SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

By JERRY BRONDFIELD

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CHAPTER XXIX

e pain in Dan's hand was in- as they lined up for the al- impossible task of halting first juggernaut on the two- line. Dan clamped his teeth and hoped the hand get numb soon.

trick stuff now. Just plain, ght brute football. Hal For- took it and smashed between and tackle. For a split sec- a hole appeared there, but came up fast and messed the for no gain.

Forrest, this time on a block. Good for a yard. and one. The Tech guards on their hands and knees. Mangano raged up and down the line, slipping, plead- threatening.

came out of the huddle . . . a single wing to the right. Carroll on a cut-back over , but Dan and Hank Butler into the interference. Bar- Hughes nailed the runner six from the line.

in the tailback now. hand on the clock said two of the first half remained. two lines locked . . . piled the goal line. . . . Forrest forward, plunged over the but Dan hit him in midair. ably the referee plunged the mass . . . reached for the

lacked two inches of being touchdown.

Mangano embraced Dan named him in Latin emotion. they weren't out of danger yet. White had to punt out behind his own goal line.

barely got it away, but the was short, McCarroll taking the Tech 30. He almost got but Barney Hughes brought down with a desperate lunge the 18. And then it started all again.

. . . Forrest . . . McCar- . . . smash . . . smash . . . Over guard, over tackle crunching power plays over

Dan Webber, reeling on feet, plugging the gaps until no longer felt pain, but just throbbing ache all over body.

and goal to go on the eight. short yards packed with dull and punishment.

Forrest wasn't human. He over tackle, stepping on his own interference, driving his 200 pounds with the speed and force of a projectile.

Marty Gallagher stopped him once after being dragged for two yards. A minute to go.

Forrest again . . . spinning like a top and crashing through a slight opening between center and guard. Dan saw him coming, smashed aside the Pitt guard who had slipped through to check him and poured his tired body into the hole.

Stopped again . . . but how much longer could they stand it? Third and four. McCarroll this time . . . almost as bad . . . hitting in there like an express train . . . but Joe Donchek, sobbing, submarined blindly, nailed him in midair.

Still fourth and four. But the great Hal Forrest had been stopped cold. Pitt called for a place kick.

The stands screamed a mighty crescendo . . . "Block it! Block that kick . . . block that kick!"

As if they had to be told! Barney Hughes poised himself for a quic dash. Tony Mangano looked for a spot he could knife through the line.

McCarroll was kicking. The ball came back to the man holding. McCarroll stepped forward . . . right foot meeting the ball squarely. . . . Marty Gallagher smashed through, leaped high . . . the ball grazed his fingertips and continued on its way. It split the crossbar for three points just as the gun ended the half.

Dan kept his hand hidden during the intermission so its swollen condition would go unnoticed. They sat around and sucked lemons as Bill Slocum talked, softly, encouragingly.

They almost dreaded going back on the field. It would only be a repetition of the first half . . . and it was.

Grimly, blindly they fought off the power that was Pitt. If only they could get the ball in decent offensive territory. Ten minutes to go.

Eight.

Four.

And then Dan Webber hurtling in to stop what looked like a weak-side reverse, lunged through the air and deflected a shovel pass. The ball popped into the clear. Joe Donchek smothered it to his chest on the Pitt 45.

"Now or never," Johnny White panted. "It's yours, Keith . . . yours on old 62. . . How 'bout it, gang?"

Two minutes to go. It was Keith Rhodes on a reverse. Joe Donchek and Dan Webber led the way. Joe hit the end with his last explosive gesture. The end tottered . . . went off balance and out of the play as Keith and Dan swept by . . . wide.

Barney Hughes had gone through, checked the Tech linebacker on that side of the line. They were through the secondary . . . down to the 30 . . . the 20. Hal Forrest and another member of the Pitt last line of defense tore across the field . . . headed to cut Keith off at about the 12.

But they ran too close together.

"Cut to the right" Dan yelled to Keith . . . "toward the sideline"

And then he flung his body forward, in a long roll block. He caught them both at the same time . . . smashed them to the turf.

Blackness . . . deep and welcome, engulfed him, but not before he heard the tremendous roar which told him Keith had crossed the goal.

His arm bandaged from the elbow down and smelling from rubbing liniment, Dan found Joan waiting rof him outside the dressing room.

Then he noticed she was with someone . . . a tall, well-dressed man whose arm she clutched possessively.

"Dan . . . . this is my father."

"Great game, young man," J. G. boomed as he took Dan's hand. "Great, I say . . . wonderful the way you watched over my daughter, too, these last few days . . . won't forget it. . . . You've got to have dinner with us tonight . . . just got to."

Dan grinned. "I should be doing all the thanking for what Joan did for me . . . but the dinner date sounds swell. See you at the hotel after I go back to the house and change clothes."

It took him a half hour to fight his way through the wild jamboree at the Gamma house. They almost tore him apart . . . and might have had he not held up his bandaged hand in self-defense.

He was almost dressed when he found the letter on his desk. It was from Acme Pottery Products. About his job, perhaps. He tore it open eagerly, scanned it rapidly.

When he had finished he crumpled the letter up into a ball and tossed it into the wastebasket. There was a bitter expression on his face as he stared moodily out the window.

(To Be Concluded)

CLUB MEETS

DRAIN, Nov. 11—(Special)—Mrs. Bessie Lakey entertained the Study club at her home Friday with a dessert luncheon at 12. The program for the afternoon was a talk on "Changes On the Map of Europe," by Mrs. Maude Cowles and "Reparations and Wilson's Fourteen Points" by Mrs. Effie Austin. Mrs. Mae Light had charge of reminiscences of Armistice and group singing of war time songs. Eleven members were present. The next meeting will be at the club rooms with Zilpha Patchen as hostess.

DRAIN NOTES

DRAIN, Nov. 11—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. John Black of Elkton, are moving to the Beckley place west of town. Mr. and Mrs. Inscho who have been on the place for several years have moved to eastern Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wisegarver have returned to their home in Portland, after visiting a few days here, with their brother and sister, Will and Elsie Wisegarver.

TO MEET FRIDAY

LORANE, Nov. 11. — (Special) —The Ugo Igo club will meet with Mrs. Gladys Perry Friday, Nov. 17.

Wednesday is the Assyrian Sabbath.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"You better sit in front with us, Clarice. The back's gonna be a little crowded after we pick up the rest of the gang."

SIDE GLANCES

"You're just sticking your head in that newspaper because you can't think of an answer."

Stories in STAMPS

Stuart, Artist, Heads Famous Americans Issue

GILBERT CHARLES STUART, early American painter, whose portrait of Washington has been used on U. S. stamps from 1847 to 1932, gets the No. 1 place in the Famous Americans series on the 1-cent green stamp of the artists group. The stamp will be placed on first-day sale at Narragansett, R. I., Stuart's birthplace.

Stuart was born in 1755 . . . went to London 20 years later . . . gained fame as portrait artist with paintings of George III, King Louis XVI, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others . . . returned to America 1792 at height of fame to do portraits of Washington, four other Presidents, many notables . . . best known for his paintings of Washington . . . died 1828 . . . elected American Hall of Fame 1900.

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The U. S. Postoffice Department's philatelic truck moves steadily southward. The truck is now visiting cities of Virginia and on Dec. 1 will arrive at Elizabeth City, N. C., the first stop in North Carolina. The truck reaches Charleston, S. C., on Dec. 16.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — No Complomise — By HAROLD GRAY

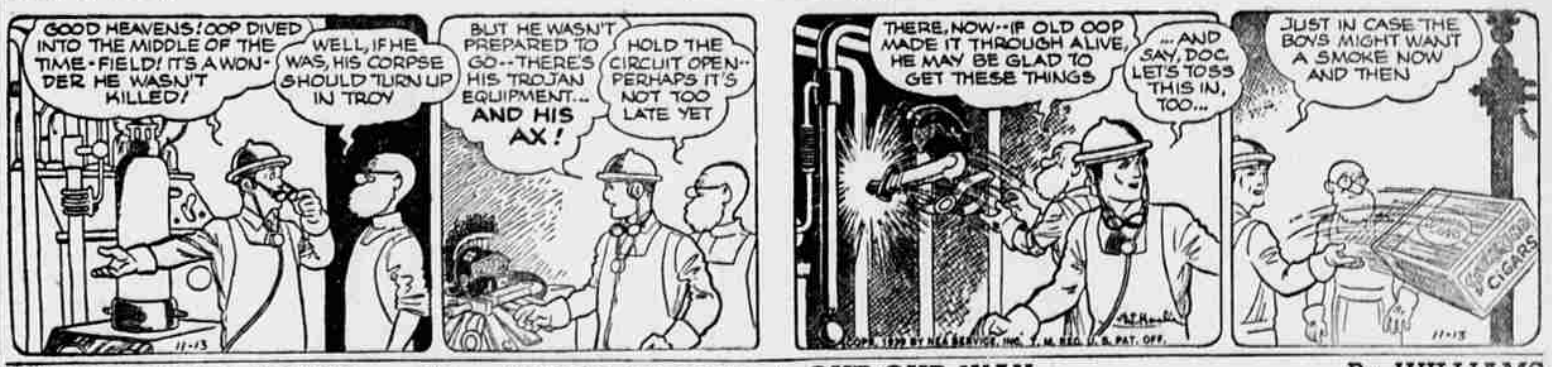
POPEYE — Now Showing—"THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS!" Tomorrow—"HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS." — By E. C. SEGAR

SECRET AGENT X-9 — A G-Man Heads for the Isthmus — By ROBERT STORM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Darn! — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Step Up and Be Snappy — By CRANE

ALLEY OOP — Service of Supplies — By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - with - - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS