

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONFIELD

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YESTERDAY: The Alpha Xeta meet to nominate a homecoming queen. Kay Granger's name is suggested. Then Joan is put into the race. On two ballots the vote is tied. Joan suddenly starts the group by saying "I'd like to withdraw in favor of Kay."

CHAPTER X

A PIN dropping to the floor would have sounded like an avalanche when Joan made her announcement. Marianne opened her mouth, just once, to protest, but Joan silenced her with a motion.

"Thanks very much," she began simply. "It would have been nice even to be in the running, but I honestly think Kay deserves the chance before I do."

Joan looked directly at Kay as she spoke. "After all, Kay is a senior and it's something she always wanted. I just wouldn't feel right if I deprived her of that chance."

"And with the way politics are run on this campus it doesn't really make much difference who the candidate is if she gets the right support. And Kay will get the right support."

"There's another reason, too," Joan continued. "I think I'd be more valuable in getting support for someone else than I would for myself."

JOAN was sprawled on her bed going over some economics notes when Kay entered the room. "Hi," Joan greeted. "Grab yourself a seat."

Kay came over and sat down on the bed. "Thanks a lot," she said. "It did mean a great deal to me, and—well, you surprised a lot of us."

Joan threw back her head and laughed. "Not as much as I surprised myself. But forget it. And count me in anything there is to be done. Y'know, what I said about supporting you still goes."

Kay cocked her head to one side and smiled. "Say—do you think perhaps some of us have been wrong about you?"

Joan looked down at her notes. "It's barely possible," she replied.

KEITH called the next day. Tech had an open date that week and the Gammas were having a hayride Friday night. How did it strike her?

It struck her very much. There wasn't much she hadn't done nor places she hadn't been, but Joan Johnson had never gone on a hayride.

"Not that I mind," she told him, "but why the short notice?"

"Just one of those things. It started out with just a half dozen of the boys deciding on the idea. Sounded so good we decided to make a fraternity affair out of it. Probably wind up having cider and doughnuts at Pine Ridge Inn."

That would be fun, too, she figured, as she hung up. Next problem was what to wear. Not so much a problem at that. Her olive green slacks and beige cardigan would be just the thing.

Dr. Elbert's lecture on Croatian immigration wasn't particularly appealing to Joan next day.

Keith on her right was in a semi-dose, running his pencil through his hair and staring out the window.

She nudged Dan on her left. "Hey, sour-puss—got a date for the hayride?" she whispered. "And if so, how'd you manage it?"

He looked up. "Not yet," he hissed. "Know any dame who'd like to spend a miserable evening?"

She poked Keith. "Our little ray of sunshine doesn't have a date for Friday night. What do we do about it?"

Keith closed one eye. "Aw, he can sit up front with the driver."

"Haw," she chuckled softly. When she looked around she noticed it was very quiet. Dr. Elbert had stopped talking and was looking straight down at her.

"Perhaps, young lady," he began, sarcastically, "perhaps you would like to deliver this lecture?"

She felt herself growing red. Then from her immediate left there came a loud, explosive: "Haw!"

There was near-murder in the look she turned on Dan Webber as Dr. Elbert resumed his lecture.

"Worm," she muttered. Dan grinned. "Yeah, and look at 'im turn."

KEITH phoned just after dinner Thursday night and said he was coming over for a few minutes. She was going to the library so he drove her over.

"Something's up," she guessed. "Let's hear it."

"Something's up is right," he repeated mournfully. "I can't go on that hayride tomorrow night."

"What's the matter?" she asked, after the first twinge of disappointment had worn off.

"It's like this—Coach wants to take advantage of this open date and do a little scouting. So he's taking Barney Hughes, Johnny White, and myself to see Pitt in a night game tomorrow."

"We've had an assistant coach scouting them all season, but the Old Man wants to get in a few personal touches."

"But why should he need all three of you?"

"Well, Barney's captain, of course. Johnny being quarterback, Slocum wants him to check into Pitt's defense setups so's he can get a line on what stuff to use against them. And me—I

dunno exactly why he wants me along—but he wants me, and Old Man Slocum isn't the kind of gent that can be talked out of anything."

THEY parked in the library drive for a while. "And how I was looking forward to that hayride," she said glumly.

"Look," he said, taking her hand. "I don't want to disappoint you, and I've got an idea that I think will work out swell. I'll call you about 11 tonight. You ought to be home by then."

He let her out and drove back to the Gamma house. He ran upstairs three at a time, barged into his room and confronted a surprised Dan Webber.

"Take it easy," Dan said. "You came in there like a 63 reverse to the weak side."

"Yeah man, and I've got to get myself a first down." He straddled a chair. "Daniel, my boy, you were one of the less fortunate souls who didn't bother to get a date for the hayride tomorrow night, weren't you?"

"Go 'head, brainstorm, go 'head."

"Well, I've got a date for you." "You mean maybe you have a date for me. Who is it—your dear cousin Tillie from Pumpkin Hollow?"

Keith grinned. "Nope—it's Joan Johnson."

Dan's feet were on his desk. They came down with a crash. "Who?" he howled. "Did I hear correctly?"

"You did," Keith said calmly. He explained the situation, but Dan was dubious. "In the first place I wouldn't take that dame to a beetle raffle. In the second place

she probably wouldn't go with me."

Keith hit him on the head with a pillow. "Okay—okay, so you don't like her too much. But this is one time you're gonna make a sacrifice. And don't worry about her refusing. I'll take care of that part. C'mon—howabout?"

Dan grinned. "On second thought," he said, "why not?"

(To Be Continued)



GUESS WHO?—With a pocket comb Patricia "Honey-chile" Wilder, actress from Macon, Ga., mimicked a certain dictator she met while abroad. She's now on way to Hollywood.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Dolly, what would you say my type is? I want to change it."

TALENTED MOPPET

HORIZONTAL

1 Favorite child

12 Sour in aspect

13 Regions.

14 Scepters.

15 On the lee.

17 Money drawers.

18 An ascetic.

19 Connecting word.

20 Chief commodities.

22 Males.

23 Diotetan center.

24 Plural pronoun.

26 To make dear.

29 Scandinavian.

32 To act upon each other.

33 White of an egg.

34 Craft.

36 Insect.

37 Quickly.

39 Alloy of copper.

41 Ceaseless.

45 She radiates

Answer to Previous Puzzle

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