

Up In the Air—By Brent

5-23-26

"It won't be long until the air ships will be making more noise above us than the autos now make on the highways," remarked the Man on the Beach.

"We will lie in bed and listen to the exhaust from the air engines and probably have just as much argument about their identity as we now do about the flivvers, trucks, and other motors.

"We will leave it to the small boy to settle. Willie can close his eyes and give you the make of any passing auto with unerring accuracy, and Willie will be able to distinguish the airplanes with equal efficiency.

"It's going to make quite a difference in our news columns, too. The police news will be novel and interesting.

Air Cop Dugan, after an exciting chase succeeded in overtaking a high-powered flyer, Skyrocket 826 Wyoming, and driven by a young man giving the name of Skivens. This air shark was dropping handbills over the city calling attention to a moonlight picnic to be held on Loma Prieta mountain next Saturday. Judge Springer took the matter under advisement, holding Skivens under bonds for appearance in court Friday at 2 p. m.

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There were several minor violators before his honor this morning. John Doe, for parking his plane overtime on the fog belt paid the usual ten dollar fine. His cousin, Richard Roe, dropped oil on the silver dome of our new auditorium at Pacific and Laurel street. Richard claimed it was accidental, but considered himself fortunate when assessed ten bones.

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Bruce Bunk, for nose-diving on the air line came through with \$25, which will help the city finance its new airplane landing in De Laveaga park between oil wells 36 and 37.

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Miss Minnie McManus, a daring young high school student, attempted to drop off a moving plane as it flew low over the campus. Dr. Piper when asked how Minnie was getting along, remarked that "At present she was getting along on crutches."

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"It's going to revolutionize real estate," the Man on the Beach continued. "Listen to this from the morning paper:"

The Sentinel now has a subscription list of over three hundred on Ben Lomond mountain. Since establishing a base in that popular district hundreds of families have built homes there. The mornings on Ben Lomond are wonderful and commuters to Santa Cruz are enthusiastic over their community. Many San Francisco merchants and professionals are Ben Lomond mountain residents, and living so near Santa Cruz they are now taking the Sentinel in preference to the San Francisco papers.

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Paul Levy of the high school faculty, yesterday took his astronomy class to the 28,000 foot level to try and radio Mars. The trip was not successful, however, as there was too much static from the Milky Way.

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Peter Pappas has inaugurated an innovation at his airport atop the Neptune Baths. A landing charge of twenty-five cents will be asked, but this will include the privileges of the bathing pavilion.

However, Peter may experience some difficulty in securing a building permit for his new airport.

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Lawrence Thatcher, of the Sequoia Ad Service, is getting out copy for Hiflier Cigaretts to be placed upon the underwings of the Star Air Taxi planes.

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Hi Gosliner is soon to fly to the moon. He thinks the man up there needs a pair of Walk-Over shoes.

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Postmaster Howe complains about sending planes through the mail, claiming they cannot be classified at parcel post rates. He says some of these flyers have feathers on them.

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The road to our nearest heavenly body, the Moon, is in fair condition. Some vagrant Nebulae at station 4006 has necessitated a short detour, but taken on the whole, the going is good.

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An airlog trip of Aviator Ray Gillen will be published exclusively in the Sentinel upon his return from the 240,000 mile trip he is now making around the moon.

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Star dust was so thick between Jupiter and Saturn as to cause many side swipes and head-on collisions last night. Airmaniacs were also numerous who had little regard for passing planes. The service stations were kept busy towing in damaged planes.

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Sport Brisac of the Mission Airgarage, has just returned from an extended planetary trip. Sport left at the Sentinel office a can of incandescent atmosphere he had collected near Mars. He thinks the motor department of the state should try and do something about those hick planets who are economizing by putting out their tail-lights at 9 o'clock.

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Preston Sawyer staff photographer and motion picture editor of the Sentinel, this week secured some wonderful shots, at an unnamed comet that came out from the nowhere and as quickly vanished.

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Billy Belote, promoter for the 107th Annual Scioto Convention, has thoroughly plastered up the heavens with posters for the coming Egyptian ball—if you see a beautiful lady smiling at you from the underwing of a passing plane, that means Scioto dance—get your tickets early and win a Ford flyer.

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James A. Barrett, president of the Rubber Airplane Co., reports that the main factory building now being erected on the Barrett tract will be in operation by August 15. These rubber planes have made an instantaneous hit and already orders have been received that will tax the factory's capacity for the next twelve months. Mr. Barrett predicts a bounding success for the venture.