

SERIAL STORY

FLYING CO-ED

BY MARY KINNAVEY MOORE

Copyright, 1940, NEA Service, Inc.

YESTERDAY! Anne's... in a dark locker. She manages to free herself, except into the hangar. Dick comes in. Tony threatens her with a gun, plans to force Douglas to take out the damaged plane. Anne looks for a weapon.

CHAPTER XII

MOMENTS were precious. Thinking desperately, Anne wished she had a gun. And in the same moment wondered if she would have been able to use it. The only gun she had ever used in her life was a water gun, "a squirt gun" they'd called them—

"A water gun, a squirt gun—of what was she trying to think? The fire extinguishers! A perfect weapon. There were small hand extinguishers in all hangars, if only by some miracle there was one near her and she could find it in the darkness.

Cautiously she reached along the wall, moving forward as she did so, and in a moment her hand touched the sought-for metal container. With quick, silent movements she took it down and crept toward the three men.

As she drew near, she could make out the man holding the gun directly at Dick, and she could see Tony beside the ship. She moved more cautiously than ever, around the side of the plane until she was within a few feet of the men. She lifted the fire extinguisher, and with a prayer that she'd not miss her mark, turned the full force of the chemical at Jumps Daley.

He gave a choked, gasping cry, and the gun dropped noisily onto the floor, as he collapsed. Dick almost automatically had the gun off the floor and in his own hand, and Anne's voice frightened asked:

"Dick! Are you all right?" Tony saw his own danger, fled from the hangar, taking advantage of Dick's distraction as he turned to Anne.

She was conscious again of that terrible throbbing in her head. She was half aware of men coming into the hangar, and of Dick's arms catching her as she fell.

BUT it was Georgette's voice which she first heard in her returning consciousness. "What could have happened?"

Georgette was asking, "Why was she out here? She was at the house studying when I left." "I don't know what it's all about—that was Dick's voice—but she evidently tried to stop those lugs from tampering with the ship. She stopped the whole business with a fire extinguisher!"

The throbbing in Anne's head was lessening. She opened her eyes slowly and recognized the lounge of the administration building. They must have carried her there from the hangar. Someone was holding a bottle of ammonia to her nose, and gradually she was feeling alive again.

"Take it easy," Dick cautioned as she tried to sit up.

"Oh, Anne, I'm so sorry." There was a sob in Georgette's voice. "What did they try to do to you?"

"I'm all right now," Anne tried to sound cheerful, "but what about the ship? Where is that man and what happened to Tony?"

"We'll have the ship thoroughly checked in the morning," Dick reassured her. "Tony got to his car and made a quick getaway, but the police are on his trail. The other has been taken to jail."

"How did you happen to come out here? What were they going to do?" Georgette asked.

Anne told them of the call from Clarice, her own drive to the airport, her discovery of Tony and his accomplice, and of their knocking her out and concealing her in a supply closet.

"I don't know how long I was in there," she explained, "but I had just got out when I heard you whistling, Captain Douglas, as you came to the hangar door. You know the rest."

It was a month later that Anne was scheduled for her first solo flight. She had worked at the ground courses harder than she ever had at any other studies. During her flight instructions, she had been attentive and responsive.

Dick Douglas admitted to himself that she had ability and good flying technique. She was utterly at ease in the ship, and she was light on the controls. If at times she had been over-confident, the ensuing errors of judgment had taught her caution. Yes, she was rounding into first-class shape as a pilot. Her increasing interest and enthusiasm was keeping his own interest at a peak.

Georgette brought Anne to the field on the day of her solo flight. "I couldn't possibly miss coming out with you," she told Anne. "And I believe that I'm happier over this than you are yourself."

"You know I'm pleased," Anne reproved her. "And I only hope that I'll be able to show Dick—Captain Douglas—that I have learned. I guess he's still none too happy over having me as a student; at any rate he certainly is oblivious to me, except when he's instructing."

Anne couldn't admit, even to herself, that she loved Dick Douglas and was piqued by his too evident indifference. Her lovely face was clouded when they reached the airport, and even the prospect of her solo flight, and the joy of an entirely new and very effective flying suit and helmet did not lift her spirits.

Dick's cheery greeting, his air of confident expectancy as he helped her with her flying preparations changed her mood, and by the time she was ready for the take-off, flying was of prime importance to her.

"Happy landing," called Georgette.

her to her feet. "Good fight! Are you hurt?"

"No indeed!" She was trying to be haughty, and pushing him away.

A look of relief came over his face, and before she could protest, his grasp on her wrists tightened and she was pulled into his arms. "You are wonderful," was all he said.

THE END

In Los Angeles, two process servers are reported running around with a subpoena for a ghost. And we thought the heat was bad up north.

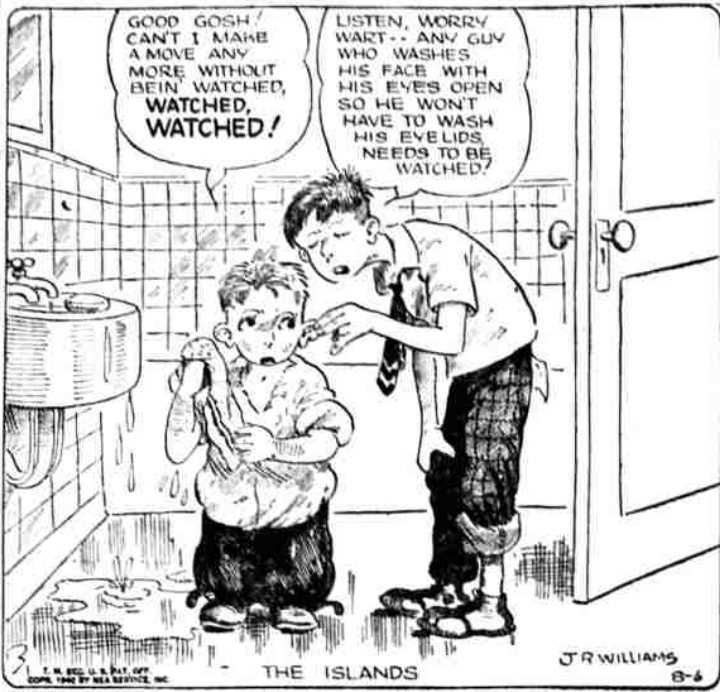
Iron Lung Birth



Ill with infantile paralysis and encased in an iron lung, Mrs. Virginia Mathews, 23 above, gave to a normal, healthy son in a Los Angeles hospital.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



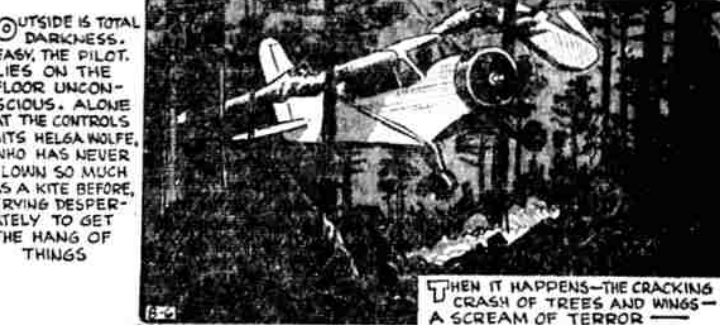
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

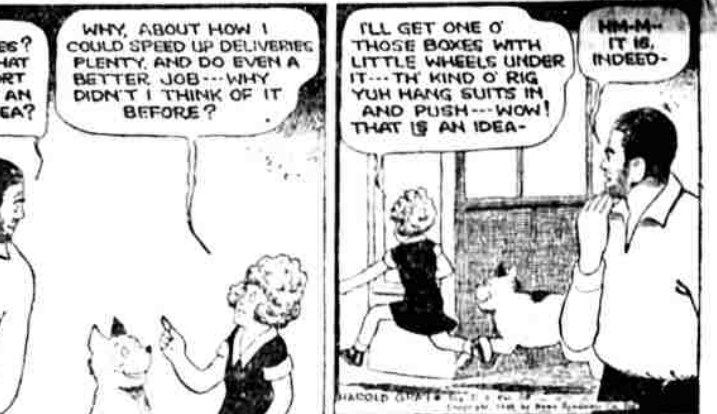
With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ABOUT ONE-TENTH OF OUR BODY WEIGHT IS MADE UP OF BLOOD... AND A PERSON IN GOOD HEALTH CAN LOSE ONE-THIRD OF HIS BLOOD WITHOUT FATAL RESULT.



IF ALL THE RAILWAY EXPRESS SHIPMENTS HANDLED IN A SINGLE YEAR WERE PLACED END TO END THEY WOULD REACH AROUND THE EARTH.

ANSWER: Wrong. The sensation is that of burning. Actually it is a quick-freezing process that takes place when dry ice touches your skin.

NOTABLE INVENTOR

- 17 Pictured boat builder. 12 Epoch. 13 Upbraids. 16 Wrath. 17 Little devil. 19 Roving. 20 Brother. 21 Wrongdoings. 23 Beret. 24 Raccoon-like animal. 26 Inhabiting an island. 28 To widen. 29 Be silent. 30 Myself. 31 Neutron pronoun. 33 Baseball team. 35 To subvert. 36 Tidiest. 38 To mend hose. 40 To do wrong. 41 Golf device. 42 Insect's egg. 43 Theme. 45 Tanning product. 11 Compass point (abbr.). 14 Ballot wish. 15 Young sheep. 18 Flexible. 20 Frothed. 21 He was an — by profession. 22 Association. 24 Company (abbr.). 25 He was not the first of a steamboat. 27 Rigid. 32 Pithy. 34 Everlasting. 35 Saline solution. 37 Inflammable gas. 39 Beast. 44 Wild ox. 45 Taro plant. 47 Onward. 48 Roof final. 49 Toward. 52 Ream (abbr.). 54 Preposition.

