

SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

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YESTERDAY, Georgette returns from the field. Sada Anne's note, Georgette asks Dick to fly her to North Point. Meanwhile, Anne is having some doubts about Tony's hold on her promise. Within an hour she will be Mrs. Tony Scott.

CHAPTER IV

AT North Point airport, Dick Douglas helped Georgette from the plane that had brought them from Midland University. "Dick, do you think we're in time?"

"I hope so. Be a shame to waste all this effort."

She looked around her. "Will we be able to find a cab?"

"Maybe. Never can tell about these small-town airports. We might borrow a car if we need to."

Luckily, however, a taxi stood near the airport office. Dick told the driver to take them to the marriage bureau, adding, "Don't linger on the way, either. We're in a hurry."

The driver grinned over his shoulder at them as he started his motor. "Don't you want to stop on the way and buy the girl some flowers?"

Georgette giggled, despite her anxiety. "Dick, he thinks we're eloping." "Her face grew serious again. "Oh, Dick, if we aren't in time, what on earth will we do?"

He lit a cigaret, tossing the match out the window. "There are such things as quiet annulments, you know."

"You don't know Tony Scott," the girl told him earnestly. "No quiet annulment for him!"

"Really has his heart set on Miss Norris, has he?" Dick asked casually. "Maybe we ought not to interfere."

"Dick, I don't think he cares a snap of his fingers about Anne."

"Then why drag her off to North Point for a runaway marriage? Georgette, I always thought you had good sense, but—"

"He doesn't love her," Georgette insisted, interrupting him. "This Tony person—well, he has money, great gobs of it. His father is a racketeer, or something, practically a gangster—race tracks, roadhouses, gambling. You know what I mean. Tony doesn't care anything about Anne's wealth, but he does care a lot about her—well, social position."

"Well, you are certainly penalizing him because he picked the wrong father," Dick continued to tease.

"Oh, it is more than that," Georgette defended herself. "It wouldn't be so bad if Tony were a decent sort himself. But he is simply awful. His good manners are so overdone, so insincere. His good looks are kind of oily, and he makes my flesh creep."

Dick laughed at her vehemence, but went on, "And still your Anne has fallen for him!"

"She doesn't realize what she is doing," was the heated response. "Tony's new and different, reckless and exciting. That's all. I know the only reason she ran away was because she was so mad. He urged her on and probably dared her."

She glanced ahead through the windows of the cab. "We've got to be on time. We've got to!"

THE marriage license bureau was at the end of a long hall. "If they've already been here," Georgette said, "we'll try and catch up with them before they get to a justice—"

The opening of the door ahead interrupted her. Anne came into the hall, her face very pale against the soft fur of her coat collar. At the sight of Georgette and Dick, she stopped suddenly, one hand pressed against her cheek.

"Tony appeared just behind her, his look triumphant. For a moment, he failed to notice the couple who were coming down the hall, his whole attention focused on a paper he was folding carefully."

Georgette recognized the paper instinctively. It was, it must be the marriage license.

She moved quickly, and before Tony realized her intention or could stop her, she had snatched the license from his hands and torn it into small pieces. He stared at her for an instant, startled. In that moment, his self-imposed air of breeding slipped from him.

"You interfering, dirty little snob!" He clenched his fist and struck at her. "I'll show you—"

Dick grabbed the upraised arm. In a second, Tony checked himself, but it was too late. He would have given anything he owned to take back that brief, revealing moment. He caught his breath sharply, tried to undo the damage.

"Oh, Miss Parker," his tone was unctuous, "I forgot myself, I'm sorry."

As he paused, he realized that Georgette was paying no attention to him. She had her arms about Anne and was pleading desperately with her friend.

"Anne, Anne, you can't do this. Please."

ANNE stood as if dazed, motionless. In that instant of Tony's uncontrolled rage, she had learned what she had felt instinctively all along. She had been on the brink of making the most hideous mistake of her entire life. If Georgette and Captain Douglas had arrived a few minutes later, she would have been married to Tony Scott.

Now, since that moment in which the mask had slipped from the man she had been about to marry, her only desire was to get as far away from him as possible. Yet, that other side of her nature, her stubborn pride, insisted that

she go ahead with her original plans—if only to show how little she cared for the influence of others.

But it was Tony who saved the day for her. His native shrewdness and cunning had conquered his rage, and he felt that to give in now would be to gain a victory later. One wrong move and Anne would be lost to him forever.

"Anne dear, these people may be right. We don't want to be married this way, do we, Sweetheart. Not as though we were—running away—"

She smiled at him and the color came back into her face.

"You're right, Tony. We'll wait."

That was when Dick stepped up and, managing a smile, said—"If you're going back to Midland, Miss, we'll be glad to give you a ride."

A FEW minutes later Anne found herself on the way to the airport with Georgette and Dick. She was still breathless and a little confused, as though in some unaccountable way she had escaped from an unknown danger. Through the haze that surrounded her, she was aware of the light on Dick Douglas' lean face as his cupped hands held at match to his cigaret, and of his voice speaking to her.

"Too bad you hadn't the nerve enough to take the flying course, Miss Norris."

The haze seemed to melt magically. "I beg your pardon," she said coldly.

"You heard what I said," the

pilot replied easily. "I said it was too bad you lost your nerve about learning to fly."
She had never—no, never—been so furious in her life.
"So that's what you think, is it?" She was amazed at the intensity of her own voice. Well, I'll show you. I'll just take your flying course—and complete it—just to show you that you're not the only one with nerve."
(To Be Continued)



SHOPPING LIST—Job of supervising all defense purchasing has fallen to Donald M. Nelson (above). His appointment was a move toward speed-up of armament program.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

THE SO-CALLED WET AND DRY POSITIONS OF THE MOON CAN BE PREDICTED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AHEAD... BUT NO ONE CAN FORETELL WET AND DRY WEATHER ACCURATELY MONTHS IN ADVANCE.



ANSWER: Alexander Graham Bell. They were the first words spoken and understood over a telephone.

GREEK GOD

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle
1 God of manly beauty.
6 He was also god of
11 Eagle's home.
12 Mistake.
13 On the lee.
14 Starch.
15 Metallic rock.
16 Credit.
17 Sprite.
20 Your.
21 Natural power.
23 12 months.
24 To enrich.
30 Monkeys.
33 Badge of valor.
35 To equip with weapons.
36 To build.
37 To impel forward.
39 Language.
40 Deteriorates.
43 The caema.
47 Faint-hearted.
48 Sleeveless cloak.
51 Kind of tides.
19 He was encourager or — of herds.
20 Snare.
22 To mend.
24 Ever (contr.).
25 Bustle.
27 North Africa (abbr.).
28 Visionary.
29 Mystic syllable.
31 Wooden pin.
32 Small shield.
34 Guided.
36 Goddess of dawn.
38 To rent.
39 To scatter grass.
41 Morsels.
42 Tendon.
44 To wither.
45 Ancient tale.
46 Narrative poem.
48 Berets.
49 Indian nurse.
50 Imaginary being.
52 Sun.
54 Seaman.



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



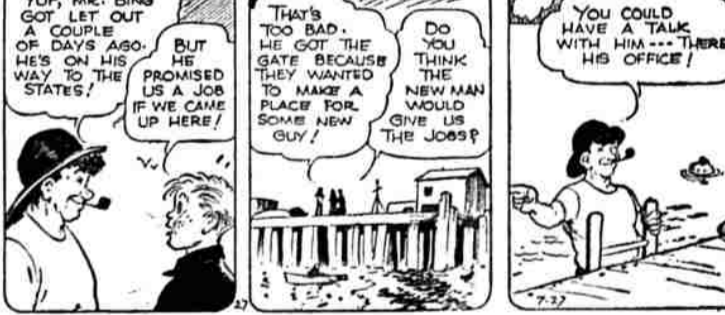
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



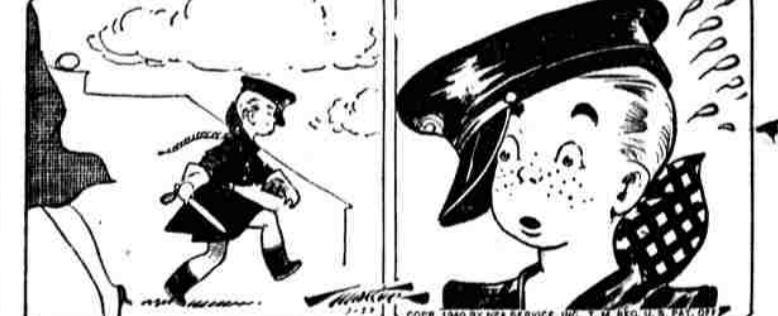
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

