

## SERIAL STORY

## JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Joan of Arkansas was the Alpha Nu house agent. When Carol told her that Keith is a hard-to-get glimmer boy, Joan accepted the challenge. The arrival of her luggage—two trunks, four suitcases—made the girls wonder if she even has a department store.

## CHAPTER III

THEY regarded Joan quizzically as she supervised the job of dragging her belongings upstairs. "If you don't mind me asking," said Kay, "just what do you have in all those cases?"

Joan registered surprise. "Why, there isn't much here at all. Had to leave a lot of stuff at home because I didn't think there'd be enough room for everything."

"You mean you had more than this at Northwestern?" Bonnie Harris inquired incredulously. "Sure," Joan struggled with a lock. "But there were only two in a room there."

"Oh!" Kay said significantly. Joan caught the note. "But don't get me wrong," she added hastily. "There ought to be plenty of room here."

"Of course," Carol cut in. Then, glancing at her watch, "Just about have time to unpack before dinner, Joan."

"I'll help you," Marianne offered brightly, and set about unstrapping suitcases.

For more than a half hour Marianne "oohed" and "ahhed" at each thing they hung away or placed in cramped drawer space.

There were six formal gowns, when no one else in the house had more than three... tricky sweater sets and sportswear of every description... and Marianne counted 11 pairs of shoes.

"Gee," she said breathlessly. "Where we going to put all this? The room is bulging at the seams already."

Joan looked up, her face flushed. "I give up," she replied mournfully. "Guess I'll have to ship some of this junk back home."

There was a sacrifice in Marianne's voice. "Junk! I wish I had junk like this."

Carol met Joan at the foot of the stairs after she had showered and changed clothes. She ushered her into the living room for more introductions.

Freshmen were required to live in university dormitories, but there were about a dozen girls who had not yet met.

It wasn't instinct which told Joan she was the center of all eyes. It was all too apparent. Suddenly she wished her arrival hadn't been quite so theatrical. Not that she had meant it that way—but as far back as she could remember, everything she did was along the lines of the spectacular.

As gracefully as possible she set about breaking through their reserve. "Have any trouble with diets?" she asked Carol.

Carol laughed. "Oh, once in a while some of the girls start counting calories, but for the most part we manage to please everyone."

She looked at Joan for a moment and then continued. "Why—anything in particular to which you're allergic?"

"Absolutely nothing. I'm one of those fortunate souls who can eat anything."

"I'm glad," Carol said simply, and Joan knew exactly what she meant. After dinner, girls who were expecting dates went up to dress. The rest, Joan included, adjourned to the terrace. The cool late September air was like a tonic as Joan relaxed in a comfortable wicker chair.

Marianne and Elaine Chesbro lounged in a glider beside her and told her about school, the Tech chapter of Alpha Nu, and themselves. About an hour later Carol came out and suggested they walk down to the Varsity for cokes.

THE Varsity was a typical college hangout. Twosomes and foursomes filled small booths. On the wall hung pictures of Tech football teams, varsity men, pictures of homecoming queens and their court, and prom shots.

Someone put a coin in the electric nickelodeon and got a hot Kay Kyser number.

They squeezed into a booth and after a few minutes a perspiring, harassed student waiter took their orders.

"We did okay," Chesbro observed. "Orders taken in four minutes as the crow flies. Usually wait 15."

It was just after they finished their drinks that Keith Rhodes walked in with Barney Hughes, football captain.

Almost immediately, it seemed, Keith spotted them and picked his way over while Hughes stopped to chat at another booth.

"Howdy, folks," he greeted, but he looked directly at Joan. They returned his greeting in chorus and then he looked above their table and grinned.

"You sure picked the right pew. Couldn't done better myself if I'd unahered you over here."

They glanced up. Right above them on the wall was an action picture of Keith Rhodes.

"It's simply awful how that man plagues us," Chesbro sighed.

He squeezed her straw in the middle, cutting off the flow of liquid. Then to Joan: "How about me picking you up in the morning for a sightseeing tour of the campus? Best guide in these parts."

"Sounds good to me," she said. "Better pick me up at the administration building. I've got to pay my fees. Will 10 be okay?"

"It's a date," he promised, and waved a goodby salute to them all. "Our great Mister Rhodes is wasting little time," Marianne observed as they walked back to the house. "But if you're smart you'll get out of here before the girls get in."

"For the love of God, get out of here before the girls get in!"

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look in the glory of two shades of blue.

"Looked to me as though you were doing the blocking. Anyway—what're you doing here?"

"Paying my fees," she told him as they walked through the double doors.

"Me, too," and then he stopped in his tracks. There were about 250 students in line outside the burar's office.

"Looks like all the late-payers in school had the same idea we did—get here early and avoid the stampede. Well, we're just doomed to a long session in line."

"Hey," she wailed, "that'll take an hour. I can't wait that long."

"You will—and like it," he said flatly.

"Oh, will it?" Her tone was challenging, conspiring. She walked over to a pay station by the wall. He followed more out of curiosity than anything.

"Going to call Prexy and tell him what you think of the nasty way he treats newcomers, no doubt?" he inquired.

"No doubt—not. But the telegraph company will be glad to furnish a messenger to stand in line to pay my fees for me," she explained brightly.

"Clever girl, aren't you?" "I think so."

"You're too damned clever," he replied almost venomously, and walked over to take his place in line.

(To Be Continued)

The best-man custom at weddings originated in careman days. Grooms carried off their brides by force, and a faithful friend helped in the escape by warding off attacks by the girl's kinsmen.

In the New England states, the distinction between huckleberries and blueberries is finely drawn, but in the south and middle west the names are more or less confused by the layman.

the American flag from desecration.

## OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



## RED RYDER



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



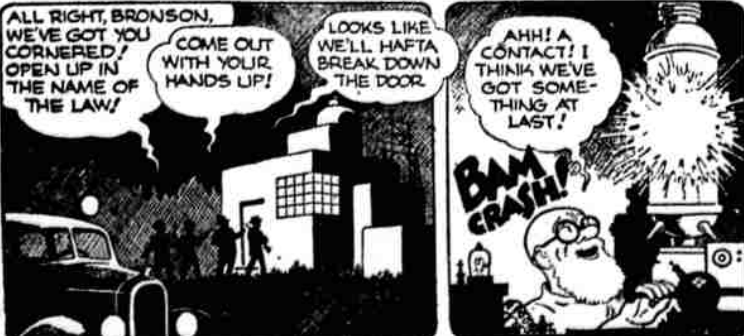
## WASH TUBBS



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## ALLEY OOP



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



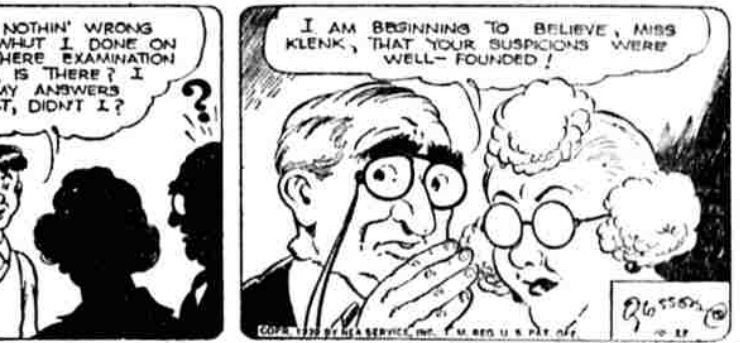
## BY FRED HARMAN



## BY HAROLD GRAY



## BY BLOSSER



## BY CRANE



## BY MARTIN



## BY V. T. HAMLIN



## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Oh, I'll shave myself—I couldn't afford to go to a barber—shop twice a day, 'til I had a good job, anyway."

## NOTED FISHERMAN

**HORIZONTAL**

- 1, 5 Pictured fisherman and writer.
- 10 Woods plant.
- 11 Column decoration.
- 12 Small nail.
- 14 To cook under flames.
- 16 Before.
- 17 Musical note.
- 18 Moccasin.
- 20 Pertaining to the nose.
- 22 To withstand.
- 24 Silk net.
- 27 Filled with floating dust.
- 28 Note in scale.
- 30 To retain.
- 31 Demons.
- 32 Point.
- 33 Sick.
- 35 Quenches.
- 37 Halfpenny.
- 38 Ketch.
- 40 To berate.
- 41 Bustle.
- 42 Mountain pass.
- 44 Common verb.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

**VERTICAL**

- 1 Provided.
- 2 Striped mammal.
- 3 To capture.
- 4 Data.
- 5 Plimped.
- 6 Card game.
- 7 Three-legged table.
- 8 Dishes of meat.
- 9 Nay.
- 13 Marble slabs.
- 15 State of trance.
- 16 He was by birth.
- 19 He lived in the 17th.
- 21 Sea bird.
- 23 Tiny vegetable.
- 25 Pernis.
- 26 Resembling epic poetry.
- 27 Dense brushwood in Australia.
- 29 Room recess.
- 32 Taro parts.
- 34 Lawful.
- 36 To precede.
- 37 Horse's room.
- 39 Rib.
- 41 Soaked.
- 43 Stead.
- 45 To butt.
- 46 Almond.
- 49 Aye.
- 50 Papa.
- 51 Right.
- 52 Sloth.
- 53 Of the thing.

