GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Because Nortand Airways needs the money Alan Slade agrees to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his partner, Karnell, to the Anawotto river in search of the trumpeter swan. With the proceeds Slade's partner, Cruger, buys a Lockheed plane, which is stolen while Slade is away. When he returns he starts out to recover the plane. He is being aided by an eskimo named Umanak and by two old prospectors, Zeke and Minty. Acting on a hunch Slade goes to Frayne's camp, where he discovers that the missing plane is being used by Frayne to take something out of the country. Slim Tumstead, an outcast pilot, is flying for him. When Slade attempts to examine the plane's cargo he is knocked unconscious by Karnell. He is "rescued" by Tumstead but later abandoned by him on a deserted island. Zeke and Minty find Slade's plane near Frayne's camp and, after a gun battle with Frayne's crowd, return to guard it. Now Slade is making preparations for his escape to the mainland.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XV

It was not long before he had firewood awaiting his lighter. And by the time he had gathered wood and dry moss and feathered his cave floor with spruce branches his joints felt rusty and his movements slowed down. He ate an inch of his chocolate, added wood to the fire, and crawled into his cave, where he nested down in his bed of spruce needles and moss. There quick wave after wave of utter weariness wiped memory from his mind.

The fire was out and the sun was up when he wakened. He emerged from his smother of moss and sat up, refreshed by his sleep.

Having breakfasted with studious frugality, he realized that he must widen his margin of safety in the matter of food supplies for the future. His one possibility there, he felt, would be fish from the lake.

But his first tries were fruitless. Then it came home to him that in his haste he had resorted to water too shallow for his purposes. So he wound up his line and rounded the island until he came to a more promising pool.

In five minutes he had hooked a fish heavy enough to threaten his pole. He stood a little drunk when it finally lay on the rock ledge beside him.

For that gasping white body meant more than a meal to him. It meant life; it meant hope; it meant final deliverance from a prison of hunger.

For he had decided to effect his escape to the mainland. It was, he felt, his only hope.

While his first need would be a reserve of food, the one thing essential to his escape was a raft. As Tumstead must have figured out, his prisoner would be without strength for a three-mile swim in cold northern water. Even though he survived that swim, to land sodden and exhausted on an inhospitable shore, without fire and ample food, would be to invite disaster. On his island stood no timber of consequence. But, spindling as they were, he could collect and trim enough spruce boles to make a raft capable of carrying his provisions and keeping his lighter and his clothing dry. It would not be substantial enough to sustain his own weight. But he could strip and push it ahead of him as he swam.

That day and the next day and the day that followed were crowded with toil. The early morning hour of the day he gave to catching fish, which he later dressed and smoked and stowed away on his starchigan. He fished again in the evening, at an hour when his strikes proved most frequent. At mid-afternoon, when the sun had warmed the shallows, he dug and washed his bulrush roots. When that was done he gathered firewood. And when that was done he turned to digging spruce roots, which he patiently knotted and braided into lengths of wattap. From them, with equal patience, he wove a muskamoot, which could hang from his shoulders like a musette-bag and hold secure his possessions and a quantity of food.

The next morning Slade made ready for his trek. He had chosen mid-day as the best hour for pushing off, since the surface water by that time would have lost a little of its chill and plenty of daylight would remain, at the end of his journey, to find a suitable camp site and get settled for the night.

The water was colder than he had expected. This prompted him to throw more vigor into his arm strokes. But half a mile from shore he found an ache of fatigue creeping into his muscles. That frightened him a little. He leaned on the raft end and rested.

He looked about, to place his landmark, knowing that he must keep active, that he must keep blood coursing through his chilled limbs, that he must push on to the end. He was within a mile of his goal. He thought of a hot campfire, with flames bursting through spruce logs piled high.

Then all such thoughts abruptly ended. For out of the blue that arched above him he heard a far-off and familiar drone. It was a drone that grew louder as he listened and became shot through with a throb of power and mounted almost to a roar. High in the sky above the serrated ridge-tops he saw a plane.

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For that gasping white body meant life; it meant hope.

Slade waved and shouted.

But the wings neither dipped nor banked.

Slade started swimming again, in a cold fury of defeat. Something not unlike indignation gave strength to his strokes as he fought his desperate way forward. He kept on, refusing to recognize the claws of pain that tore at his entrails or the weariness that made his breath come in quick and shuddering gasps. He kept on until his raft end grounded on a sandspit and he stumbled ashore and threw himself full length along a sun-warmed slope.

"I don't like this," said the Flying Padre, after he and his leather-clad daughter had dropped down on Iviuk Inlet to learn that Umanak had not returned from his overland trip to Echo Harbor.

"Umanak knows his way about," said Lynn. "What worries me is that we've had no word from Alan."

"Why should that worry you?" asked the Padre.

"Because he should have been back before this," protested the girl in dungarees. "I hate to think of him in country where he's so out of reach of help."

"Isn't he that way most of the time?"

"But this is different," maintained Lynn. "And we can't even get through to him by radio."

"So you've been worrying about Slade?"

"I'm afraid I have, Dad."

Some unexpected note of humility in that response prompted the Padre to glance over his shoulder and meet her gaze.

"When did you find that out?" he asked.

"Find what out?" parried Lynn.

"That your bush hawk's worth worrying over. Or, to put it more plainly, that he's beginning to loom a little bigger in your mind than Barrett Walden."

"I didn't say that." She was able to laugh a little at the solemnity in his eyes. "But you must remember that I've still got you on my mind."

Lynn's father, turning to her, rested a hand on either slender shoulder.

"You're mighty loyal to me, aren't you?" he said.

"I love you, Dad," she said quite simply.

"What we're going to do now is pick up Umanak. And as soon as that's done we're going to see what's keeping Alan in the Anawotto country."

But that declaration failed to remove the line of worry from Lynn's brow as she stood staring across the low-lying horizon to the south.

"He's so careless and reckless," she complained. "He seems to love taking chances. He won't even carry a radio."

The Flying Padre smiled.

"When did women begin losing their liking for courage?" he demanded.

"They always like courage," answered Lynn, "but when you like the man who has it you rather want to know what's happening to him."

"All right," said the Padre, "let's start. And while the sun's still high we'll see what we can do about picking up old Umanak."

Picking up Umanak, however, proved less simple than it promised. A two-hour combing of the coastline showed no sign of him. Then Lynn, acting as observer, caught sight of what looked like smoke signals from an empty fishing village. The Flying Padre, informed of this, promptly circled back and swung low over the forlorn little huddle of huts. In front of those huts Lynn made out a squat figure, gesticulating to them as they droned over it.

By the time they had nosed out a landing space, behind a saddleback island that broke the surf, Umanak was waiting for them on the beach. He was footsore and emaciated, but the seamed old face wore a smile of triumph.

"Me found um," he announced.

"Found what?" questioned the Padre.

"What devil-bird take to deep-water cave."

But Lynn at this point intervened. She came running from the plane with her coffee thermos and a generous portion of their emergency rations.

"He's weak from hunger," she contended. "He must take some of this before he talks."

Umanak squatted on the shingle slope and ate like a hungry wolf. Then, grunting with satisfaction, he reached into the pouch of his worn and patched kooletah and produced a fragment of velvet-black mineral with a pitch-like luster.

"That um," he announced.

The Flying Padre took the fragment and turned it over in his hands. He noted its heaviness and compactness, its suggestion of octahedron cleavage with faint tinges of brown and green.

"Why, this is pitchblende," he said. "It's what we're getting our radium from these days."

"But why should pitchblende be flown to Echo Harbor?" asked Lynn as she studied the lustrous mineral. "Who'd want it for radium there?"

"That's what I don't understand," said the man of medicine. He turned to question Umanak.

"Just where and how did you find this?"

"Me find um in cave," Umanak repeated. "In cave where water make deep harbor behind island. Heap big black stones piled there. Black stones like that," he insisted, pointing to the pitchblende.

"How big heap?" questioned the other.

"More big than two three black whale. Big heap hide there next to sea. Maybe ship come and take black stones away."

"But why?" demanded the puzzled Padre.

Umanak had no answer for that. He was more interested, at the moment, in reaching for another handful of Lynn's dried beef.

The Flying Padre suddenly turned to him.

"Did you see your ghost plane when you were out there?"

"No see," answered Umanak.

Lynn took her turn at once more inspecting the lustrous fragment of mineral.

"Is there any other use for pitchblende?" she inquired.

"Yes," was the meditative answer. "It's our best source of helium gas now. But what good would helium be to anyone in this wilderness?"

"What good is it in other parts of the world?"

The Flying Padre considered that question.

"The American Navy uses it in their dirigibles. And the Germans, when they could get it, used it in their Zepps. But the States refused to release a stock to Hitler's airmen when we couldn't get a guarantee it wasn't going to be used for war purposes. So our German friends fell back on hydrogen, you may remember. Helium, you see, isn't inflammable."

"But they're so far away from our pitchblende," Lynn objected. "They would have no way, now, of getting it to their chemical plants."

"Chemical plants," echoed the man of medicine as his brow creased with thought.

"Wait a minute," was the cry that came from the Padre's lips. "We're overlooking something." He took the black stone from Lynn. "You get more than helium from this stuff. You get more than radium. You get uranium, uranium that has a flow of atomic energy five million times greater than what you'd get by burning coal. And supposing Alan's right in his claim that this is going to be harnessed and controlled and his U-235 is going to be a new power, a power a billion times stronger than anything known? And supposing Hitler has ordered a blitzkrieg of research in his home laboratories and they're a jump or two ahead of us in splitting the uranium atom? That would give him an explosive three hundred times stronger than TNT and a battleship that would be independent of fuel as long as it floated. And pitchblende, remember, is the nut that holds that meat. And all around us here is the world's biggest and best pitchblende deposit."

"But still I don't understand," demurred Lynn.

"I don't, myself," agreed her father. "Not yet. But the light's coming to me. And the sooner we take Umanak home and get at the bottom of this the better."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

PROBLEM OF FOOD IN POST-WAR WORLD

No living man can know more of the terrors of starvation on a people or the needs of meeting such conditions than does Herbert Hoover. His wide experience during and following World War I and during the Russian famine, gave him pre-eminence in that field.

In a recently published book, "The Problems of Lasting Peace," by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, the authors say the first great problem to follow the final command to cease firing will be to feed the starving people of Europe and Asia, friend and enemy alike. To do that, they estimate it will take 30 million tons, 60 billion pounds, of food.

Supplying that food will be largely the job of American and Canadian farms. It means wheat, corn, rye and barley, hogs and cattle and dairy products in enormous quantities. It means a continuous supply, not for weeks or a few months only, but probably for some years. It means food for people of starved France, Holland, Norway, Belgium, Spain, Greece, Poland, China, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Germany, Italy, much of Russia, the Balkans, Denmark and other lands.

It means a greater job than has faced the American farm during the war period, when only ourselves and people of the Allied nations were to be fed. It means tilling more acres and more careful cultivation that every bushel of grain, every pound of meat may be saved.

It means continued rationing for months or years for people of America that we may divide with and succor the starving peoples of the world.

For such a job we need bumper crops for this year and next year and the year after. We will have no need to worry about surpluses—there will be none. There will be a need for every pound, and more, of food stuffs the American farm can produce.

The American farmer will do his job. He will not wrangle about hours or wages or social advancements. He will give unstintingly of his time and labor and ability. He will do that because he is first of all a humanitarian, an American.

Out of it all may come a continued foreign market for the products of American farms. That depends on the kind of peace terms made when the war is over. If those terms are along the ideological lines the American people wish for, it will mean an increased market abroad for American farm products. Such terms would embody the principles of the Atlantic charter, plus economic freedom.

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U. S. HISTORY IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Washington crossing the Delaware; the ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed patriotic army at Valley Forge; the surrender of the British army at Yorktown; the signing of the Declaration of Independence; the struggle of Lewis and Clark through the western wilderness — what a thrill of patriotic fervor all of these, and hundreds of other incidents brought to me as a small boy when I studied American history in that old brick schoolhouse at Ainsworth, Iowa. It was such study that laid the foundation for my love of America, my respect for our institutions, my appreciation of the freedom inherited from that ragged, frozen little army at Valley Forge.

Today in 22 of our 48 states, American history is not a required study in the public schools. Small wonder that we are drifting away from our ideals, that our ideology is changing to a following of false gods. Our children need the lessons taught by the hero worship of our patriotic forefathers and what they endured, that we may enjoy the blessings of American freedom and opportunity.

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ESSENTIAL?

The labor union organizer, the fellow who tells the American workman he cannot have a job at building ships, planes, guns, tanks or other war equipment unless he pays the price of union membership, is considered essential to the war effort. He is given a priority on tires to keep his high-priced automobile running, or a new car, if he wants it. He is allowed what quantity of gasoline he says he may need. He is essential. But if the tires of the workman or the farmer wear out, they must walk. According to the priority listings, they are not essential as is the labor racketeer.

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TO LISTEN IN ON THE "ARMY HOUR" on the radio gives to all of us a better idea of what the American army is doing, its efficiency and high standards, and it also gives all of us civilians that morale without which no war can be won.

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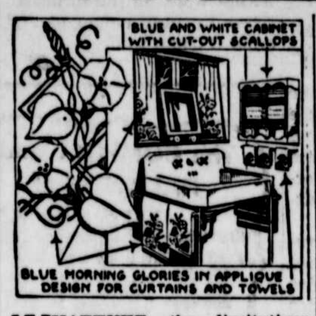
A FEW YEARS AGO, DR. TUGWELL was insisting that advertising was an economic waste. The government is not finding it so as applied to the sale of war bonds. Advertising is selling them just as advertising sells merchandise.

ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS



WHATEVER the limitations that priorities may place on new bathroom fixtures there is no limit to the gay color and good cheer that you may have with brightly painted cupboards and towels decorated with pieces from your scrap bag. In this bathroom a morning glory applique design is used for towels of two sizes and for curtains.

The handy towel and lotion cupboard is painted white outside and morning glory blue inside. The sides, top and bottom are screwed together at the corners. Use half-inch metal angles as shelf supports, or make grooves for a neater job. As shown in the sketch, the cupboard is trimmed and made rigid with plywood scallops secured with half-inch screws.

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NOTE: Here is news for the man with hammer and saw. Whether you have a coping saw from the dime store or an expensive band saw, you may now make cut-out scallops for any purpose desired. Pattern No. 207 includes scallops from one and a half inches to nineteen inches; together with numerous illustrations of their use in home decoration. The lady with needle and thread will want pattern No. 202 with ten hot iron transfers of the Morning Glory designs. Patterns are 10 cents each. Order by number and address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10

Enclose 10 cents for each pattern desired.

Name .....

Address .....

JUST JESTING

One Called For

A blushing young woman handed the telegraph clerk a telegram containing only a name, address and one word—"Yes."

Wishing to be helpful, the clerk said: "You know, you can send five more words for the same price."

"I know I can," replied the young woman, "but don't you think I'd look too eager if I said it six times?"

That Sort of Fellow

"Is that man annoyed with you? I notice he didn't return your greeting."

"Oh, he lives next door to me. He never returns anything."

How to keep that schoolgirl complexion — Hide it where your sister will not find it.

One Good Reason

"I never see your husband looking at another woman."

"No, George is devoted to me. Besides, he's so nearsighted."

The Egotist

The performing flea and an elephant crossed a jungle bridge together.

"Oh, boy," whispered the flea in the elephant's ear, "we certainly made that bridge shake!"

Do, in a Pinch

An official, completing the records of a young woman volunteer for war services, asked who was her next-of-kin.

"I haven't any," she said.

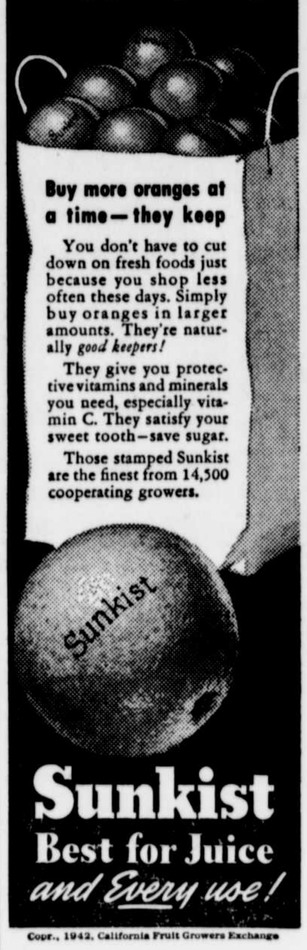
"What!" said the official; "no father, mother, aunts, brothers, uncles?"

"No," she said, and then, after a pause, she added, doubtfully: "There's my husband, if he'll do."

Cowboys Branded

Until recently, the Cowboys, an honorary service organization of the University of Texas, initiated its members by burning UT, the school's initials, on their chest with a hot branding iron.

To save shopping trips



Buy more oranges at a time—they keep

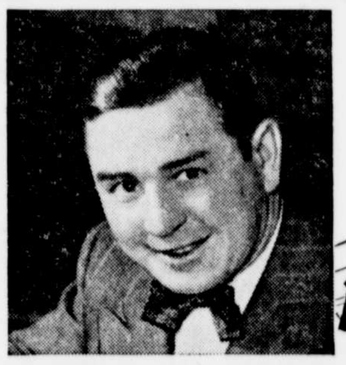
You don't have to cut down on fresh foods just because you shop less often these days. Simply buy oranges in larger amounts. They're naturally *good keepers!*

They give you protective vitamins and minerals you need, especially vitamin C. They satisfy your sweet tooth—save sugar.

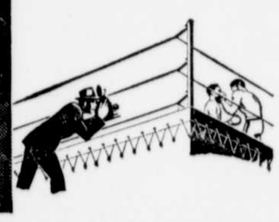
Those stamped Sunkist are the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers.

Sunkist
Best for Juice
and Every use!

Copr., 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange



SPLIT-SECOND SPECIALIST!



HE'S A "SELF-STARTER"

JOHNNY STEGER, famous sports photographer, leads a hectic life chasing action shots all over the country. He says, "Night and day I'm on the go. And I've found that one way to help stay on my toes from early morning to noon is to eat a good breakfast. I like a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk. Tastes swell and what a Self-Starter!"

ADVERTISERS OFFER CONSUMERS A FREE CHOICE OF A WIDE RANGE OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE