

SERIAL STORY

'JOAN OF ARKANSAS'

BY JERRY BRONFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Webber's stellar defense blocks Cornell's attempt to spoil Tech's perfect record, and Keith and Dan pace Tech to a 20-0 victory. Joan is active in the homecoming queen election. At a meeting at the Gamma house she hardly notices Dan. He's hurt, but he doesn't know that she looked anxiously for him before leaving.

CHAPTER XIII

ELECTION day was a hectic one. Hardly anyone at the Alpha Nu house went to classes. Joan tore about madly, carting at least 80 students to the voting booths. Activity reached its height at 3 o'clock when a streamer, horn-toting cavalcade of cars paraded through the university district. Polls closed at 4:30 and it was the final reminder.

Joan bounced into the dining room that night looking fresh as a daisy.

"Honest, I don't see how you do it," said Elaine. "You'll need a week to recuperate."

Joan laughed. "Not me. Kay's the one who's worn to the proverbial frazzle. Look at her, would you?"

Kay attempted a weary smile. It was more of a physical strain with the rest of them. With Kay it was emotional and she showed it. More than anything else she had ever wanted. Kay Granger wanted to be homecoming queen.

"Four more hours and it'll be over," said Joan. "They're counting the ballots at the Student Senate and a gang of us are going over to the Daily offices to wait for the results. Want to come along?"

Kay shook her head. "Thanks, but I don't think I'd be equal to it. Call me here, though, when it's all over."

KEITH, Tommy Peters, Joan, and a gay little redhead, Ellen Thompson, descended on the offices of the university Daily at 8:30.

Every time a telephone rang they jumped. Bob McAllister, managing editor and a good friend of Tommy's, joined them when they went outside for some air.

"Another 15 minutes should do it," he figured. "We've heard unofficially that Kay Granger and Kennedy are running neck and neck. And that Booth got put up by the Independents is supposed to be running a strong third."

They heard a phone ring again and they rushed inside. A student reporter signaled to McAllister.

"Granger by 120," the reporter shouted.

"Yowee!" Keith howled, and grabbed Joan up and swung her around. Joan squealed and pouted and he playfully around the head. "Didn't I tell you?" she chortled. "Boy, am I a politician or not?"

Tommy Peters grinned. "We'll pass that up for the moment while I give out with a better idea. Let's go down and rout out her majesty the queen."

"Swell," Joan cried. "We'll just barge right in on her with the news instead of calling."

Ten minutes later they dashed up the steps of the Alpha Nu house.

"We won," Joan whooped. "Where's the queen—where is she?"

Someone appeared a minute later with Kay in tow. They swarmed around her, but she was so excited she could hardly speak.

"C'mon," said Keith impetuously. "We're going down town and do a little celebrating."

IT wasn't until they were headed down the avenue that Joan suddenly realized it was a week night and that Keith had to be in early. She reminded him of it.

"Forget it," he replied. "This'll be harmless enough and we'll check in at a respectable hour."

"But what if Coach finds out?"

"Nuts . . . no one'll know the diff."

"Sure nuff," Tommy added. "And anyway, the variety cheerleader is along to see that the variety gets home."

First stop was a tavern across town. "Gotta toast the queen," Keith said. "How about Manhattan, or something, all the way around?"

"No, Keith," Joan laid a hand on his arm. "A toast is in order, but we'll drink it in something less potent."

"Don't be like that. This is an extra spec—" He saw the expression on her face and paused.

"Okay," he grinned. "Make it lemonade."

"Gee," said Kay. "Homecoming queen . . . can't believe it . . . pinch me, somebody."

Tommy Peters took her at her word, with added enthusiasm. She shrieked.

"Say, how about driving over to Elliston for hamburgers? Something different, hey?" was Ellen's contribution.

Keith whooped and climbed to his feet. "Just the right idea. They serve the best hamburgers in the state over there. Let's go get 'em."

Elliston was the next town on the main highway, 22 miles away. No one paid any attention to the time, until Joan happened to look at her watch.

"Keith," she gasped. "Look at this—1:30. If anyone finds out, you'll be in an awful mess with Sloum."

"Oh, hang Sloum," Keith grumbled. "I've been behaving too much anyway."

As he was getting undressed back at the house later on, Dan Webber walked in from the sleeping dormitory.

"Thought it was you," Dan said quietly. "What's the matter—your

watch stop or don't you just give a damn about playing on a winning ball club? Jeppers, Keith, I thought you had more sense than this."

He seemed hurt, rather than angry.

Keith dropped a shoe heavily. "Look, boy scout, what're you trying to do—turn policeman?" There was marked irritation in his voice.

Dan leaned back against the door. "You know me better than that, Keith. But it's just a little unfair. Y'know, I want to go to the Rose Bowl just as much as you do." Keith didn't reply and Dan turned and left.

KEITH cut all his morning classes next day and Dan deliberately made it a point to wait for Joan after their history lecture.

"I want to talk to you a minute," he said simply, and she looked up in surprise at the tone of his voice.

"There was a time I thought you'd begin to develop some good sense, but I see I was wrong," Dan continued. "Maybe a little celebration was in order last night, but that was a lousy stunt on your part—keeping Keith out to 2:30."

She opened her mouth to speak, but he went right on. "All I hope is that no one else saw him tearing around like that. That nit-wit Peters should have had sense enough to break it up by 12, but I'm still blaming you. If you had Keith's interests at heart as you appear to have you'd have seen he was in at a decent hour."

"But, Dan," she protested. "I did all I could. Why, if it hadn't been for me Keith would have—"

She was going to tell him how

ma had prevented Keith from ordering drinks, but changed her mind. It would only make things worse.

Instead she turned abruptly and left him standing there. (To Be Continued)



'39 EDITION—Manufacture of France's award for valor, the "Croix de Guerre," has been resumed now that the war enters its third month. The model is the same as that used in 1914-18 except that 1939 appears on reverse side.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"It's got a surprise ending—the grandmother really is a nice old lady, instead of the murderer."

SPEED FLYER

HORIZONTAL

1,7 Pictured

12 Largest toad.

13 Star-shaped

16 Having the

17 To rot flax.

18 Hand cover.

19 Toupee.

20 Wagers.

21 Plaxen fabric.

22 Coin slit.

24 While.

25 Relies.

27 Toward.

28 Chinese

30 Garment set.

33 Ring catches.

34 He started as

35 Not bright.

36 Barracudo.

37 Either.

38 Tonic B.

40 Skirt edge.

41 Doctor.

42 To seize in

arrest.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

30 He was a

31 observer in

32 France.

23 Agony.

25 To send away.

26 To hang.

28 Thick shrub.

29 Genus of bees.

31 Newspaper

paragraph.

32 Hush!

36 Pronoun.

38 Proportion.

41 Football

play periods.

43 Blunder.

45 Anxiety.

47 To hoot.

48 Mountain

pass.

49 Railroad.

50 Simpleton.

52 Rodent.

53 South

Carolina.

54 Myself.

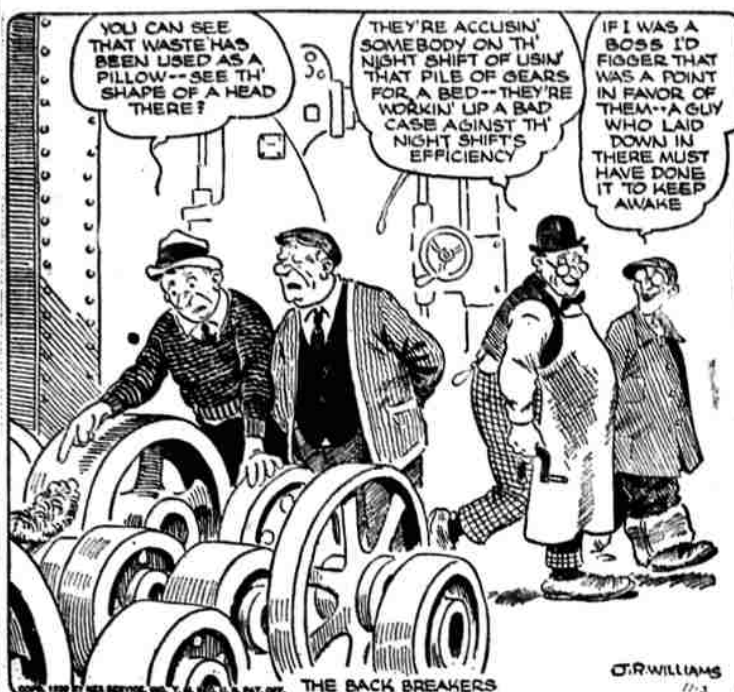
55 Note in scale.

57 And.



OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



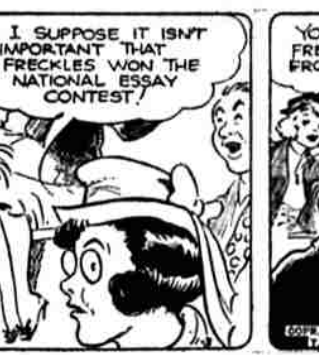
RED RYDER



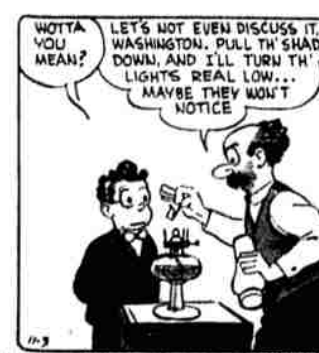
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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

