

Up in the Clouds

by Beulah Earle

NINTH INSTALLMENT

Monty Wallace has just arrived in California, having broken the East-West cross country airplane record. Natalie Wade, mistaken by him for a newspaper reporter, writes the exclusive account of Monty's arrival, and succeeds in securing a trial job with a paper in exchange for the story. Natalie becomes attached to Monty.

Although she discovers Monty's love for her is not sincere, Natalie admits that she loves him. She is assigned by her paper to report Monty's activities for publication. Jimmy Hale, the newspaper's photographer, becomes Natalie's co-worker.

Natalie discovers that Sunny is jealous of her friendship with Monty, and that she is trying to prevent them from being alone. After driving to a mountain resort with Sunny and Jimmy, Monty again declares his love for Natalie.

When he suggested that he leave her alone so that there wouldn't be any distraction, she cried out, "Oh, please, Mont. Please stay here. I'd die if you left me here alone." And so he sat beside her as she wrote. Surprisingly, the story was finished in a short time. Messengers came rushing at Monty's call and bore it away.

She must get some sleep now, he told her. And when he had kissed her she threw herself on the wide, white bed. But fear struck then at her heart. Sleep would not come.

Two more days and Mont. would be roaring over the ocean on the most impossible flight in history. Something gripped at her heart. Something told her she would never see him again.

She stood up and moved to the window of the room. Children were playing at the curb. The world was going on without a thought of impending tragedy.

She tidied her hair and renewed the light make-up she wore. But panic was upon her. She had to see Monty again quickly. His room, she knew, was at the end of the short hall. She slipped along the worn carpet and tapped gently at the door.

There was no response. Someone was coming up the twisted stairs. She turned the knob of the door and slipped inside. Mont was asleep. He had thrown off coat and shoes and tie.

For a long time she stood there listening to his heavy breathing. Then very quickly she moved forward and sank to the floor beside him. She laid her cheek against the sleeve of his shirt.

She would stay there a little while guarding him with her love. And now her fear fell from her. It was as though his nearness and her adoration for him had driven it out. Her throbbing heart grew calm. She knew content again.

And so she fell asleep beside him, and did not wake till early afternoon.

"Is this nice?" he asked, seeing that she was awake. She sprang up quickly but he caught her hand and drew her down beside him.

"I'm in a hell of a fix," he said, her hand to his lips. She could not speak.

"I'm supposed," he chuckled, "to be a devil with the women. I've been that way deliberately so that I wouldn't ever want to marry anybody. Now I've got myself in a spot where you come in here and I wake up and you are just as safe as though I didn't love you. What's the answer?"

"Maybe you really do love me," she said faintly. "You've only wanted me before."

"Well, it's a new one on me . . . and I love you all right. But there isn't going to be any marrying in our business."

He spoke a little angrily, she thought, as though he fought against something.

He whipped a glance at the watch on his arm. "We'd better be getting back to the field. They'll be looking for us."

She went back to her own room then, but her heart was singing as though in triumph. It seemed queer about that when he had just told her

they were not to be married. She wondered about it a little but there was no explanation—unless it was that her heart knew better than her mind that he loved her as she had to be loved.

He came for her in a few minutes and they rushed away to the field.

Jimmy was there and Sunny Marion presently, a frowning Sunny, who attached herself at once to Monty Wallace. Jimmy tried to get the girl away once or twice but she would not go with him and the four went together for dinner at a larger hotel in the neighborhood.

Natalie wrote another story in her quiet room that night when Jimmy had taken her to the small hotel and then she sat waiting for Monty's footsteps outside her door.

They did not come and she got into becoming negligent, hoping to rest until he should appear. Once, twice, she waked having dreamed that he came up the stairs, but each time she saw that the door of his room stood blackly open and knew that he had not come back.

It was so until the morning and, when Jimmy telephoned, she went out to breakfast with him a little sick at heart. At the field, she waited and watched for Mont, but it was mid-afternoon before he appeared.

He was haggard and pale. Natalie hurried to him with quick alarm, fearing that he might not be ready the next day for the long grind of the flight.

But he was intent on his work and it was not till Sunny Marion arrived, her make-up heavy and her smile oddly triumphant that Natalie knew the truth of that night.

She took him away from the Marion girl then. Directly and deliberately she made him go with her, and she drove with him straight to the small hotel.

She got him into the place and commanded him to sleep.

"Don't you realize," she cried, "that your life may depend upon it? You're in no shape to fly. You're all broken up about something. You've got to forget everything but the flight!"

"All right," he told her. "But get out of here. I'll be all right."

She knew that something more than a night out was behind those tense white lips of his. It was something, she thought, connected with her; something that made him brusque with her. But she couldn't make out what it might be.

She saw to it that he was not disturbed that afternoon and night. When he appeared the morning of the flight, there was still a line of tension about his mouth but his eyes were clear and he could grin.

On the way to the field after breakfast, he was silent. She thought he might be worrying about the flight, and tried now to bolster his confidence. But he turned to her impatiently.

"Nat," he said grimly, "I may not be coming back from this thing, and if I don't, I want you to know something. I swore I wouldn't ever love a girl enough to want to marry her. Marriage is not for fools like me that have to be taking crazy risks. I made marriage virtually impossible for me and then you came along. If I could have got you, it would have been all right. But I couldn't and now I'm mad about you. I went out last night, trying to forget you and now it's worse than ever. I'm going to make this flight or die trying and I'm going to be wanting you every inch of the way. But I don't want you to be where I can see you on the take-off."

"All right, Monty. I'll keep out of sight." Triumph sang in her heart as she said the words. "Everything is all right if only I know you love me. Even if we never marry, we will have the most important thing. Now stop worrying, especially about that."

She drove with him to the plane and then she slipped away into the small early morning crowd. It was little more than dawn but these people had come out to see the start.

As she passed toward the flight office, she saw a man in shirt sleeves pushing his way toward the plane.

Inside, she asked the first question everybody had been asking.

"What is the weather report?" "It's bad," the answer came. "They're going to hold everything till tomorrow."

Natalie strolled back toward the plane. She wondered what it was best to do. Had she better see him again, be with him that day? Or would it be better to keep away from him?

When she came near, she saw that Sunny Marion was talking with him. She seemed to be her old, brilliant self. The pout was gone from her face. That little smile of triumph seemed to ride there.

Mont turned to the shirt-sleeved man at his side. He took the paper he held, glanced at it, then tore it half across.

Leaning down quickly, he kissed the blond girl and sprang into the cabin of the plane. He revived up the motor, found that it had been warmed, that it answered to the throttle.

Then, suddenly the ship was roaring across the field. Grease monkeys scattered. Someone rushed out of the field office crying, "Stop him! Stop him!" But the plane was rising now. It was up and speeding for the sea.

Natalie drew back alone. A sobbing moan broke from her lips. The weather was wrong. He had not waited.

And this was the man she loved, the man who loved her, rushing into unknown terror and death on a mad flight around the world.

She looked around for someone and knew at once that it was Jimmy she sought in that small crowd. But Jimmy was not there. He was nowhere. Through tear-wet lashes she could not see him at any rate.

And when she did see, she stood stock still.

For Jimmy Hale was leading beautiful blonde Sunny from the field. And Babe Marion came behind with the field officers.

Natalie fled then. She raced for a taxicab and hurried herself into it. "Quick!" she cried and gave the address of her hotel.

For the newspaper woman in her had come to her rescue. The flash would go out from the field office. She must have her story ready for the wire in half an hour. And as she rode through the morning streets she was planning the lead of that story.

"Defying the elements," she found her lips saying, "tossing aside contemptuously the adverse weather reports that would have held up the Mineola field—around the world—flight from Mineola field today for non-stop."

She hardly knew when she reached the hotel. She stopped for nothing when she faced her typewriter. In that quiet room.

She thrust paper and carbons into the machine and banged at the keys. Her story must go. Her heart might break. Her lover might crash to a thousand deaths on sea or land from the vast heights at which he flew, but these bits of paper must be lashed by the keys that her fingers drove. They must be whipped out one by one till the telegraph boy rushed away with them, till the pencils snapped, till the linotypes crashed, till the presses grumbled and roared, till the whole world knew that Mont Wallace was on his way.

The story ended at last.

"To be continued," she wrote for a last paragraph. "To be continued is the story Mont Wallace writes in clouds and sea today."

It was all she could do to bring herself to enter the roomy tri-motor that afternoon when she knew that it would still be hours before any possible report could come from the lone flier. She wanted to cling to the window of some telegraph office, or better still, to sit at the elbow of one of the radio operators in the world-fight chain.

(Continued Next Week)

MINISTER PLANS RACE FOR SENATE AGAINST 'OUR BOB'

Asheville, Dec. 19.—Rev. A. A. Johnson, Baptist minister and former Buncombe county school teacher of Candler Route 1, formally announced today he will be a candidate next June for the Democratic nomination for the seat now held by United States Senator Robert R. Reynolds.

Noisy Morn After Silent Night



It's a routin', tootin' Christmas morning for the lad in the center. The doll and the telephone should keep his sisters quietly busy.

olds, of Asheville. "We have tried every kind of man except a preacher in the senate, now let's see what a preacher will do," said Mr. Johnson's announcement.

"If I am elected to the senate, I shall ask the ministers to meet and pray for the proper guidance on any given issue, then I shall be guided by their recommendations." Mr. Johnson is a native of the

NOTICE

The undersigned having qualified as the administrator of B. R. Brown, deceased, this is to notify all persons who are indebted to the said estate to come forward and settle the same immediately, and all persons having claims against the said estate will present the same for payment or rejection within 12 months from this date or this notice will be plead in bar of its recovery. This 18th day of December, 1937. ROSCOE TOM BROWN, Administrator.

NOTICE

North Carolina, Watauga County. To All the Heirs of Sarah Elizabeth Townsend.

You, and each of you, will take notice that a paper writing has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for Watauga County, which purports to be the nuncupative will of Sarah Elizabeth Townsend; and you, and each of you, are further notified that if you wish to contest the proving and probating of said will that you will appear before the undersigned Clerk, at his office in Boone, N. C., within six weeks from the date of this notice or the undersigned will allow the said will to be proven and probated. This 27th day of November, 1937. A. E. SOUTH, Clerk of the Superior Court for Watauga County. 12-2-6p

East Tennessee & Western North Carolina Motor Transportation Company.

Buses leave Boone for Johnson City, Knoxville, Chattanooga, all Alabama and Western States points at 7:30 a.m., 12:20 p.m., and 9:05 p.m. Leave Boone for Lenoir, Hickory, Statesville, Salisbury, Charlotte, Asheville, Wilmington and all South Carolina, Georgia and Florida points at 8:25 a. m., 1:10 p. m., and 5:10 p. m.

For further information call bus station—Phone 45. E. T. & W. N. C. TRANSPORTATION COMPANY

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as the executor of the will of T. L. Critcher, late of the county of Watauga, state of North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to present them for payment within 12 months of the date hereof, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate are asked to make immediate settlement. This December 8, 1937. R. H. VANNOY, Executor, Will of T. L. Critcher, Dec'd.

Try BISMAREX for Acid Indigestion. Insist on Genuine Bismarex and refuse other so-called Ant-acid Powders recommended to be "just as good." Bismarex is sold in Watauga county only at **BOONE DRUG CO.** The REXALL Store

NOTICE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed to the undersigned by O. E. Hampton and wife, Blanda Hampton, on the 4th day of April, 1936, to secure the sum of \$53.45, said mortgage being recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 8 of Mortgage Deeds on page 288, and default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured, as therein provided, I will on Monday, January 17, 1938, at the courthouse door of Watauga county, at 1 o'clock p. m., sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, to wit:

Being the O. E. Hampton interest in the J. Hampton estate in Blue Ridge township, Watauga county, North Carolina, and being Lot No. 7 of the division of said estate, as shown on a plat of said lands made by I. A. Bumgarner, surveyor, which plat, together with a record of said partition proceeding, is on record in the office of the clerk of the superior court of Watauga county, to which plat and the registration thereof reference is hereby made for fuller and more complete description of same. This 14th day of December, 1937. W. S. HAMPTON, Mortgagee. 12-16-4c

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed to the undersigned trustee on the 2nd day of December, 1935, by Charlie Greer and wife, Jennie Greer, to secure the sum of \$47.39 to R. H. Townsend, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Watauga County, in Book 26, page 14, I will, on Monday, December 27, 1937, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door of Watauga county, sell to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said note, interest and costs, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Adjoining the lands of I. M. Reese, Charlie Critcher, A. G. Wilson, Mrs. A. Greer, C. L. Warren, Florence Reece, John Eggers et al, containing 61 acres, and being more particularly described in a deed from J. W. Byers and wife, Mary Byers, to Jennie Greer, dated the first day of December, 1932, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Watauga county, in Book 41, at page 421.

From the above land is excepted about seven acres, which is not covered by the mortgage to the Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh. Also a tract of about twenty acres heretofore conveyed to R. H. Townsend, it being the intention to convey the property described in the mortgage or deed of trust to the Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank, except that part already conveyed to R. H. Townsend.

This land will be sold subject to a deed of trust to the Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank, with a balance of \$1,779.00 due. This 24th day of November, 1937. T. E. BINGHAM, Trustee. 12-2-4c

NOTICE OF SALE

Pursuant to power and authority contained in a certain mortgage deed dated July 1, 1927, and executed by W. J. Wagner and Mira Wagner to Bank of Blowing Rock, which mortgage deed is duly registered in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county, North Carolina, in Book 12, at page 66, securing a certain note to the Bank of Blowing Rock and default having been made in the payment of a note secured by said mortgage deed, and said mortgage deed having been transferred to J. E. Wagner, dated June 29, 1936, which is duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 44, at page 594, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Watauga county at 12 o'clock, noon, on the 5th day of January, 1938, the following described property:

Beginning on a railroad culvert, Harrison Baird's corner, and runs north 33 degrees west with Byrd's line 8 poles and 9 to a stake; thence north 48 degrees with Byrd's line 4 poles to Taylor street; thence north 46 degrees west 29 poles with Taylor street to Watauga avenue; thence south 50 degrees west 22 poles and 31 with Watauga avenue to a stake; thence south 40 degrees east 101 poles Brewer's line to a stake; thence 48 degrees east with Cook's line 1 poles to a stake; thence south 40 degrees east 9 poles and 9 links to rockline; thence north 49 degrees east with railroad 40 poles and 16 links to beginning, containing 2 4-5 acres.

This 6th day of December, 1937. 12-9-4c J. E. WAGNER

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court made made in the special proceeding "T. H. Coffey, Administrator of E. S. Coffey, Deceased, against Carrie C. Williams and Husband, B. F. Williams, Ruth C. Porter and Husband, R. B. Porter, Nellie C. Linney and Husband, Baxter M. Linney, Louise C. Black and Husband, W. C. Black, and Mrs. E. S. Coffey, Widow," the undersigned commissioner will on the 27th day of December, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon at the courthouse door in Boone, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate:

First Tract: Lying and being in the town of Boone, Watauga County, North Carolina, on the south side of King Street and being more particularly described as follows: Beginning on an iron stake at the intersection of the old Blowing Rock Road with King Street and runs south 23 degrees west 255 feet to an iron stake in Owen Wilson's line; thence with his line north 69 degrees east 425 feet to an iron stake, Wilson's corner; thence north 14 degrees east 115 feet to an iron stake; thence north 69 degrees west with Russell D. Hodges' line 121 feet to an iron stake; thence north 14 degrees 17 feet to an iron stake; thence north 89 degrees west 118 feet to an iron stake, J. D. Rankin's corner; thence with Rankin's line north 19 degrees east 135 feet to an iron stake in the south margin of King Street; thence with the south margin of King Street north 62 degrees west 160 feet to the beginning, containing one and three-fourths (1 3-4) acres more or less.

The above tract of land has been allotted to Mrs. E. S. Coffey as her dower. The same will be sold subject to said dower.

Second Tract: All that certain tract of land containing 420 acres, more or less, located in Meat Camp Township in Watauga County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning on a birch in Noah Miller's line and runs west 82 poles to a chestnut; thence north with George Winkler's line 208 poles to a bunch of chestnuts; thence west 24 poles to a water oak; thence south 66 degrees west 37 poles to a stake in Andy Stone's line; thence west 100 poles to a white oak and maple; thence south 41 poles to a white oak; thence west 30 poles to a cucumber; thence south 60 poles to a stake in road, corner in Wade Moretz's land; thence with the road south 60 degrees east 11 poles to a stake; south 36 degrees east 18 poles to a stake; south 17 degrees east 6 poles to a stake; south 12 degrees west 25 poles to a stake; south 31 degrees west 20 poles to a stake; south 67 degrees west 3 1/2 poles to a stake; thence leaving the road south 59 poles crossing the road at about 50 poles to a chestnut, Enzer Beach's corner; thence west 25 poles to a stake in Hardy Green's line; thence east with Green's line 220 poles to a white oak, Noah Miller's corner; thence with Miller's line north 15 degrees east 120 poles to the beginning, containing four hundred twenty (420) acres, more or less.

This 26th day of November, 1937. T. E. BINGHAM, Commissioner. 12-2-4c

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS
*
By **Mac Arthur**

