

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: At the Gamma house, Joan meets Tommy Peters, also from Arkansas. Tommy questions her about her home, but she evades him. "Johnson Johnson!" he queries, "thought you might be related to a certain family down in Arkansas."

CHAPTER VII

AFTER two weeks Joan knew she was going to like Tech a lot. Generally, there was a friendly atmosphere around the place. She liked her classes—and there was Keith Rhodes.

The night Tech beat Michigan State they double dated with Barney Hughes. When Keith called for her at the library a couple of nights later, and they stopped in at the Varsity, she had equalled par for the course—three dates with Keith Rhodes.

She knew there would be more—many more. She could tell by the way he looked at her when he should have been taking notes. He would stare until she would have to nudge him and tell him to stop.

Tech went on the road for the third game and steam-rollered over State Normal, 42-6, and she found herself panicked, very undignified, on the floor of the Alpha Nu music room, hanging onto every word the radio announcer uttered.

It was Rhodes this and Rhodes that, and before the game ended Keith had scored twice and passed to Barney Hughes and Dan Webster for two more touchdowns.

"First time in two years that Webster has scored..." the announcer said.

The team returned Sunday noon and Keith came over at 2. They went to dinner downtown and although she would have liked to accept his idea of a show afterwards, she had to prepare a psychology experiment.

They were back at the Alpha Nu house by 8:30. And then while sitting in the car for a few moments he kissed her. No preliminaries of any kind. No indication of what was coming. One second she was sitting, talking to him. The next she was in his arms.

For a moment after he released her she was silent. Then: "I'm really surprised you didn't try that sooner."

"You're no more surprised than I am," he said evenly. "I haven't quite the answer to that one."

IT was Elaine Chesbro who burst into Joan's room in the middle of the week, waving a copy of the university daily at her.

"Hey, you're famous now, or something. Listen to this piece in the Tech Tattler." And reading aloud, "Joan Johnson, Alpha Nu-come with the ultra-cool disposition, needed just three weeks to do what no other gal has been able to do in three years—land a fourth date with Keith Rhodes."

Elaine looked up and saw the slight frown on Joan's face. "What's the matter—no like?"

"No like," Joan repeated. "Not that it'll scare Keith away, but—oh, I don't know exactly what I mean."

Elaine looked her straight in the eye. "You mean you'll be a marked gal more than ever, now, don't you?"

Joan nodded. "Something like that. And just between you 'n' me, I don't think I got off to such a good start around the house."

Elaine merely stared at her hands, and didn't answer.

Kay Granger and Bonnie Harris chorused a sarcastic "congratulations" at her just before dinner and she thanked them with a pseudo graciousness that was hard to miss.

Carol Reid overheard and knew that something would have to be done. Given a chance, the faint antagonism shown toward Joan by some of the girls was liable to flare into open resentment.

It was warmer than usual that night. Joan, deeply involved in some notes, glanced at the clock. It was 10:45.

She tossed an eraser at Marianne sprawled on the bed reading. "Hey, runt," she called, "howabout calling up for some hamburgers and cokes. We can just about beat the 11 o'clock no-delivery deadline."

"Best idea you've had tonight," was the answer, and she pattered down to call the corner hamburger emporium.

Joan dashed to answer the doorbell when it rang 15 minutes later. It was the delivery boy and coming up the steps behind him were three girls returning from the library.

"Hi, kids," greeted Joan as she gave the boy some change. "Get much done?"

"Enough," Bonnie Harris replied laconically, and then glancing at her wrist watch: "Rules just don't mean a thing to some people," she remarked significantly.

"Meaning what?" Joan's tone was sharp.

"I suppose you've never heard of the 11 o'clock no-delivery rule." "It's just 11," Joan flared.

"Take another look," Bonnie returned tartly. "We left the library at 11. It's 20 after now."

"But our clock—" Joan began, and then stopped.

It wouldn't do much good to argue. She fled upstairs, slammed the door and looked at the clock. It was still 10:45. The clock had stopped.

"Take it easy," said Marianne. "What's up?"

Joan told her and Marianne slammed down her book.

"They'll never believe us," said Marianne.

"You're telling me."

SHE bumped into Carol Reid next morning in front of Barnard Hall at 10.

"Just the person I wanted to see," Carol said. "What've you got this hour?"

"Nothing, why?"

"Well, I've an English class that's just dying to be cut. Let's sit down." She led Joan to a bench under a tree.

"Marianne told me what happened last night, Joan. And I believe it."

"Thanks—but they don't." "No, they don't. And that's why I want to talk to you."

"Go ahead—straight from the shoulder."

"Joan, I think I'm a pretty good judge of people, and regardless of the ideas shared by some of our dear sisters, I think you're ace. You're new—different, but I guess you're too rich for some of the dear sisters' blood—and I don't mean financially."

"Think I ought to move out?" Carol's eyes flashed. "Not on your life you won't. We need someone like you around the place. We've got the finest bunch of girls on campus, and I'm not being prejudiced—but some of them just haven't got around to accepting you as one of them. Kay Granger, Bonnie Harris, and a couple of others for instance."

"So far," she continued frankly, "you haven't even begun to click with them."

And then striking off on a new tangent. "One of the things they resent most is that they know so little about you. Oh, sure—we know you're originally from Arkansas, that you went to Northwestern for two years, and your home is out east somewhere. We

never pry, so if you don't tell us other things we never know."

"If I told you any more about myself it would only make matters worse," said Joan in a strained voice. "It's bad enough that they regard me as such an individualist."

"You wouldn't even care to tell me?"

"Some day," Joan promised. (To Be Continued)

Light Reading



No heavy reading are the volumes pictured above, which are among the world's smallest books. They are "Washington's Farewell Address" and the "Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge," from the library of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. Bound in blue leather, each book measures seven-eighths of an inch by one-half inch and contains over 100 pages.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



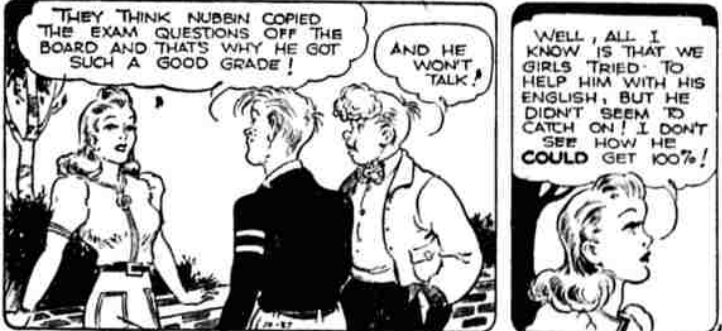
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



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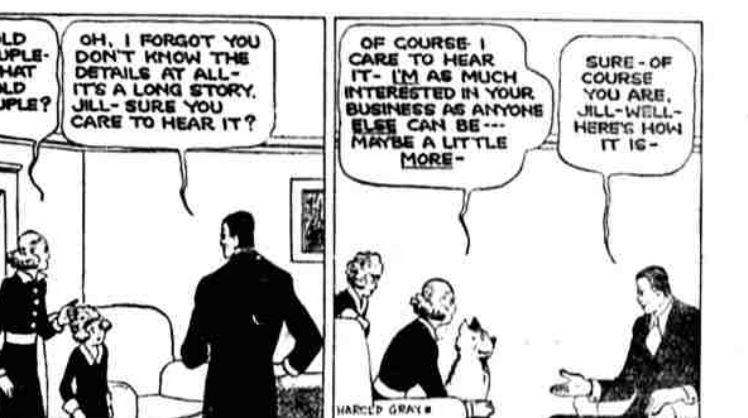
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"You can always borrow money on a good diamond." "Yeah, but a wedding ring's still the best security."

AMERICAN EDUCATOR

HORIZONTAL									
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