

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY, Rosy McAfee... to Lincoln College, detest- der of his father and get an education. A girl on skates...

CHAPTER II

"Boy oh boy!" Coach Hurd re- peated. "Is Judy Tolliver some she-child! Now, son," he nodded to Rosy McAfee...

"Er, did he ever play baseball, reckon?" the lank mountain youth inquired, as they made a round of the gym. He tried to keep...

Coach Hurd gave him a look. "Maybe. Maybe not. How should I know? He never said anything about it if he did. Why?" he de- manded.

"I just wondered," Rosy said confusedly. Coach Hurd bored him with a look that Rosy was to learn had hot iron in it.

"I was just palavering," Rosy hastened to say. "I open my jaw and things run out sometimes."

"But about that baseball game in Hell'n-Damnation when your father got hit with a bean ball and killed. Was that true?"

"I never meant nothing by that." Coach Hurd kept boring him. "Well, if that's the way you mean to mean nothing, then you'd bet- ter be careful when you do mean something, for you might let something drop out of your mouth that would get you into trouble."

"I'll be careful," McAfee mumbled. "You'd better be, for you sounded as if you meant the thing was done on purpose; in other words, your dad was murdered in a baseball game; and by a Tolliver. That sort of talk is all right in the back hollers if you're of a mind to back it up with am- bushes; but down here we aim to be civilized, and it won't go. I say that to you now in all frank- ness and friendliness, because now you're in college you want to go about getting educated—and in more things than books—"

"Shore, shore!" Rosy agreed glibly. "So leave the hill feudin' to the hills, and start even here. I keep telling you Dr. Tolliver is another breed of pupa. He didn't come from that mob of killers back of Hell'n-Damnation."

"Certain not!" Rosy McAfee said. "Huh!" Coach Hurd muttered, and nodded for the young mountaineer to come along. He carried his grip and bag across the campus and crossed the street from the administration building and girls' dorm to the square large brick house where Dr. Tol- liver lived.

"The young man's room is ready," a matronly maid said, as Coach Hurd and Rosy knocked and entered. "This way."

Once in the small but clean and warm room, the coach said, "You just make yourself at home."

WITHIN a few days Rosy Mc- Afee was settled in his new home. It was not easy for him to acquire comfort in his new sur- roundings. He was accustomed to a hard, bare mountain house. He was accustomed to seeing his mother tote water from the spring. Running water scared him in some curious way. He used to sleep on a corded bed. An inner spring mattress, with two sheets, made him want to spread his lankness on the bare floor and take it hard. But an unused bed would have created suspicion, so he toughed it out—and liked it.

He watched Dr. Tolliver warily. Always he searched for clues to the man's former life, the possi- bility the college president could have been the same person who pitched the bean-ball that killed Rosy's father. But all he saw was a portly, kindly man who could not possibly have been the hated Tolliver.

Judy was just as sweet and fine as she could be. She was always trying to make Rosy feel at home; and he found himself watching her, even making up opportunities to observe her when she would not know he was about.

She was a dream. A dream of athletic poetry. Rosy had seen tall young poplars in mountain storms wave with the same grace that was hers. He had known rose blooms that had the manner of this girl. With no consent of his own, something was changing in him.

Once they were alone in his room. Judy stood and examined the picture of Hannah, a smile hovering at her dimples.

"To Rosy, my sweetheart," she read on the back of the pho- tograph. "So that's the way of it!" she said, shaking a finger playfully at him.

"Ah, that don't mean nothing— specially," Rosy denied, his face hot as a flatorn.

"I see it doesn't!" she teased him.

JUDY helped him to register, when the day came for matricu- lation. Coach Hurd started the

young ball player off on his job as janitor. "It's the only way we have of subsidizing our athletes," the coach said. "Sweep that floor good, bub!"

Registration was over that late afternoon. The campus now was alive with young people, as Rosy had pictured it in his anticipa- tions. Everything seemed so crowded and noisy he was an- noyed and worried. Too many folks to suit him. Nor were they all hill-billies. Actually Rosy seemed about the only real, dyed-in-the-wool hilliken on the cam- pus.

Everywhere he went students stared at him. He sought some of them only half hiding their grins. He wanted to kick some- body. That evening he ate little supper and hurried to his room to nurse his anger and humili- ation in private.

He was startled half out of his wits at a shrill, determined female voice, that was like something familiar crying out of a dream one has dreamed many times.

"Yes, sir, I said to myself if Dr. Tolliver and Judy and the visitor were all down in the big front room. Rosy opened and shut his mouth. He darted through his door and went and stood just out of view at the head of the stairs. His eyes got round and strange. The tableau down there froze everything in him.

"I'm Hannah Shrider," the girl said, and waited, almost defiant. "Don't reckon you ever heard of me."

"Why, yes, we have," Judy said, and Rosy knew she was hiding her amusement. Hannah Shrider, holding her grips in her hands, made a stride toward the center of the room. She was lost in a thick wool coat of homemade stuff, and heavy shoes and wool fascinator, of

home weave. Nothing of her natural shapeliness was apparent. Her face, out of this mass of wrappings, seemed sharp-featured rather than pretty, as Rosy knew it to be. And she was riding on her nerve. Her voice was strident, loud, and not the musical alto he knew at the all-day sing- ing in the hill church.

"Yes, sir," Hannah was saying again, "I said to myself if Rosy McAfee had wit enough to come to college and git book education, then so could I, for I got as much sense as him any day. I told maw that. I told my maw that. So here I am. If you taken Rosy in and bedded and fedded him, I allow you will me."

(To Be Continued)

HIGH CHARGING

An excessive generator charg- ing rate has a tendency to cause buckling of battery plates, ac- cording to the emergency road service department of the Ore- gon State Motor association.

Seeks G. O. P. Toga



John Anson Ford, Los Angeles su- pervisor, is reported ready to file his candidacy for the Republican senatorial nomination — opposing Senator Hiram Johnson.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



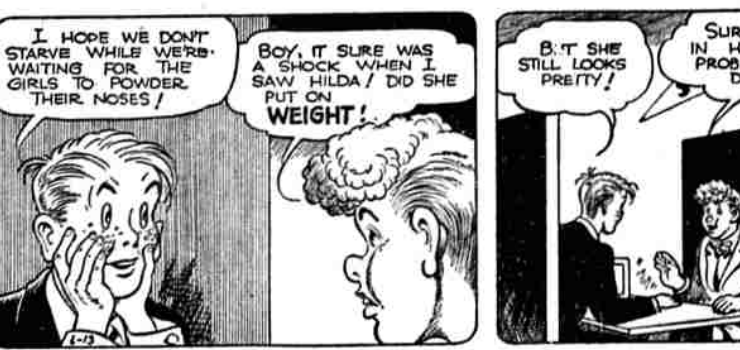
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Have you an appointment?"

CEREAL GRASS

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

