery. But I'm hoping they'll hold him there through the winter."

"He's a grand man," Slade proclaimed.

"So is Lindy, lady," a remote and altogether unplaced voice cut in.

"Alan, are you there?" Lynn's softer voice inquired. "There seems to be interference."

"There is," said the unknown. "But take it from me, lady, he's all right. Congratulations!"

Lynn's laugh came clear.

"Who's your friend out there?" she inquired.

"I think it's Tony Frendall at Fort Smith. I'll reckon with that bird later on."

"We don't seem to have much privacy," said Lynn.

"You don't get it on the air, lady," announced a newer and deeper-throated intruder.

"Then this will have to be all, Alan," the bell-like voice was saying. "Good-by, darling," answered Slade.

He was about to remove his earphones, but a babel of words held his hand arrested.

"So you're going to marry the girl, Lindy!"

He interpreted that as from Cap Bickell on the Basin's mail plane heading north to Herschel.

"I'm telling the world," Slade found the courage to affirm. There was even a ring of defiant pride in his proclamation.

"Perhaps more than you imagine, big boy," an unknown and caustic voice observed through the aerial chatter.

They meant well, Slade remembered as he switched off and removed his earphones. But it made him think of rough high-tops trampling through a flower bed. And he wanted to be alone, under that lonely sky of robin's-egg blue, to think about his happiness.

[THE END]

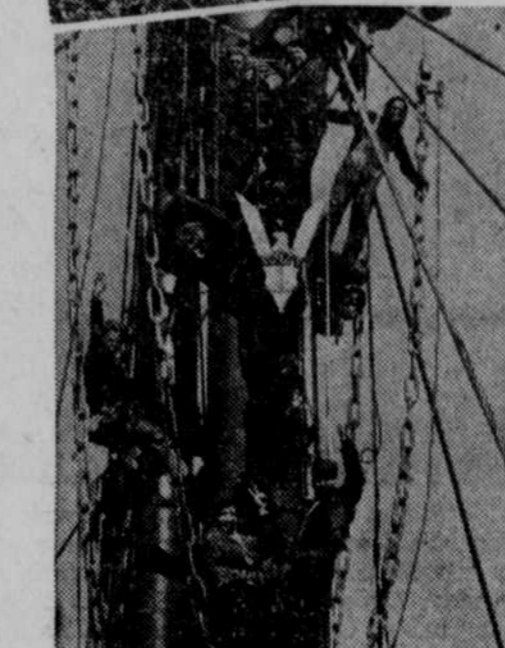
U. S. Shipbuilders Break All Records to Break Axis

The United States is now nearing the peak of production in the greatest ship-building program in world history.

It now appears quite certain that the 8,000,000 deadweight-ton goal set by President Roosevelt for 1942 in the directive he issued at the time of his "State of the Nation" address in January of this year will be reached.

One of the outstanding accomplishments by American shipbuilders in the past year has been the reduction of building time they have made, particularly in the emergency cargo vessels of the Liberty ship type. These pictures give you close-ups of our Liberty fleet in-the-making.

Shown at right are (top) the Patrick Henry, first of the Maritime commission's Liberty ships. (Below) Hands upraised in a victory salute, shipyard workers at Bethlehem-Fairfield, Baltimore, hold the Maritime Eagle aloft in the main mast of a Liberty ship.



Sidewise launching of an EC-2 Liberty ship at a Gulf Coast port.



Above: A noontime throng of workers at the Calship yards pose for their picture. In the background is a large pre-fabricated section of a Liberty ship's prow. Left: A Liberty ship goes to swell the ranks of the Victory Fleet.



Twenty-four-hour shift prevails as three Liberty ships are prepared for launching at a West Coast shipyard.



Sturdy cargo ships fill the sealanes leading to all fronts.

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MAYBE hearts didn't break, but some of them certainly cracked when Jinx Falkenburg announced her engagement to Tex McCrary, and admitted that the ring she was wearing had been given to her by him when she was in Miami, where he was a candidate for a commission in the army air forces. There'd been rumors that she'd wed him, but her other suitors just shed hot hoping.

George Raft finally bought his contract from Warner Bros., after being under suspension for most of the last year. He did get away to make "Broadway" for Universal, paying Warners \$27,500 in order to do so. He's now working in their "Background to Danger," his first picture made at the studio since he did "Man Power," back in 1941. Maybe now we'll see him more often.

Wasn't it nice news that an all-girl troupe of American entertainers, headed by Kay Francis, Carole Landis and Martha Raye, had arrived safely in Great Britain? They'll entertain for our troops



KAY FRANCIS

there, Miss Francis acting as mistress of ceremonies. They've been appearing at army and navy training bases here, so they know what the boys want. USO Camp Shows sent them.

Orson Welles' new radio program for the Aviation Industry isn't his family's first brush with aviation. His father long ago had the idea of attaching a glider by a long rope to an automobile. He tried it out with a family retainer in the plane, and everything worked fine till the aged flier screamed for help. Nobody'd worked out how to land the plane! Somebody cut the rope and the plane fell, with slight damage to the experiment's victims. A photograph of the crash is Orson's proof of his family's contribution to aviation.

Bob Hope and Lenore Aubert were hit on the head by the White House, when working in "They Got Me Covered." A giant cutout of the President's mansion, suspended from overhead by wires, broke loose when a wind machine wrenched it from its moorings and sent it crashing to the floor. It just missed wrecking the career of one of our best comedians for some time to come.

George Sanders and Tom Conway, real life brothers who play brothers in RKO Radio's "The Falcon's Brother," were born in Russia. Their father was English, their mother Russian. George worked in South America, Tom in Africa, and Hollywood united them.

Jerry Wald, producer of "Action in the North Atlantic," recently became the father of a son. Then the same thing happened to the assistant property man. Then to Actor Paul McWilliams Jr. "Cancel that country over, Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores."

Joan Leslie, star of "The Hard Way," danced 675 miles during the making of the picture, as proved by a pedometer. But she's now brushing up on her jitter-bugging, to cope with the dancing of the service men with whom she dances at the Hollywood Canteen.

John Garfield's four-year-old daughter, Katherine, gets a chance to follow in her father's footsteps in an acting career; she'll play her father's daughter in "Air Force," because Director Howard Hawks thinks she has talent.

ODDS AND ENDS—Paul Muni will play Sun Yat-Sen in a biographical film of the Chinese leader . . . Walter Huston, who plays the part of a Norwegian in "Edge of Darkness," devotes much of his spare time to playing Uncle Sam in a short subject for the navy . . . Gracie Fields will sing a number of her popular songs in Sol Lesser's "Stage Door Canteen"; a share of the film's British gross receipts will go to her favorite charities in England . . . Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, are becoming American citizens; they took out their first papers about three months ago.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A tip for pumpkin pie: When making a pumpkin pie and the pie is nearly done, carefully draw it to the edge of the oven and then sprinkle lightly with grated yellow cheese mixed with shredded nut meats. Return to the oven and when the pie is done it will have a delicately flavored crusty top.

To keep cookies and cakes moist and tasty, store in an airtight place such as a cake box or stone jar as soon as they are cool. Do not merely cover the cake with cloth or waxed paper and let stand for several hours.

When your feet are hot and tired, bare them and stand in the bathtub without the stopper being in the outlet. Let cold water strike the feet with force for a short time, then rub them briskly with olive oil.

Linoleum is something new in wall coverings. It is durable and easily cleaned.

Candied grapefruit and orange peels are always tasty additions to liquid sauces to be used over baked or steamed puddings.

Eggs beat up best when allowed to stand 10 minutes in room temperature—about 72 degrees.

If you do not have game scissors to help with the carving use a regular heavy kitchen shears to cut skin, flesh and for disconnecting the joints.

When rolling out the last of the doughnut mixture roll in a few currants, cut dough in small fancy shapes and fry in the usual manner. These will please the children and the grown-ups too.

COLDS' MISERIES
PENETRO
For colds, coughs, nasal congestion, muscle aches get Penetro—modern medication in a mutton suet base. 25¢, double supply 35¢.

One-Third Women Average
A recent study of women's figures revealed that, out of every thousand, 339 are average, meaning that they range proportionately from 110 to 144 pounds in weight and from five feet one inch to five feet four inches in height.

Uncle Bill says:
PAZO for PILES
Simple
Relieves pain and soreness
Millions of people suffering from simple Piles, have found prompt relief with PAZO ointment. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates, hardens, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated File Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment.
Get PAZO Today! At Drugstores!

Inexpensive Luxury
Then let us laugh. It is the cheapest luxury man enjoys.—William Matthews.

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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.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at night, swelling.
Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.
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