

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY: Warned by Coach... to be careful of what he says about the Tollivars. Rosy... usually comfortable. Judy is... and, suddenly accused by the hill boy, Rosy awakes one day to hear a shrill voice down-stairs. It is a shriek, Hannah Shrider, come from the hills to go to school.

CHAPTER III

ROSSY McAfee, listening to his sweetheart from the vantage of the dark head of the stairs, wanted to laugh and swear at the same time. He was shocked at sight of Hannah Shrider; he had never before thought of her as uncouth. Dr. Tollivar and Judy listened politely.

"Well, of course," Dr. Tollivar was saying, in his quiet way, "you no doubt can do as well as Rosy, but—"

"I know, father!" Judy cried. "Mrs. Patterson said, just this afternoon, that the Kingsley girl who waited table in the dining hall had not come yet, and she heard indirectly she was married and wouldn't come back to school." Judy turned to Hannah. "You could wait table, couldn't you? You could then have the other girl's room and place. Otherwise I'm afraid we're filled."

"Can't I see Rosy McAfee?" "I don't think he's come in yet. I'll tell him you're here and send him over to see you when he comes."

ROSSY, still shocked, and ashamed because he felt this way, slipped back along the hall. Instead of going into his room, he crept down the back stairs and out into the yard. He saw Dr. Tollivar and Hannah, two dark figures, going through the dusk of the campus. Then, as if coming in from the gym, he entered the front door. Judy, reading under the lamp, smiled at him.

"Who?" "You'd never guess. Some one very dear to you."

"Maw?" "Guess again."

"Cousin Steve Hog?" "Cold, cold as ice." Rosy shook his head. "Couldn't guess them. Tell me." "Your own sweetheart, Hannah Shrider, and she's pretty, too; and I'll bet she's smart as anything. She's coming to college. Dad's just taken her to the girls' cottage. Right after supper you're to go there and see her."

DR. TOLLIVAR, returning in a quarter of an hour, said Hannah was fixed up, and then sat down to supper. As soon afterward as possible Rosy walked through the dark to the cottage which housed the maids and waitresses. Hannah was waiting anxiously in the little parlor, and when Rosy entered she flung her arms around his neck and almost choked him with kisses.

"Rosy! I just had to come! I had to. I sold my calves and shoes and heifers and taken my coming club prize money, and here I am. If you can come to college, I can come too. All right—say something nasty, and I'll smack your ears back!"

"My heavens, Hannah!" Rosy said helplessly, and dropped on the couch. He examined Hannah. She had got out of her baggy coat and into a nice dress, and she looked comely enough. Her hair was honey, like taffy made with honey and thick maple syrup. She had the gaunt fashion of all hill folk—the spare body, the tempered muscles, of those who work.

"You ought not to come here, Hannah. I mean, without first looking after a room and board and things—why, they might not even let you in college after you got here!"

"Who's to keep me out, Rosy McAfee?" "Well, there's rules and regulations—"

"If they didn't keep you out, they wouldn't me. I know what's ailing you. You don't want me here. You're ashamed of me already."

"Now, Hannah—" "Yah," she sneered, "I done heard about you! I got it straight. You came on ahead of time. Put up at the big gun's place. With that Tollivar. Yes, I heard all about it. They set you up among the high-and-mighties. They said that girl was good-looking, and she is. They said you'd be took in by their meaty-mouthed ways, and here it's less than a week and they were right—"

Already warm with anger, Rosy demanded, "Who's they? How come all this here palaver is already being toted back up to Hell'n-Damnation?" He was mystified, wondering how news of this sort could travel so far and so quickly.

"Fah!" his sweetheart sneered. "Wouldn't you like to know?" "I think you've been in here mooning and telling lies to yourself. All right, you're here. You're a graduate of the same high school as me, and they'll take you in. But you've got to study here. I've found that out, talking with the seniors. You've got to fix yourself up, to, if you aim to stay—"

"How come I ain't as fixed up as you? I'm fixed up as good as you. You ain't much else than a pop-up foul ball, at that—"

"Ah, is that so?" "Steve Hog told me you was uppity and bigoted, and he was right to—"

"So it was Steve Hog that told you all this? How come Steve knows so much?" "He's been here, if you've got to know!"

the idea? Is—is that hillbilly trying to spy on me? Coming down here and looking things over and going right back and stuffing your ear full! The low-down—"

"You can call your blood kin low-down if you want, but you shore ain't paying a high compliment to your own self, Rosy McAfee!"

"Don't say 'shore' and don't say 'ain't'!"

HANNAH gulped. Her face took on beet color. "Well, of all things! Of all the bigoted way!

Listen here, Rosy McAfee! I'm on to you. It's a good thing somebody's looking after you, even if it's Cousin Steve, and you don't like him."

"Yes, he was down here. He come the next day after you got here. He looked around and seen—saw—and then he burnt the wind back up in Hell'n-Damnation and told me and your maw what he'd seen!"

"And that was plenty—more than plenty!"

"I'll say it was more than plenty! How you was rooming in the big house with this here Dr. Tollivar. Good and well you know he was the man that killed your paw! Good and well you know this ain't—nothing but a put-up job on you. Give you a scholarship here—make you sweep up like a girl—put you through college to play ball—"

"Mrs. Patterson will hear you—stop your durned yelling—"

"I'll yell all I want to, fool!" Hannah cried. "Cousin Steve Hog has got sense even if you haven't, and he saw through it in half a minute. This here Dr. Tollivar is the same breed of dogs. He left out right after that ball game. Nobody never seen—saw—him again. He left the country. Stayed gone."

"Now here he is, running this school—come back to the edge of the hills but not in the hills, because he's a coward and a kill-

er, and he knows it! And you stay in his house. Eat at his table. Make eyes at his gal—" "Ah-hah, so that's it—you're jealous—" "It's a lie. A dirty lie. I ain't jealous. I'm mad. I come down here to save you, that's what. You swore when you was a little boy that day you'd have an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and all the eye you have now is for that Judy Tollivar and all the tooth you have is for her cooking. Rosy McAfee, I hate you! I despise you!" She spat at him, and suddenly she slapped him sprawling. (To Be Continued)

STANDING ROOM ONLY

KANSAS CITY, Kas. (AP)—Sgt. Oscar Forsberg and Patrolman Steve Kaminski arrested 18 boys damaging flower beds in Huron park. Kaminski put all 18 into the police car for the trip to headquarters. Forsberg walked.



WINNER—Queen of a national air carnival to be staged at Birmingham, Ala., June 1, 2, will be Evelyn Lynne, Alabama-born singer. She'll be enthroned by Stedham Acker, carnival director and manager of the municipal airport.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



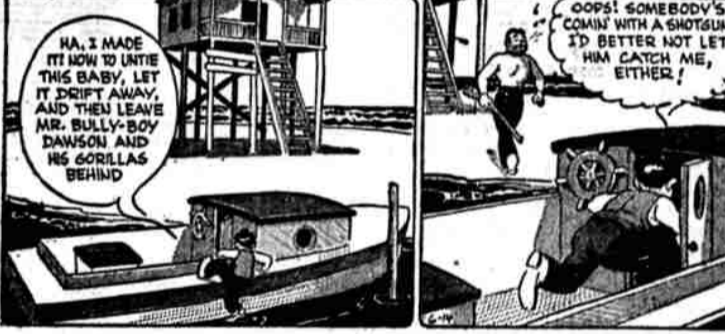
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WOMEN ARE THE MOST STUBBORN CRITTERS!



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



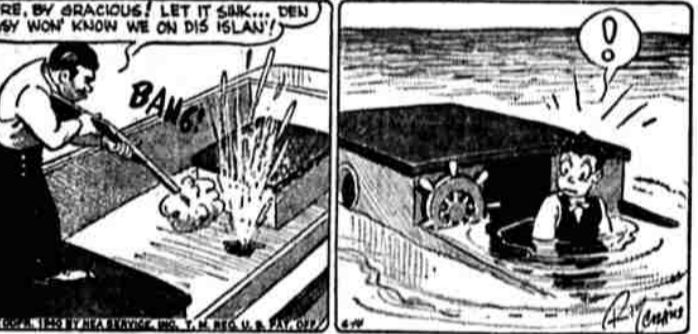
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Now, here's a little number that ought to make 'em sit up and—oh, I forget. You swim, don't you?"

BOY RULER

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Boy ruler of Yugoslavia. 9 He was prince until 1934. 13 Vulgar. 14 Sugar. 16 A bench. 17 Vestige. 19 Consumer. 21 Domestic slave. 22 Spiritus asper. 23 To seize. 24 Controlled. 26 Metric weight 49 Brooch. unit. 30 Decorous. 34 Bast fiber. 35 Dined. 37 Genus of slugs. 38 Data. 39 Benefited. 42 Witty saying. 43 Golf teacher. 44 Musical note. 45 Enrolls. 18 Not digestible. 20 A — rules in his stead. 24 Dubs. 25 To blunt. 27 Hurried. 28 Wine vessel. 29 Note in scale. 31 Doctor (abbr.). 32 Intention. 33 Also. 35 Lava. 36 Ell. 40 To choose by ballot. 41 Ireland. 43 Virgin pictured mourning. 46 Arrests. 47 Lixivium. 48 Spore clusters. 49 Yucca fiber. 52 Male child. 54 Like. 56 You.

