

SERIAL STORY JOAN OF ARKANSAS BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

YESTERDAY: Dan clears the way for Keith to score against Marquette, but the game, played in mud, is won by a single point. Later, examining for an exam, Keith shows small interest in studies. Joan wonders if he isn't a little too superficial.

CHAPTER IX

LEAVING her room, Joan saw a couple of girls reading a notice on the bulletin board in the hall. "What's up?" she inquired. "Special meeting tonight . . . and I bet it's got something to do with homecoming queen election." The hunch was correct, Carol Reid explained that night. Tech was a big school and politics were as much a part of the campus scheme as football. Many a big-time politician could take a lesson in vote-getting and caucus tactics from the collegians. There were two powerful combines—Blue and Gray, and Scarab. Alpha Nu was aligned with several fraternities and sororities in the Blue and Gray. For years the Gammas had been spearhead of the combine. "General election will be held two weeks from tomorrow," Carol announced. "At the caucus last night I managed to wangle a homecoming queen candidate for us. In order to do that, however, we pass up a chance of getting any class office this year. I figured it was worth it."

"The Gammas are stronger than ever, and with their support I think maybe we can get our candidate elected."

There was an excited buzz throughout the room.

"Great stuff," Elaine Chesbro chattered. "We haven't had a homecoming queen since—since—"

"Since Lizzie Barnes back in '02," someone in the rear piped up facetiously.

"Well, anyway, it's been a long time," Carol added, "and this looks like our chance."

"Now, then, who's going to be our candidate? We've got to pull together, so let's be open-minded."

There was silence for a moment and then a muffled whisper here and there. Carol had purposely avoided giving the girls any previous notice. She wanted everyone to be right out in the open.

It was Bonnie Harris who went into action first: "I nominate Kay Granger," she said. "Kay's a senior, and—well, there aren't many more popular girls on this campus than she."

"My idea exactly," a dark-haired girl up front chimed in. "And if anyone doesn't think Kay doesn't photograph well, they can dash upstairs for another gander at that full-length photo she took in her purple evening gown."

The remark brought on a ripple of laughter, and Joan, glancing sideways at Kay, recalled the picture and mentally agreed with the dark-haired girl up front.

KAY GRANGER was a beautiful girl and she did photograph well. And electing a homecoming queen depended greatly on photographs for the benefit of those who didn't know candidates personally.

"I gather, then, that there is a second to the nomination," said Carol. "Any further choices?"

Again silence. And again muffled whispers here and there.

"No politics," Carol warned. "If anyone has any further discussion or nomination, speak your piece."

Marianne Burrows stood up. "I've got another nomination. How about Joan Johnson?"

"I'll admit there aren't as many kids on campus who know her—after all, she's only been here a month. But," she went on significantly, "I'd like to know who is the most-talked-about girl around here, if it isn't Joan."

"No, Marianne, no," Joan whispered to her roommate, "I don't!"

But Marianne motioned her to keep quiet.

"And although there are a few people around here who wouldn't even admit it to themselves, Joan is the prettiest girl this chapter has had in years," Elaine Chesbro added. "And she's had the publicity to go with her looks."

"You mean notoriety, don't you?" someone asked.

"I made this an open discussion because I thought we'd get the best results that way," Carol said stiffly. "But I'll dismiss the next girl who can't be decent."

"Well, if you're speaking of publicity, don't forget Kay's uncle is city editor of the Tribune," someone piped up.

Kay jumped up at that. "I'd like very much to be the candidate, of course, but I refuse to allow anyone to approach my Uncle Ed with publicity in mind. There isn't much he would do and besides, I—I, well, I just don't

think I'd care to take advantage of something like that." Joan looked up quickly. She liked the way Kay said that.

It was Mildred Holmes who took the floor next. Mildred was a tall, studious girl from upstate. She wasn't a pretty sort, but she had a lot of good, common sense. Everyone listened whenever she spoke.

"It seems to me," she began slowly, "that either Kay or Joan would make a good candidate. To my way of thinking there are two outstanding angles to the situation. Either we capitalize on Joan's stand-in with Keith Rhodes and the Gammas, or consider the fact that Kay is a senior and has a last chance at something big. I move we get the thing over with and take a vote."

Mildred's motion was seconded and carried, and Carol called for a closed vote. There was such a thing as carrying open business too far.

Helan Bancroft read the ballots as Bonnie Harris marked them off. Carol watched as Bonnie called them off in a low voice: "Granger—Granger—Johnson—"

THERE was tense silence when Helen handed the result to Carol.

"A tie at nine votes each," Carol announced, and the buzz went up louder than ever.

"We'll take one more ballot," Carol ordered. "Perhaps someone has reconsidered."

But no one had. The result was still 9-9.

"Then I guess it's up to me to cast the deciding vote," Carol said. She looked down at the pieces of paper in front of her. Just as

she opened her lips, Joan sprang to her feet. "I'd like to withdraw my name in favor of Kay," she said in a low but firm voice. (To Be Continued)



SWEET?—Sugar Heiress Geraldine Spreckels, socialite divorcee, carried a fur cape on her rounds of N. Y. night spots.

FLAPPER FANNY

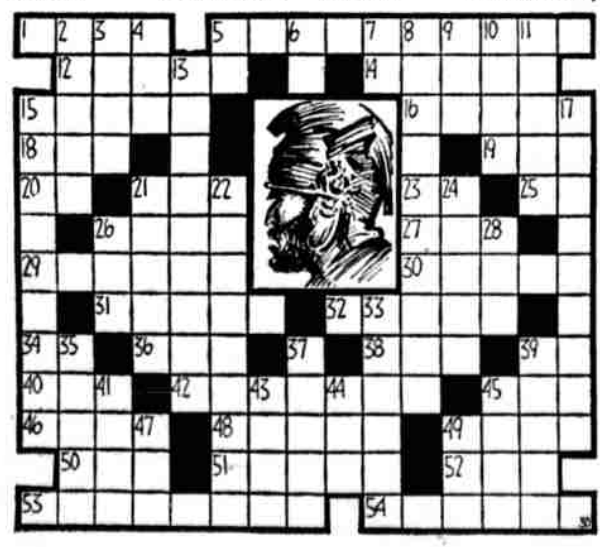
By Sylvia



"I borrowed it for the Hallowe'en masquerade. Now watch me win that apple-bobbin' contest!"

GOD OF STRIFE

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|--|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | complex. |
| 1 Pictured Roman god of war. | CARRIE CHAMMAN CATT | 9 Threefold. |
| 5 He was — of fields against hostile aliens (pl.) | ESTERNE | 10 Bones. |
| 12 Groans. | SEAB | 11 Fumes. |
| 14 Stead. | WANT | 13 Appointed. |
| 15 Page of a book. | SPOUTER | 15 His chief — or feast days occur in March. |
| 16 Stingy person. | REAL SCORE | 17 Witty retorts. |
| 18 Before. | BEARD RYE | 21 Insurgent. |
| 19 Hop bush. | NOOSE | 22 Kind of picture. |
| 20 Street. | GENERAL | 24 Beast. |
| 21 Brink. | USIGNER | 26 Monastic title. |
| 23 Pound. | RACE VOTES | 28 Form of "be." |
| 25 Spain. | | 33 To ride full speed. |
| 26 To contradict. | | 35 Mohammedan nymph. |
| 27 Babylonian god of war. | | 37 Race of wheat. |
| 29 Barometer line. | | 39 Episode in action. |
| 30 Healer. | | 41 Verbal. |
| 31 Settler. | | 43 Metal. |
| 32 Glass marble. | | 44 Butter lump. |
| 34 Exclamation. | | 45 Persia. |
| 36 Constellation. | | 47 Roof point covering. |
| 38 Dined. | | 49 Eucharist cup. |



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



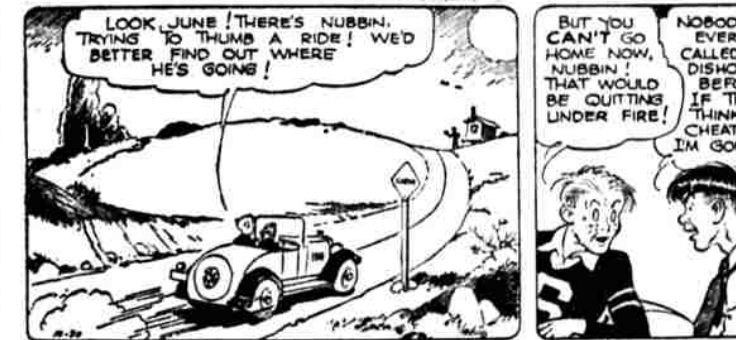
RED RYDER



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

