

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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CHAPTER I

CAROL REID, president of Alpha Nu, ripped open the telegram the messenger handed her, and read it with a somewhat puzzled expression on her pert, freckled face.

"Saay—listen to this," she began. The dark, curly-haired youth sprawled on a glider looked up.

"Good news, bad news, or just news?"

"You guess." And then: "ARRIVING ON 2:15 STOP PLEASE HAVE SOMEONE MEET ME AT STATION STOP FOR YOUR INFORMATION WILL BE WEARING DUBONNET TAILORED SUIT STOP JOAN JOHNSON, TRANSFER, OMICRON CHAPTER."

"Omicron?" echoed a cute sophomore from the depths of a low-slung wicker chair. "That's U. of Kentucky, isn't it?"

Kay Granger, most beautiful of all the Alpha Nus, tossed a pillow at the sophomore. "Alabama, Chesbro. Forget your pledge manual so soon?"

"You're both wrong," Carol corrected. "It's Northwestern."

Keith Rhodes, 6 feet and 185 pounds of de luxe halfback, uncollected himself from the glider.

"Never mind the small talk, ladies. Who's this Joan Johnson person? Interested, y'know. New worlds to conquer, and stuff."

Carol studied the wire again. "You can't prove it by me," she said. "Miss Joan Johnson is strictly a stranger. Funny, though—we haven't had any previous communication from her. She's certainly getting under the wire—just—with tomorrow last day fees can be paid without fine."

"Maybe she's sent 'em in by mail," Elaine Chesbro mused. And then getting back to the subject. "But what do we do about her?"

Carol looked surprised. "Why, meet her, of course. Isn't much else we can do, is there? C'mon, Keith. You've got just enough time before practice to run me down to the station. Kay won't mind."

"It gets me the way football players can afford to be like this," Carol observed, climbing into his convertible sedan.

"Only the good ones can," he informed her with a grin.

"Of course, that phony job you have down at the bureau of motor vehicles doesn't hurt any, does it?" He registered outraged dignity. "Whadaya mean—phony? I'll have you know—"

They swung down College Drive and passed the ivy-covered home economics building.

"Pull over, Keith." They were approaching Jennings' bookstore. "There's Dan Webber. Been wondering when he'd get around to stopping at the house. Let's pick him up and take him with us."

"Oke—" And then calling to a husky young man in a maroon varsity sweater. "Hey, Web—c'mere!"

"Look up and down both ways," Carol added, as Webber waited for a stream of cars to pass.

"Don't worry," said Keith. "He will—that's just the sort of guy he is—dead serious about everything."

"Including the way he blocks for you," Carol said under her breath.

"Hi Carol! Hi Keith! Where bound?" He stumbled into the back and stretched his legs. He didn't have Rhodes' height nor the handsome features. Yet he was good-looking enough. His shoulders were broad and hinted of power—the kind of power that could blast an opposing end or tackle right into the stands.

"DAN WEBBER could hardly remember the last time he had carried the ball for Tech. His was the blocking post and when Keith Rhodes started off on one of his celebrated off-tackle slants or wide end sweeps it was Dan Webber who usually led the way.

The wind whipped tousled hair into his serious brown eyes. "Well, where we bound for?" he repeated. Before Carol had finished explaining they were at the station.

Carol gripped their arms simultaneously a minute later as passengers came up the ramp. "Over there," she nodded, "and do you see what I see?"

They followed her gaze. Keith let go with a whistle. "Don't look now, but it's an optical illusion." "Jeepers," said Dan softly, "call out the guard."

Walking slowly toward them, looking to either side as though she were searching for someone, was the most beautiful girl any of them had ever seen on the Tech campus. Slender, dark, her ease and grace of movement was a direct contrast with the excited, milling groups criss-crossing through the crowded station.

They walked up to her. Carol said: "I believe you're looking for me—or rather I'm looking for you. I'm Carol Reid, president of Alpha Nu—and of course you're Joan Johnson."

Joan Johnson smiled and extended her hand. "Right, and thanks for meeting me. . . ." And then as her eyes swept deliberately over Keith and Dan: "Quite a reception committee."

"Just a couple of porch lizards who infest the terrace back at the house," Carol offered banteringly. "One of them, especially. Joan, this is Keith Rhodes, and . . ."

Before she could get any further with the introductions, Keith had taken Joan's hand.

"I've heard of you, haven't I?" she murmured. "The great Keith Rhodes . . . you play football or something, don't you?"

He grinned, holding her hand a couple of seconds longer than

usual. "That's right," he admitted breezily.

WHEN Keith had released Joan's hand, Carol continued. "And this is Dan Webber . . . another varsity man."

"I'm doubly honored." She looked into Dan's rugged face, saw none of the eager challenge that had been so visible in Keith. "And what position do you play?" she inquired, almost too politely.

"Right half." He was very brief. "Keith plays left."

"Your bags," Carol cut in. "Let's get 'em and dump 'em right in Keith's car."

"Sure," Keith said. "Let me have the claim checks."

"Thanks," Joan replied, "but I've already arranged to have them sent out to the house. I don't think it would be very convenient to pile them in a car, anyway."

Keith opened the front door for her, and got in behind the wheel. Dan and Carol climbed into the rear.

(To Be Continued)

OREGON MASONS GIVEN DEGREES

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19 (AP)—Oregon Masons elected to 33rd degree and knights commander, court of honor, today included:

Thirty-third degree—Ira Frank Cobb, Portland; Franklin Clinton Howell, Portland; Richard Frank Peters, Hillsboro; John Howard Rankin, Portland; Edwin Boone Wheat, Portland; Ezra Norton Wilso, Medford; William Finch, Woodward, Portland.

Knights commander, court of honor—Carl Clinton Donough, Portland; Luther Andrew Duckworth, Portland; John Conner Failing, Portland; Carl Julius

Greve, Portland; Don Hensley, Klamath Falls; Floyd Thomas Jones, Baker; Frank Wesley Knoll, Seaside; Louis Tuntis Mervin, Portland; William Nalmyer, Salem; Paul Bertheau Rynning, Medford; Robert Lawrence Smith, Portland; John Talbot, Forest Grove; Harold Jesse Wells, Eugene.

You see for yourselves what criminal folly it was to try to defend this city.—Adolf Hitler, in Warsaw.



HEAVE-HO—For a sailor, Admiral William Leahy, new governor of Puerto Rico, displayed rare pitching form as he tossed baseball to open semi-pro season on island.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"... and then he left kindergarten. But I know sometime somewhere—we'll find each other. Maybe in high school."

SOCIAL WORKER

HORIZONTAL

1 New head of the Salvation Army.

13 Pretense.

14 To hurry.

15 Needy.

16 Brainless.

17 To total.

18 Elephant tusk.

20 Affirmative vote.

21 By.

22 Pussy.

23 Credit.

25 To restrain.

28 Fig basket.

31 Untidy.

32 Ordained.

34 Subtle.

36 Pertaining to.

37 Italian river.

38 Fish.

40 Deity of sunlight.

41 Devil.

45 To decay.

47 Assessment amount.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ACOPALIM TIMBER

OGGLER OOM NAIVE

HARE MOO ANTE

TAD SPARTAN SAI

RM SEA S SIN SI

O WANTS ESTOP N

PAINT IMP YULAN

INNS FRUIT SACA

CODE HA COT

SAPEK COCO PALM

TIRK COLO AIBAGE

COPRA TART

TRESS CREESE

HAWSEY

10 New star.

11 To honk.

12 To sin.

16 He

Evangeline Booth as general.

19 You.

24 To declaim.

26 To rectify.

27 Graceful woman.

29 Curse.

30 Tennis point.

33 Tin foil.

35 Pronoun.

39 Ireland.

40 Stone slab.

42 Dry.

43 Moldings.

44 To foment.

46 Auditory.

48 Inspired reverence.

49 Earth goddess.

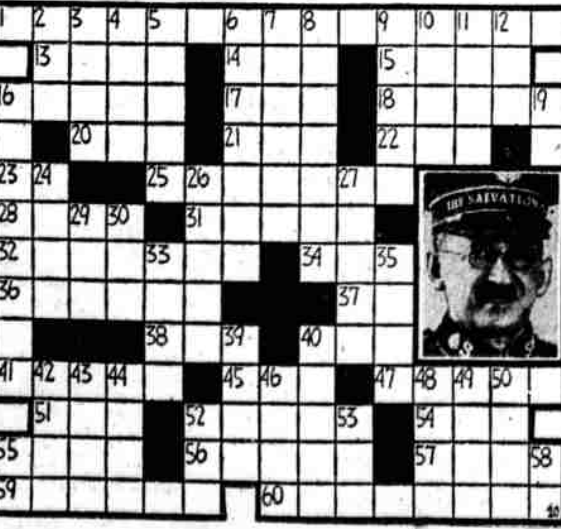
50 Handle.

52 Tribunal.

53 Measure.

55 Myself.

58 Half an em.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



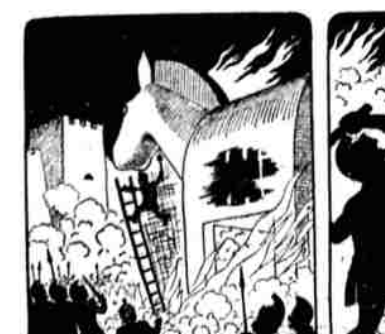
BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN