● SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: At the Gamma house dance, following the Vanderbilt victory, Joan meets Dan Webber's date, Eileen Campbell. Later, on a moonlight stroll, Keith kisses her. She looks up, sees Dan Webber staring at her.

CHAPTER XV

JOAN'S hands slid from Keith's shoulders. Something felt mixed up inside her.

"What's the matter?" Keith asked, oblivious to what she had seen.

"Nothing. It—it's too cool out here. Let's go in."

They arrived just in time to dance to "Stardust."

"And it'll be justifiable homicide if anyone tries to cut in," Keith growled ominously. "Even if he's some rich alumnus who's thinking of sending us some new furniture, or something. Not a jury in the world would convict me."

They danced past the serving table and stopped for some punch.

"Hi, Arkansas," cried Tommy Peters, barging up for a glassful himself.

"Hi, squirt," Joan replied as they swung back onto the floor. "Nice job of cheer-leading you turned in today. Was hoping you'd break your neck on that last touchdown but you didn't quite make it."

A middle-aged alumnus tapped Tommy on the shoulder. "Did you mean by that, that she was from Arkansas?"

"Sure. Johnson's her name. Joan Johnson. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I just happened to have spent a few years teaching down there a short while back. What's her father do?"

"He's a hardware dealer, or something like, back east."

"Oh, hardware. Thought maybe she might be—"

"Naw," Tommy interrupted. "I thought so, too, for awhile, but she doesn't have a single relative out there."

A few minutes later Joan bumped squarely into Dan.

"Oh, it's you again." She looked him full in the face. "Hope you enjoyed what you were looking at outside."

She was sorry immediately that she allowed the words to escape. She could see him growing red. The faint flush started at his neck and spread upward. She would have known what he was thinking even if he hadn't said a word.

"Sure. Enjoyed it immensely." His voice was bitter and shot through with anger. "But I don't like your nasty little implication," he added. "Don't flatter yourself for an instant, thinking I'd want to spy on you. I'm not concerned in the slightest over what you do."

"I'm sorry you said that. You're liable to change your mind some day and I'll be just mean enough to remind you of this."

He shook his head slowly, with meaning. "I don't think I'll be changing my mind. That much I'm sure of."

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DAN WEBBER had a hard time dropping off to sleep that night. His knee throbbed from a vicious tackle he had made that afternoon but he knew that wasn't the reason.

The reason was Joan Johnson. He wondered if she could be right. If he would change his mind.

On the other hand he was glad he had made the commitment. Maybe he wouldn't find her in his thoughts so much from now on. Funny thing, the way she had grown on him. Better get her out of his mind completely though.

Joan Johnson. Just another name for glamor. Sure, that was it. Just glamor. He tried to rationalize his feelings but it didn't work.

Keith Rhodes' type, strictly. Even if he tried to compete with Keith . . . but wait a minute, he wasn't supposed to think about that.

Still, it was natural for Joan to be attracted to Keith. He was the boy with the drums, all right. Handsome. Almost pretty. And he sure looked good on a wide end sweep.

Sure he looked good. But hell, who wouldn't, when Dan was out there knocking down ends and tackles all over the lot. Just a blocker. But a helluva good one, he told himself.

He finally drifted off to sleep but all night in his dreams he was running interference for Keith Rhodes. Blocking, blocking, blocking. He could feel every vicious, bruising contact. And the game seemed to go on for hours.

Keith cut history again the following Monday. Dan looked at Joan when she said hello but he didn't glance her way again during the entire hour. He kept busy, taking notes in that neat, precise manner of his. Occasionally he'd stare out the window.

Joan got up from her seat quickly when the bell rang, and hurried out of the room.

Only then did Dan shift his gaze, his eyes following her as she left.

Cutting across campus toward the library, Joan spied a familiar figure a couple of hundred yards down the walk. It was Keith, headed for his business organization class. She waited until he came up.

"So you finally made it," she observed. "Personally, I don't see why you scheduled anything earlier than 11 o'clock in the first place."

He grinned. "Had to make this one. I feel one of those 10-minute quizzes coming on and I've missed too many of 'em lately. And for once, I'm ready for it."

She sniffed. "I doubt it, but happy landings, anyway."

And then suddenly remembering something. "Oh, by the way . . . our sociology class will be taking a field trip one of these fine days. How about using your car?"

"Sure . . . if you leave the tank full of gas," he compromised.

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THE girls were lounging around, listening to the radio after dinner that night when an announcement was made that made them all sit right up in their chairs.

Dan Webber had been hurt in practice. Had broken a small bone in his hand. Nothing very serious but in all probability he'd be kept out of the Duquesne game that week-end.

Joan stared hard at the loudspeaker as the news was being broadcast. Marianne noticed the intensity of her expression and looked at Joan strangely.

"Gee, that's tough," Bonnie Harris said. "That might make all the difference in the world."

"It probably will as far as Keith is concerned," Elaine muttered.

"Why do you persist in giving Webber so much credit for Keith's success?" Joan asked. "I imagine Dan's pretty valuable to the team or he wouldn't be playing, but I guess Keith'll get along without him."

Elaine shrugged. "You might understand it some day when you know a little more about football. You've got to remember my brother played for Tech a few years back and he's made me football conscious."

"Say, Joan," Marianne piped up. "Why don't you call up Keith and get the low-down firsthand. About Dan, I mean. Keith'd know, wouldn't he? Go 'head and call."

Joan balked at first, thought about it a while and changed her mind. She called the Gamma house but Keith was out. Wouldn't be back until 10.

"Is Tommy Peters there?" she asked.

Tommy was out, too. Would anyone else do?

She thought for a few seconds before answering. Then:

"Yes—let me talk to Dan Webber if he's in."

(To Be Continued)

GRID GAL—To show where her interest lies during gridiron season, Joan Blaine, Chicago, wears tiny football shoes. She's a descendant of James G. Blaine, political figure.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Gee, your folks cert'nly went for parties in a big way! But didn't they ever have anything except masquerades?"

COMMON FOOD

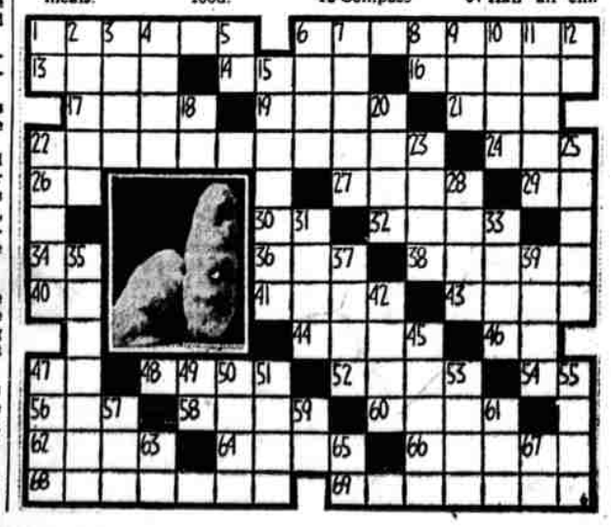
HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured food.
6 It was originally a native South —— plant.
13 Eager.
14 Rail (bird).
16 Crab plover.
17 Sinister glance.
19 Sparrow.
21 Eucharist wine vessel.
22 Formed in squares.
24 Tree.
26 Plural pronoun.
27 Dress fastener.
29 Southeast.
30 North Wales
32 To pierce with a knife.
34 Exclamation.
36 Hooked projection.
38 Sharp and harsh.
40 Egyptian god.
41 To bang.
43 Afternoon meals.
44 Cravats.
46 Lilliaceous tree.
47 Musical note.
48 Outdoor sport.
52 Story.
54 Pound.
56 High card.
58 To mend.
60 Convulsive tic.
62 Bulb.
64 Tensely stretched.
66 Undraped statues.
68 It is a —— food.
69 It is a staple food in temperate ——.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Parent.
2 Leers.
3 Pedal digits.
4 Grows old.
5 Bone.
6 Melody.
7 Markets.
8 Road.
9 Deity of war.
10 Insensibility
11 To accumulate.
12 Compass point.
15 Rectangular figures.
18 Musical note.
20 Lairs.
22 Its —— is the edible part of its plant.
23 Granted facts.
25 Its plant is called an —— (pl.).
28 Agreement.
31 To droop.
33 Red vegetable.
35 String bean.
37 Temptation.
39 Fence bar.
42 Dinner.
45 Lazy English.
47 Membranous bags.
49 Alleged force.
50 Slat.
51 Contest.
53 Toilet box.
55 Low singing voice.
57 Age.
59 Chaos.
61 Stir.
63 Mister.
65 Transposed.
67 Half an em.



OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER — BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP — BY V. T. HAMLIN