

SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

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YESTERDAY: Anne progressed toward her solo under Dick's instruction. Flying thrills her just as George had promised. The tavern incident is forgotten. Unable to see or talk to Anne, Tony finds all his schemes smashed. When he learns Douglas was the motorist who saved her, Tony blames Dick, decides to get even with the instructor.

CHAPTER IX

"YOU'LL do it, or else!" Tony Scott said grimly. "Don't forget the dough you owe me."

Jumps Daley, sat with him at a corner table of the Villa Aloha, scowled over a glass of beer. He was a short, squat man, with long, muscular arms and a flattened, yellowish face.

"You're broke, aren't you?" Tony went on.

Daley nodded.

"Okay, I thought so. I'm giving you a chance to wipe out what you owe me, and make some more besides—without any danger."

Daley moved uneasily in his chair. "What you want me to do is fix some plane this guy is gonna fly so that he won't know it until it's too late—huh?"

"That's the idea. You can do it, can't you?"

"Easy."

"All right," Tony said. "It's a deal."

"I don't like it," Daley muttered, uncomfortably.

"Don't be a sap," Tony said. "What have you got to lose?"

"All right, all right," Daley agreed hastily. "Only I don't see what you're gonna get out of it."

"Nothing."

"Then what's the idea?"

"None of your business. Is it a deal, or isn't it?"

"Sure. Nothing else I can do."

"That's better," Tony was more amiable. "Now look. You can find out at the airport what ship this guy is likely to be flying in, and when he'll fly it alone. Then—"

The two men settled down to discuss the details of their plan.

THE girls at the sorority house had agreed willingly to help Anne in her resolve not to see or talk to Tony, when she told them that she had had her last date with him.

"If he phones, will whoever answers tell him I am out? I'm sure he won't stop here."

She felt that she really was through with him, and it was with excitement and enthusiasm that she drove George to the airport, late one afternoon.

George was to solo. It was her dreamed-of, hoped-for day. They talked only of flying as they drove along, and of the ground work and additional hours of dual instruction Anne must have before she would fly alone.

Dick was waiting for George, standing beside the trim little ship she was to use. Even though he impressed upon his students that their solo flights were only another step in their training, he recognized that the occasions always were most important.

His long and intimate friendship with George's brother had given him a special interest in her work.

She had been an apt pupil, and her friends were sure she'd be as famed a pilot as her brother. George had repeatedly demonstrated her proficiency in the fundamental maneuvers, and had shown herself capable of handling the ordinary emergencies and problems of flights, take-offs and landings. Now she was to try it alone.

Douglas helped her into her parachute, talking easily, though earnestly, as he helped her adjust the rigging.

"You'll be fine," he encouraged her. "Fly her as though she were your car, or that sailboat of yours at the lake."

George waved to Anne and climbed into the ship. Most of the very important first steps had become automatic to her. She looked at the mechanic waiting to swing the prop, put her hand to the ignition switch.

"On!"

"Contact!" and the engine was turning over and the wheels released.

GEORGETTE'S take-off was smooth, but her climb a bit too steep, and Dick and Anne watched the ship apprehensively. But as she cleared the tree tops, the climb became gradual, and the ship was level before it was over the familiar golf course. George turned it to the right and followed the regular route that formed an imaginary circuit about the airport.

During the next 10 minutes, Captain Douglas watched the plane in all its turns, climbs, glides and straight flights. Then it

turned once again into the wind and headed for the field. It came in slowly, but George put the nose down too far, and the light ship bounced twice as its wheels struck the ground. She taxied over toward the hangar and brought the plane to a full stop. Immediately, Douglas was there, congratulating her, telling her to take it up again, and come in a bit easier.

On the second attempt, the ship was landed more smoothly, and a pleased and thrilled George was receiving the praise of her instructor, and the congratulations of her fellow students, gathered to watch her.

"Tomorrow, you'll start advanced maneuvers," Dick told her. "At the usual time, 3 o'clock. And I'll send that brother of yours a night letter before I take off tonight. I'm going to get a few night hours tonight with that cabin ship we took to North Point."

"Marvelous," George exclaimed. "I'll hope the moon comes out for you, and you won't meet a cloud."

"That's a good hope," Dick's tone was light. "You'll be doing night flying yourself before you know it."

George turned to Anne. "It was more thrilling than even I thought it could be. You'll know soon."

"Yes, Miss Norris," Dick agreed.

"your own solo isn't so far away. But you've some more work on meteorology. You'll have to know a nimbus cloud when you meet one," and the girls laughed with him, as he left to give the next student instruction.

"George," Anne said as they walked to the restaurant for a coke. "You'll never know how glad I am you talked me into taking flying. And," she hesitated. "I take back all the horrid things I said about Captain Douglas."

(To Be Continued)



QUITS WAR—Anxious that her baby be born in U.S.A., Zita Peisel, Budapest actress, arrived in New York on the Exeter. She said her husband, Marcel Kaesunt, was a theatrical producer in Paris before the "blitzkrieg."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

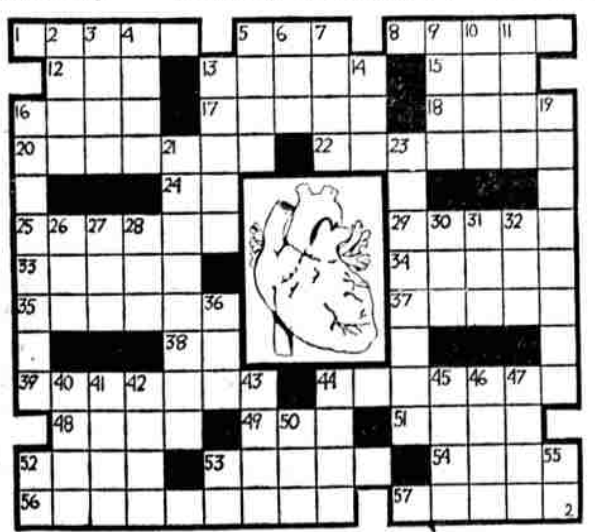
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Whistling swan.

BLOOD CIRCULATOR

- HORIZONTAL**
- Human blood pump.
 - To cut grass.
 - It is placed in the —
 - 100 square meters.
 - Engraver's tool.
 - Farewell!
 - Dry.
 - Things bought
 - Italian coin.
 - To release dogs.
 - Machine for spooling yarn.
 - Musical note.
 - Ethereal fluids.
 - Funeral oration.
 - To scold.
 - Speed boat.
 - Most crippled.
 - Long-necked bird.
 - Palm lily.
 - Most malleable.
 - Oily fluids.
 - Metallic element.
 - Eucharist cup.
 - Fury.
 - Impetus.
 - Wing-shaped.
 - Row.
 - It — rhythmically.
 - Fiber knots.
 - Its two upper chambers.
 - Its blood vessels.
 - Apprehended.
 - Machine worker.
 - Tea.
 - Pronoun.
 - Foam.
 - To litter.
 - Wood sorrel.
 - It is (contr.).
 - Hodgepodge.
 - Wood plant.
 - Sour.
 - Powder ingredient.
 - Shaded walk.
 - Money changing.
 - Cotton fabric.
 - Door rug.
 - Before Christ (abbr.).
 - Lava.
 - Verbal ending.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



HE'LL POP THE QUESTION TODAY!



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN

