

SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY, Dr. Lud, Paula and Tony had the fraternal men meeting for an attack on the League meeting...

KILO CHALLENGED

TONY half carried Paula across the rough field. When they reached the barn he was breathing fast but easily...

Tony wasted no time in knocking. He gave the door a kick that burst it open...

Kilo recovered first, her green eyes flaming. "What is this? Another Greek-letter invasion?"

Tony said easily, "We're here as friends, Kilo. You've got to get out of this barn fast."

Kilo laughed. "What's wrong, Mr. Beale? Is it going to catch fire?"

"Worse than that," Tony snapped. "About 50 fraternity fellows are on their way here."

"Why should that concern you?" "Dr. Lud sent us to warn you," Paula broke in...

For the first time Kilo deigned to notice her. "This is an honor, Miss Jeffers. Your last visit here made quite an impression."

"We're giving it to you straight, Kilo," Tony said. "Either you break up your meeting or there'll be trouble..."

Kilo turned to the League members. "Do you want to let the fraternity boys run us out?"

"No!" It was an emphatic chorus. "You see?" Kilo said. "We're not afraid of a fight..."

Tony lowered his voice. "Could it be, Kilo, that you want this scrap?"

"Well, it's your last chance to strike a blow for Uncle Barney," Tony said shrewdly...

Kilo drew her lovely young face into a defiant scowl. For a long moment her will opposed Tony's in silent struggle...

KILO broke the deadlock: "Go ahead, tell them," she challenged. "See how much good it will do you!"

"Okay," Tony said, facing the group. "Your president says I can talk. Will you listen? I promise to make it snappy..."

There was a murmur of disagreement from the members which Tony pretended to ignore.

"I want to ask because you remember what Cardman was like 10 years ago? Well, I'll tell you, Cardman was on the skids..."

"So what?" "So who put Cardman back on his feet?" Tony shouted, baring his fist into his palm...

"I do deny it!" Kilo leaped to Tony's side, her slim body taut. "Tony Beale wants to get you out of here because he knows that if we run away there won't be any anti-fraternity League next year..."

Tony backed close to Paula. "Climb into the loft," he whispered. "and see if they're coming."

Paula clambered up the ladder. The window of the loft was dust-hazed and covered with spider webs. Shuddering, she swept them away...

"They're coming, Tony!" Tony nodded grimly. "I'll take them at least 10 minutes to get organized and across the field."

KILO'S voice meanwhile was weaving a husky spell over the League members: "I can deny only part of what Tony Beale's told you. It's true about Uncle Barney. He does want to pick the next president of Cardman, and I'll tell you why..."

"Attagirl, Kilo!" "He wants justice for all at Cardman, Big Barney Sherwood

will put in a president who won't coddle the Greek-letter societies. And that's why I've been 'making saps' of you, as Tony Beale puts it!

Paula, hearing the ring of sincerity in Kilo's voice, thought in surprise. "Why, she really believes that!"

Now the League members were standing, giving a loud cheer to their president. Kilo acknowledged the tribute with glowing eyes.

PAULA saw Tony's shoulders slump in defeat. It was useless to argue further with them and he knew it. Paula's heart seemed to drop to her shoetops...

Her mind raced as Tony joined her and said, "We're in for it, Paula. Stay up here and you won't get hurt."

But Paula was not listening. Her thoughts darted back to Chris, to what he had tried to tell her at the jail. Once again she saw the expression on his face...

"Come back where they won't hear us. I've got something to tell you."

Paula dragged the girl into a corner of the barn. "Kilo, Chris is in trouble. He's in jail, and you're to blame!"

"Jail?" Color drained from Kilo's face, leaving it haggard in Harry Bridges, California C. I. O. leader, stuffs sleeve up cuff, ready to answer questions at San Francisco hearing in which government seeks to return him to his native Australia.

the lamplight. "You're lying to me." "Ask Tony. He swore out the warrant." Kilo studied Paula's face with wide, frightened eyes. In it she read the truth. She swallowed convulsively, tried to speak and failed.

Swiftly Paula played her ace. "Chris is in love with you, Kilo. Will you go out and tell the truth about the scarf? Or are you going to let Chris take the blame?"

(To Be Continued)

May Go Home



Harry Bridges, California C. I. O. leader, stuffs sleeve up cuff, ready to answer questions at San Francisco hearing in which government seeks to return him to his native Australia.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE KING STOOPS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoopie



RUBE GETS AWAY TO A FLYING START

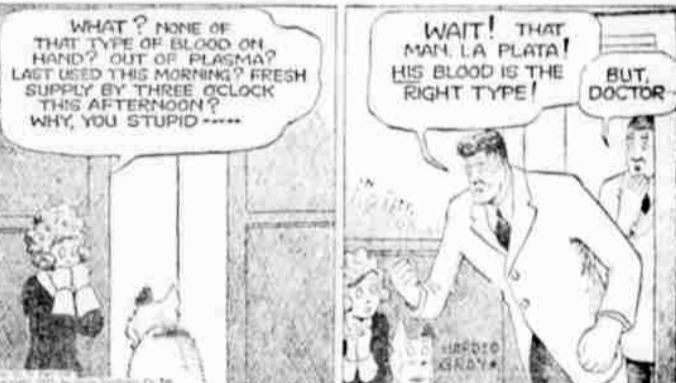
RED RYDER

By Fred Harman



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray



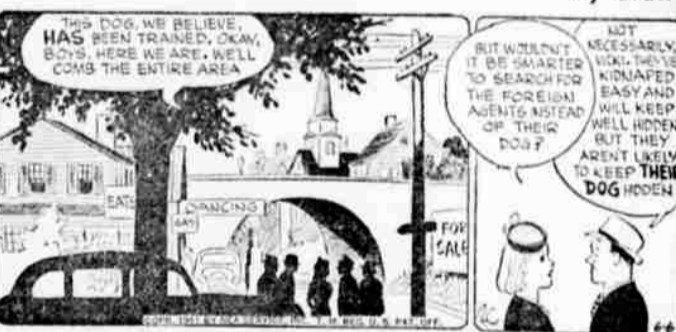
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



WASH TUBBS

By Crane



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Lizards are the earlier type . . . and from them snakes developed.

WRITER OF MERIT

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Author of "Jane Eyre." 14 Wireless music box. 15 Constellation. 16 Derivative of aloes. 17 Invitation. 18 Record keeper. 20 Hound. 21 To perch. 22 Blows a flute. 24 To gain a profit. 26 Neuter pronoun. 27 By nature. 28 Sea tale. 30 Musical syllable. 31 Company of musicians. 32 Preposition. 34 Tipsters. 35 Style. 37 Two. 38 Railway (abbr.). 40 Ream (abbr.). 42 Sketched. 43 Parrot. 44 Her — also were fine writers. 45 To shave the head. 22 To shave (abbr.). 23 She was a — for a few years. 27 Mitigated. 28 Mother-of-pearl. 29 Unopened flower. 31 Your. 33 Smallest number. 38 Made of grain. 41 Maxine. 43 Engine. 45 Elk. 47 Granted facts. 49 To stop up a stream. 51 Sun. 52 Cuckoo. 53 Still. 54 Distant. 55 Provided. 58 Form of "I."

