Up in The Air.

Commercial aviators ride what is called the radio beam, a straight line of sound between airports, an infallible guiding line. Should the pilots deviate from either side of this objective radio line, a check automatically sounds in his ears, and he can swiftly correct his course. The company pilot also enjoys two-way communication with the airports beneath him, so that he can keep in constant touch with weather reports. At any moment, in trouble, he can seek advice.

Is The Radio Beam Important?

One day, four years ago, the United States Government cancelled its airmail contracts with private commercial companies and, by an extraordinary executive order, the President transferred the charge of flying the mail to the Army Air Corps. In a single week of the new arrangement, seven army pilots dropped to their death — more fatalities than the commercial pilots had suffered in over a year.

The army flier had no radio beam to fly, no two-way wireless apparatus by which to summon help in case of emergency. So, when distress came, he had to face it alone. And often the pitiless storms slapped his plane to the prairie or marshland or into a lake.

You Also Fly.

No, you are not angels yet. But by no stretch of fancy, your journey towards God, the quest of your soul's salvation, is not altogether unlike the ride of the airmail. The way, most of the time, is stormy, Christ's Way of the Holy Cross.

Perhaps the flying today has been smooth through a serene, blue sky. It is not so for long. Soon your plane pushes into the cloud of disgust or into the black night of discouragement. Or some ill wind of passion blows, an unsavory thought flashes across your mind, seeks admission, or Satan himself stirs up an irregular motion in your body or soul. God knows, maybe a squall of delusion or scruples is lurking ahead. Or, as your soul hovers, 