

# 4-H Clubs in Eastern Earle

## FOURTH INSTALMENT

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.

Altho 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 interviews Jabe Marion, a wealthy airplane builder, who decides to build a record-breaking round the world plane for Monty. Marion's daughter, Sunny, exquisitely beautiful, is attracted to Monty. She invites Natalie to dine with her, when they meet the aviator unexpectedly.

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.

Natalie thrilled at the sight. Her wild notion had brought success. The missing fliers were beneath them apparently unhurt. Monty Wallace tested the ground-currents cautiously and then put the ship into a steep dive.

Withered sandwiches and tepid pop disappeared like magic before

like heroes with Mack Hanlon himself, minus his eye-shade and with his suspenders hidden under a black searsucker coat, all but hugging the girl in his enthusiasm.

Jimmy Hale alone greeted her scornfully. "After all I've tried to tell you," he reprimanded her. "Going off without even a kodak. Won't you ever learn?"

But she knew that he was more pleased than he dared admit. "I forgot everything but getting started," she told him. "It never occurred to me to try for pictures."

"Well," the boy chuckled. "I'm going to see that you never go anywhere again without taking something along that will bring back a picture."

Jabe Marion bore the pair off then for dinner at his house, and there it was that Sunny congratulated them with cold reserve entirely foreign to her usual volubility.

"I hope you had a nice time," she said cuttingly when Natalie and she were alone together before dinner. Natalie took her firmly by the arms.

"Look at me," she commanded. "Do I look as tho I'd do anything I might be ashamed of? Just because we're both in love with Monty Wallace is no reason why we can't be decent to each other. I like you and when you aren't thinking of me as the she-devil who is taking your man from you, you like me."

The girl closed her eyes stubbornly. "I like you," she said, "when you don't consider it necessary to go on overnight trips into the desert with

"I'll probably die if you look well in it, but won't you wear something of mine?" Sunny offered and presently Natalie surveyed herself in a long glass wearing one of Sunny's stunning gowns.

"I knew I oughtn't to have done that," Sunny laughed. "Now I'll never get Monty to look at me again."

"It's just too bad about you," Natalie bantered.

And together the two went down the broad stairway in search of the man they loved.

But when they reached the library door, they found that he and Jabe Marion were too deep in conversation to pay any attention to feminine company.

When dinner was announced a few minutes later, both sprang up with apologies for having failed to notice that the two girls waited for them.

The four moved into the spacious dining room without pairing and there Jabe Marion stood in his place to propose to toast.

"Let us drink," he said, "to the success of the greatest flight ever proposed. To the plane Sunny Marion, to her non-stop refueling flight around the world, and to her pilot, Monty Wallace."

Natalie gasped. Sunny squealed with delight. Monty lifted his glass. "Success to the flight and to the man who conceived the plan," he amended.

"Success," cried Natalie, and the glasses drained.

"Breaks, kid," exulted Jimmy Hale. "You sure get 'em. And may you never miss."

Natalie's story of the proposed flight was rolling on the great presses of the Express. The first ink copies lay before the two as they stood in Jimmy's cluttered office.

Coming on the heels of her rescue story out of Lower California, it was world news, and Monty Wallace was again a hero, not only for what he had done but for what he was about to attempt.

In a dozen world capitals, betting odds were to be posted that same night on the chances of success.

The plan was simplicity itself, with Monty Wallace's flying accuracy as the key.

Ten refueling stations were to be established. Ten pilots were to stand ready, linked by short wave radio with the control station at Mineola, Long Island, where the start was to be made.

Wallace was to fly with the newest automatic control equipment.

Everything depended on the plane and on Wallace's ability to keep to the course. Proven methods of refueling in the air would be used and the plane would be altered at once to make refueling easy for the lone flier.

Natalie was already assigned to cover preparations at the home port. Plans were under way for the christening of the ship by Sunny Marion and Jimmy had sold pictures of the girl to half a dozen national agencies.

Sunny's glee was not hard to fathom, for the christening of the plane would link her name with that of Monty Wallace. The world would see romance there. There was at least a chance that Monty had suggested the naming of the ship tho Natalie had been responsible for the suggestion.

Inspired by the magnitude of the project, Natalie was nevertheless not without her misgivings. She knew that a thousand dangers lurked along the path of the plane and that Monty would crowd his luck for the last chance of success.

More than this, she found that Monty had suddenly become almost a stranger to her. So engrossed was he in the preparations for the flight that he would not leave the field except for sleep, and, tho her assignment threw the girl with him constantly, there were few moments when they regained any of the easy intimacy they had known.

Natalie's only consolation was that Sunny suffered from the same neglect and yet there were occasional conferences at the Marion home when Sunny must be present while Natalie was busy with her copy or otherwise left out.

As time for the flight drew near, the girl reporter found she had fewer and fewer moments to think of the danger of the plan or to try for the favor of the man she loved.

She knew at last that she was jealous of the flight as well as of Sunny Marion and when Jimmy found her hiding in his dark room one evening in tears he guessed what

the trouble was.

"You're just naturally bound to love that guy, aren't you?" he chided. "Well, don't break your heart and we'll see what can be done."

The girl poured out her troubles into his willing ear. He took her in his arms as tho she were his sister instead of the girl he adored and promised her that he would do "his best damndest" to fix things up for her.

He took her home and made her promise to get into bed and forget all about it.

Sleep came to her rescue then but she awoke in the middle of the night, apparently awakened by some noise at the door.

For an instant she was terrified but she knew that help was within call and so she went to the door and opened it. A man lay there, sprawled on the hall carpet and when she bent above him she found it was Jimmy Hale, unconscious and clearly very drunk.

Her heart went out to him as it had never done before. She bent to lift him up and got him into the room. With the door swiftly closed so that he was safe from arrest for his condition and his midnight visit, she helped him to her own bed, stilling his mutterings and watched over him the rest of the night.

She fell asleep in the big chair where she sat and the sun was high when she waked the next morning to find the boy still slumbering heavily.

In the very small cabinet kitchen where she prepared her breakfasts, she brewed for him some very strong coffee and broke out a can of tomatoes, remembering that he had spoken often of their efficacy after much drinking.

Then she waked him and laughed at his consternation.

"Great Scot, Nat," he cried in his husky voice. "I didn't know I was as bad as that. Let me get out of here before I wreck your whole rep."

She gave him coffee and insisted that he get into a cold bath, promising him breakfast when he had swept some of the cobwebs out of his brain.

Over the dainty slices of toast and the crisp bacon he was presently a complete picture of chagrin. His chin was rough and his clothes were rumpled. He protested that he was not fit to associate with her.

"Weren't you trying to forget something last night, Jimmy? Isn't that why you drank so much?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Yeah," he said, "and it took a lot."

"It's not a nice way to do, Jimmy. But I sometimes think it's better than remembering too much. Let's let it go at that."

"But how am I going to get out of here without making it look bad for you?" he pleaded.

The girl laughed. "Can you run Jimmy?" she asked.

"Sure, why?"

"Well, I'm going out after a while and when I come back, I'm going to find a prowler in my room. I'm going to make a terrible fuss and you'll have to beat it fast."

"Kid," he chuckled. "You're a genius. But you'd better wash up these dishes before you let anybody in here."

They laughed together and began clearing away the breakfast things. Jimmy was very busy after that with mysterious affairs that seemed to involve his being with Sunny Marion. He said nothing about all this to Natalie even when they were working together on some angle of the story of the great flight.

Natalie herself was busy. She had access to the company files and each day there was some difficulty that had to be ironed out and that usually proved the basis for her story of that day.

The refueling stations were already set up. Each had a plane at hand and an auxiliary plane available. Each had a pilot in charge and an assistant pilot ready in case of emergency.

It had not proved necessary to forward pilots or planes. American pilots in each of the countries designated for refueling stations proved available for the work at hand. It was vital only that they have experience in the type of work attempted and that they have uniform equipment.

It was not intended that all the stations would be used but that they should be ready if needed.

Each of the auxiliary pilots was radio operator and the short-wave chain was in operation. It was from the log of conversations that Natalie culled most of the information she used for publication.

Mont Wallace, in active charge of most of these arrangements as well as the readying of the plane, had grown less and less preoccupied as the plans took shape. He was now thoroughly convinced that they would go thru and that nothing but bad luck could stop the flight.

"In a thing like this," he told Natalie when she visited the hangar office a week before the flight, "you got to count on luck. You do everything you can to keep luck out, but it creeps in spite of all. It's only the bad luck I'll have to fight. Everything else has been accounted for."

"You'll have to fight sleep, won't you, Mont?" she questioned.

"That will be easy. I wouldn't be able to sleep a dime's worth if I were staying home and somebody else were making the flight after all this preparation. It will be easier to stay awake when I know I've got the whole thing on my hands. Besides, it won't matter if I doze off now and then, for the automatic controls will take care of the ship and there is an alarm system if anything goes wrong."

The thought of Mont Wallace sleeping at the controls of the valiant little ship as it hurtled thru space sent a creepy thrill of fear into the girl's heart, but she made a note of the plan and used it for her lead that night.

Two days later Natalie Wade drove to the airport with sinking heart. This was the day that Monty was to take off for the East. He was to refuel at Denver on the cross-continent flight in order to see that everything had been remembered. The last leg of the eastern flight was to be under cover of darkness.

"I'll be meeting the days pretty fast on this trip and I've got to get used to it," he told her when she asked about that feature of the preliminary start. That gave her another lead. "Days to be short for Wallace," the public would read that night.

In the midst of their conversation Jimmy Hale drove up. He had pleaded delay and Natalie had taken a taxicab to the field. He drew her aside and slipped something into her hand.

"Pretend this is your birthday, kid," he said. "I fixed this up for you so you can shoot pictures yourself when you get in a spot."

She saw then that he had given her a small and very fast camera of a type he had often described to her. She thanked him earnestly and then he jerked a thumb toward the night office.

"Old Jabe Marion wants to see you," he told her.

He did not follow after as she crossed to the opposite side of the hangar and sought out the gray-haired MAC president.

"Hello, Natalie," he said, smiling up at her from the desk. "Do you know why I sent for you?"

"I haven't an idea in the world," the girl replied honestly.

"I've just arranged," he said proudly, "to have you make the New York trip with Wallace. It's all fixed with the paper. There's nothing for you to do but pack a bag and go."

Natalie seized Jabe Marion's hand and wrung it excitedly.

"I—I've been dying to suggest it," she concluded her thanks, "but I didn't have the nerve."

Jimmy Hale had known about it. He had brought her the little camera because he knew. Mont Wallace grinned when he saw her coming toward him. Then he knew about it, too, she realized, and he was happy. Sunny Marion was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps she knew about the plan, and was not happy.

Jimmy carried her off to fetch her belongings.

He was as gleeful as tho he had been going alone on that first leg of the flight himself.

"It's a great chance for you, kid," he said. "And when you take pix, see that they mean something; don't just stand 'em up and shoot 'em."

He showed her how to operate the simple shutter of the camera.

"Take a lot of shots," he advised her. "Some of them are bound to be no good, but there's a hundred pictures in one load of that thing and some of them will turn out all right."

Natalie threw things into her bag. Jimmy watched.

"You didn't ever find that prowler that was in here, did you?" he grinned.

Natalie laughed. "Listen, kid," Jimmy said, "I've got more news for you."

She looked up, snapping the look on her grip. "Sunny is sore as a goat. She wanted to make that trip herself. Now she's going by another plane and I'm going with her. We'll be there a little while after you land."

Mont lifted Natalie almost into her place in the small motor. The motor revved up and they taxied across the field. Then there was a rush into the of the wind. They were off. Denver, Cleveland and New York.

Once more Natalie Wade's heart fluttered against Mont's and happiness flew with them as they swept toward the mountains.

That day seemed like a dream to Natalie, but it ended in nightmare when they refueled at Denver. She shifted the cabin hatch and climbed to foot-rests above with his bag whipped by the angry slipstream.

What if the ship should veer suddenly and throw him from his place? But she remembered that there were auxiliary controls on the cabin rest by which he could handle everything but the lateral rudder.

She saw the fueling ship move above them. She knew that it must hold steady for the proper contact that Mont must catch the swinging fuel line and whip it into the tank vent.

She could see little of the operation, but she knew presently that it was a success. She saw the other plane swing off to the south and head back to the field. Mont slid back into his seat and closed the hatch.

He grinned at her, and in an instant she was in his arms, clinging to him with hot tears streaming down her cheeks. He kissed her hungrily, but he laughed at her tears.

They flew on then into the darkness. There was nothing to guide them but Mont's instinct and the star-glow of the night sky. There was a beacon now and then, but they seemed so few and far apart.

Natalie fought her terror thro the night. It was not possible, it seemed to her, that this boy could circle the monstrous earth below in this frail plane. He would crash.

He would die somewhere along the route that had been a thin, red line on the globe in the flight office!

Mont knew the Long Island flying field and the towns that lay about as he knew the back of his hand. Everywhere he was hailed by friendly voices. He turned his ship over to the starting control station while Natalie telephoned the Eastern newspaper connections for which she was to do her story.

She had scribbled a diary of the flight as they flew East. Now she must find a quiet spot to turn out her lead. So overwrought was she by her fears that she told Mont she didn't believe she could do her work.

He hailed a cab and hurried her off to a tiny hotel where he was known. Presently he sat beside her in a pleasant room overlooking a quiet street.

"Now, take your time," he said. "Nobody knows where you are. Nobody can bother you till you are ready for them. Do your stuff and then we'll tell them where to come for it."

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. Messages came rushing at Mont'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 a wide, white bed. But fear struck then at her heart. Sleep would not come.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

New recognition has been given to the work of 4-H Clubs with the passage of a law by Congress prohibiting the unauthorized use of the 4-H Club emblem. The emblem is in the shape of a green four-leaf clover with stem, and a white H, or a gold H, in each leaf.

One test for ripe, well-flavored pineapple is a fragrant odor.

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## South Hill

Mr. Earl Schoonover, Ro

July 25.—Mrs. Lillian ent Sunday with her nieces, Mrs. Howard De

polies, Mrs. Anthony Dougherty. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn E

ed son Robert and Mrs. T rouspurg called on their rs. Glenn Schoonover and rs. day.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Cl ruce were Wednesday even guests of Mr. and Mrs. ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Sc family attended the Ka on at Ruben Welty's, ere were 35 present. T a will be held next yea

d Mrs. Vern Hall's at C John Fisher and family us Dean one day last w Mrs. Harold Barney, Mis rney, Miss Betty Billin ss Addie Billings called

trude Schoonover's, Fri rnoon. Howard Dean attende me at the Tuller field, V nday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Sc d son Gerald spent Fri th Roswell Greene and st Valley and journeyed the Saturday for the day

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Cl tuesday evening callers me of H. G. Clark. William Beihl and fami ey Hill called on fami er, Sunday afternoon.

## Independen

(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Re

Professor Patze and f chion, N. J., attended ch tuesday. Prof. Patze is summer school at Al delivered a very instructiv the church service.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Sp raries, Mr. and Mrs. Pa d Paul, Jr., attended a rty for Mr. Spicer at Mr

roll Spicer's in Himrod Miss Wanda Mattison d Mr. and Mrs. Decatur nistwo Sunday for a w

Mr. and Mrs. Herman ellsville passed Sunday rents, Mr. and Mrs. Joh Mrs. Waring of Frankli guest Sunday of her mo

m. Bell, Sr. Mrs. Mable Reynolds, E olds, Miss Marion Foster ace Houch of Alfred urch Saturday and were

r. and Mrs. W. E. Green Director S. W. Clarke New York Thursday

Dr. and Mrs. Benj. Cr fred are passing this v her brother, Milford Cr randall delivered the a e Sunday evening com

ce. Mrs. Hattie Crandall Alfred, Mrs. Robert bby Jim of Chester, line and Joyce Jones

le spent Thursday wit rs. Floyd Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Burt E

family of Shongo passe with their parents, Mr. lza Hawks and Mr. and illings.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton C daughters of Wellsville, and Mrs. George Taylor ale, Mich., spent Sunda d Mrs. W. E. Greene.

Louis and Jane Ston ee, Pa., were visiting illings' from Thursday ay.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred I Oswayo, Pa., spent Sund and Mrs. W. E. Denms

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Ny ly of Andover were gu of his parents, Mr. and yce.

Misses Helen Langv Helen Knapp of Niagara Mr. and Mrs. Milford eek.

Miss Genevieve Mat Whitesville is passing

Mr. and Mrs. Walla Smithboro and Mr. and Rising of Owego are v A. Clarke's and other week.

Subscribe to the And



A man lay there, sprawled on the hall carpet.

the onslaught of the two lost pilots. Bar chocolate and candy bars helped restore their morale and their sense of humor.

They chattered of their adventure, told of the clogged oil line that had caused them to try a landing and of the treacherous air current that had whipped the plane into the ground and crippled it beyond immediate repair.

Natalie drank in the details. Mont Wallace studied his maps and marked upon them the nearest seacoast town that might have a telegraph line. Arrangements were made for the two youths to remain where they were until help had been sent and then Mont and Natalie took off for the coast in high triumph.

At the small Mexican town, Mont wired the lost fliers' home airport and Natalie began writing sheet after sheet of her story. Getting the news out was a prodigious task for the small black-haired, black-eyed operator had little understanding of English and was forced to send the words almost letter by letter.

Before the task had been completed, radio had sent two planes to land beside Mont's ship on the beach before the town. Mont led the rescue flight and then came back for the girl.

As they winged their way north along the coast of California Bay, Natalie was happier than she had ever been before and Mont's mood matched hers in gaily.

To their chagrin they found they had nothing to eat or drink aboard but they were determined to make port at the earliest possible moment and decided to forget the inconvenience of going without lunch.

"We'll have the biggest dinner there is on the Pacific Coast," Mont declared and they planned for the evening together.

At the airport, they were received

him." Natalie's head went up then and she turned to the business of freshening herself after the dishevelment of the journey. For a long moment she did not speak. When she did, it was with cold fury.

"When I stoop to the sort of tactics you mean, I will have lost not only my principles but any vestiges of good sense that may be left to me. I don't propose to be anybody's pet cat and if I find I have to degrade myself to make Mont Wallace love me, I'll choose rather to be worthy of his love than to have it."

Sunny laughed unpleasantly. "That," she sneered, "is a good line for one of your stories. But you know and I know that you'd take him on any terms."

"Don't be silly," Natalie rejoined. "What you know and I know is that either of us could have had him on his own terms long before this."

Sunny broke then. The tears came and she held out her arms to Natalie.

"I'm sorry," she sobbed. "But I am so jealous of you sometimes I don't know what I'm doing. Even then I don't know why I have to try to hurt you for I can't help being crazy about you."

Natalie comforted the girl as best she could. "And do you think I'm not jealous of you? I'd give my eyes sometimes if you weren't so good-looking."

"Oh, Nat. I never thought of that. You hang onto yourself so. I didn't think you were ever silly. It's because you're such a swell that I can't imagine anybody not loving you."

"Well, now that we've got all that out of our systems, I suppose we ought to go down for dinner. I wish I could send home for something I haven't slept in." She considered her rumpled costume ruefully.

Natalie was already assigned to cover preparations at the home port. Plans were under way for the christening of the ship by Sunny Marion and Jimmy had sold pictures of the girl to half a dozen national agencies.

Sunny's glee was not hard to fathom, for the christening of the plane would link her name with that of Mont Wallace. The world would see romance there. There was at least a chance that Mont had suggested the naming of the ship tho Natalie had been responsible for the suggestion.

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