GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Just when it looks as though Norland Airways is through, Cruger finds a "scientist" named Frayne, who offers to pay well to be flown to the Anawotto, a river in Canada's barren North Country, where he hopes to find the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. This good news helps to soften the blow when Cruger has to tell his partner and ace flyer, Alan Slade, that his application for overseas service with the army air corps has been turned down. Slade explains that he signed up because he thought they would lose the business. Cruger says he has bought a new Lockheed that will keep them going for a while. He and Alan are discussing their new client, who is apparently not inexperienced, having recently returned from an expedition to the Himalayas.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER II

"What was this man Frayne after in the Himalayas?" Slade asked.

"The Great Tibetan Sheep. Karnell, he explained, was his shikari on both occasions. But Karnell doesn't count. All he does, apparently, is supply the brawn. It's our man of science who supplies the brain in that outfit."

"Wasn't your nature-lover shooting wide of the mark when he went looking for sheep in winter? It's in spring and summer sheep come down, anywhere. Every hunter knows that."

Cruger's chair-shift was one of impatience.

"Don't worry about your passengers. Your business, Lindy, is flying. And if you feel that dreamy-eyed ornithologist is after gold, like all the rest of them, you'll think along another line when you've seen him. He's different. And before summer's over, you may be sure, he'll be calling for supplies."

"Should he go in there to starve?" questioned Slade.

"He won't starve," retorted the other. "He's well heeled, his papers are in order, and the Royal Mounted have okayed his excursion. He's carrying a lot of equipment." Cruger's glance went to the window. "They'll be bringing over their stuff from the terminal any time now."

"Themselves?"

Cruger nodded.

"It's too precious, apparently, for our port boys to handle. Before sundown they'll be stowing it aboard your ship, and when they do you'd better stand by and check up on their kit."

"Why?"

Cruger shrugged.

"Well, let's say it's to make sure he doesn't give you an over-load."

Slade rebuttoned his flyer's coat.

"I'll be back from McMurray in two hours," he proclaimed. "And I'll check and double-check on that swan-stalker."

Cruger glanced up at the route map on the wall.

"An early start tomorrow should give you light for landing. It won't be easy flying, remember."

"I'll fly baby elephants to the Pole," Slade announced, "if it's going to keep this outfit on its feet."

Cruger's quiet smile was that of a man with a trump card still in his hand.

"But the important point," he pursued, "is that you're not the only one who didn't get to the Front this throw." He paused for a moment as though to give timing to a message too important to be lightly uttered. "I thought you'd like to know that Doctor Morlock's daughter didn't swing in with that Red Cross unit.

Slade turned away and looked at the wall map. It was taking time, apparently, for information so unexpected to be absorbed.

"How do you know that?" Slade demanded with just a trace of a tremor in his voice.

The older man's half-smile was quickly smothered.

"It came from Morlock himself. He'd the offer of a chair in medicine at the University of Manitoba and that girl of his was set on him getting out of frontier-life flying. I guess she felt he'd weaken if she stepped out and went over-seas. But the old boy stuck to his guns. He said he was needed in the North and would die with his boots on. And that meant only one thing for a girl like that. It meant she had to stick to her dad."

Even Cruger could smile a little at the newer light that crept into the Viking eyes.

"So she's not going to England," Slade repeated.

"No, she's flying to Coronation with her father tomorrow," Cruger said, as he picked up the envelope.

Slade's glance remained preoccupied. He had the look of a tired swimmer who had unexpectedly found solid ground under his feet. Even the sunlight outside, when he swung open the door, seemed a little brighter. For there wasn't, after all, to be a wide Atlantic between him and Lynn Morlock.

He drew a deep breath and turned back to Cruger.

"You're right about this outfit," he said. "We're going to keep her going."

He swung the door shut on Cruger's smile.

Alan Slade, jolting over the three-mile trail between McMurray and Waterways, sat back in Cassie Olin's taxi and let the road and Cassie do their worst. But Cassie, he saw, knew how to handle her dust-covered old jallopy, probably the most northerly taxicab, omitting Alaska, on the continent. For Cassie, who had driven an Arctic dog team in her time, was both stalwart of body and resolute of spirit.

"Buyin' diamonds for your girl friend down the Basin?" —2—

"Where'll I be droppin' you?" asked Cassie, as they rolled into the town's wooden-fronted main street.

"At Dillon, the jeweler's," Slade told her.

"Buyin' diamonds for your girl friend down the Basin?"

Slade laughed.

"There's no such animal," he said, as he waved her good-by. But he was wondering, at the moment, if Lynn Morlock would be paying her customary visit to St. Gabriel's. She'd be wanting supplies, before heading north. For the North was empty of much that was needed there. His present mission was evidence enough of that. It involved, he remembered, a wedding ring for a love-lorn mine-worker at El Dorado, a mine-worker impatient to travel in double-harness with a full-bosomed Swede waitress who answered to the name of Atlin Olga.

For five years now, Slade also remembered, he had been an unattached shopping agent for the exiles along the new frontier. He had taken in Christmas turkeys and radio sets, dancing slippers and tobacco, compasses and clock-keys. He had swapped their beaver and muskrat pelts for layettes and cotton-flannel, and exchanged white foxskins for baby food and safety pins. He had matched yarn and learned how to spot service-weight silk stockings and select slips of the right tea-rose tint. He had sleuthed out needed machine parts and bought cough medicine and kidney pills.

So the purchase of a wedding ring, and even a wedding ring of the massiveness and diameter designated by the impatient groom, seemed merely an incident in the day's work. He laughed a little as he inspected the big ring in its velvet box.

His smile faded as he looked at his watch. His plane, he remembered, was awaiting his attention. He turned and looked about for Cassie's taxi. He was still diffidently searching the dusty street ends when he heard his name called. "Alan!"

It quickened his pulse. For he knew that calling voice belonged to Lynn Morlock, even before he caught sight of her between the loungers fringing the shop fronts.

She was, he saw, almost running along the none too even sidewalk. Her hair, close-clipped and boy-like, shone mahogany-brown in the sunlight and she carried her familiar first-aid bag. There was neither alarm nor excitement on her face. But there was resolution in her stride.

"Alan, come with me, quick," she called over her shoulder, without slackening her pace.

"What's happened?" Alan asked as he swung in beside her.

"There's been a fight," she said, between breaths. "There's a man bleeding to death. At least that's the word they sent."

"Where is he?" asked Slade.

They turned up a side street, where the idlers, both Indian and white, could no longer gape after them.

"At the Blue Goose," was Lynn's answer. "It sounds like a severed artery."

Slade knew enough of frontier-town gambling joints and gin mills disguised as dance halls to realize what they might have to face.

"That's no place for a girl," he contended.

"I've been in worse," was Lynn's quick reply. "And you may have to help me."

"Why isn't the Padre attending to this?" he asked as he hurried on beside her.

A shadow crossed the girl's face.

"You know how Father feels about drinking."

"But even a drunken man can die," protested Slade.

"I'm afraid Father would let him," was the girl's answer to that. "He's no longer a doctor, where alcoholics are concerned. He's washed his hands of them. And nothing will ever change him."

Slade remembered something about that. It tied up, he recalled, with the hazy story of the Flying Padre's abrupt migration from a once-opulent city practice to the outposts of the Mackenzie Basin. Lawrence Morlock, he remembered, had his reasons for hating drunkenness. For as Slade was able to piece the story together, Lynn's father had been one of New York's most successful surgeons. He had flown high and flown fast, until the tragic death of his wife brought him up short. The enemy he was fighting on a well-fortified front line dropped like a parachutist in his own home. Bewildered and stunned, but refusing to give ground, he had sought relief in over-work and alcohol. But one night when called from a night club for an emergency operation his hand had failed him and his patient, a pillar of Wall Street, had died on the table. That death, the surgeon always felt, was due to his own drunkenness. It rang the curtain down on all his earlier feverish scramble for wealth. He cabled his daughter Lynn, then in Switzerland, that he was giving up his practice and selling his city home. He quietly dropped out of his old life and, a year later, reappeared as a relief-worker when a flu epidemic was decimating the northern camps of Canada. His field broadened as he learned the need for medical service along the outer fringes of the New Frontier, and he equipped himself with a plane which was used in many a mercy flight.

His daughter Lynn was proving herself a chip of the old block. For when she realized her father was somberly happy in that work and definitely committed to what she accepted as a life of expiation, she quietly went in training as a nurse, equipped herself as a co-worker with the Padre, and joined him in his silent yet stoic campaign of redemption. She had stuck to him with a tender loyalty.

"If this is going to be a murder case," he contended, "why not notify the police?"

"It mustn't be murder," cried Lynn. To the man following her she looked reassuringly fearless in the slanting northern sunlight.

They must have been waiting for her in the Blue Goose. The door opened, expectantly, even before she reached it.

"Where is he?" the girl asked of the pock-marked man in his shirt sleeves. He closed and locked the door before answering.

"In here," he said with a side glance of hostility as Slade pushed in after the girl. The sound of a phonograph blaring out dance music in some outer room suddenly came to a stop. A bold-eyed woman, heavily rouged, backed away at the peremptory hand wave of the proprietor, who opened a second door and pointed inside, without advancing.

His first impression of the room, as he entered, was one of blood. There was blood on the cover of an overturned table, on the floor and on the summer parka worn by a figure half-lying and half-crouching along a stained wicker couch splashed with red.

Slade couldn't tell whether the man in the parka was being held up or held down by an aproned and yellow-faced bartender who sat with one arm about the wounded man and looked up at them with the round eyes of a bewildered rabbit as the girl with the bag ran to his side. It wasn't until she pushed the aproned man away that Slade recognized the face above the parka.

It was the parka that he recognized first. He promptly identified it as the garment that had been given to Slim Tumstead by Air-Commander Rollins-Benson on the occasion of a bush-fire flight in which Slim had proved both his flying ability and his fearlessness.

It was Slim Tumstead looking up at him with a one-sided and slightly sardonic smile.

"I'm all right," he stubbornly protested. But his voice was thin with weakness.

"Let's see," challenged Lynn, with her bag already open. Each movement was quick and decisive as she examined her patient. "Get me water," she commanded, without turning her head, "water that's been boiled."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

by Lynn Chambers

Broiled Lamb Chops Keep Your Kitchen Comfortably Cool
(See Recipes Below)

Kitchen Comfort

Spring Fever? Are the warm lazy days working havoc with your desire to cook, to work in the kitchen? Then dispel these lagging feelings with quickly put-together meals that cut down your work to a minimum and the use of your oven to practically nothing.

This is the season to make the most of your broiler and meats that are at their best when broiled. Broiler specialties are lamb chops (both shoulder and loin), steaks, thick ham slices, and young chickens. If you heat your oven very hot and also the pan in which you are broiling your meat before you put the meat into the oven, you will actually be cutting down the time you have your oven on. In this way you are way ahead on economy of heat and also in keeping your kitchen comfortably cool.

To cut down the time you spend in actual cooking, select foods that cook quickly or that can be cooked and served together. Our menu today is a good example of this: the lamb chops broil quickly and the lima beans brought to a boil and cooked quickly take only as much time as the lamb chops to cook until tender. Serve them on the same platter, too—they're pretty that way and you will have fewer serving dishes to wash.

The Refrigerator.

Your appreciation for your refrigerator or icebox undoubtedly zooms upward quite fast with the first appearance of warmer weather. Indeed, what could you possibly do without refrigeration that keeps fruits, vegetables, leftovers, meats, milk, butter, eggs and countless other products in perfect condition? In what other place could you possibly store away the salad to keep crisp and cool and the delectable desserts that must remain firm before serving?

Those reasons are enough to make you keep your refrigerator in the best of condition, but the recent limitation on making and selling refrigerators will certainly give you further reason to cherish it with the best possible care.

Keep the refrigerator away from the sun that comes into the kitchen. Keep it away from the stove, too, and give it enough space for good circulation of air at the back and top. Most refrigerators need a 2½-inch leeway at the back and 6 to 12 inches at the top.

Temperatures are important, so check them with a thermometer. Safest temperature is between 40 and 45 degrees Fahrenheit.

Cool hot foods before putting them into the refrigerator. Cover foods except those having thick skins. Moisture from uncovered foods collects on the freezing unit and you will have to defrost oftener.

Your refrigerator has a big job in keeping everything cool, as every piece of food requires just so much energy to cool. For this reason you should not overcrowd your refrigerator or stuff it full with bags, cartons and vegetable tops that also need energy to be cooled.

Defrosting.

Once a week or oftener in the summer if the weather is humid, defrost the refrigerator. This will help it keep the proper temperature. When you defrost, wash the inside of the box, the trays, etc., with a solution of 3 quarts of warm water and 1 tablespoon of soda. Wipe with a cloth wrung in clean, clear water and dry thoroughly before returning the food and trays to the box. In this way you give your refrigerator good care and prolong its service to you.

This Week's Menu

*Broiled Shoulder Lamb Chops
Lima Beans in Tomatoes
Hashed Brown Potatoes
*Bran Sour Cream Muffins
Butter
*Wilted Lettuce Salad
*Frozen Prune Whip
Coffee Tea Milk
*Recipe Given.

***Broiled Shoulder Lamb Chops.**

Have lamb shoulder chops boned and rolled and cut into slices about 1 inch thick. Thoroughly preheat broiling oven with regulator set for broiling. Place lamb chops on rack so that there is a distance of about 3 inches between top of chops and source of heat. If this distance must be less, reduce the temperature accordingly. When one side is nicely browned, season with salt and pepper, turn and finish cooking. This requires about 15 minutes. Serve with tomatoes which are stuffed with cooked lima beans and broiled.

Here are muffins that will act as a spring tonic with their rich-in-iron molasses and bran cereal that peps up even the most wilted spirits:

***Bran Sour Cream Muffins.**
(Makes 18 small muffins)
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sour cream
½ cup molasses
2 tablespoons water
1 egg, beaten
2 cups bran cereal

Sift together flour, soda and salt. Combine cream, molasses, water and egg. Stir into dry ingredients and add bran cereal. Fill well-greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 20 to 25 minutes.

Wilted lettuce makes a quick and easy salad combination. It is perfect with the broiled lamb chops because of the bacon flavoring which blends so well with them:

***Wilted Lettuce.**
4 slices bacon, cut in small pieces and fried brown
⅔ cup vinegar
⅓ cup water
1 teaspoon sugar

When bacon is browned, add other ingredients and heat to boiling point. Pour over lettuce. Sliced hard-cooked eggs and a little diced onion may be added to make the salad extra delicious.

***Frozen Prune Whip.**
(Serves 6)
1½ cups cooked prunes
½ cup granulated sugar for prunes
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
2 cups milk
⅓ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 tablespoon plain gelatin
2 eggs
1 cup whipping cream

Cut prunes from pits in small pieces. Combine prunes with ½ cup sugar and spice and heat to dissolve sugar. Chill. Combine 1½ cups milk, salt, and ⅓ cup sugar and scald. Add flavoring and gelatin moistened in remaining ½ cup milk and stir to dissolve gelatin. Pour over beaten eggs, stirring briskly. Chill until thick. Whip cream stiff and fold into chilled gelatin mixture; add prune mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray, place in freezing unit and freeze. Stir once or twice during freezing process.

Have you a particular household or cooking problem on which you would like expert advice? Write to Miss Lynn Chambers at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois, explaining your problem fully to her. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lynn Says:

Keep your kitchen well ventilated and you will drive away much of the feeling of fatigue that comes while you cook. Warm air usually rises so it is better to keep the windows open from the top to create better ventilation and avoid drafts.

Place an electric fan right above the stove so that it fans the warm air right out the windows, or combine a fan with a screen placed in the upper sash of one of the windows and adjust to fan the air in or out the room.

In some kitchens it is practicable to place a fan in the chimney flue provided for that purpose.

Trips to the Moon!

It is predicted that man's first visit to the moon will take place some time within the next 100 years.

The first flight, says Dr. Dinsmore Alter, director of the Griffith Astronomical observatory at Los Angeles, depends on the development of a new element known as Uranium 235, now being studied at the University of California.

"It is possible to send objects to the moon now," the scientist declares. "It has been estimated that the cost of a rocket to span the distance of between 232,000 to 253,000 miles would be about $100,000,000.

J. Fuller Pep

By JERRY LINK

"Fuller," says Aunt Netty, the other day. "Folks are like wine. Some sour with age, and some, like you, get better!"

"Mebbe," says I, pickin' up that little compliment, "that's because I feel so good most of the time." For, you know, folks, when you *feel* good your disposition's apt to be good, too. But to do that, you got to eat right, which includes gettin' all your vitamins. And KELLOGG'S PEP is extra-rich in the two most often short in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. Mighty fine-tastin', too. Try it!

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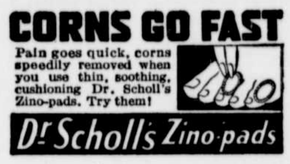

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