













SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

By W. H. PEARLS

CHAPTER I

"AFTER FOUR years," Paula Jeffers mused, "you suddenly realize how beautiful the college is. And you get a sort of full feeling around your heart."

Tony Beale nodded, his quiet face thoughtful. "I'd never admit it to anyone else; Paula, but I feel the same way. Wouldn't that give Chris a laugh?"

They were seated on the crest of the Bishop's Backbone. The path at their feet snaked its way down the big hump of earth and led through a tall arch. Cut into stone in time-worn letters was the inscription: Cardman College, est. 1790.

Tradition held that no graduate should leave the college without passing under Cardman Arch and walking up the Backbone for a final glimpse of the campus.

This was a sort of preview for Paula and Tony. Earlier Paula had emerged from the Gamma Tau house into a warm flood of sunshine. Drawing a deep breath of May morning into her slender body, savoring its sweet, green smells, she had decided impulsively to cut her 8 o'clock class.

As usual, Chris Wentrich and Tony Beale waited for her at the corner. They had flipped a coin to see who should pay for breakfast and were disputing its decision. Chris, tall and lean with fire-blue eyes; Tony, shorter, more compact, his grave face holding deep convictions.

Paula pretended to be unaware of them until they caught her arms and half lifted her from the sidewalk.

"Pardon us," Chris said, grinning. "We think we know you."

"We like your looks, miss," Tony said. "We are about to coffee up. Will you join us?"

"Coffee? On a morning like this!" Paula tossed her bronze head. "Don't you two ogress ever think any higher than your stomachs?"

"Not me," Chris grunted. "Nothing's beautiful to old Christopher until he's had his hot cup."

"I'm going to climb the Backbone and take a look at the campus in this gorgeous sunlight," Paula said.

"Okay," Chris flipped back at her. "That saves us the price of coffee and rolls."

Paula feigned indignation, but she thought, "How like Chris! If he gives a darn about anyone or anything he never shows it."

"Tony said, 'Well, I don't have a class until 9:15,' and his eyes went wide as he absorbed Paula's fresh young face. 'I might tag along.'"

"Traitor!" Chris howled. "First you chisel me on the fess, then you desert me. Oh, well, go ahead and drool about leaving the old college. Me for coffee. Bon voyage."

NOW, sitting beside Tony, Paula remembered how jauntily Chris had strode away from them. If only he'd show just a little jealousy. But Chris was Christ-independent, reckless. And yet beneath his brittle crust...

Tony was saying, "You live here four years and those old buildings are just piles of stone. And then, all of a sudden, you have to leave and you realize what an important influence they're likely to have on your life. When we walk through Cardman Arch, Paula, we're heading for the big show, and there's the main entrance."

With a start, Paula dragged her thoughts away from Chris. "Well spoken, Tony."

They sat in silence looking down



Illustrated by Carol Johnson

Paula and Tony turned to face Chris. "Mind if I sit here and brood over these hallowed walls?" he asked. "Join the mourners' bench," Paula said. "You came just in time to keep Tony and me from weeping."

over the campus, rolling and brilliantly green with new grass. The old buildings squatted massively among tall oaks, unperturbed by time and weather, sheltered with ivy.

Paula said, "We feel the same way, Tony."

"It's funny but we do," Tony said, and again his brown eyes were touched with a wistful light. "About lots of things, and yet..."

He left the sentence unfinished, fumbled for his pipe. Paula stared down the path.

"I—I thought I saw Chris coming," she murmured. "Maybe he's changed his mind."

"Maybe," his mouth twitched a little at the corners. "You're pretty fond of Chris, aren't you?"

Paula tried to avoid the probing of Tony's gaze. "Of both you boys," she laughed. "We've had grand times together."

Tony said, "I hate to think it's all ending in a few weeks. You've been good to include me."

It struck Paula as odd that she'd never thought of Tony like that. Not as someone you "included."

Even though she was in love with Chris she'd never resented Tony's presence.

"It's not that way at all, Tony," Paula replied. "It's just that I've a wild streak like Chris's. I cut class because the morning smells good. Tony, you wouldn't do that, but Chris would."

Tony snorted. "With your grades, Paulie, anybody would."

Below, a group of freshmen rushed between buildings, their carefree laughter reaching up to Paula and Tony. Listening, Paula felt old and solemn.

"You're right, Tony, college is a sort of dress rehearsal for the big show. If you make a mistake here... well, there's someone to prompt you from the wings. But once you get out in front of a real audience... Oh, gosh, Tony, when I think of walking under that old arch it scares me."

"Don't worry," Tony advised. "It's like Doc Lud says—in a few years we'll be running the show, you and I and Chris and the others like us. Sure, there'll be some crackpots wanting to grab our parts, but we've got to—"

"...die for dear old Cardman!"

PAULA and Tony spun around to face Chris. He had approached as silently as an Indian. His wily blond hair was wind-ruffled, a sardonic twinkle lighted his blue eyes.

"Go ahead, rub it in, Chris," Tony said mildly. "But for a change we're talking sense."

Chris chuckled. "Mind if I sit here and brood over these hallowed walls?"

Paula tried to fit her mood to his; it was the best way to get along with Chris.

"Join the mourners' bench," she said brightly. "You came just in time to keep Tony and me from weeping on each other's shoulders."

Tony arose suddenly. "Well, I think I'll get along. See you two later."

They watched his well-knit figure move easily down the path until it disappeared.

"There's a guy," Chris said softly, and in that instant his mood became serious. "Tony could go places if he'd do his own thinking."

"Tony will go places," Paula said.

Chris shook his head. "Tony's too satisfied with the old stuff. Joins a fraternity, plays football, jumps into all the activities. Model student and all that."

"You believe those things are silly, don't you, Chris?"

"Uh-huh! Stuff needs changing. Some day I'll tell the world what ails it!"

Paula frowned. "Chris, have you any plans? Oh, I know you've written some articles, but have you done anything about lining up a job with some magazine or publishing house?"

He grinned. "Not plans, Paulie, just sort of ideas. Whatever I do I'm going to get a boot out of it. You know what happened when the editor of the Cardman Arch killed those anti-fraternity editorials I wrote? 'A little radical, Wentrich, a little radical,' Chris quoted scornfully. "Well, you just watch old Christopher make him eat those words!"

"Chris," Paula leaned toward him anxiously, "promise me you won't get into any more jams. In a few weeks you'll be leaving Cardman. Buckle down and be ready for those finals. Will you do that for me?"

Chris caught Paula's arms in his big blue hands. Dancing glints jumped into his fire-blue eyes. "You're my pal, Paulie, he laughed and kissed her lightly. But over the pounding of her heart Paula heard a warning voice: Chris had evaded the promise...

(To Be Continued)

Officers Question Selves, Find Body

SAN BERNARDINO, Calif., May 13 (AP)—"If you were a killer, where would you hide a body?"

Two members of a posse posed this question. Thirty minutes later they found the body of David Raymond Wells, 24, who had been missing since Wednesday.

Today law enforcement officers throughout southern California and southwestern Nevada and northwestern Arizona intensified a search for Wells' half-brother, Alfred Wells, 30, said by police to have shot David, David's wife, Jean, 20, and her friend, Rose Destree, 17.

While 1,000 men searched the rugged canyons near Cajon Pass yesterday, O. E. Hawkins of San Bernardino asked his co-worker, E. E. Thompson, where he would "hide a body."

"Probably higher in the foothills, where the brush is thickest," Thompson replied. Hawkins agreed, and within half an hour they found David's body where it had lain, shot through the back, for four days.

The body was found less than a mile from where Mrs. Wells was killed and Miss Destree fatally wounded Wednesday. Miss Destree said Alfred Wells, a former convict, shot Mrs. Wells in a rage, wounded her and departed, swearing to kill his half-brother.

'Clean Politics' Measure Amended

WASHINGTON, May 13 (AP)—Senator Hatch (D-N. M.) said today he had drafted an amendment to his "clean politics" law which would require individuals to report in their

income tax returns all funds received or disbursed for political purposes.

Under his proposal, a special form asking the data on political contributions would be sent out with the income tax blanks each year. Any contributor to or recipient of political funds who failed to make out the supplemental form, or made it out fraudulently, would be subject to the same federal fines and jail sentences provided for income tax evaders.

Hatch said the supplemental

"politics form" would be made public and declared that this, in itself, should deter large contributions. In addition, he said, the arrangement would make it easy to check violations of any maximum which congress might fix on expenditures by central party organizations.

Domestic airlines, 16 in number carried 177,055 passengers during January, 1941, flying 69,047,939 miles—an increase of approximately 30 per cent over the same month in 1940.

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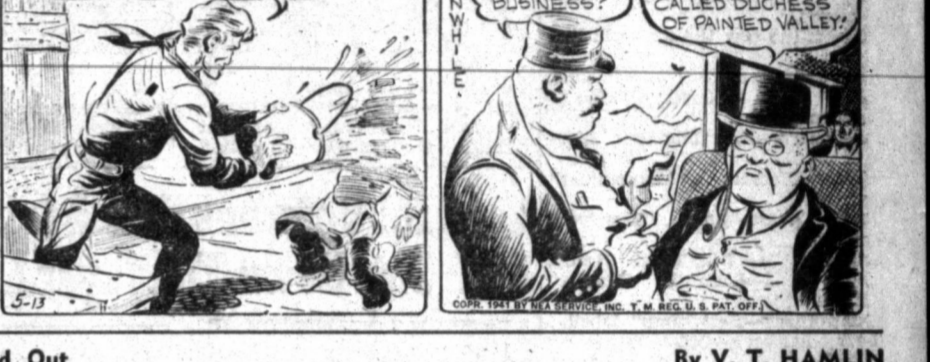
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Who Is Mr. Sing?

Who Is Mr. Sing?

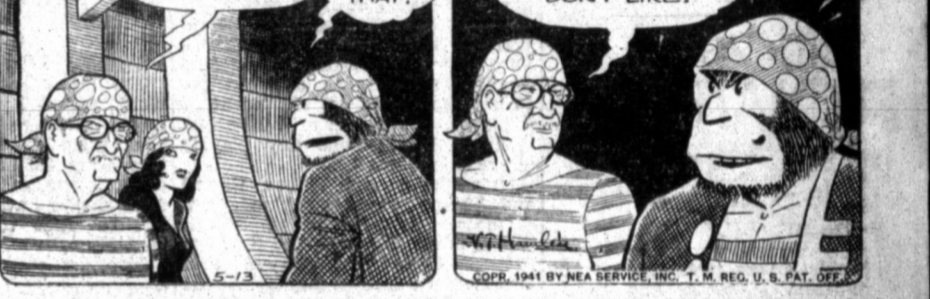


By FRED HARMAN

ALLEY OOP



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