

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Keith shows Joan the highlights of Tech's campus. Elaine begins and Joan. Keith and Joan have one course together. Keith has a brilliant idea to cut class, but Joan calls that notion.

CHAPTER V

JOAN saw Keith only in class that Friday. He hadn't even called her during the week, but she knew Tech opened with Wesleyan on Saturday, and according to the papers—little as she read the sports pages—Coach Bill Slocum had been driving the varsity fiercely.

Football had been nothing more than a game to her up until then, but as she walked to the stadium with Marianne, Elaine, and Carol for the opener she suddenly was aware of a new interest. Keith, of course.

It was a glorious September afternoon. Not one among the thousands who were streaming across the campus as much as carried a blanket.

Carol bought a paper just before they entered the stadium. It was virtually a football edition, with players' pictures plastered all over the front page. And splashed across three columns, largest of all, was Keith Rhodes. It was a full-length action shot with Keith stiff-arming an imaginary opponent.

She stole another look after they found their seats.

"Some stuff, eh?" Carol observed.

Joan smiled. "Begins to look as though Keith is THE varsity."

She checked his number in the program. It was 28. It took her a little while before she picked him out of the swarm of maroon-jerseyed figures who were scurrying about in pre-game warmups. Keith was sending long, spiraling punts downfield. One of his kicks soared 60 yards and a prolonged "oohh" rolled up from the packed stands.

"He's really wonderful," Marianne broke in excitedly. "Wait'll you see, Joan."

JOAN saw. So did 50,000 others. Wesleyan kicked off and it was Keith Rhodes who took the ball deep on his own three-yard line. Straight up the sidelines he went for about 15 yards as his interferers cut down the first three Wesleyan men to break through.

Then he cut sharply to the left, stiff-armed a Wesleyan end and reversed his field.

At midfield there were only three Wesleyan men in his path. Keith timed himself in back of the lone Tech interferer who was still with him. The blocker was No. 40. Cutting slightly to the right again, Keith gestured with his free hand. No. 40 cut down two of the Wesleyan men like a scythe, with a long roll block. Keith broke into the clear and then went down heavily as the last Wesleyan tackler spilled him on the 20 with a desperate lunge.

Joan found herself on her feet, screaming. Marianne was pounding Carol on the back. They could scarcely make themselves heard above the din.

"Yowee, 80 yards!" someone above them howled. "Nice goin', Keith!"

They quieted down as Tech went into a huddle. "Did you SEE that?" Carol asked breathlessly. "And that No. 40," exclaimed Elaine. "The way he ran interference. Who was that, I wonder." She ran her finger down the list.

But Joan had already found it. "Dan Webber," she said. Tech took it over in four plays, Keith scoring standing up on a reverse go for eight yards and the touchdown.

JUST before the half ended Keith scored again. Someone took out the Wesleyan end neatly and Keith breezed wide. He faked the defensive halfback into lunging toward him, sidestepped and went down the sidelines for 38 yards.

Joan felt a thrill go through her as he touched the ball down. The Tech players swarmed about him, pounding him on the head and shoulders. The man who had blocked the end all but wrung Keith's hand off he pumped it so hard. It was No. 40, but few had noticed him.

The score at the of the game was 26-0. Early in the third quarter Keith crashed over from the five-yard line on a delayed buck, and in the fourth quarter Quarterback Johnny White passed to Barney Hughes standing all alone in the end zone.

It took the girls at least 20 minutes to get clear of the great crowd leaving the stadium. As

they moved slowly, foot by foot, down the long ramp they listened to the Sunday morning quarter-backs who were already replaying the game.

"Great backfield... little weak front, though..." "This Rhodes guy is a sure-pop All-America... Ever see such running?"

"... Saw Grange at his best... never looked better than Rhodes did today..." "If they go as smooth all season we'll be undefeated..."

"... Yeah, and did you ever see anyone back up a line and run interference like that man Webber... must be like getting hit with a truck when he ties into you..."

Joan hardly realized there was anyone but a man named Rhodes on the Tech varsity until the powerfully built man with the iron-gray hair in front of her mentioned Dan Webber's name.

JUST as she was leaving the dinner table that night a pledge came up and told Joan she was wanted on the phone. "First call I've had since I've been here," Joan called back to Marianne as she hurried in the direction of the booth under the stairs.

When she came out on the terrace her face was flushed and there was a noticeable sparkle in her eye.

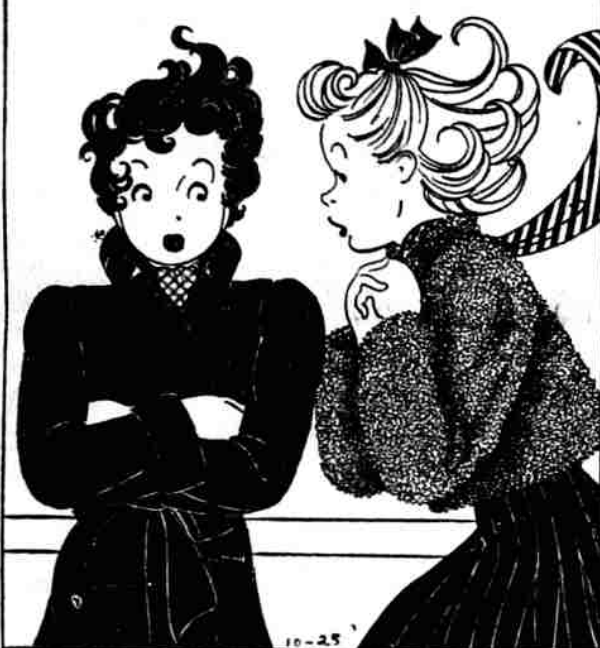
Marianne looked at her keenly. "Okay, spill it... what's up?"

Joan plopped into the glider beside her. "Guess what," she announced. "That was Keith. He called to invite me to dinner at the Gamma house tomorrow after-

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"She tries to act like her sister, instead of her mother." "Yeah, but you know which one skips rope for fun and which for exercise."

COUNTRY AT WAR

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured is the map of the Republic of...

6 This land's prime minister.

13 Radio bulb.

14 Carpenter's rule.

16 Household slave.

17 Courage.

19 Beautiful youth.

21 Obtained.

22 Sun god.

23 Not ending.

25 Moccasin.

27 Standard of type.

29 Each.

30 To roam.

31 Rodent pest.

33 European elk.

35 Animating spirits.

37 Changes.

39 Mortise tooth.

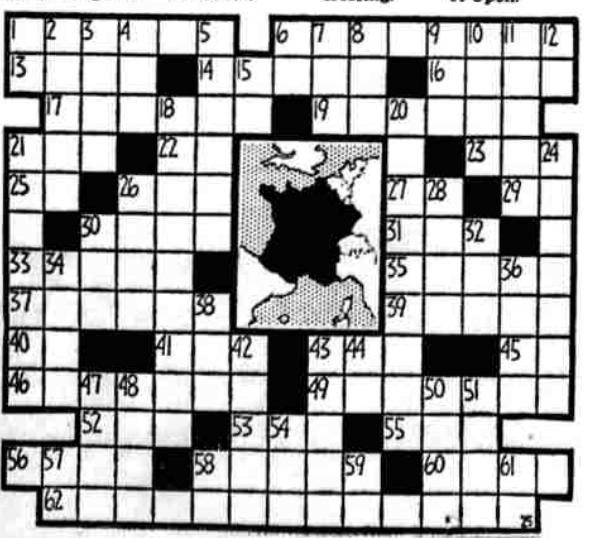
40 New England.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MANUEL QUEZON
CAPES ANU SEPITA
OTEOE CROAN PANG
MIDDLE W COPHER
MR FAN MANUEL OLAC
OMUSIA VIRTU
W BLOT ONEL
EL YEA ITS
AIS DIVINED SOU
LATS PIETA AULA
H MANILLA TERM

41 To soften leather.
43 Monkey.
45 Forward.
46 Coal miner's pay.
48 Type of knitting.
52 Snaky fish.
53 Lion.
55 Born.
58 Granted facts.
60 To let fall.
62 This land borders the Sea on the south.

20 Mode of action.
21 The Rhine river separates this land from...
24 This country's chief line of defense.
26 To attitudinize.
28 Lion's neck hair.
30 To decay.
32 Baking pan.
34 Olive shrub.
36 Small particle.
38 To sink.
42 Skirmish.
43 To rub hard.
44 Measure of area.
47 Network.
48 Lifeline.
50 To yield.
51 Queen of the heaven.
54 To do wrong.
57 Form of "be."
58 Street.
59 Parent.
61 Upon.



noon. How'm I doing?" It was Elaine Chesbro who naively echoed the sentiment of all present.

"Gee," she said, "for a gal who's only been on campus for less than a week you're really progressing. Slow down going around corners but bring 'im back alive." (To Be Continued)

TWICE VICTIM

SNOW HILL, Md. (AP) — "Where's the fire?" asked Joe Figg, Bay-side farmer, when the siren sounded.

"It's your house," a fireman yelled as the truck roared off. Figg's house was destroyed when he reached it, but he traveled six miles back to town anyway to thank the firemen.

He got there just in time to hear the siren again. When he returned home the second time, his barn and poultry house, with livestock and chickens, had been destroyed.

CERTIFIED

FORT WAYNE, Ind. (AP) — Nobody disputed a Fort Wayne Country club golfer's story of shooting a hole-in-one on the 210-yard 10th hole.

The golfer was the Rev. H. E. Wiswell of the First Missionary church.

Witnesses were the Rev. Howard J. Brown, the Rev. E. Burns Martin and the Rev. Wayne Paulsen.

RETURNS THE MOVE

STOCKTON, (N.N.S.) — Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg, for whom the University of Chicago's football field is named, recently purchased an athletic field for the College of the Pacific here. The field will adjoin the college grounds and will be known as Knoles field after Dr. Tully Knoles, president of Pacific, who signed Stagg after Chicago let him go.

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

