

SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

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YESTERDAY, Anne takes her first training flight. Patiently fundamentals of piloting a ship, she listens to the instructor's instructions that must be observed. Meeting George after the lesson, Anne promises "I'll be a pilot or bust!"

CHAPTER VI

THERE was laughter and the sound of gay voices in the softly lighted dining room of the city's exclusive club. The general air was one of secure and quiet dignity.

But it was not a comfortable atmosphere for Tony Scott, dining with Anne Norris. He reminded himself furiously this was just the type of place he hoped to enter through his marriage with her. He was here now, as her guest, but he didn't like it. He had an uncomfortable feeling that people were staring at him and whispering. He'd show them someday, he promised himself. Someday, when he was Anne's husband.

"Tony, I just can't see you again for a while."

"What do you mean—a while?" His voice was steady. After all, he had been expecting something like this.

"Well—until the end of the year, I've promised." "I see, I'm sorry, Anne. I'd had an idea I was important to you. I guess I was wrong."

"Of course, you're important to me. Don't you see, Tony? I've promised my uncle—my guardian—I wouldn't see you again until school closes in June. Having dinner with you tonight is the last date until then. I had to see you once more—to explain."

"And—after school closes?" "Then—" She lifted her hands in a lovely gesture.

He nodded. This was another of those times, he told himself, when seeming to agree would win him success later, later that very evening, in fact. When Anne had suggested they dine at her uncle's club, he had readily assented—because he had his own plans for the remainder of the evening.

"I would have said yes, to go against your guardian's wishes," he told her. With a sudden smile, he added: "After all, it isn't long until June."

He noticed a couple at a nearby table glancing at him curiously. Again he felt angry and uncomfortable.

"Come on, Anne, let's get out of here!" He started to say "These high-hats think they're the only people on earth," and caught himself just in time. That wasn't the thing to say to Anne. He smiled and continued suavely. "I want you all to myself—on our last date for a long while."

RAIN was beginning to fall as Tony's sleek, fast car drove away from the club.

"Maybe we'd better go straight back to the college," Anne suggested. "It's going to storm."

"Okay, I guess you're right." They drove a few miles in the direction of the Midland campus, then suddenly the car slowed.

"Anne, let's go by the Post road. There's a fellow out there I want to see about a boat I'm buying—it won't take but a minute."

"All right. It's early, anyway." They drove out the Post road, talking idly of the boat Tony meant to buy. At last he stopped the car before a low, brilliantly-lit building. Starting out the car window, Anne recognized it as the Villa Aloha, one of the roadhouses forbidden to college students.

"Come on with me, Anne. It's too wet for you to wait in the car." She shook her head. "I don't want to break school rules, Tony."

"Oh, come on—it isn't as if you were going in to spend the evening. Anyway, no one will recognize you. The manager won't let any college people in."

She hesitated a moment. It was true it was a little different to go in for a moment with Tony, who was there on business. It was, she hoped, just as true that no one would recognize her. And she had always been curious to see inside the place. Still—

THE Villa Aloha was a tawdry place, too bright, too filled with loud voices, heavy smoke and the unmistakable odor of liquor. A three-piece orchestra played swing at one end of the room. The men and women sitting at the tables were as strange to Anne as the guests at her uncle's club had been strange to Tony. She was uncomfortable and a little frightened, and hoped Tony would hurry.

They would have to wait a few minutes, he explained, and, a little reluctantly, she sat down at one of the tables.

"Hi, Tony!" Anne turned and saw a slender, pretty, blond girl, in a cheap taffeta evening dress standing by the table.

"Hello, Clarice." Tony's cheeks had reddened a little. "Miss Norris—Miss Lane. Clarice runs the dice game here," he added, in explanation. The blond girl barely acknowledged the introduction, devoting her attention to Tony.

"Where have you been, anyway? I thought you were going to call me up last week."

"I was busy," Tony said curtly. "Never knew you to be that busy before," Clarice said, laughing shrilly. She laid her hand on Tony's arm, familiarly.

A sudden wave of revulsion came over Anne. More than anything in the world, she wanted to get out of the Villa Aloha, away from Tony, back to the security of the college.

going, right now. I'll wait for you in the car—"

Her voice died in her throat. Two men, wide shouldered, flashily dressed, edged past their table, hands in coat pockets. As they reached the next table, a short, stout man seated there leaped up in sudden fear, overturning his chair.

Angry voices, guns spitting flame—confusion—somewhere a woman screamed. The musicians stopped in the middle of a phrase.

For an instant, Anne was too paralyzed with fear to move. Then she realized that she must get away, and at once—

"Tony—!" Tony was gone.

HER one thought was to get away. Others had had the same idea, and there was a crowd at the door. The police would be here soon, she might be held for questioning. That would mean the end of her college career, she knew.

Frantic and frightened, she looked around the room for a way out.

"Come this way—"

She saw Clarice, a look of sympathy on her face.

"Here—there's a rear door to the manager's office—follow me." Anne followed the dice-game girl as she led her through a maze of hallways to the office, and unlocked a rear door.

"Beat it while you can. That guy Tony—he would save his own skin, and leave you stuck here—the rat!"

She all but shoved Anne out the door, and slammed it shut.

A police car had stopped at the front entrance of the building.

Tony's car was gone, in desperation. Anne ran the other way, across a stretch of bushes and open ground. Stumbling in the dark, her dress catching on branches and brambles, she ran through the rain. Somehow she must get away. But she had a sudden terrible feeling that she was being pursued.

(To Be Continued)



Judging by this comely British conductoress, it must be a pleasure to ride London's busses these days. Her work frees men for active service.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP

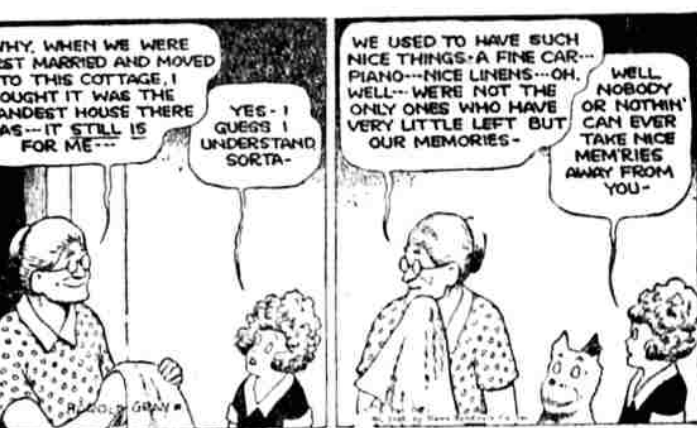
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SEGUIN, MAINE, HAD 2,734 HOURS OF FOG IN 1907 ... ALMOST ONE-THIRD OF THE ENTIRE YEAR.



EACH DEGREE OF LONGITUDE ON THE EARTH REPRESENTS FOUR MINUTES OF TIME.

THESE WOMEN WERE THE WIVES OF WHAT U.S. PRESIDENTS? GRACE ANNA GOODHUE, MATHA DANDRIDGE CUSTIS, LOU HENRY, HELEN HERRON.

ANSWER: Calvin Coolidge, George Washington, Herbert Hoover and William Howard Taft.

FIRST PRESIDENT

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'FIRST PRESIDENT'.

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MISS NORRIS—MISS LANE. Clarice runs the dice game here.