

Up in the Clouds

by Beulah Earle

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Quickly, in the staccato manner of the veteran reporter, Natalie poured out the story of Monty's victory over the elements. It was his triumph—hers. And even as the last words of her story sung over the wire, Jimmy Hale and Sunny came in.

Sunny was her old self again. Composed, her most charming manner seeking to conceal the defeat that Natalie knew must be hers, Jimmy was jubilant.

"Get out the Welcome Mat," Jimmy shouted gleefully. "This calls for a party. And when the Hale tribe says 'party' it means a real blow-out—a whoopjamboree—ho!" Sunny acceded with an alacrity that seemed almost genuine.

"Of course!" she agreed, with gusto. "And what better place for a welcome party to Mont Wallace than Nat's apartment?"

Natalie sensed a thrust in these apparently innocent words. But not betraying that she, too, knew Sunny's position with Monty, she took up the challenge.

"You two run along," replied Natalie. "I'll meet you after I get the rest of this story and check on Mont's arrival."

Jimmy and Sunny departed, while Natalie resumed her place beside the telephone. The bell jangled with an insistent clangor.

"Yes," answered Natalie. "Oh, it's you, Mack. Yes—I'm here at the airport. No news after the last flash—what? You have a bulletin from the News Bureau? What is it—quick!"

From his desk in the City Room, Mack Hanlon scanned the strand of yellow tape trailing through his fingers. In its brief message was spelled the news they had been waiting for these long, long, days and nights. He read:

"Mont Wallace proceeding down coast, reports all is well. Air escort picks up plane near Portland. Wallace scheduled to land 7:45 A. M. Good flying weather ahead."

Mack detected a stifled cry of relief from the receiver near his ear.

"Thanks, Mack," came Natalie's grateful voice over the wire. "Shall I write a follow-up for the early edition?"

"We'll handle that," laughed the genial editor. "You start catching up on some sleep or you won't be able to see your hero even if he lands in broad daylight!"

It took Natalie no time to be home. Somehow it seemed ages since her eyes had glimpsed these familiar things before. As she opened the door, a shout greeted her. Jimmy and Sunny, true to their promise, had already begun preparations for the "welcome party."

"Hi, Nat," greeted Jimmy poking his head from the kitchen.

Sunny's face wore a smile; only her eyes remained coldly serious.

"Don't mind us!" she laughed. "But you can't blame a couple of people who haven't really celebrated since last New Year's Eve," she added, with a knowing glance. Then as quickly she turned to Jimmy.

"Hadn't we better give this hard-working newspaper woman a chance to get a much-needed beauty nap?" Jimmy ignored Sunny's obvious barb.

"Of course," exclaimed Jimmy "Let's go before the neighbors suspect the celebration has started already!"

Jimmy and Sunny left Natalie again alone with her thoughts—her hopes. But the demands of sleep were stronger than even her anticipation of the morning's events. She slept soundly. Before she knew it her brief interval of rest was broken by the sounding of the door-buzzer. Hastily drawing on her robe, Natalie admitted Jimmy and Sunny.

"Time to get out to the airport," warned Jimmy.

"Toot-toot, all aboard!" chimed in Sunny, merrily.

"I'll slip into something in a jiffy—sit down while I wake up under a shower," said Natalie, glancing at the clock.

"I'll make some coffee," volunteered Sunny, catching Jimmy by the arm. "Come on, you!"

Soon Natalie again appeared, this time clad in a simple sports outfit. Her face shone radiantly only to be outdone by the brightness of her eyes. This was her day of days. The aroma of steaming coffee drew her to the kitchen.

"That coffee smells too good—you can't keep me away by hiding it out here," she said, but scarcely had she spoken than her eyes fastened on the scene before her. Sunny and Jimmy were clasped in each other's arms. Their lips had met. They stood in a little world of their own. Only after a moment did Jimmy become aware of Natalie's presence. His start brought Sunny back to reality.

"Hello, Nat," said Jimmy. Then turning to Sunny with a meaning glance, "I guess we might as well tell her."

"Why not," agreed Sunny. "What better time than now?"

"Sunny and I are to be married," was Jimmy's simple statement.

"Why, Sunny—Jimmy," exclaimed Natalie. "I'm so glad—I'm so happy—but this is so sudden!"

"We've got only fifteen minutes to get to the airport," Jimmy warned.

His words galvanized the three into action. They forgot personal matters—bent on giving Monty

the greeting and unselfish praise he deserved.

Gulping their coffee, the three ran out to the car and speeded toward the landing field. The hour was still early. The headlights cast billows of light against the rising morning mist. A faint glow in the East gave promise of a clear day, the fingers of the sun reaching halfway above the horizon.

With the coming of dawn, they knew that Monty could not be far away. Lookouts were posted on the wind-sock tower but Mack Hanlon telephoned from the office half an hour before he was sighted to say that the fleet of planes had turned South just beyond Los Angeles and that Monty was flying with them.

Natalie's heart thumped madly as she stood beside Jimmy and Sunny searching the sky for his plane.

Glory was in the morning and glory seemed to fill her whole being at the thought that there was nothing but an ordinary small light to keep her from Monty's arms.

Before any of the others, she saw the ship. It was a tiny, high black speck in the sky and beneath it roared twenty or more ships flying in formation or looping and cavorting in glee at the success of the world flight.

She saw when the black plane set its nose flatly toward the earth. She saw that the landing would be in the teeth of the west wind unless Monty dropped in cross-wind as he sometimes did.

She stood there in the crowd, Natalie Wade, no longer just a girl down on her luck but known from coast to coast as a news writer and waiting for the kiss of the greatest flier since Lindbergh.

Already she had written the draft of her story on the completion of the flight. There would be only the lead to add and Mack Hanlon would take care of that.

The black plane plunged out of the sky. Suddenly its wheels spun on the ground with the tail skid dragging dust from the hard earth.

Cheer on cheer rose, for the flight had been completed. The crowd rushed forward. But the black plane taxied straight on. Natalie was flying across the space between.

Monty dropped to the ground and clasped Natalie in his arms. A breathless moment, then throwing his helmeted head back Monty laughed his old-time care-free laugh.

"How are you Girl, he greeted, still looping his strong arm around Natalie's shoulders. "I've come around the world thinking of this moment all the way!"

"And I've been thinking too," joined Natalie, "and hoping that you'd come to me just as you are—this minute."

"Hey Monty!" broke in a voice. The two lovers suddenly realized they were the target for hundreds of eyes. After all, this was the triumphant ending of a world flight. The airport was jammed with an admiring throng. Natalie turned her gaze quickly to Monty and with a fluttering smile to cover her embarrassment bade Monty receive the plaudits due him.

"I'll only take a minute, Dear," assured Monty, giving Natalie an affectionate pat on the shoulder. He turned to face a battery of news cameras and reporters, pencils poised, eager to catch a first-hand account from the hero of the hour. Monty, inured to interviews spoke briefly, answered routine questions rapidly. In a few moments he was back at Natalie's side. A throng of news-hawks followed, unwilling to leave their prey. Monty turned angrily.

"Can't you fellows leave us alone?" he roared. "Can't you see I want a little privacy? You've got your story—beat it and run!"

"Careful, Dear," cautioned Natalie. "They're only trying to do their job. Remember, the papers can make you, and they can break you, too!"

"All right," said Monty reluctantly, "but why can't they leave a fellow alone—especially at a time like this! I want to be with you," he added, smiling into Natalie's upturned face. They kissed.

"Where's Sunny?" queried Monty suddenly. The jarring note made Natalie wince.

"They came to the field with me," explained Natalie, "now that you mention it, it does seem strange they haven't been on hand."

A quick glance around the thronged circle of onlookers failed to reveal the two familiar figures.

"I can't believe that they'd stay away at a time like this!" insisted Natalie.

"Let's get out of here anyhow," Monty said, catching her arm in his.

The crowd followed the two as they slowly pushed toward where Jimmy's car had been parked when Natalie, Sunny and Jimmy had arrived at the airport. When they came to the spot the car was gone.

"The mystery deepens," exclaimed Natalie with a little laugh.

"Looks like we'll have to walk," Monty added with mock seriousness. "I just came off a round-the-world flight, but I haven't cab fare in my pocket. Cracked my last quarter for cigarettes in Vladivostok!"

Natalie's thoughts were not of a comic turn, but the incongruity of Monty's remarks struck her. She joined him in laughter while nervously aware of the press of onlookers around them. At last a squad of small boys broke through the straining police cordon.

Continued Next Issue

No Hurry
Coal Dealer—"Hurry! My coal yard is on fire!"
Fire Chief—"Oh, is it? Well, if it's the same stuff as you've sold me, there is no hurry!"

Mistaken
Jim sat down in a fashionable restaurant and pointed to a line on the French menu. "Please bring me some of that."
"Sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "the orchestra is playing that."

12 PAID SUPREME PENALTY IN 1937

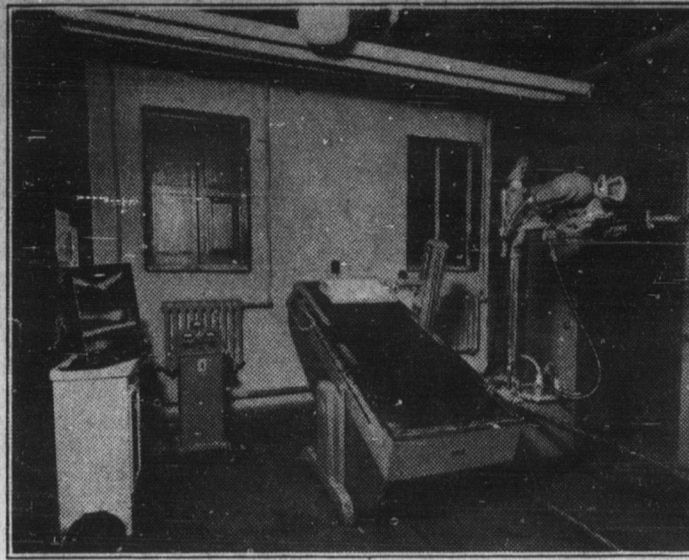
Twelve men were legally executed in the state prison during 1937 and 22 others are now inhabitants of "Death Row" awaiting disposition of their cases. In some of the cases the men have appeals pending in the Supreme court, others have been reprieved, while still other cases are being studied by the High Court of Annulment.

The year was an unusual one insofar as executions at state's prison went, and Friday Governor Hoey issued a statement analyzing his action on death cases during the year and asserting that the matter of race or color was not a determining factor in administration of justice.

The governor commuted death sentences of 10 persons, three white men and seven negro men, while one white man and 11 negroes were executed.

The proportion of the U. S. population living on farms, once predominant, has declined until now 75 per cent of the people live cities, towns and villages.

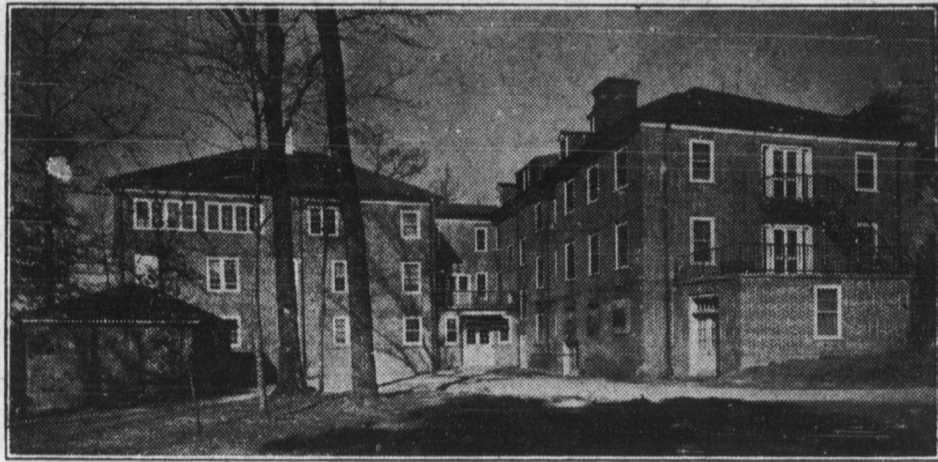
Modern X-Ray Room



Pictured above is a view of the x-ray room at Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, equipped with the very latest type combined x-ray and fluoroscopic unit. It is shock-proof and up-to-date.

NOTICE OF THE SERVICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

North Carolina, Surry County.
In the Superior Court
Grank M. Adams,
Vs.
Helen Farley Adams:
The defendant, Helen Farley Adams, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Surry County for the purpose of obtaining an absolute divorce on the grounds of adultery on the part of the defendant; the defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear before the undersigned Clerk of the Superior Court of Surry County, N. C. on or before the fifth day of February, 1938, and answer or demur to the complaint which has been filed in this cause or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
This the 14th day of December 1937.
F. T. LLEWELLYN,
1-6c Clerk Superior Court.
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To those whose money, time and effort have been responsible for this fine addition to the hospital goes the sincere thanks of every thinking person of this entire section.

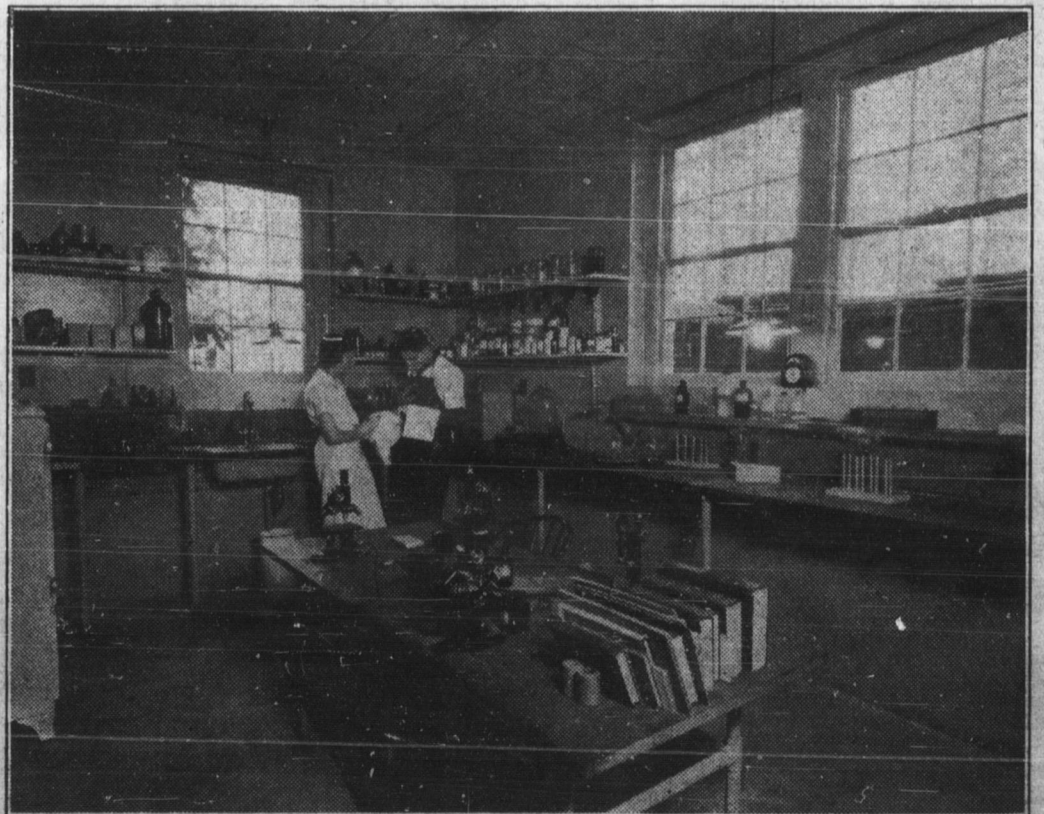
Elkin has been proud of her hospital since the opening of the original plant in 1931. And Elkin is proud of the success and growth of this indispensable institution as reflected in its enlarged plant and facilities.

To those responsible in a material way, and to the entire hospital staff whose efforts and service have made it the success it is, we can but offer our sincerest congratulations!

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