

SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

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YESTERDAY: Tony plots with jumps...

CHAPTER X

THE sorority house was gay with laughter, singing, and after-dinner conversation.

Anne laughed a little absent-mindedly. "I keep thinking about what a perfect idiot I have been."

"Forget it. Everyone's entitled to be a fool once in a lifetime. Where on earth is my chemistry notebook?"

"I don't know. You had it under your arm this afternoon."

A frantic search of the room failed to reveal the missing book. "Oh my gracious!"

"I don't think I'd better. I must get at French Lit. Don't be long."

AFTER Georgette had gone, Anne found it hard to bring her mind down to the mass of notes and papers spread out on the desk before her.

Dick had praised her aptitude for flying. Later, when she'd told him of her determination regarding Tony Scott, he'd said as he shook her hand, "Good girl."

She brought herself back from her reverie with a sudden start. Did she want to hear more than honest friendliness in his voice?

Once more she tried to focus her attention on the studying that had to be done for the next day.

She was totally unprepared for the loud, shrill voice that came over the wire, but she recognized it almost at once as that of Clarence.

"Yes, this is Miss Norris." A frown puckered her brow. What on earth did the girl want?

"Miss Norris, maybe I'm messing in stuff that's not my business. But Tony Scott's a louse from away back, and you looked like real stuff."

"You might as well know Tony wanted you to get in a jam when he brought you out here that night. He figured if you got in one, he'd be able to tie up with you. Get it?"

"So he figured that this flying guy gummed the works," Clarence was explaining. "He got jumps Daley and Daley got tight tonight and shot the works to me. Here's what they're planning to do--"

While Anne listened in mounting horror, Clarence outlined the plans to sabotage Dick's plane.

"So that's the layout," the girl finished. "I'm giving it to you so you can warn the right people. If you like this flyer, he must be a good guy, so don't let anything happen to him."

The sharp click of a receiver on the other end of the wire echoed in Anne's ear. For a few minutes she stood by the telephone, numb with fear.

According to Clarence, Daley was to learn when Dick was to make his next flight alone. He might have learned of this night trip. She glanced at her watch. Dick might have taken off by now. Already she might be too late.

Frantically she telephoned the airport. Dick Douglas had gone to dinner, and not yet returned. She gasped with relief. There might still be time to drive to the airport and warn him.

A SHORT time later the lights of the airport blinked before her as Anne drove down the last stretch of highway. As she approached the gate, she saw a car parked in the shadows a short way down the road. It looked like Tony's car! Then all this was true!

A hasty search revealed nothing of Dick. He had driven into town for dinner, and not returned. Georgette's little coupe was with a few other cars in the parking lot, but she was nowhere to be seen.

For a second she considered going to the first airport official she could find, asking him to call the

police. But it occurred to her that there might not be time. It was an hour when the airport was all but deserted.

With all the thoughts that raced through her mind, there was not one of possible danger to herself. At last she turned and hurried in the direction of the dimly lighted hangar.

Near the hangar, she slowed her steps and began walking quietly and cautiously. If she could find Tony and his companion actually engaged in their work of sabotage, then she could race back to the administration building and give the alarm!

The interior of the hangar was almost completely dark. Slowly and quietly she crept in the door, staying as close to the wall as she could. Through the dark her quick ears caught the murmur of low-pitched voices.

There was the cabin ship that Dick was to use, a great dark bulk in the shadows. Near it moved two dim figures, almost like shadows themselves. Once or twice she caught the tiny beam from a little flashlight.

Life imprisonment is faced by Verlin Spencer, above, former South Pasadena, Cal., high school principal, following a guilty plea on charges of having murdered five associates and the attempted murder of a sixth.

Admits Killing Five



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

Advertisement for King Salmon, featuring an illustration of a fish and text describing its quality and availability.

Advertisement for Kwik-Kozer, featuring an illustration of an airplane and text describing its features and availability.

WEAVER OF TALES

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and a list of words to be placed in the grid.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and a list of words to be placed in the grid.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS

Comic strip panel showing a character at a bar with dialogue about a drink and a handicap.

RED RYDER

Comic strip panel showing a character at a restaurant with dialogue about a honey-moon trip.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Comic strip panel showing a character at a counter with dialogue about suits and money.

WASH TUBS

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a plane and a parachute.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about work and a heel.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a waiting game.

ALLEY OOP

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a dry sponge.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE

Comic strip panel showing a character in a boarding house with dialogue about a gun and a dozed-off state.

BY FRED HARMAN

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a card table.

BY HAROLD GRAY

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a girl and a truth.

BY CRANE

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a parachute.

BY BLOSSER

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about jobs.

BY MARTIN

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a waiting game.

BY V. T. HAMLIN

Comic strip panel showing a character with a speech bubble about a sandstorm.