

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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CHAPTER I

ROSSY McAfee laid his bag of baseball bats and ancient telescope grip on the ground and gawped at the wrought-iron arch which ran between the stone gate posts. The iron letters, "Lincoln College," were two feet high.

Rosy stared hungrily at the bronze figure of the Ball Splitter in the drive oval. He had had two ambitions in his gaudy soul—one, to make the big time as a ball pitcher; the other, to find the man who had killed his father and exact an eye for an eye.

Now he was overwhelmed with a third, to become an educated man. Standing there, a Lincolnian figure himself, he seemed to be stepping across the threshold of a new life.

The campus seemed deserted. He had expected to see hundreds, maybe thousands, of gay students chasing hither and yon. Instead all the life he found was a professor's cow chewing some dead grass.

"Well, I do declare!" Rosy muttered. "Ain't it at the right place?"

HE heard a chattering, clattering roar behind him, faintly at first, then increasingly louder. Before he could collect his wits, it was upon him. He whirled around, saw a girl speeding along the sidewalk toward him. The noise came from wheels on her feet. She must have been going 200 miles an hour.

The girl yelled, tried to turn. Steel grated on concrete. Rosy jumped this way and that, trying to decide which way she was going. She plunged on toward him shouting for him to get out of the way. She turned again, grasping at the air, and Rosy jumped the same way.

In another instant they were all piled up—legs, wheels, arms and grip. The girl was yelling and howling. Rosy heard himself yelling too.

"Hey, what the—" But Rosy seemed to have helped break the girl's fall. They untangled themselves and he helped her to her feet. She rubbed her bruises. Then she laughed.

"I'm all right. I'm Judy Tollivar. That's what I get for trying to be a kid again. . . . Roller skating. Haven't been on skates for years, but it seemed like a good idea. . . . But who are you? You're new here, aren't you?"

"I'm Rosy McAfee. I'm a ball player, Pitches." "Well to make it clear at once.

"Ah, I see. You're wanting Coach Hurd. You'll find him at the gym. It's the brick building you see yonder through the trees."

ROSSY gathered up his luggage and walked slowly toward the gym, now and then turning to see if the girl was in sight. She wasn't. He came to the front door of the gym and knocked. No answer. He knocked again, and then tried the latch. It was locked.

"Huh!" he snorted. Removing one of his polished bats, of his own make, he beat on the door, listened, and then began mauling the door angrily. "This is the dumbest place for nobody to stay home—"

"What is it?" People just appeared from nowhere, it seemed. This was a man, in a dark gray suit; he was thick, kindly, and distinguished. His age was perhaps 48. He wore boots—evidently an outdoor man. "Is there something I may do for you?"

"I'm Rosy McAfee and I come to school and I want to play ball, and where's Coach Hurd at—you ain't him?"

"Rosy McAfee!" the man repeated, and just stood there with a fixed look. He had the same look as the girl, only it was a man's look. He moved a slow hand across his eyes and stared again, remembered himself, and smiled. "I see. You're the ball pitcher from Hall's-Damnation Holler. Coach Hurd told me about you. Come this way. Here—let me help you with your grips."

He took the bag of bats and led the way to the rear of the gym. "The athletes were not expected for registration until Monday, but Coach will take care of you all right." They entered by a back door and went through a labyrinth of showers and lockers. At a door the man knocked. "This is Rosy McAfee, Coach," he said when a sleepy head appeared in the door.

"Well, doggone my tintype, so it is!" the coach grinned, shaking Rosy's hand. "Come right in. Don't rush, Prezzy." The middle-aged man said he'd be seeing him; and when he was gone, Coach Hurd pulled Rosy in and shut the door. "Well, well! How are you?"

"Who was him?" Rosy asked, jerking his thumb back. "Doc Tollivar, president of Lincoln College."

"Did you say Tollivar?" "It's Tollivar, not Tolliver, as you folks spell it in the hills. Different breed of dogs."

ROSSY'S eyes began to gleam. "A or e, a Tolliver's a Tolliver and they ain't all thieves and rascals. I know 'em. One of 'em killed my pappy long time ago in a ball game with a bean ball, and—why, lands, I bet a cow he was the feller!"

It ran all over Rosy, like a stroke of paralysis from clairvoyance. That man would be about the age of this thick man, too. He stared at the coach.

Then all at once Rosy realized he may have talked too fast and too much. An unwise word might destroy all his chances of a life-time for revenge, to which he had dedicated his swag and integrity.

He talked fast. "Aw I never meant none of that, Coach. I just drooled at the mouth sometimes. My pappy died from a fractured skull."

In his confusion he had picked up his grip, but he dropped it as suddenly, and the cotton cord holding the top broke, spilling red flannel underwear and shirts and socks and a photograph on the floor. Rosy began frantically to gather the stuff up, and Coach Hurd, seeing his embarrassment, helped by picking up the picture, which was a honey blond of perhaps 18 or 19.

"Ah-hah!" he teased. "Our little sweetheart back in the hills, eh?" "Huh?" Then Rosy grinned embarrassedly. "W-wall, yah—that's Hannah. Hannah Shrider. Boy, does she know her baseball!"

"So it's all arranged, eh? You're going to get book-learning and make the big leagues and then the wedding bells will ring, eh?" "Well, if Hannah has her say-so, it'll come to that. Er, Coach, who was that there gal that almost run over me with her foot wagons out at the gate just now?"

"Foot wagons! Ah!" Then he understood and laughed. "Those are skates. Why, that's Dr. Tollivar's daughter, Judy."

"Doctor—what kind of doctor air he—boss, tooth-dentist, man doctor, or what?" "Doc Tollivar is a doctor of philosophy."

"Never heard of that ailment. It ain't ketching, air it?" HURD roared with laughter, and then seeing a red flush rise in Rosy's face, he hastily corrected himself. He knew how sensitive and ill-tempered hill folks were. To cover his confusion he began talking fast and at random.

"It's a mind doctor, and don't you worry any about that. He won't have to work on your mind, and I'll take care of that left arm of yours, for we have you all docketed for big things here, bub."

Now we've got to fix you up. You're a few days ahead of schedule but that's okay—we've got everything ready for you—room, job, place to eat, and everything. Best there is too. You rate pretty high in these parts. You'll live off the fat of the land, you bet. Know where you're going to live?"

Pleased at all this sudden evidence of hospitality, Rosy shook his head. "Where?" "Why, son, at Dr. Tollivar's! Yes, sir, right with Doc and his daughter; and boy is Judy Tollivar some girl! A or e, she's still a girl after anybody's heart, you just wait and see!" (To Be Continued)

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TO CANADA—Jay Pierpont Moffat (above) was nominated by President Roosevelt to be new U. S. envoy to Canada, succeeding James H. R. Cromwell, who resigned to run for the U. S. Senate. Chief of state department's European division, Moffat is native of New York state and career diplomat of long experience.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



WRINGING OUT TH' NEWS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



ANYWAY MAJOR, SHE DIDN'T TAKE IT ALL



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FLAPPER FANNY



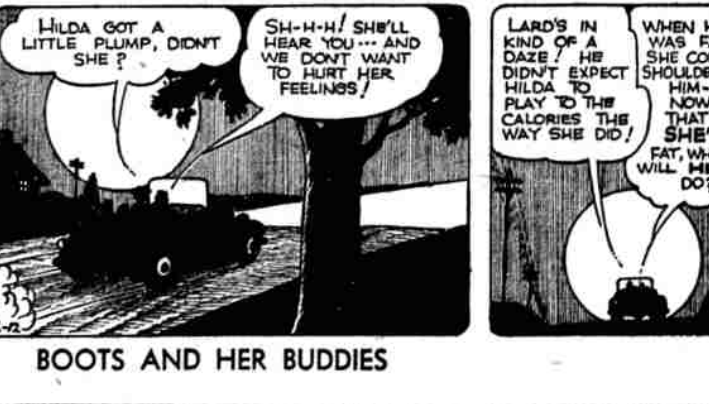
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

FLAPPER FANNY



FLAPPER FANNY

GREAT INVENTOR

Crossword puzzle with clues and a grid. Clues include: 1 Great inventor of modern times, 7 His title, 13 Assumed name, 14 Chamber, 16 Bear constellation, 17 Small hotel, 18 Price, 19 Peruvian Indian, 20 To marry, 21 Custom, 22 Soda ash, 24 Whirl, 25 Duplicate, 26 Mass of floating ice, 27 Preposition, 28 Greek crypt, 29 Exploit, 30 Greek letter, 31 To rectify, 33 Dress, 34 Scotch Highlander, 35 Bird, 36 To hallow, 37 Intrepid, 38 Bird of prey, 39 Journey, 40 Parent, 41 Note in scale, 42 To throb, 43 Ozon, 44 Shore, 45 To dispatch, 47 French measure, 48 To coat with an alloy, 49 He was an — by profession, 12 South America (abbr.), 15 Hops kiln, 18 To contend, 19 Scheme, 20 He invented — telegraphy, 21 Term, 22 Sound of pity, 23 His native land, 25 Nose, 26 Crystal gazer, 28 Shade plant, 29 Dream, 30 Spike of corn, 32 Matrimonial, 33 Bumpkin, 34 African tribe, 36 Street, 37 To temper, 39 Dogma, 40 Feather, 42 Bench, 43 Pertaining to air, 45 To regret, 46 Dry, 48 Musical note.

