

SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

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YESTERDAY: The girl at the tavern calls Anne, urges her to warn Dick that Tony plans to tamper with his plane. Tony's partner has talked Anne into working on the plane. As she hurries to call police, Tony sees her, knocks her unconscious.

CHAPTER XI

IT seemed to Anne Norris that she was listening to the boom of a big bass drum. It had a steady, pounding rhythm, and it was loud, ever so loud. Slowly as she struggled up through waves of unconsciousness, she realized that the drum she heard was the terrible pounding in her own head.

She felt sick and dizzy, her head ached. She wondered where she was. Somewhere that was very dark, and very cramped. She was standing up, propped up against a wall. The space was so small that it was almost impossible to move.

She started to call out, realized that a heavy cloth had been fastened in her mouth, forced between her teeth. The waves of faintness flooded over her again. In the next instant, she realized that her hands and her ankles were bound.

There was a flash of incredulous horror, then her mind seemed to clear miraculously. She knew at once what had happened. Tony and his gunman, Jumps Daley, busy at the plane, had heard her trying to slip out of the hangar. One of them had knocked her unconscious with a blow on her head, then she had been bound and gagged and put in—where was she?

As her strength returned, she heard that same low, menacing murmur of voices. Tony's whispers, Daley's muttered answers. She must still be in the hangar. Probably in a small supply closet. She strained herself to listen to the voices outside.

"How about the dame?" And Tony answered: "Don't worry about her, she's all right. I've got her tied up. Probably won't come to for a while anyway."

Daley's voice demanding again, "How about afterward?" And there was Tony's reply, "After this guy takes off, I'll come back and get her. Don't worry, I'll take care of her all right."

Anne Norris felt again that terrible, cold paralysis of fear. After the takeoff—

THE words broke into her mind like an illuminating light. There was no one to stop Tony Scott now. No one knew of the danger save herself, and Clarice, the tavern girl. Clarice, having warned Anne, would make no further move. Tony Scott and Daley would finish their work unseen and unnoticed.

Dick would return, the plane would be wheeled out and readied, he would take off in the dark, fly five or ten miles perhaps, and then—

And she was here, helpless, unable to move. A sob rose to her throat.

As she stood there, sick with fear, she remembered the advice her uncle, Arnold Dwight, had once given her. "If you're ever in a tight spot, take a long breath, count five and relax. Then think what to do, and do it."

Perhaps there was still a way. She closed her eyes, counted slowly, somehow steadying herself. Then she began trying to move her hands. The ropes that held them were not tight, yet not loose enough for her to free herself. There was a knot that held them. There were a few hooks on the wall behind her, she could feel them against her back. If she could possibly reach them—!

Feeling her way carefully, she worked the knot that held her wrists against one of the hooks fastened in the wall. Slowly, yet surely, she was loosening it. After moments that seemed like hours, she felt it beginning to slip. With a jerk that tore at the skin on her hands, she pulled herself free.

Free! The sense of relief that swept through her was like a sudden, clean wind! Moving swiftly and silently, still fighting back waves of faintness, still trying to ignore the painful throbbing in her head, she removed the gag from her mouth.

Her first impulse was to scream for help, but instantly she checked herself. To scream now would only be to warn Tony and Jumps Daley that she was free. She untied her ankles, and reached cautiously for the door. It was unlocked! Her captors, believing her to be not only securely bound, but unconscious, had not taken the trouble to lock it. She turned the knob noiselessly,

The only thing to do was to remain there quietly in the shadows until the men had finished their terrible task and left. Then she could go for help, warn Dick. True, Tony and Daley might be out of reach, but they could be found again, and her evidence would convict them.

As she stood there, congratulating herself on her escape, secure in the knowledge that she would be able to warn Dick in time, she heard a whistle in the distance. It grew nearer and louder. And in the next instant the hangar doors were pushed back and Dick entered.

There was a swift movement near the plane. A whisper from Daley. "Hey—we're too late—that's him coming now—"

An instant's pause in which the whistling grew louder, nearer, then she heard a muffled oath from Tony Scott.

"There's still a way. Leave things to me. She drew in a breath to call out, warn Dick of the menace that waited for him in the shadows. He was walking, all unknowing, toward the plane.

"Stick 'em up, Douglas!" SHE must remain still, if she called out now, Tony or his gunman would shoot, unhesitatingly. She heard Dick's voice, low and incredulous.

"What's going on here?" As in a nightmare she heard Tony's answer. "You heard me. Put 'em up. That's better. Now—start rolling out this baby and get ready to take off. No funny

business now—my friend is going to keep that gun right against your ribs while you're doing it." That was it! They would force Dick to take off in the damaged plane! Before he knew it, it would be too late. A crash—no evidence. And there was no one who could prevent disaster save herself! All fears forgotten now, oblivious of personal danger, Anne Norris looked desperately about her for a weapon.

(To Be Concluded)

She Rates High



First woman in the United States to qualify, Evelyn Kilgore, above, has received from the Ryan School of Aeronautics an advanced flying instructor's rating. She owns her own airport in San Diego.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



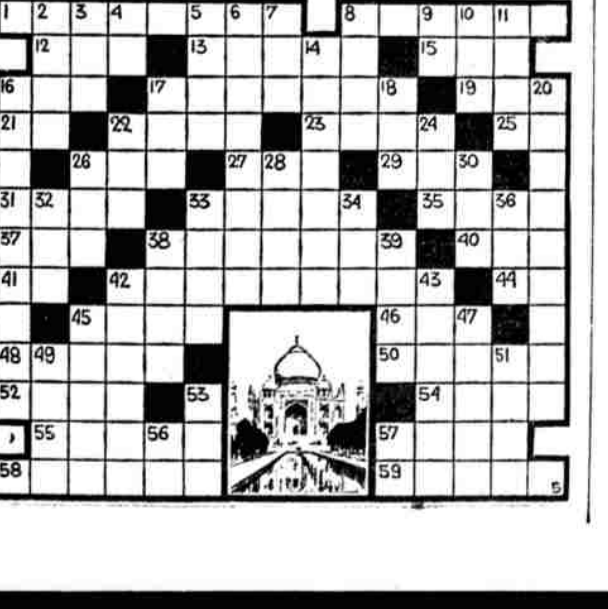
IN MAURITIUS AND MALABAR, BATS ARE USED AS FOOD.



ANSWER: The common form of pretzel has three.

MEMORIAL BUILDING

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



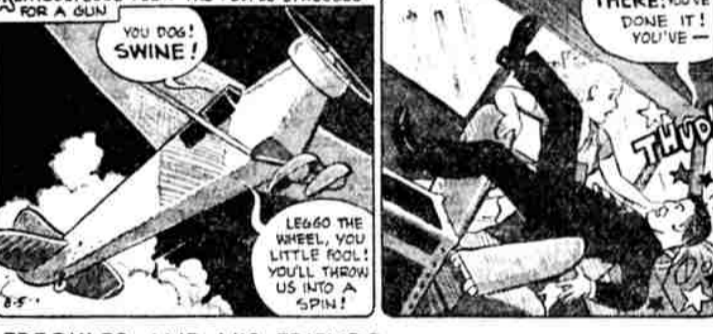
RED RYDER



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

