

SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

COPYRIGHT, 1941.
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Paula and Tony are determined to keep Chris out of trouble. They enlist the help of Dr. Lud, who explains that Kilo's uncle, Big Barney Sherwood, is looking for an excuse to send Dr. Van Horn, replace him with a hand-picked politician. If the League-Prater fight continues, Sherwood will win that. The route home, Dr. Lud surprises Paula by telling her that Tony loves her. She knows it is true.

PAULA TAKES A TRICK

CHAPTER VI

"It's not true, it's not true," Paula told herself over and over. "Why, Tony would laugh at the idea!"

For hours she had been tossing restlessly on her bed, trying to erase Dr. Lud's words from her mind. But the more she thought about it the less sure she was. Had she been so blinded by love for Chris that she couldn't see how Tony felt?

Paula sat up in bed, moonlight silencing her slim shoulders. Memories pushed in on her—the eager way Tony's fingers sought hers; the wistful light in his brown eyes when she caught his gaze on her; his stubborn refusal to date any of the Gamma Tau girls.

It all added up; Paula couldn't deny that. She buried her face in her pillow, and a fierce determination came over her never to hurt Tony.

THE next morning was cloudy and cool. Paula put on the blue wool dress Chris liked so well. She hid the ravages of her sleepless night with make-up and set off across the campus. She hoped she didn't look too much like a huntress, for her mind was made up to snatch Chris away from Kilo even if she had to club him.

She caught glimpses of Tony during the day, but she managed to avoid conversation with him. Late in the afternoon she met Chris strolling across the campus.

"Hey, wait up for a gal," she called to him.

Chris turned, an unreadable expression in his fire-blue eyes. Paula couldn't tell whether he was glad to see her or not.

"Hi, Paulie. How're things and stuff?"

"So, so, podner," Paula drawled. "How's the lone ranger?"

"It's exam time, Paulie," he replied. "Old Christopher grindeth his wits."

Paula sensed the apology in his voice, but let it pass. "How about buying me a coke for old-time's sake?"

"Well . . ." Chris rubbed the end of his nose in embarrassment. "I'd like to, Paulie, but I've already promised."

Paula said lightly, "Oh, well, in that case . . ." But a lump rose to her throat, a lump composed of a part of anger and a part of hurt. "Some other time."

"Hey, wait, pal," Chris said, catching her arm. "Don't be like that. I'm not standing you up, honest. Meet me tomorrow afternoon, will you?"

Paula's pride wanted to snap a crisp "No!" at him, but her heart would have none of it. "If you really want me to, Chris."

"You betcha, Paulie!" He flashed his reckless grin at her in the old familiar way. "So long."

AT the house a letter awaited her, a letter which she took along when she went to meet Chris the next afternoon.

In no mood to talk over the din of a juke box, Paula vetoed the Sweetland and suggested a walk along Tinker's Creek. With the sunshine warm in her hair and Chris moving long-strided at her side, Paula's confidence returned.

They walked nearly a mile without saying much, then Chris stopped himself on the bank of the creek and said, "What is this, Paulie, a marathon?"

Paula found a place by his side. "Sissy!"

"Been seeing Tony?" Chris asked casually.

"Some," Paula replied, hating to shatter these precious moments with more serious matters. "We had a talk with Dr. Lud the other night."

"About what?" Chris demanded. "I never could see why you and Tony always idolized that guy."

"He's honest, Chris," Paula said, remembering with a pang Lud's warning about Tony. "When he tells you something you can believe it."

Chris scowled. "Such as?"

"The League," Paula burst out. "Chris, did you ever hear of Big Barney Sherwood?"

"I've not only heard of him," Chris boasted, "I've met him. He was up to see Kilo and he let me drive his 12-cylinder car. He's a real guy, Paulie. Nobody tells Big Barney what to do."

PAULA'S heart sank. How could she ever make Chris see the truth—that Big Barney was an unscrupulous politician and not a man to be admired like Dr. Van Horn or Dr. Lud?

"Chris, will you listen to the truth about Big Barney?"

"How do I know it's the truth? A lot of crazy rumors don't mean anything."

"Then you've heard them?"

"Oh, sure, all this stuff about Big Barney trying to give Van Horn the boot so he can put in his own man and do a little grafting on the new buildings. Kilo says that's all hokum."

"Chris, don't you see? The League's trying to put Dr. Van Horn on the spot!"

"So what?" Chris demanded. "Van Horn's an old fogey. Big Barney'll hire someone that'll take the fraternities down off their high horse."

Paula said scornfully, "And you're working with Kilo to put over a dirty deal like that!"

Chris chuckled. "Now don't get yourself in an uproar, Paulie. The League's out to get the Greek-letter outfits, not Van Horn."

"That's what you think, but you're being used as a tool."

Chris got to his feet, his mouth tight-drawn. "I think we'd better be going back, Paulie."

"No, wait, Chris," Paula caught his sleeve and pulled him back. "You're only being stubborn. You don't care anything about the League. It's just a lark for you."

"Maybe it is," Chris admitted. "But I get a boot out of it, and I can't see any harm in—"

"That's just it; there may be harm," I know you, Chris. You'd hate yourself if you got mixed up in some political mess. Tears filled Paula's eyes. "Think of Tony and me. We're your friends. We care a lot what happens to you."

"Why, Paulie . . ." His big hands were gentle on her trembling shoulders. "I—I never saw you like this. What's the matter?"

Paula thought, "Oh, Chris, why must you be so blind!" Aloud she said, "It's nothing, Chris. It's just that I'm afraid for you. You're such a grand person and I—I mean, oh!" She buried her face in his coat and sobbed.

PAULA fumbled in her pocket, brought out the letter. "Read it."

A moment later Chris handed it back to her. "You—you did this for me, Paulie? Why?"

"Because—because . . . oh, I know you can write, but you'll need practical experience. Dad does business with this big New York publishing house. I told him if he could find an opening to let me know, Chris, I'm sorry if I've meddled, but . . ."

"Paulie," Chris spoke gravely. "will they try to boss me a lot?"

"I—I'm sure they won't, Chris. If they do you can quit. But don't you see, if you get into trouble here Dad can't recommend you for the job?"

Chris took a deep breath. "Maybe it's worth a try, Paulie."

"Then you'll give up the League?"

Chris said softly, "I think you're a very swell girl."

"Oh, Chris . . ."

(To Be Continued)

According to the latest estimate, the army will need from 135,000 to 150,000 pilots alone, requiring a minimum of 800,000, and at least double the number of trained men now working in the aviation industry.

The "average" captain-pilot of a transport plane is 33 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 166 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. His temperament is complacent and controlled; his average pulse rate is 71 beats a minute.

NEED A SUIT RIGHT NOW?

IF YOU DO, REMEMBER THAT YOUR

CREDIT IS GOOD HERE!

AS LONG AS 90 DAYS TO PAY

OREGON WOOLEN STORE

8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

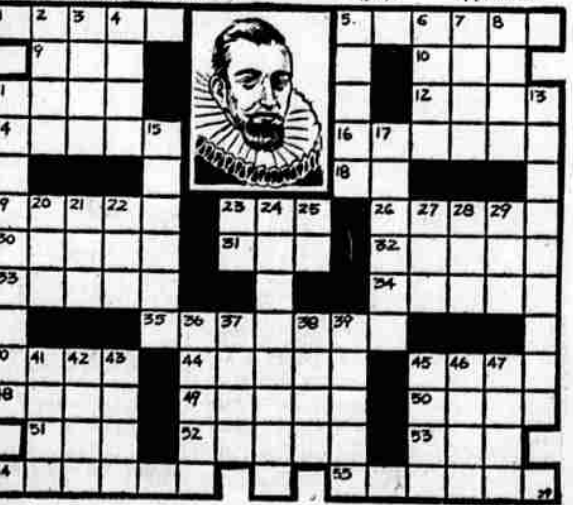
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: But no matter how fast the tides travel, they always arrive later than they did the day before . . . because the moon is later.

HUNTER OF NEW LANDS

- HORIZONTAL**
- 5 Man after whom Hudson bay is named.
 - 9 By way of.
 - 10 Rowing tool.
 - 11 Throat.
 - 12 Rasp.
 - 14 One that asks.
 - 16 Reflection.
 - 18 South Africa (abbr.).
 - 19 Images.
 - 23 Pronoun.
 - 26 Backless chair.
 - 30 Gusses.
 - 31 To sunburn.
 - 32 Slow (music).
 - 33 Glass marble.
 - 34 Lighted coal.
 - 35 One who scoffs.
 - 44 Death notice.
 - 46 Genus of elms.
 - 45 To scorch.
 - 48 Drive.
 - 49 To push up.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- LILYPONS
 - SINGER
 - LOOM HEATER
 - IMAGE BALD SEER
 - MANA LACK STEER
 - PROSACK THEN A
 - OK HUSK LOAD AN
 - RESORT BOOM SIC
 - TAPED DROMENADE
 - AVES DEATH
 - NOD EARN LAC
 - LILY AMID PAC
 - MINUTIVE
 - ASSAULT REED
 - 50 Chair supports.
 - 51 Sun.
 - 52 Notched.
 - 53 Before.
 - 54 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 55 Reformation.
 - 56 Notched.
 - 57 Before.
 - 58 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 59 Reformation.
 - 60 Notched.
 - 61 Before.
 - 62 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 63 Reformation.
 - 64 Notched.
 - 65 Before.
 - 66 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 67 Reformation.
 - 68 Notched.
 - 69 Before.
 - 70 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 71 Reformation.
 - 72 Notched.
 - 73 Before.
 - 74 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 75 Reformation.
 - 76 Notched.
 - 77 Before.
 - 78 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 79 Reformation.
 - 80 Notched.
 - 81 Before.
 - 82 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 83 Reformation.
 - 84 Notched.
 - 85 Before.
 - 86 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 87 Reformation.
 - 88 Notched.
 - 89 Before.
 - 90 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 91 Reformation.
 - 92 Notched.
 - 93 Before.
 - 94 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 95 Reformation.
 - 96 Notched.
 - 97 Before.
 - 98 He discovered Manhattan in 1609.
 - 99 Reformation.
 - 100 Notched.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



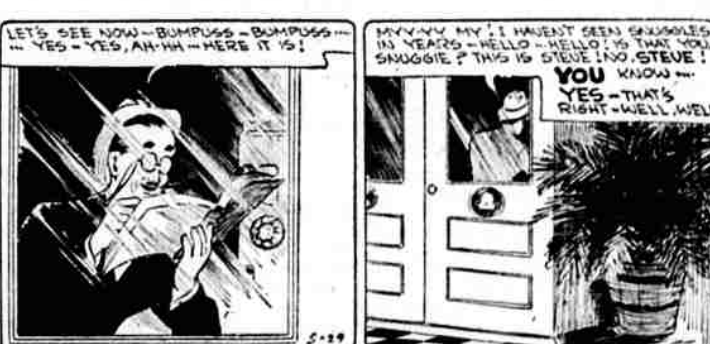
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

