● SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

COPYRIGHT, 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: The gunmen, realizing Anne could identify them, trail her as she flees through the storm. Dick drives by in time to save her. He advises her not to return to the tavern, takes her home. Anne is definitely through with Tony.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT Anne's alert mind, her poise, and her ease, were to be of immeasurable help in making a pilot of her, Captain Douglas knew during her next instruction period, a few days later. He had feared that the distressing events of the Villa Aloha incident might still be worrying her and would affect her reactions to flight training. But, if she were worrying, she did not show it.

"Can you name these instruments for me?" he asked after they were in the cockpit, safety belts securely fastened.

"I believe I can." Pointing to them, each in turn, Anne recited: "Magnetic compass, air speed indicator, turn and bank indicator, rate of climb indicator, altimeter, tachometer, and—" she hesitated for a moment—"clock."

She brought out the last very impressively as though identifying it were a great achievement, and they both laughed.

"Fine," Dick complimented her. "And the name of each of these explains its purpose, except the tachometer. What is it?"

"Oh, I really read up on that," Anne, laughed. "It measures the revolutions per minute of the airplane engine."

"Good. These are the instruments you'll use to get your instrument rating from the Civil Aeronautics Authority, but your directional gyro and your artificial horizon also are standard equipment."

"Isn't blind flying, instrument flying?" Anne asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "You'll learn a lot more about these later. Now let's see about the controls."

• • •

THE plane was still on the line, its engine not yet running. Dick Douglas lightly grasped the stick and put his foot on the rudder bar, as he instructed Anne.

"Get the feel of these, as I put pressure on them."

Anne was alert to response of stick and rudder to the light almost imperceptible pressure put upon them.

"When we are in the air," Captain Douglas went on, "I will show you again how even a slight movement of the rudder and the stick controls the plane."

Her instructor signaled the attendant mechanic to start the engine, and seconds later the prop was whirling and the chocks were away from the wheels.

"Look forward, watch the horizon and the nose of the ship as I take off," Dick told her as the ship went into the wind and he "gave it the gun."

• • •

THE ship rose in a long, slow climb, above the trees in the pasture beyond the airport, over the clubhouse of the nearby golf club, and then it leveled off, its nose pointed directly at the horizon.

Once again, Anne was told to follow her companion's motions as he used stick and rudder. At each change in pressure, she was conscious of the response of the ship. Her hand was holding the stick and her feet were upon the bar, the nose of the ship on the horizon, when she glanced at her instructor, and saw that his hands were resting on his knees, and that his feet were not on the rudder bars.

The realization that she was flying the plane herself terrified her momentarily and she clutched firmly upon the stick, pressing heavily to the right on the rudder bar. The ship turned to the right, but Captain Douglas shook his head.

"Not so hard," he warned, as he took over the controls himself.

Anne relaxed at once and her touch again was light and easy as she followed his actions.

Before long, the handling of controls was given to her again, and this time, she used her hands and feet in an attempt to co-ordinate the controls properly.

After a few brief explanations of the simpler maneuvers of the plane, Dick turned the ship toward the airport, circled it once and coming into the wind, landed on the long runway.

Anne was smiling as he helped her from the ship. Tony and the shooting, at least for the time, had been forgotten. Dick's terse "Nice going!" made everything right.

• • •

BUT at that moment Tony was stepping from a phone booth at the Villa Aloha, his face white with rage. He had just made his eighth attempt to reach Anne by telephone, and been told, for the eighth time, that she was not in.

He had to admit that his carefully laid plan had backfired. He had hoped and planned that Anne's visit to the roadhouse would be discovered. He had reasoned that if she were expelled from Midland University, and involved in scandal, he could induce her to marry him immediately.

When the shooting had taken place, his first thought had been to get away before the police arrived. His second thought had been that this was a marvelous chance to involve Anne in a nasty mess. He had known that she would resent his desertion of her but he had thought that it would be balanced later by her gratitude to him for standing by her when other friends deserted her.

But, by some miracle, she had gotten safely away. Now she refused to have anything more to do with him. He had to admit that he had lost. Tony Scott was not a good loser.

He slumped down at the bar, his chin on his hand, and growled, "Harry, I'd give a lot to know how that girl got away from here."

The bartender stopped polishing glasses long enough to say, "If you mean your red-haired friend the other night, I can tell you."

"How?" Tony stared at him in amazement.

The bartender looked around before he spoke. "She beat it out the back way and scrammed up the road. Those two guys—you know who I mean—went after her. They wanted to scare her into keeping her mouth shut. They just about caught her a ways up the road when she was picked up by a guy in a little car. He was just driving down the road."

Tony scowled. "I'd like to lay my hands on the guy. He sure upset my apple cart."

"Joe recognized his car," the bartender said casually, resuming his polishing. "Yellow roadster with wire wheels. Goes by here a lot. Belongs to that government flying instructor out to the airport."

"Douglas?" Tony asked, an ugly light in his eyes.

"Don't know his name," the bartender said.

Tony thought for a moment. Dick Douglas drove a yellow roadster with wire wheels.

"That's the second time that guy messed things up for me!"

• • •

FOR a long moment he sat lost in thought. At last he spoke again to the bartender, leaning across the bar and speaking in a confidential tone.

"Harry, get hold of Jumps Daley for me. Know where he might be?"

"I could find out."

"Find him, and have him meet me here. It's important."

Tony's expression wasn't pleasant as he added, "I'm going to get that guy Douglas if it's the last thing I do!"

(To Be Continued)

IN CHARGE—Gen. Douglas MacArthur (above), former chief-of-staff of U. S. army, now heads a military mission to the Philippines and as a marshal in the Philippine army is active in strengthening that country's defense program.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: A tie formed with cord, a bird, a unit of speed, a limb growth in lumber.

PATRIOT OF OLD

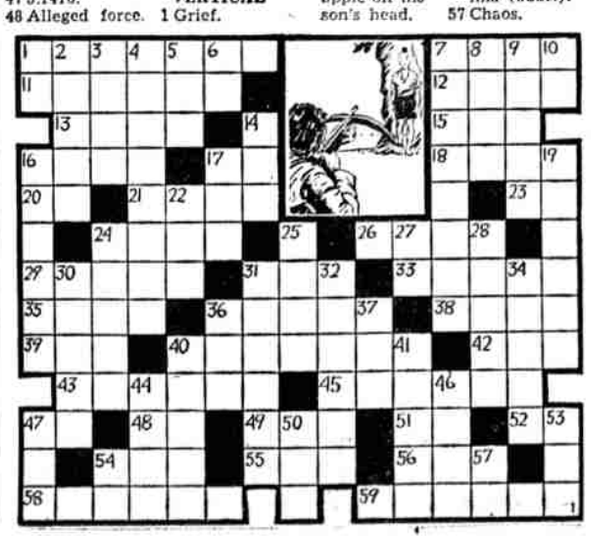
HORIZONTAL

1, 7 Legendary Swiss patriot.
11 Bulb vegetables.
12 Medley.
13 Gaseous element.
15 To question.
16 Marshes.
17 Hawaiian bird.
18 To search.
20 Either.
21 Orient.
23 Note in scale.
24 Small insect.
26 To instigate.
29 Apple centers.
31 Dry.
33 Angler's basket.
35 Pieced out.
36 Withered.
38 To rescue.
39 Any flatfish.
40 Opposed to artificial.
42 Sorrowful.
43 Second last syllable.
45 Delineated.
47 3.1416.
48 Alleged force.
49 Goddess of dawn.
51 Parent.
52 Sound of inquiry.
54 To sink.
55 To repent.
56 Electrified particle.
58 He was an expert —— or shot.
59 He refused to —— or greet his foreign ruler.

VERTICAL

1 Grief.
2 Interior.
3 Legal claim.
4 Freed from tightness.
5 Wayside hotel.
6 While.
7 Devices for browning bread.
8 Otherwise.
9 Loves.
10 Behold.
14 To corrupt.
16 He was —— to shoot an apple off his son's head.
17 Hops kiln.
19 He —— or slew this ruler.
22 Sloths.
24 Swimming bird.
25 Food list.
27 Before Christ (abbr.).
28 Plague.
30 Giraffe type beast.
31 Portrait subject.
32 Cherry red.
34 To elude.
36 Constant companion.
37 Stream barrier.
40 To push gently.
41 Vampire.
44 Biblical builder of the ark.
46 Jail.
47 Tiny vegetable
50 Opposite of in
53 Garden tool.
54 South Carolina (abbr.).
57 Chaos.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

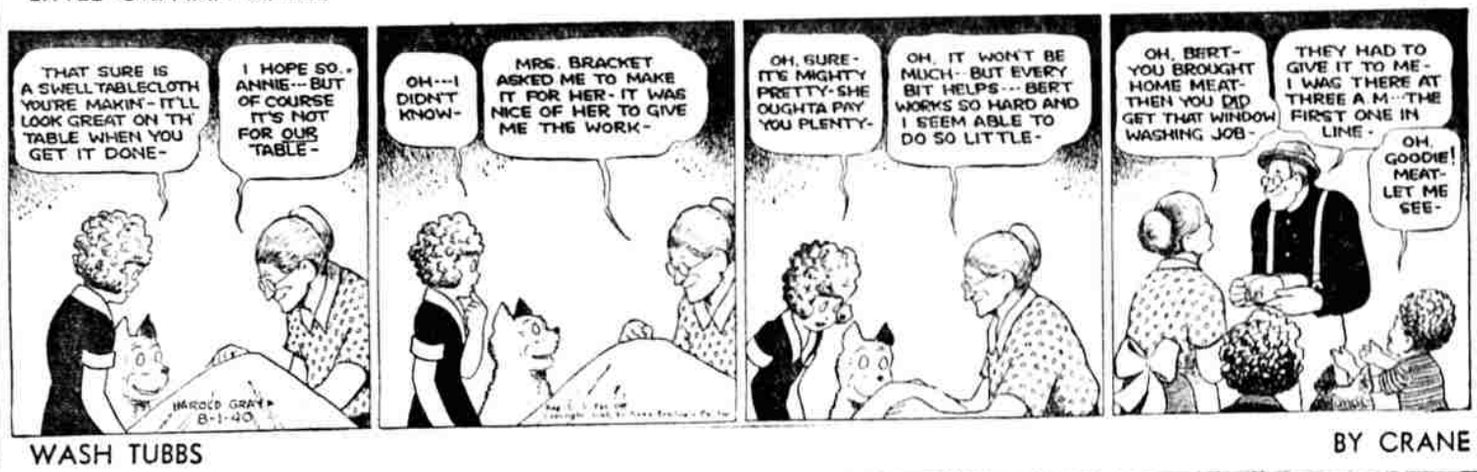
RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

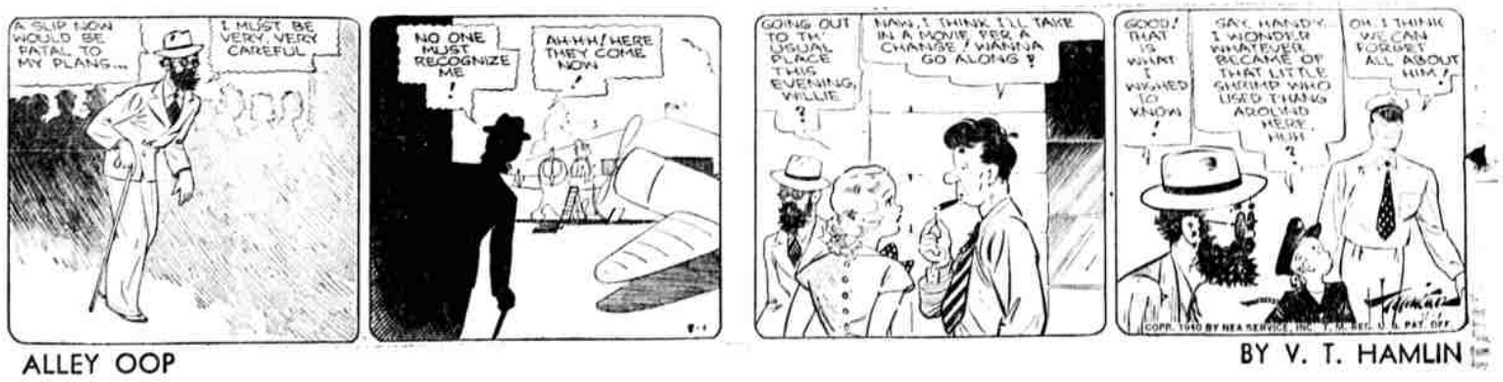
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN