

"MEN WITH WINGS"

(Continued from previous page.)

"Because the Archduke Ferdinand has been assassinated at Sarajevo—that's why! I've been trying to tell you."

Hiram turned again to his work of writing the story about Scott and Pat. He asked, absently, as he made a clucking sound with his tongue and the roof of his mouth: "Did he have a family?"

Rinebow leaned over the desk. "This may mean war," he predicted.

Hiram tried to concentrate. "Get out of here!" he ordered.

Rinebow slowly began to lose his temper.

"You mean you're not going to print it?" he asked.

"That's exactly what I mean," said Hiram, slapping his hand on the desk. "The Record circulates in Underwood, not Serbia! I'm writin' the story of the fastest aeroplane in the world—made by three Underwood citizens. That's news."

He clapped a hand to his head dramatically, closed his eyes.

"Wait—I'm gettin' the headline!" Hank Rinebow's glare at his employer revealed his complete disgust. He turned, stalked out of the room. Hiram, not knowing he had gone, yelled:

"Wait! Wait! I got it! LOCAL BOY BREAKS SPEED RECORD IN AEROPLANE BUILT BY LOCAL BOY!"

He uncovered his eyes, expecting the applause of Rinebow. He was surprised that Hank had left him in this moment of inspiration's birth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Nolan Aircraft factory was nothing to write home about, Pat Falconer and Scott Barnes found. But this made no difference to them, nor did the dusty, bumpy field, the ramshackle building, the two canvas hangars. Scott spent all of his time in the drafting room, drawing his plans, building his models and testing them in the wind tunnel. One of the first friends he made was Joe Gibbs, huge, easy-going, able mechanic who had a strange ability to be efficient though awkward.

After they had worked together some time, Scott pointed out the features of the new wing he had designed, which was gradually taking shape.

"No struts, or wires, or anything to support it," he explained. "Nothing to impede the flow of air over it."

"How'd you get the idea of building a wing like that?" Gibbs asked, wonderingly, his gravelly voice cracking.

"Just went out and took a look at a steel bridge," Scott replied. "That's the kind of construction we need."

Joe studied the wing more closely.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said, finally. "But I ain't seen anybody flyin' around here in a bridge lately."

At the same time Pat, impeccably attired as usual, was "doping" a wing in another part of the factory—and coming in for a different type of "razzing." Bored and unhappy, he was plying the brush over the wing in slow, fastidious strokes as Baker, the foreman, came up behind him. For several seconds Baker stood watching him, hands on hips, scowl creasing his hard face. Other workers started grinning as Baker confronted Pat, reached out for his tie.

"Falconer," he said, sarcastically, "I think you've got a spot on your tie."

At the same instant he grabbed the tie, jerked it, choked Pat. Pat gulped, reached up, loosened it, at the same time leaning forward and peering into the foreman's face.

"Baker," he replied, deliberately, "I think you've got a spot on your nose."

Gently but effectively he brushed the "dope" - loaded

bristles over Baker's face. The foreman spluttered, wiped the sticky compound away, aimed a punch at Pat. Pat was quicker, however. He uncorked a fast, short right and Baker went down. Some of the workmen rushed to his assistance. Pat whirled around, backed against a bench and prepared for action.

At that instant, Scott and Joe Gibbs walked into the big room, saw what was happening, and flanked Pat. Baker rose groggily to his feet.

"You're fired, Falconer!" he rasped, lunging at him. "I'm gonna throw you out myself."

Joe Gibbs took a wide-open opportunity to try a backhand, which sent Baker sprawling again. He said, mildly:

"Now stop that. . ."

Nolan, hearing the disturbance, rushed from his office, joined the militant group, demanded to know

"LUFBERY SCORES FIFTH VICTORY IN AIR!"

Member of LaFayette Escadrille Becomes an Ace

He clutched the paper tightly in his hand. His eyes narrowed and his face hardened with sudden resolution as he hurried into the house. He found it deserted. He packed his bags quickly, hurried to the street again, noticed for the first time that it was now dark, that a storm was impending. So serious had been his decision, so excited was he over the new world which he had found, that he paid no attention to the rolling thunder, the flashes of lightning.

He finally reached the Ransom home, went to the shed, gave a low, peculiar whistle. A moment later he saw Peggy running toward him. She stopped abruptly, stared at the bags he carried.

"I—I haven't said good-bye to anyone else," he said. "I don't know how to say good-bye to you."

"Where—where are you going?" Peggy asked, her hand flying to her throat, covering it apprehensively.

"To France," he replied.



★ Boy meets girl, modern style, on the wing of an aeroplane—Ray Milland and Louise Campbell play romantic leads in "Men With Wings," together with Fred MacMurray. ★

what was going on. Baker said that he had criticised Pat's work and that Pat had struck him. Nolan turned to Pat.

"You're through, Falconer," he said.

"That includes me," snapped Scott.

"Me, too," Gibbs announced, as he began peeling off his overalls.

Nolan took a conciliatory attitude when he saw that Scott was serious. Scott refused to listen to his overtures until Pat said to him: "Listen, Scotty—this is my fight. After we get out of here, you'll be sorry and I won't. I've got to have a little excitement in my life—and I can't get it in an aeroplane factory. I'd rather take 'em apart in the air than put 'em together on the ground."

He grinned, gave his pal's chin a friendly cuff.

"I see," said Scott, quietly. He turned to Nolan.

"He's right," he said. "I'll stay."

Pat thanked him, thanked Joe, walked out of the factory, across the field.

He hurried home. As he reached the palatial Falconer home he picked up the newspaper which a carrier tossed on to the lawn. He stared at the headlines for a moment, read:

"No—don't go," Peggy gasped, a catch in her voice.

Thunder rolled heavily, there was a flash of lightning and the first raindrops began falling. Pat seized Peggy's arm, dragged her out of the storm into the shed.

"Better talk to Scotty first," she pressed.

"I've got to get out of here," Pat replied, nervously. "This is a funny way to be saying good-bye, isn't it—hiding and everything, like I was escaping from prison."

"Maybe—that's what it is," said Peggy, biting her lips.

Pat broke the silence which followed with:

"Would you care if I kissed you?"

"I'd care if you didn't!" she replied, quickly. Clumsily, boyishly, he kissed her. Then he turned quickly away, picked up his bags, turned for a last look at her.

"Good-bye," he said softly.

"Good-bye, Pat," Peggy whispered. Pat turned, hurried away. Peggy looked after him, for a moment uncertain what to do. Then she made up her mind, pulled her shawl over her head, dashed out into the storm, going a different direction—to Scott Barnes's home. She ran to a window on

the first floor where a light burned, saw Scott working over a drafting board, rapped on the glass. Astonished when he saw her white, drawn face, he rose at her summons, met her on the front porch. He asked her what had happened.

"Pat—is—running—away—" she gasped.

She managed to tell him that Pat was going to wr— and that he probably would be catching the eight-thirty train. He pulled his coat collar around his neck, told her to follow him, and started in the direction of the station. Peggy followed as best she could but fell far behind. Scott reached the station to hear the fading sound of the engine and see the last, dim flicker of the red running lights of the last car. He waited for Peggy.

When she arrived, she looked after the train, then at Scott. She burst into tears. There was heart-break in her voice as she said:

"He's been gone five minutes—and I'm lonely."

Slowly, with infinite gentleness, Scott put his arm around her shoulders, a gesture of understanding, commiseration, protection. Her head dropped on his chest and she sobbed uncontrollably. He fought to keep the pain he felt from showing on his face.

That moment marked a change in three lives. The world suddenly speeded up, leisure hours vanished, as one by one the great nations of the world found themselves embroiled in the greatest conflict the world had ever known. Pat went to France, won his way into a French pursuit squadron, covered himself with glory from the very first with his inherent bravery, his love of danger and thrills. Scott Barnes, just as true to type, gave his entire attention to designing better, faster, more practical aeroplanes. With production increasing by leaps and bounds at the Nolan factory, and with too few flyers available, he found himself testing his own experimental ships.

Typical of the haste of the day was the order that Nolan issued just after Scott had sent the latest test plane through a series of dives and other manoeuvres to learn its airworthiness.

"The ship's okay and you can start production to-morrow," Scott told Nolan when he landed and the factory workers crowded around him.

"What do you mean, to-morrow?" Nolan demanded. "We've got two hours yet to-day." He turned to the men surrounding him. "Get back in that factory!" he bellowed.

Nolan knew, and Scott knew, and so did millions of others that the United States was going to be forced into the World War. On April 6, 1917, black ink smeared over the front pages of every newspaper in the country—even the front page of the Underwood "Daily Record"—announced that the U.S.A. would fight Germany. For once, even Hiram Jenkins recognised news when he saw it, although he was heartbroken at the same time by news that Peggy's mother, Martha Ransom, had died suddenly of heart disease.

That left Peggy alone—an orphan. Only Scott Barnes was at hand to comfort her. After the funeral, Peggy told him:

"How frightened I'd be, Scott, if I were ever in trouble or worried and I looked around—and you weren't there."

She sat down on a couch in the living-room of her modest home as she spoke.

"I'll always be around, bothering you," Scott promised.

"You don't bother me," Peggy told him.

"No—I guess I don't—" he said. He looked away. "I wish I did."

The conversation turned to Pat. Scott said he'd received a letter from him—that he'd shot down his third German.

"You're very proud of him, aren't you?" she said.

"Well, I brag a little bit," Scott admitted.

"Why don't you brag about yourself?" Peggy asked.

"Because there's nothing to —"

"But there is!" cut in Peggy. "The aeroplane you built for Mr. Nolan—the Government taking you

into the army and making you an officer."

"It's not important—they make nearly everyone who can fly an officer—you see?"

"I see a lot of things," Peggy replied. "There are two of you. One stays and does important things and cares. And one goes away—and doesn't care—and I'm all wrong and I can't help it."

"No one's ever wrong about things like that," Scott said, very seriously.

Peggy rose. Her voice broke as she said:

"Scott—I wish you bothered me—I wish it so much!"

"I know, Peggy," Scott replied, slowly. "Where we made our mistake was in growing up."

(To be continued.)

4ZB Staff Go Full Speed Ahead To Defeat Gale

EVEN a 70-mile-an-hour gale, though it did its best, could not keep 4ZB off the air. It all happened the other day, and it started in the lunch hour, when members of the staff were scattered far and wide.

The gale removed from its moorings an outside in trees on the Highcliff road near the Karitane Hospital. This fell across the power lines, and completely severed communication between 4ZB's studio and the transmitter at Highcliff.

Alert staff at the transmitter put on a standby programme so that there was no break in the broadcast.

At the studio were scenes of activity. From here, there and everywhere, announcers and technicians were mustered and bundled into cars together with records, features and copy.

Then began a hair-raising trip to the transmitter, the cars moving at a speed which would have turned a traffic policeman's hair gray. At the best of times this road is not by any means perfect; in the fierce gale, and with the Otago Harbour below looking like the Bay of Biscay in a bad temper, the drive was like a nightmare.

Organisation was excellent. With amazing rapidity, engineers' quarters at the transmitter were converted into a studio, and the kitchen table, equipped with microphone, became the announcer's desk.

The programme went on, up to the minute. The wind-blown staff even had afternoon tea, almost up to the minute.

Rapidity and efficiency which marked the entire incident, typical of 4ZB, were such that listeners would not have known there was any trouble at all had not the station director put over a brief announcement.

That same evening transmission from the city studio was resumed at 7.45.

Station 3ZB Will Give Dance Tuition

STATION 3ZB is now going in for a dance session—not so much swing, to which you can do just what you please, but a properly constructed and arranged series of lessons.

This is known as the "Learn to Dance" session, conducted by K. Theo Starkey, director of the Imperial Dance Club. Mr. Starkey has had years of experience teaching ballroom dancing in all its different styles, and during the coming season he will present tuition over the air in the Blackpool Waltz, the Dorothea Waltz, the Charleston Blues, and others. He will also give instruction in general old-time dances, with hints on what to do and what not to do in a ballroom.

Director Starkey will illustrate his talks at the piano.