

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY: A big league scout is coming to Lincoln to look at Rossy's pitching. Coach Hurd wants Rossy to leave to counter his temper. Rossy seeks an answer to his problem. Finally talks to Dr. Tolliver. The president decides to go up into the hills with Rossy.

CHAPTER X

COACH HURD'S ball team worked like horses getting into shape those bright spring days. They played an exhibition game with one of the strong high school teams in the territory, and got a taste of real competition. Rossy, pitching, held the high school boys to four scattered hits and one run, but he hurt his arm in the last of the fifth and had to retire, after which the high school lads had good grazing. The final score was a close 7 to 6 for the collegiates. The time now was going toward the first real contest between Lincoln and Southern.

"I'm pitching you, remember," Hurd told McAfee. "You nurse that arm like it was one of the quintuplets, huh?" "I've got it laid up in the incubator, Coach," Rossy said.

THE day of the game was as clear and lovely a time in the mountain spring as anybody could ask for. The campus was vastly excited for the rumor had got out that a big league scout would be in the crowd watching the contest; and Southern and Lincoln were what sports story writers love to allude to as "traditional rivals."

The gray, potty man in easy tweeds, with narrow blue eyes and a southern sandy light still in them, was Rossy's coach, Ike Hill, the famous scout. Hurd put him in a good seat on the weathered grandstand.

The band was out in gala dress. Hannah Shriver, with the hill music in her bones, had made the band, and now she was a lean, slim, pretty girl out there in her orange-and-white regalia.

Judy Tolliver was one of the cheerleaders. All in white with bits of orange about her—the college colors—she was giving the cheer section all the personality she had.

Rossy warmed up with old man Leacock. With the hour going toward 2, the noise of warming up sank to a sudden calm. Rossy and the old coach came and sat on the bench. For the first time Rossy McAfee knew a curious sense of fear, an impending calamity. It was clairvoyant and indescribable.

"Play ball!" Rossy walked, with an increasing feeling of uncertainty, out to the mound. The cheer section gave him all a fellow could have asked for, and yet he was nervous, and he suddenly discovered that his pitching arm was faintly sore for no reason he could think.

The first batter for Southern advanced to the plate with three balls. He discarded two and grinned at Rossy, who stood rubbing the ball on his hip.

"No bean-bats, McAfee!" Rossy felt the color of fury cross his face. The umpire behind the catcher called again, "Play ball!" Rossy wound up and the first pitch went wild. The batter made an elaborate duck just the same, and the visiting rooters, 200 of them, gave the pantomime a great hand.

Rossy pitched again and the umpire called strike one. But the third pitch was wild again, and so was the fourth. Rossy had a hard straight ball down the grooves for the next strike, and then it was a game of wits and accuracy.

Rossy tried to cut the plate with a low outside curve as the batter tried to crowd the plate for a ledge. The fellow's head was low, his neck stuck out ever so little. Something in Rossy's soul began to itch to bean that head, smash that grin off that glistening face. He walked the first man to try to save his lost soul.

He walked the next man, too, and for about the same reason. He knew, deep inside of him, they were out to get his goat. The third batter up filled the bases. The man coming up was some remote tribesman of the Tollivers. Another hillbilly guzzling the gruel of book learning to get to play ball, to have a chance at big time. Sammy Tolliver, and Southern's best batter.

For a short while Rossy was blind. He knew Ike Hill was watching his every move. That the scout was also informed of the history of Rossy's father Rossy could not doubt. He knew, too, that all the Southern fans were getting his goat. Everything was slacked to work on his one vulnerable spot—his unstable temper. "Play ball!" came the cry, and Rossy pitched the first one wild. A roar mingled with a groan.

Tolliver snickered and yelled, in a voice that carried all over the grounds, "Bub, my head's up here!" He tapped it with a long finger.

Judy broke from the cheerleaders. "Knock his block off, Rossy!"

THAT brought a roar of laughter and applause from Lincoln boys. Rossy took his time getting ready for the next pitch. It was a curious, and yet an appropriate moment to remember the Fourth of July game when his father had been killed in just this way, and by a man who now was president of this college, and a powerful and respected citizen.

Back in those days hate was hate, and a feud was a bloody game where the rules were to kill your enemy. Maybe all that would cause a man to go wild and murder on an open ball diamond. Or perhaps it only made a man so nervous, so mad, so wild, that he could hit a head only by some fascinated mischance. Even now Rossy had the feeling he could have sent down a baffling curve

batters in one-two-three order and had the curious feeling in getting himself out of a hole that he had saved his soul and his reputation at once. But he didn't know. (To Be Continued)

Sterilization Laws
The first sterilization law in the United States was passed in Indiana in 1907; the first European law was passed in 1928 in the Swiss Canton de Vaud. Approximately 28 states of the Union now have laws providing for the compulsory or voluntary sterilization of mentally deficient persons.

The new Boeing Stratoliner has a service ceiling (with four motors) of 24,000 feet, and a high speed of 250 miles at 16,200 feet. The plane also is automatically supercharged for high altitude flying.



FROM BERLIN—Conferences with F.D.R. and the state department now occupy Alexander Kirk (above), U. S. chargé d'affaires at Berlin, who is in America "on vacation."

Rossy drew in a breath. His feelings were strange and deep and without name. He pitched and the sharp curve broke at the plate and the umpire bawled: "Strike—rings one!" Rossy pitched again, knowing the batter would wait him out. "Strike two!" "That's the old stuff!" came a shout. The cheerleaders swung into action. Rossy grinned. Now his face was cool. He knew by the way Tolliver took his stance with bat rigid in his hand that now he was through fooling. Rossy wound up with maddening leisure and gave his terrific baffling curve all he could put behind it. He heard the fierce crack of the ball in the catcher's mitt, saw the swirl of the bat that would have blurred in a candid camera at a five-hundredth part of a second's exposure. "You're out!" umpire squalled. Up went a roar that revived all the despairing method in Rossy McAfee. He fanned the next two

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Whaddya mean, I wasted last summer? I had the chicken-pox, didn't I?—an' grew two inches, an' nearly got kissed."

MYTHICAL MISER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for HORIZONTAL and VERTICAL words.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-60.

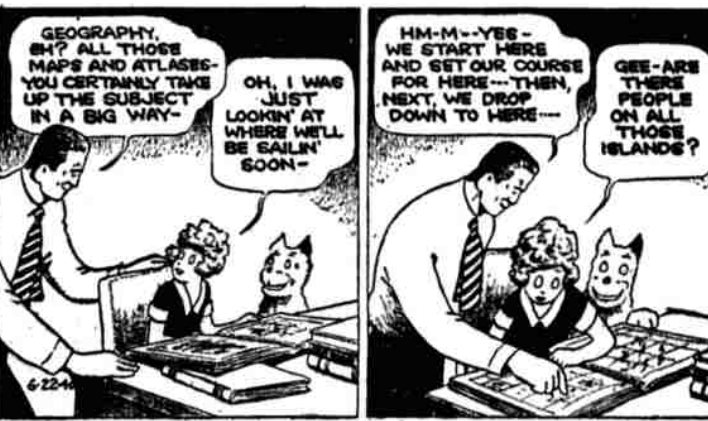
OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE GOOD END



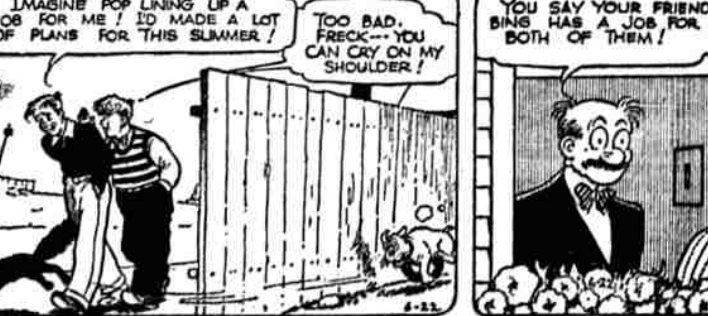
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



AND THEN HE COMPLAINED OF A HEADACHE AND RETIRED



BY FRED HARMAN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN