GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Although he suspects him of being up to something, Alan Slade has agreed to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his partner, Karnell, to the Anawotto river to look for the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Frayne has paid them well enough to enable Alan's partner, Cruger, to buy a Lockheed that will help Norland Airways meet the crushing competition of the larger companies. Before leaving, Alan helps Lynn Morlock, daughter of the "flying Padre," give first aid treatment to an outcast flyer named Slim Tumstead and learns that Tumstead knows about the plane and about Frayne's expedition. During that night the new plane is stolen by a masked man who heads north. En route to the Anawotto Slade's plane runs out of gas and they spend the night at the cabin of his prospector friends, Zeke and Minty, where Slade keeps a gas cache. Frayne shows no interest in either gold or pitchblende, the latter a newly discovered source of power. But the next morning, when they have been in the air only a short time, Frayne decides to land and stay there on the Kasakana instead of going to the Anawotto. Now, while Alan is on his way back, Lynn and her father are planning to operate on Umanak, a blind Eskimo, in the hope of restoring his sight. Lynn has just suggested that they try to reach Alan and have him bring the supplies they need for the operation.

Now continue with the story.

The young Eskimo woman found it hard to explain. "Um a ghost plane."

CHAPTER VIII

So while the radio searched the Barrens for the whereabouts of Alan Slade the abandoned Iviuk Inlet store-shed had been taken over as an emergency hospital. It had been scrubbed and disinfected and fitted with a homemade operating table and instrument stand.

Lynn turned from the sea front and walked up the slope to its rough-boarded walls.

She tried to tell herself that it wasn't for the man with the Viking eyes that she was waiting.

No, she stubbornly contended, it wasn't for Alan she was waiting. It was for those needed supplies he was bringing in to them.

Her thoughts, a moment later, went to other things. She crossed to the door, convinced that she had heard the faint and far-off hum of a motor. She scanned the gray-blue sky and searched the long line of the lilac-tinted horizon above the southern muskeg fields. But all she could see was an arrowhead of blue geese winging silently northward.

She was still at the door when she observed that Kogaluk was leading old Umanak through the topek-huddle toward her.

"You hear um?" Kogaluk surprised her by asking.

"Hear what?" questioned the girl, still again searching the horizon.

It was Umanak who answered.

"The devil-bird that comes from nowhere, and go nowhere. I hear um go for two days now."

"What does he mean?" Lynn inquired of the slant-eyed Kogaluk.

The young Eskimo woman found it hard to explain.

"Um a plane, a ghost plane," she finally asserted.

"But your father can't see," Lynn persisted.

"No see," said Umanak. "But hear um. Hear um two, three days now."

"But it couldn't just melt away," said Lynn. "It must have gone somewhere."

Kogaluk's braided head nodded unexpected assent.

"Um go to Echo Harbor," she asserted. "That harbor on sea, full of devil voices. Echo Harbor taboo to our people."

"But what could it do there?"

It was Umanak who answered.

"If Umanak have good eyes him go see. Me no afraid devil voices." He squared his sturdy old shoulders.

"When was the last time you thought you heard this ghost plane?" asked the young white woman. They were, she knew, countless miles away from any possible air route.

"Me hear um today," said Umanak. And he said it with conviction.

Lynn gave some thought to this. She was still trying to persuade herself that these credulous and child-hearted people were merely fabricating a mystery out of something that could and would be quickly reduced to the commonplace.

But even as she stood there she could see old Umanak stiffen in his tracks.

"Me hear um now," was his abrupt cry of triumph.

His hearing, apparently, was keener than the others'. For when Lynn stepped forward, with straining ears, she could hear nothing.

"Me hear um," repeated the old Eskimo.

But Lynn disregarded his cry. For as her coasting gaze wandered back and forth along the southern skyline she caught sight of a small speck that grew bigger as she watched.

"That's no ghost plane, Umanak," she cried. "That's Alan Slade with his Snow-Ball Baby and the supplies we've been waiting for."

The Flying Padre, waiting at the water's edge as Slade came ashore, promptly noted the sense of strain on the bush pilot's face.

"What's wrong?" promptly questioned Padre.

"A bit of bad luck," said Slade. "We've lost our Lockheed."

"A crash?"

The tired face became grim.

"That's what I have to find out." Slade indicated his armful of packages. "I shouldn't be here. But I knew you needed this stuff."

The Flying Padre's smile was an understanding one.

"Yes, Lynn's waiting for it," he casually observed. He also observed that a little of the shadow went from the Viking blue eyes.

"Then she's here?" he asked.

The Padre nodded.

"She'll be anchored here for a couple of weeks with an eye case. But she's been worrying about you."

The gaze of the two men locked for a moment.

Slade was the first to emerge from that moment of abstraction.

"I caught up this mail for you at Yellowknife," he said as he handed letters and papers to the older man.

Slade's eyes rested on that older man, bareheaded and gaunt in the revealing arctic sunlight, as the letters were examined. Lynn was right; her father was not so young as he had once been. Yet if there was any inner weariness there it was masked by a quick decisiveness of movement that spoke of a mind still active and a will still strong.

"These are for Lynn," the Flying Padre was saying as he inspected two bulky envelopes embossed with English stamps.

"They've come a long way," observed Slade.

"Yes, from Barrett. He's at Aldershot now."

Slade felt a little of the warmth go out of the sunlight.

"And these are the drugs and things," he explained as they mounted the knoll to the plain-boarded little surgery.

Slade pushed through the cluster of natives about the door, disturbed by the quicker pounding of his heart. Then he saw Lynn, all in white. She was boiling something in a test tube, over an alcohol lamp.

"Here's Alan," announced her father. "He's brought you two letters from Barrett."

She took the letters, not unconscious that two pair of questioning eyes were resting on her. But her gaze remained abstracted as she glanced at the bulky envelopes and placed them on the window sill.

"They'll have to wait," she said. Then her face lost its abstraction as she smiled up at Slade. "And you've got our supplies," she cried with a note of relief that brought no particular joy to the bush pilot bearing them.

"That means we can get busy," the Flying Padre proclaimed.

Slade's frown deepened as he stood watching the nondescript line of Innuits that formed outside the door of their improvised surgery.

"When is this bread line of the igloos over?" he asked.

"Why?" Asked the busy nurse.

"Because I rather wanted to talk to you," asserted the flyer, touched with a feeling of jealousy at the renewed discovery of how this white-clad reliever of pain could remain so immersed in her work.

Then, for a moment, she emerged from the shell. He saw, or thought he saw, a fleeting look of hunger in her eyes. But that look vanished as the Flying Padre called out: "Is Umanak ready?"

"Not yet," she answered.

"Don't you think it's rather worth while?" Lynn questioned.

"I suppose so, trouble-shooter," he responded lightly. It was worth something to be there at her side.

"Then you can help me scrub up old Umanak," Lynn said with a smile. "Dad's going to do that cataractemy on him this morning. And something tells me it's the first hot-water bath he ever had."

"We'll probably have to hold him down," said Slade.

But Umanak, to their surprise, was not averse to his bath.

"Um good," he murmured.

"What kept you late?" Lynn asked as she toweled her patient dry and proceded to robe him in flannelette pajamas that were much too long for him.

"Then you were waiting for me?" he challenged. There was a tinge of hope in his voice.

"For our supplies," was her response.

"I had to swing back to Jackpine Point to refuel," Slade said in a slightly hardened voice. "There's a gas thief loose somewhere in this district. My cache at Wolf Lake was cleaned out."

"But who could have done it?" questioned Lynn. "It's such empty country."

"That's what I intend to find out," Slade told her with determination.

Lynn stood upright, fixed by the sudden thought of the ghost plane. But before that thought was put into words the Flying Padre appeared in his pontifical-looking surgical gown.

"If you've time to sit in on this," he said with one eye on the flyer and one on his waiting instruments, "you can wash up and help. It's a rather interesting bit of work."

"Will the old boy see again?"

"That's what we're counting on," said the man of medicine. "But Umanak speaks a little English, remember."

"Me see the devil-bird that go nowhere after you make eyes good," proclaimed the patient.

There was sureness in the delicate movements of the doctor's fingers, but Slade couldn't rid his mind of the thought that one small slip might mean disaster. One wrong move could mean blindness for life. He was glad when the bandages were about the swarthy-skinned old face, concealing what had been done to it.

"Is that all you do?" Slade inquired. He tried to make the question seem a casual one. But he found himself touched by a new respect for a calling which he had so recently been tempted to disparage.

"That's all we can do," said the Flying Padre, "for the present. But Lynn is going to stay on and look after Umanak. I've a couple of meningitis cases at Cape Morrow that mustn't be neglected."

"And he'll be able to see again?" persisted the skeptic-minded layman.

"Of course he'll see again," was Lynn's low-noted reply as she tucked a warmed four-pointer about her patient.

"Me see devil-bird that go nowhere," murmured Umanak.

Slade stood suddenly arrested by those murmured words. He knew well enough what a devil-bird was to a native.

"What does he mean by that?"

"He keeps saying he can hear a ghost plane, a devil-bird that comes and goes along the coast-line," Lynn explained. "And his daughter Kogaluk claims she's seen it, flying low between here and Echo Harbor."

It was Dr. Morlock who spoke next.

"I suppose," he said as he checked over instruments and bottles and stowed them away in his abraded bag, "you'll be heading south tomorrow?"

Slade crossed to the window and looked out along the empty and interminable skyline.

"No," he said, "I'm not going south tomorrow."

"What are you going to do?" asked Lynn, startled by the grimness of his face.

"I think I'll look into this devil-bird business," he said as his narrowed gaze rested on the horizon.

For just above that horizon he caught sight of a small and ghost-like gnat of silver winging its resolute way southward above the dark line of the muskeg country. It looked as insubstantial as a soap bubble. But Slade, as the silver fleck finally vanished, told himself that he knew a plane when he saw one.

"Where'll that take you?" the Flying Padre was asking.

"I don't know yet," said Slade. "But I've an idea it'll end up somewhere along the Anawotto."

"I'll go down to the plane with you," she said as she joined Slade in the doorway.

When she returned to the knoll-top surgery, a few minutes later, her waiting father detected both a new light in her eyes and a deeper line of thought between her brows. She had the look of a woman who had been kissed and, having been kissed, found the world a different shape.

The Padre's own face took on a deeper line of thought.

"How about Alan?"

Instead of answering, Lynn crossed to the window. There, after a glance out over the empty rock ridges, she took up the two letters lying on the sill.

"Let's see what Barrett has to say," she observed with a forced casualness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO YOUR Good Health

by DR. JAMES W. BARTON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

A CAUSE OF GOITER

For years physicians have always looked for the "cause" of the severe form of goiter. Infection of teeth, gums, sinuses, and other parts were blamed, and if no cause could be found, it was said to be due to some cause unknown.

Dr. Barton

In a recent book, Dr. Leonardo C. Perrusi, Buenos Aires, points out that careful study of 24 selected cases of hyperthyroid goiter, he finds in each case some emotional disturbance to be the cause.

In one chapter he reports a case brought about by sudden fright. In another case, the cause was an inferiority complex and exaggerated ambitions. Another was due to a domestic or family problem that could not be solved. Intense or unbearable pruritis (itching) was the cause in another case. Watching an unusually sentimental play in a theater was the cause of one case. The fear of venereal disease caused the thyroid condition in another case. Cases were due to (a) death of a relative and a situation of desperation and (b) prolonged sickness of the husband.

After analyzing the above and 15 other cases, Dr. Perrusi concludes that in almost all cases of severe goiter, the disease is produced by emotional disturbances which excite the thyroid gland to intense activity by way of the sympathetic nervous system. He does not think that infection or other factors cause many of the cases, as the majority of the cases that he has seen have occurred "in predisposed individuals as a result of emotional disturbances."

What are the predisposing factors in thyroid disease?

Among the predisposing factors are inferiority complexes, lack of harmony or co-ordination of the various glands of the body, emotional disturbances, the geographic position of the country, the activity of the patient's life.

What is the treatment suggested by Dr. Perrusi? The usual treatment should be given, that is, rest, iodine. X-rays, or surgery, and in addition all patients should be psychoanalyzed to find out and remove the emotional factors responsible for the development of the disease.

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Ulcerative Colitis Subject to Emotions

Some years ago it was found that many nervous and emotional individuals suffered with diarrhea for a time, followed by a period of constipation and then by diarrhea again. There was a constant "uneasiness" in the abdomen. The stools were often covered with mucous and the ailment was and is called mucous colitis.

With this mucous colitis some patients also had ulcer of the stomach and of the small intestine, which is often within an inch or fraction of an inch of the stomach. This is called peptic ulcer, and it is now known that both peptic ulcer and mucous colitis are due to the same conditions—nervousness and emotional disturbances. The treatment in both ailments is the same—eating bland non-irritating foods and trying to keep as calm as possible.

There is, however, a severe form of colitis called ulcerative colitis where the colon—large intestine—is greatly inflamed with severe or dangerous bleeding.

That even this severe form of colitis is also due to emotional disturbances, particularly anxiety—prolonged fear—has been the opinion of many physicians and a statement of two Mayo Clinic physicians, Drs. Charles J. Donald and Philip W. Brown, recently substantiates this.

In the American Journal of Digestive Diseases, these physicians state: "There is no question that the mental attitude of the patient may contribute to the onset of an attack of ulcerative colitis just as anxiety can aggravate the condition of patients who suffer from duodenal ulcer. Fear of food, fear of getting too far away from the toilet, and what is referred to as 'just fear' seem to add greatly to the problem in the case of these patients. Their chances for recovery depend upon good food. Protein is the most important article; chiefly red meats, liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, and lean pork in those that can tolerate pork as it is very rich in vitamin B-1."

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QUESTION BOX

Q.—Please give me some information on trifacial neuralgia?

A.—Trifacial neuralgia in most cases can be relieved by use of alcohol injections which are effective for months or years. Where the injections fail to relieve, surgery is used.

Q.—What would cause my 15-year-old daughter's hair to turn gray?

A.—See your physician. It may be that there is a lack of vitamins or gland extracts.

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Fortunately Hole in Barrel Was Discovered in Time

The particular unit in question had taken on a large number of new recruits and some of them were a little raw. During the first rifle inspection, the officer approached one of the men, had a look at his rifle, and then called to the N.C.O. in charge.

"Look at this man's rifle!" he announced.

The sergeant looked down the barrel, swung the rifle around to the recruit, and barked: "Take a look at that rifle, you!"

The recruit peered carefully down the barrel, then muttered in a surprised tone:

"Well, what do you know. Got a hole clean through it!"

If you know a Navy man, don't ever call him a "gob"—sailors consider the name an insult. You can get on the right side of him though if you offer him a Camel—or better yet, send him a carton. Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy (Army, Marines, Coast Guard, too, for that matter) based on actual sales records from the service men's stores. Local dealers are featuring cartons of Camels to send to any member of our armed forces anywhere. Send him that Camel carton today.—Adv.

J. Fuller Pep

By JERRY LINK

I been readin' about some of these divorces and it seems to me husbands are like automobiles. If you take good care of them, you don't have to keep getting new ones all the time.

And one way of takin' good care of him is to see he gets *all* his vitamins. And that's where KELLOGG'S PEP comes in. 'Course it hasn't got 'em all, but it's extra-rich in the two most likely to be short in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. What's more, PEP'S one grand-tastin' cereal, too!

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Dark Ignorance

Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or star.—Confucius.

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