

The Free Press Short Story

LOCKED WINGS

JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

HOSE two "crates" were flying along as nicely as you please...

Something seemed to tighten in my throat, and my heart stood still as I saw those two ships coming together...

I was mistaken. The next thing to happen was of quite a different nature...

Leaping out of the aeroplane I had been "revving up." I shouted hoarsely at two gaping "grease-balls" to find a wheel...

Ring thought too clearly for that! He rushed past me like a hurricane, landing at twice the regular landing speed...

Several thousand feet above the tarmac he leaped out; then he hovered over the field, banking almost, and doubtless unskillfully...

aeroplane was still snorting and coughing. Standing on the left side and waving the wheel, we gestured wildly to indicate he should attempt a landing on that side...

He evidently grasped our meaning quickly, or thought he did, for he cut his "gun" again, gliding down sharply to effect a landing before he lost his courage...

A hundred feet above the field, he started to cut momentum. When the aeroplane began to stall, having come all forward momentum, he panicked...

The "bus" struck heavily on its left side where the landing gear was still intact. Swinging crazily, it circled left and then twisted over on the left wing...

Believed of the suspense of the last few moments, the "greaseballs" began to cheer themselves hoarse as a thin, white-faced youth climbed shakily out of the aeroplane...

He, finely-chiselled face, white and twitching, his long, tapering fingers glued to the control stick. Game? I could not have said just how game I thought he was at that moment...

Ring had a university degree; Ring had just finished high school. When Ring accomplished something spectacular, he was wont to remark dryly that he would have done better if he only had a better education...

Ring remarked tauntingly, "If I only had more education, perhaps I could see why your dropping a hundred feet into my wing was my fault! How about it?"

Ring had "lashed at a raw spot once too often" with a sob of fury, Bland flew at him, fists clenched. Ring was bigger, heavier than Bland, but he was taken off his guard...

By this time the "greaseballs" and I

had sufficiently recovered from our first shock to step in; but it was all we could do to hold the two infuriated youths. They glared at each other with burning eyes...

"Yeah!" snapped Ring. "I notice it helps a fellow pick up things quickly." I was only two years older than either of the two young men, but I felt it was my duty to give them a bit of fatherly advice...

"Just what I said, Ring. You zoomed toward land just as much as he dropped toward you. Charley and Joe will bear me out in that! When two drivers of swiftly moving vehicles watch the other vehicle, instead of moving away from it, there's an unconscious tendency to drive toward the other..."

One day, then, a biplane appeared over the ragged range of mountains east of Juneau. Ring and Bland came out of the hangars to watch it.

Down-down-down came that earth-bent aeroplane, the subdued bellow of its motor rising to a shrill wail. I clutched Ring by the arm, my hand trembling. "He's—he's going to crack up!"

"Perhaps not," said Ring in an awed voice. "Look, he's pulling out!" The nose did start to come up, but the "crate" had dived too far...

We rushed up, expecting almost anything. A youth was lying beside the frayed and torn linen, a white-faced youth with blood dried on one cheek. Where had he come from? How had he been injured? Had he retained his grasp on consciousness long enough to reach the tarmac?

We could not answer those questions then, nor for some time later. The stranger was raving in delirium by the time we had taken him to the Juneau hospital in a car. From snatches of sense in his jumble of words, we learned a very little of the mystery surrounding him.

We learned that he and his father had been injured in the premature explosion of dynamite in a mine they were prospecting in the interior. We learned from one sentence that he had but ten gallons of petrol to make the trip to Juneau. He judged this was insufficient but he was evidently wrong, for there must have been some left in the tank.

or the aeroplane would not have burned the way it did. Further than that, we discovered from his rambling conversation that his father was badly injured.

"His father must need immediate attention!" said Ring. "I'll take a doctor, and find him."

"How?" demanded Bland, with a slight lift of his eyebrows. "You can scour the wilderness east of here for weeks and not cover all of it within flight range."

Ring snorted. "I guess I can find what I'm looking for all right!" "Let me do some calculating from the facts we have."

"You and your education!" said Ring despairingly. "What we need here is a good flyer, not a school-marm!"

Ring went up that very afternoon with a doctor and a supply of gasoline. He returned at nightfall, slightly discomfited, but certain he could succeed the next day.

Bland, meanwhile, had been working swiftly on topographical charts, which he covered with countless figures. Late that night he set a small square on the topographical map, and told Ring he would find the prospector's claim some-where within that six-mile square...

The next day, however, after Ring had flown from dawn to noon, still without result, he grudgingly conceded that there could not be any claim in flying according to the chart, although he did not anticipate any result. The stranger was still unconscious.

I felt queer stirrings of hope when Ring took off with the doctor about one o'clock. That hope changed to fever when he failed to return after more than two hours.

Three hours passed, four hours, and then we heard the buzzing of an aeroplane. Everyone on the field was nervous except Bland. He looked very confident. "Ring could have brought that injured man here this morning as well as this afternoon," he said bitterly.

"But we don't know Ring has found him!" I protested. Bland was right. When the aeroplane landed, Ring and the doctor lifted out a big man, swathed in bandages.

Ring was strangely quiet and humble as he approached Bland Hobart. "I'm a pig-headed idiot," he said, savagely. "I should have listened to you, but I didn't."

Common constipation is due largely to insufficient "bulk" in meals. It is a condition that should never be treated casually.

Long neglected, it may contribute to a general run-down condition. Your body lacks the strength it needs to fight off infection. You are much more likely to pick up a serious illness.

Guard against common constipation. Make sure the meals you eat contain plenty of "bulk." Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a generous source of effective "bulk."

Within the body, the "bulk" in ALL-BRAN absorbs moisture, forms a soft mass, and gently cleanses the system. This delicious cereal also furnishes vitamin B and contains iron.

Two tablespoonfuls daily, with milk or cream, are usually sufficient. Stubborn cases may require ALL-BRAN often. If not relieved this way, consult your doctor.

Serve ALL-BRAN in some form each day, either as a cereal, or cooked into muffins, breads, etc. Eat it regularly for regular habits.

Guaranteed by the Kellogg Company. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

*Constipation due to insufficient "bulk"

understand how you could reach any results without anything to work on."

"But I did have something to work on, Ring!" exclaimed Bland. "I could estimate that the lad had used approximately eight gallons of gas. Two must have burned. Eight gallons of gas will carry a certain type of plane at top speed for roughly so many miles. Then I drew a circle on my topographical map that number of miles about Juneau. I could automatically eliminate all areas in that circle west of the Narrows because he flew from the northeast. There were two points on my circle which offered possibilities of landing. One was northwest of here, the other, southeast. Judging that the lad had flown as straight a course as possible, I guessed that the point on the circle northeast of here, a sort of plateau region, was the spot I wanted. I drew a six-mile square about that point to allow for possible miscalculations."

Mingled admiration and incredulity were written in Bland's smile. "Say, that's marvellous! I guess education's valuable anywhere, but it looks to me as if I'll never be a big man in aviation until I give it a chance to widen my vision."

A wistful smile quirked Ring's lips. "I know a lot of ways you could improve your flying. Do you, suppose I helped you out that way you could help me get started on my education right now?"

Bland's answer was an infectious smile. When the two shook hands this time, I knew it meant they were to be fast friends.

CHIVALRY OF POWER

Those men are the grace and strength of councils who are of that healthful nature which is content to take defeat with good humor, and of that practical turn of mind which makes them not heartily to work upon plans and propositions which have been originated in opposition to their judgment; who are not anxious to shift responsibility upon others; and who do not allude to their former objections with triumph, when those objections come to be borne out by the result.

In acting with such persons you are at your ease. You counsel sincerely and boldly and not with a trimorous regard to your own part in the matter.

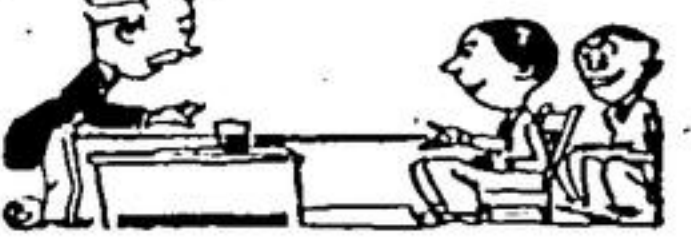
IMPATIENT

Teacher: What inspired the pleasure to set forth in their covered wagons?

Well, maybe they didn't to wait about 30 years for

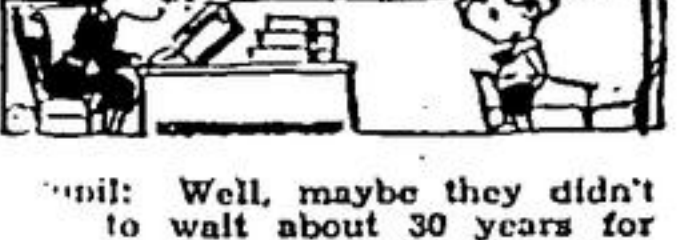
DINNER STORIES

LET COURTS ATTEND TO THAT Capitalist: Your prospectus of the Wingless Airship Corp. looks very promising, but you don't say



how you expect to overcome the law of gravitation. Promoter: Aw, that's easy. We are expecting to have the law declared unconstitutional.

Teacher: What inspired the pleasure to set forth in their covered wagons?



Well, maybe they didn't to wait about 30 years for

Mounties Hold Spectators' Attention at Horse Show



Two members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police troop performing at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden, New York, come in for some attention from fair spectators. The Mounties, E. H. Hart, (left), and S. E. Hall, are pictured in conversation with Mrs. C. H. Mellon, Jr., and Miss Susan Stackpole discussing some features of the program. The scarlet-coated Mounties are always warmly welcomed in the metropolis.

CONSTIPATION* MAY LOWER RESISTANCE TO GERMS

Can Be Corrected by Natural Laxative Food

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Carroll's advertisement featuring various food products like CRUNCH, OATS, SANDWICHES, TOMATO SOUP, PANCAKE FLOUR, MAPLE SYRUP, PIE PUMPKIN, TUNA FISH, GOLDEN CORN, TOMATO JUICE, RED SALMON, COCOA, CHOCOLATE, TEA, OXO CUBES, PICKLES, PUDDINGS, BLEACH, FLOOR WAX, and LIFEBOUY. Includes a 'FREE CHEVROLETS' promotion.

STORE CLOSSES SATURDAY NIGHT—10.30 P. M. Free Delivery PHONE 158

Carroll's advertisement for fresh produce including ORANGES, Sweet Potatoes, LETTUCE, ONIONS, GRAPES, Grapefruit, Bananas, POTATOES, Hothouse TOMATOES, CELERY, and CRANBERRIES. Features the Carroll's logo.