GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: To help his partner, Cruger, keep Norland Airways in business, Alan Slade agrees to fly a "scientist" named Frayne and his assistant, Karnell, to the Anawotto river in search of the trumpeter swan. With the proceeds Cruger has bought a new plane, a Lockheed, which is stolen while Slade is away. The plane must be found, or Norland Airways is through. When he returns Slade starts out again, with only two meager clues, to recover the plane. The first clue is the "devil bird" the eskimo, Umanak, believes comes from Echo Harbor. The second is Slade's hunch that the lost plane and the swan-hunter, Frayne, are somehow connected. He flies back to where he left Frayne, only to find that Frayne is apparently just hunting swans. There is no sign of the lost plane.

Now continue with the story.

A figure that hesitated for only a moment and then leaped into the shallow water.

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CHAPTER X

He would be glad, he knew, to hear the roar of that engine again. He even quickened his pace as he recognized the cove where his ship was anchored.

Then his gladness vanished and a tingle of apprehension went through his body. For as he glanced down at the waterfront he saw that his mooring lines had been cast off and his plane was adrift. He could see it moving in the freshening breeze, circling slowly about until the pontoons grounded on a gravel-bar.

His response to that discovery was both immediate and unreasoned. He went sliding down the ridge side and splashing through the shallows as he rounded the cove end. The intruder aboard the plane must have seen him as he went.

Slade could make out a wide-shouldered figure clambering down to a float, a figure that hesitated for only a moment and then leaped into the shallow water and waded ashore. Once ashore he slipped away into the spruce slopes and was lost to sight.

Slade's first impulse was to race after him. But the most important thing, he remembered, was his plane. He went splashing out and climbed aboard. There his quick eye inventoried his instrument board, assessed engine and controls, and discovered no damage to his ship. His smile was grim as he replaced the breaker assembly which was essential to the life of his motor. Its absence, he suspected, had kept that wide-shouldered intruder from taking off and disappearing into the unknown. And that wide-shouldered skulker, he had every reason to believe, was Frayne's man Karnell.

Indignation was still burning through Slade's body as he gunned the motor and rose into the air. He circled twice over the lakeside spruce slopes, searching without reward for any sign of life there. Then he veered back and circled twice over the island-studded water where he knew Frayne's observation post to be. But the only sign of life he caught from that quarter was the sudden wing-flutter of a huge male-trumpeter, who interrupted his watchful driftings to lift his long neck and fling a cry of defiance up at the cloud-cleaving wings of his rival. Slade caught the sound of that trumpeted challenge, even through his engine roar, as he turned south and headed for the camp at the mouth of the Kasakana.

Slade had the feeling of being in more friendly territory when he saw Lake Avikaka once more under his floats. But no welcoming figures emerged from the shack as he circled over it in the evening light. No kindly old voice called out to him as he moored beside the landing stage.

That left him both puzzled and depressed, until his ear caught the sound of a distant detonation. He knew well enough the meaning of that blast. It meant that Zeke and Minty had foregone their usual supper hour to keep on with their mine work, delving like badgers along some new drift or pounding rock at the bottom of some new test pit.

Slade, standing back between the shadowy ore piles, could see Zeke crimp a mercury cap with his teeth and stick it into a dynamite cartridge before disappearing in the pit mouth. It was that old sourdough's fixed rule, he remembered, never to use powder until down to hard rock. Their methods may have been those of a passing generation, but they had found something worth while. For after a second detonation and a second scrambling down the pit mouth Slade could hear Minty's cackle of triumph as he inspected a fragment of blue quartz which Zeke's tremulous fingers held just under his nose.

"She's rich, all right," cried Minty. "You can see her with the naked eye."

"She's the best yet," Zeke agreed as he continued to squint at the ragged quartz slab. "And now we know she's there, you old thimble-ribber, it's about time to call it a day."

It was then that Slade called out to them. That call, through the long-houred evening light, caused Minty to wheel about with a startled grunt at the same moment that Zeke's long arm swung out to catch up a rifle that had rested unseen against the windlass frame.

"Put it down, you old quartz-chipper; put it down," was Slade's cry as he advanced toward them.

The two taut figures relaxed. The hostility went out of their faces. But Zeke's eyes remained troubled.

"You mustn't do things like that, Lindy. I might've given you a air hole through the esophagus."

"I'd rather you gave me a meal," said the new-comer, as they shook hands and headed toward the shack. "You're too old to keep to a sixteen-hour day like this."

Minty pointed an accusatory finger at the flyer.

"So you're givin' us the go-by these days?" he questioned.

"What does that mean?" asked Slade as they trudged shackward.

"Weren't you in this neighborhood two nights ago?"

Slade stopped in his tracks.

"Why do you ask that?"

" 'Cause I heard you when you came down to pick up them gas drums. And I heard you the day before, over the hills," Minty asserted.

"Wait a minute," cried Slade. "You don't mean my gas is gone?"

"You know it's gone, you night-prowlin' puddle-jumper. But why in heck did you tote off them two dozen old ore bags?"

Slade studied the two old faces so wrinkled with concern.

"You say you heard a plane?" he questioned.

"We sure did," said Minty. "And heard it more 'n once. What's more, I seen it."

"This," said Slade, "is going to need a little looking into."

Zeke agreed with him.

"We don't want no strangers snoopin' round this territory," he proclaimed.

"How about that nincompoop in specks who's nosin' out swans' nests?" questioned Minty. "He's the only outsider within a crow flight o' this camp."

"But he has no plane," said Slade. "And no need for one."

"Well, he'd better keep clear o' this claim," croaked the embattled Minty.

"But two can play at that game, Minty," Slade pointed out. "And there's something going on between here and Echo Harbor that needs a bit of looking into."

"I seen a plane all right," maintained the scowling Minty. "But I can't figger out why he'd be flyin' across empty country."

"Or what in heck he'd swipe two dozen ore bags for," added Zeke.

Minty's apprehensive eye rested on the young flyer.

"Looks to me, son, as though you was the bird to do some needed scoutin' round here. That Snow-Ball Baby o' yours could cover the whole Barrens while Minty and me was footin' it through fifteen miles o' muskeg."

"You're right, Zeke," Slade acknowledged. "And after I swing south tomorrow I'm coming back to do a little investigating along the Anawotto.

Slade, hightailing it for his home port on the Snye, headed southward with a sense of something unfinished, a contradiction unreconciled, a problem unsolved. His first move, after landing and having a few hurried words with the redoubtable Cassidy, was to hurry over to Cruger and his plain-boarded administration building.

"What held you up?" was that official's curt demand.

"Stolen gas," said Slade. "There's somebody robbing our emergency caches."

Cruger, at that announcement, wheeled about on him.

"At what stations?"

"At Wolf Lake. And later at Avikaka."

The pilot could see his chief's mouth harden with exasperation.

"So we're getting it from all sides!" exclaimed Cruger. "You know, of course, we haven't spotted a trace of that lost Lockheed?"

Slade nodded.

"I talked with Cassidy, down at the dock. I'd a question or two I wanted to ask him. It didn't help much."

"Nothing from Cassidy has helped much," said his partner. "But a plane can't be carried off like a snatched pocketbook. It can't be hidden away and it can't be sold and it can't be passed on to others."

"Then what's the answer?" asked Slade.

"That's something still ahead of us," said Cruger. "Every ship in this Dominion has to pass governmental inspection and carry a license. It can't make a move without being checked and counter-checked. It couldn't land across the Line without customs permits and it couldn't stay there without being reported."

"It's a pretty big country," was Slade's altogether unsatisfactory reply.

"Not to a cloud-dodger who can go from here to Aklavik in fourteen hours," contended Cruger, who added, not without acerbity: "And keep his eyes open!"

Slade was willing to let that pass.

"Did you ever stop to think about motives," he asked, "in the swiping of that Lockheed?"

"I'm not a mind-reader," retorted the older man. "But I know this much: a crack-pot who'd high-jack a plane like that would always be ready to take chances in the air."

"He must have known how to fly."

Cruger's eye became meditative as it went up to the wall map.

"You mentioned the Avikaka," he said. "That's well on toward the Anawotto, isn't it?"

Slade acknowledged that it was.

"About as empty country as you've got on your run?"

"It's not on my run. But it's empty, all right. Mostly bird life and barrens. It's the district I dropped your swan-hunter in."

Cruger's gaze became reflective.

"Oh, yes; the swan-hunter. He told us he wanted to stay anchored there until after the freeze-up."

"And perhaps later," said Slade. "I saw him on my way south. All he seems to want just now is to be left alone."

"It just doesn't add up," said Cruger.

Slade tried to make his smile a casual one.

"How about me trying to make it add up?" he suggested. He had, as he stood there, been doing a bit of rough and ready mathematics of his own.

"What could you do?"

"After dropping my pay load at Conjuror's Bay," Slade suggested, "I might scout around where I felt it would do the most good. I mean, scout around in earnest."

Cruger's glance went up to the wall map again.

"The field's too big," he said, "no one man could fine-comb that territory. And in a couple of weeks we'd have you to look for."

"I'd take a chance on that," said the man with the Viking eyes.

"But you wouldn't even know what you were looking for."

"Don't be too sure of that," was the delusively casual reply. "I've a hunch or two I'd rather like to sound out."

"About what?"

"First, about that Anawotto country."

"This company can't operate on hunches," Cruger averred in a voice that was less friendly than his gaze. "And that's a fine country to get lost in."

"I don't think I'd get lost," Slade said. "I know the lay-out there a little better than most bush hawks. And if I went in I'd go with camp equipment and extra fuel and rations."

"And grow whiskers and go native," observed Cruger, "and leave us with two planes out of service!"

Slade ignored the note of mockery.

"I usually get back," he announced.

Cruger's face lost its frown.

"You do," he acknowledged. "But a trip like that would mean two-way radio, to keep in touch with us."

"I wouldn't want radio," said Slade. "That would be spilling the beans to everyone between Edmonton and Point Barrow. What I'd rather have would be a belt ax and an air mattress, and perhaps a fish net. And a magazine rifle. And an extra mosquito bar. The flies are bad in that section these days."

"Sounds to me, Lindy, as though you wanted to follow up that looney-bird-lover and look for swans."

"No, I won't be looking for swans," said Slade. "It will be for something bigger than a trumpeter."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

by Lynn Chambers

Cool, Ice-Tinkling Drinks Ward Off Summer Fatigue
(See Recipes Below.)

Sugar-Saving Drinks

When the thermometer's perched on the highest rung of the temperature ladder, do you feel your spirits sagging, your energy running low? Yes, the warm weather begins to take its toll just about the time you feel you need push and drive most. But, make a comeback, quickly and easily with a healthful, fruit-juicy drink served in a tall, colorful frosty glass.

An attractively served drink will perk up your spirits more quickly than you can say "Jack Spratt!" Plan to freeze some of those fragrant mint leaves and those few odd berries left over from the shortcake, with water in the ice cube trays for they make a pretty drink. Or, if you like colored ice cubes that prevent your summer beverage from taking on a watery taste, freeze fruit juices diluted with water into ice cubes. You'll like this.

There's a lot more to be said for cool drinks other than their general nice appearance. Besides providing your system with the vitamin C, in excellent quantity, and A and B in good quantity, the citrus fruits, oranges and lemons, act as alkalizers for the system. This acts as insurance against fatigue, which is a big thing in warmer weather.

Milk and ice cream are perfect ingredients with fruit juices for cooling drinks. Not only do they contain most of the requisites for a well-balanced diet, but they are easy to take and lend themselves in pleasant combination with other foods.

Your biggest problem with summer drinks will come in trying to save sugar. But don't let this stump you, for you can use fruit juices that have natural sugars, honey as a sweetener, and milk and ice cream, which need very little or no other sweetening at all.

Try fruit powders, too, using 1 level tablespoon of the fruit powder with 3 teaspoons of honey to 1 glass of water or milk. Fill the glass with shimmering ice chips and you have an excellent thirst quencher in a wink.

Fruit juices used with ice cream and honey are kind to the sugar ration:

***Orange Cooler.**
(Makes 1½ quarts)

2 cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
1 cup ginger ale
2 tablespoons honey

Lynn Says:

The Score Card: Definite news has reached me on the spice situation, so now you homemakers can see exactly what is available in this line.

There's enough to go around freely of: cayenne, red pepper, mustard, chili powder, dill seeds, oregano, paprika, curry, cake spice, mixed pickling spice, celery seed, onion and garlic salt and powder, bay leaves, marjoram, cardamon, anise and black pepper.

Careful use is indicated for these spices: cinnamon, mace, allspice, white pepper, cloves, nutmeg and ginger.

Canning rubbers, lids, jars, etc. are available in sufficient quantity for this season's produce. An extra ration of sugar for canners will be allowed, amounting to five pounds per person for the year.

There's a possibility that coffee, tea, and cocoa may come in for rationing. Homemakers are also advised to save and conserve all fats, grease and oil. If you cannot use the fat at home, keep it well preserved in a cool place to prevent its becoming rancid, then bring to your butcher.

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS
I.
*Chocolate Crunch
*Orange Cooler
II.
*Honey Chocolate Nut Cookies
*Root Beer Flip
*Recipes Given

1 pint vanilla ice cream
2 tablespoons sliced maraschino cherries

Mix fruit juices and ginger ale; add honey; mix well. Chill thoroughly. Add ice cream and stir until blended. Serve in chilled glasses topped with cherry slices.

Orange Ginger Ale Punch.
(Serves 12 to 15)

1 quart orange ice
2 quarts ginger ale
Orange slices
Maraschino cherries with stems
Sprigs of mint leaves

Place orange ice in punch bowl and pour in ginger ale. Garnish with orange slices attractively cut and floated in punch. Add cherries and mint sprigs.

Milk drinks make cool, tempting refreshments, and are just the thing for afternoon or evening snacks:

Orange Quench.
(Serves 1)

¾ cup milk
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Combine ingredients and beat until thoroughly blended. Serve chilled.

***Root Beer Flip.**
(Serves 1)

½ cup root beer
½ cup milk
1 serving vanilla ice cream

Pour root beer and milk into a tall glass. Add ice cream and serve immediately.

Maple Cooler.
(Serves 1)

2 tablespoons maple syrup
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup milk
Few grains salt

Combine ingredients and beat one minute. Top with whipped cream, if desired.

You will be driving around less these summer evenings for your breath of fresh air, but you will probably spend more time on your back porch, having the neighbors drop in and serving them simple drinks and a few sugar-saving cookies for the in-between-meal snack. You'll enjoy both of these recipes:

***Honey Chocolate Nut Cookies.**

½ cup butter
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup honey
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup sifted flour
½ cup chopped nuts

Melt butter and chocolate over hot water and stir until blended. Combine eggs, sugar, honey and salt in bowl. Add flour which has been sifted once before measuring. Mix thoroughly, add chocolate mixture and beat until smooth. Add nuts. Drop from spoonfuls on greased baking sheet, and bake in a slow (300-degree) oven 15 minutes. Remove from sheet immediately. The cookies taste better when mellowed, so pack in a tight container between layers of waxed paper.

***Chocolate Crunch.**

½ pound semi-sweet or sweet milk chocolate
1 cup oven-popped rice cereal

Melt chocolate over hot water. Add cereal and stir until blended. Pack into a pan lined with waxed paper. Allow to set until chocolate hardens, then cut into squares.

Send your summer refreshment queries to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Household Hints

Tiny pearl onions make tempting garnishes for vegetable salads or canapes.

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When ironing no matter what the article, the important thing is to iron it until absolutely dry.

• • •

Use a whisk broom, kept for the purpose, and hot water to sprinkle the clothes. They will be more evenly dampened than when sprinkled by hand.

• • •

Equal amounts of coffee and heated milk, sweetened to taste, make an appetizing drink.

• • •

Old army and National Guard cloth - covered canteens, which may be purchased at army and navy stores, may be used in place of rubber hot-water bottles.

• • •

If you perspire too freely, throw a handful of salt into your bath water.

• • •

To make a jelly bag, use a piece of thin muslin, hem the top after seaming it. Leave the hem open a little at each end. Run two strings or pieces of tape through the openings and fasten the ends of the tape. This leaves you a string to pull at either end. When fruit is in the bag, pull up each string, tie them together and hang on a hook to drip.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

MONUMENTS

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What Choice?

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SAVE YOUR SCRAP
TO HELP GAIN
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May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

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