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## **Blanche Stuart Scott Collection - Scripts and Manuscripts**

Extracted on Apr-16-2024 03:43:46

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I don't know either your name nor his. Further I don't tell lies about anyone. What reason would I have for slandering a stranger and her son?"

"I'm Ralph Johnstone's widow!" she informed emphasizing every word with a jab of the gun into my mid-section.

By this time, the aviator behind her was close enough for me to see it was George Beatty. I was sure that if I could only stall a little longer he might be able to get some help before she did something foolishly fatal.

She gushed on saying that her son was now at an age when such a story would damn him for the rest of his life. I was really shook since crazy people were a new experience, particularly nuts with guns in their hands and with that gun shoved into my middle. I was desperately trying to think of something to distract her so I asked how old he was..the son that is.

It so happened that in the brief time I lived in Dayton during my also brief marriage I knew the Wright Brothers and was familiar with the circumstances under which they sent the German woman and her TWO boys back to Germany. My quick calculations told me the boys would now be about eleven and twelve years old. When she said her boy was eleven then I began to see an outline forming of her little game. By that time Beatty was within several yards of us evidently intending to join us. I figured I had one chance in a million. I knew dam well it was best to take it. I yelled at the top of my lungs "GEORGE!"

The woman turned instinctively. I immediately grabbed her wrist and shoved the gun high in the air. It glinted unmistakably and George knew what it was. He came on at a dead run, grabbed the gun, wrenched it from her hand and shouted, "What in the Blue Blazes of Hell is going on here?"

-74-

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