

SERIAL STORY JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

COPYRIGHT, 1939, NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER X
gin dropping to the floor
had sounded like an av-

started out with just a half dozen
of the boys deciding on the idea.
Sounded so good we decided to
make a fraternity affair out of it.

and with the way politics are
on the campus it doesn't
make much difference who
candidate is if she gets the
support.

He looked up. "Not yet," he
hissed. "Know any dame who'd
like to spend a miserable evening?"

an was sprawled on her bed
over some economics notes
Kay entered the room.

Keith closed one eye. "Aw, he
can sit up front with the driver."

he threw back her head and
sighed. "Not as much as I sur-

"Well, I've got a date for you."

with called the next day. Tech
an open date that week and
Gammas were having a hay-

Keith grinned. "Nope—it's Joan
Johnson."

FLAPPER FANNY
By Sylvia



Why can't she get dates?
ever notice, the less books a girl carries the more boys she
has to carry 'em?"

SIDE GLANCES



Wait until I get through talking before you say yes!"

ed, after the first twinge of dis-
appointment had worn off.

"It's like this—Coach wants to
take advantage of this open date
and do a little scouting. So he's
taking Barney Hughes, Johnny
White, and myself to see Pitt in
a night game tomorrow."

"We've had an assistant coach
scouting them all season, but the
Old Man wants to get in a few
personal touches."

"But why should he need all
three of you?"

"Well, Barney's captain, of
course. Johnny being quarter-
back, Slocum wants him to check
into Pitt's defensive setups so he
can get a line on what stuff to
use against them. And me—I
dunno exactly why he wants me
along—but he wants me, and Old
Man Slocum isn't the kind of
gent that can be talked out of
anything."

"Not even by the great Keith
Rhodes, hey?"

He laughed. "Get tempermen-
tal with Slocum and you find
yourself on the bench."

They parked in the library
drive for a while, "And how I
was looking forward to that hay-
ride," she said glumly.

"Look," he said, taking her
hand. "I don't want to disappoint
you, and I've got an idea that I
think will work out swell. I'll
call you about it tonight. You
ought to be home by then."

He let her out and drove back
to the Gamma house. He ran
upstairs three at a time, barged
into his room and confronted a
surprised Dan Webber.

"Take it easy," Dan said. "You
came in there like a 63 reverse
to the weak side."

"Yeah man, and I've got to get
myself a first down." He strad-
dled a chair. "Daniel, my boy,
you were one of the less fortunate
souls who didn't bother to
get a date for the hayride to-
morrow night, weren't you?"

"Go 'head, brainstorm, go
'head."

"Well, I've got a date for you."

"You mean maybe you have a
date for me. Who is it—your dear
cousin Tillie from Pumpkin
Hollow?"

Keith grinned. "Nope—it's Joan
Johnson."

Dan's feet were on his desk.
They came down with a crash.

"Who?" he howled. "Did I hear
correctly?"

"You did," Keith said calmly.
"What's more, you're going to do
me a very great favor and take
her on that hayride."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

None So Blind

By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE

Now Showing—"NOTHING ON THEIR MINDS BUT HATS."

By E. C. SEGAR



SECRET AGENT X-9

The G-Man Feels a Tug on His Line

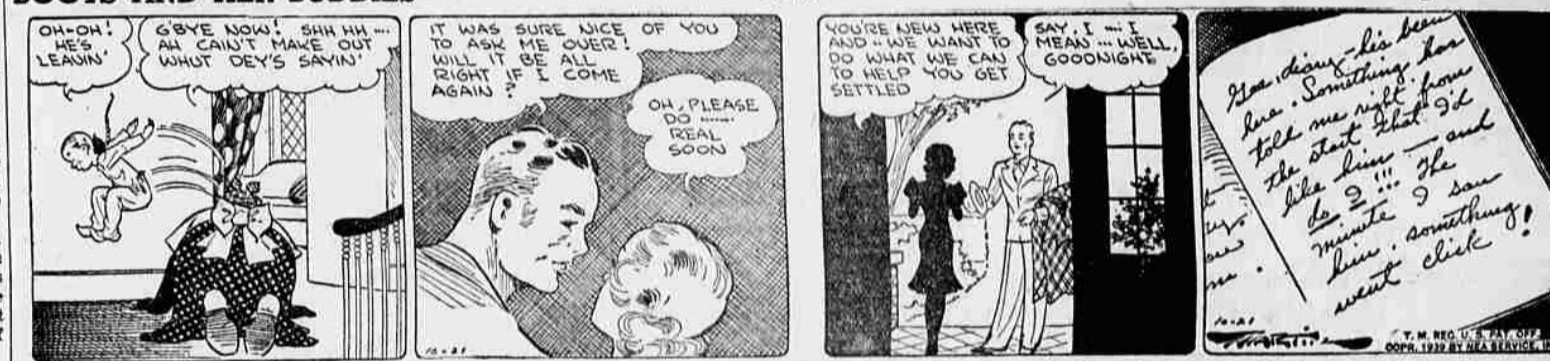
By ROBERT STORM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Oh!

By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

Welcome to Mother Grey's

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

Hurry, Professor!

By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE .. with .. MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



FINLAND'S national hero is
Field Marshal Baron Carl Gustav
Mannerheim. He led its 1917 war
of independence against Russia.