

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, Webber said it is not easy to forget that his, although he can see why Joan is attracted to Keith. Dan breaks a bone in his hand in practice. Joan is worried, calls the Gamma house. Unable to get Keith, she goes for Dan.

CHAPTER XVI

IT was a couple of minutes before Dan came to the phone. During that time she wondered what she was going to say to him. Then his voice at the other end of the wire.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Dan, this is Joan Johnson."

She paused to try to figure his reaction. She was positive he was surprised almost to the point of being shocked because he didn't answer immediately.

"Well, have you lost your tongue or aren't the Webbers and the Johnsons speaking these days?" she inquired somewhat impatiently.

"Oh... hello," his voice came back. "I just wasn't prepared to hear your voice." And then in a more brusque tone: "Anything I can do for you?"

"Truth of the matter is," she confessed, "I was calling Keith. But he wasn't in, so I thought I'd ask how your hand was. We heard about it over the radio."

"Oh... nice of you. Guess it'll heal up in good shape. Ought to be okay for the Pitt game."

Silence for a moment. "Anything else?" he concluded, solicitously.

"No... nothing. Just tell Keith I called, will you. It won't be necessary for him to call back, though." And then she hung up.

LATE that night she decided she was going home for a couple of days. It was a long time since she had seen her father. And she felt she needed him just then. She was getting that mixed-up feeling again. Maybe he could straighten her out.

She buried her head in the pillow as the tears came to her eyes. She needed him to reassure her. She would leave tomorrow.

It came as a surprise to the girls at lunch the next day. "I'm going to take a plane," she told them. "Don't know when I'll be back. Maybe Thursday... maybe Friday... oh, I don't know when."

And then she was rushing out the door to her waiting cab. She felt better once the huge transport plane was up in the air. She relaxed in her seat and stared out into the slate blue sky. Tiny doll towns, and streams and roads which looked like silver ribbons slipped by beneath them.

IT was 4 in the afternoon when they settled down at Newark airport. Thousands of people were streaming from their offices when she arrived at a huge building in midtown New York. She took the elevator up to the 22nd floor and two minutes later she was flying into her father's arms.

J. G. Johnson was a tall, powerfully built man with iron-gray hair. His face was that of a fighter—a man who always got what he wanted.

But his face grew soft when he held her close.

"Gee, but it's swell to see you again," she whispered.

"Okay... okay," he replied soothingly. "Let's have it on me for nothing."

He held her off at arm's length for a moment. "Wait—better yet," he continued. "Let's have dinner first and then go back to take the elevator up to the 22nd floor and two minutes later she was flying into her father's arms."

It sounded perfect to her. Three hours later she was stretched lazily in his luxurious apartment. She leaned back in a soft chair and kicked off her shoes.

"How long's it been since you were up at the place in Connecticut?" she asked.

"Couple of months at least. Haven't had time to get away. Much too busy. But never mind me—let's talk about you. How's school... what're you doing... what's been preying on your mind... okay, let's have it."

He spoke in quick, terse phrases, direct and to the point. Joan smiled at him.

"Same old Pops." She got up and curled up on the sofa beside him. She told him about Keith. She admitted her interest in him, confessed further that it might be love.

"I just don't know. It's funny, Pops. I always thought I'd know it when the real thing came along. Do you think this could be it without it smacking me square between the eyes?"

He patted her hand. "Your mother would have been able to give you much better advice than I can. So I'm just going to stick to the rules we've been using for the last couple of years—you know what you want and what's best for you. But always remember—I'm in your corner. All the way."

"Thanks, Pops. That really helps." Then she frowned. "Keith seems so swell until I start thinking about his irresponsibility. Just as I told you, Pops, he's going to have an awful time getting down to earth once his football days are over." She clasped her knees in her hands.

"He's nothing at all like Dan." "En? Dan? Who's he? What's he got to do with all this?"

SHE glanced up, startled that she had involuntarily slipped into a sort of reverie.

"Oh, Dan. He's Keith's roommate." She told him all about Webber—and how they didn't get along so well. How he seemed to resent her, so.

J. G. shifted the cigar in his mouth and looked down at his daughter somewhat sharply. "Well, this is interesting. Tell me more about this boy. Can't imagine anyone not liking my little girl. Must be off-center. Must be, eh?"

Off-center, as he put it, was the last thing Dan Webber was, she informed him. "He's just too darned level-headed. He has a reason for everything he does. Honest, Pops, he's so serious about things he scares me."

J. G.'s voice boomed. "Too serious, hey? According to you, anyone who looks where he's going is too serious. Knowing you as I do, I can discount that 70 per cent. What's this young man doing besides playing football? Don't tell me he's studying archeology or something."

"Almost as stuffy," she replied. "Ceramic engineering. Can you imagine?"

"En, what's that? Ceramic engineering? Say, now, there isn't a thing stuffy about that. Getting into the business myself these days. Just bought the controlling shares in the biggest pottery plant in the Midwest. Big industry. Going strong, too."

Her eyes opened in surprise. "You bought a pottery plant? Well, of all things! What next are you going into?" Then turning on him swiftly:

"Did you say it was the biggest in the Midwest? Dad, tell me—what plant did you buy?"

"Don't know much about it. My attorneys handled most of the details of course. Known as—let's see now—oh, yes—Acme Pot-

tery Products. That's it—Acme Pottery. Why d'you ask?"

She stared at him wide-eyed. "That just happens to be the plant which has promised Dan Webber a job after he graduates."

(To Be Continued)



SALESMAN—Sun of Hitler's current favor is reported to be shining on suave, blue-eyed Joachim von Ribbentrop, who sold champagne before he became a Nazi diplomat.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Why, I thought you'd like her!—you have so many things in common."

"Including a couple of boy-friends, it seems."

AMERICAN INVENTOR

HORIZONTAL

1, 4 Pictured American inventor.

10 Dexteros.

12 Single thing.

13 Tax.

14 Catnip.

16 Snaky fish.

17 Surly dog.

18 Postscript.

19 Bashful.

20 Royal Navy (abbr.).

21 Lock part.

22 Indian.

24 To stitch.

28 To harvest.

29 Royal diadem.

30 Lady in Spain.

31 Japanese coin.

33 Grazed.

34 Marsh.

35 Toward.

37 Steeped morsel.

39 Biscuit.

40 Transposed.

41 Adam's male.

43 Lobelia.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

15 His gin is the

for modern

gins.

17 To weep.

19 Sleeveless

cloaks.

21 No.

22 To be in debt.

23 State of bliss.

26 Was

victorious.

27 Macaw.

32 Neither.

34 Merriment.

36 Convex

molding.

38 Thin metal

plate.

39 Manager.

40 Girder.

42 To give off.

44 Chinese

dynasty.

45 Pressing tool.

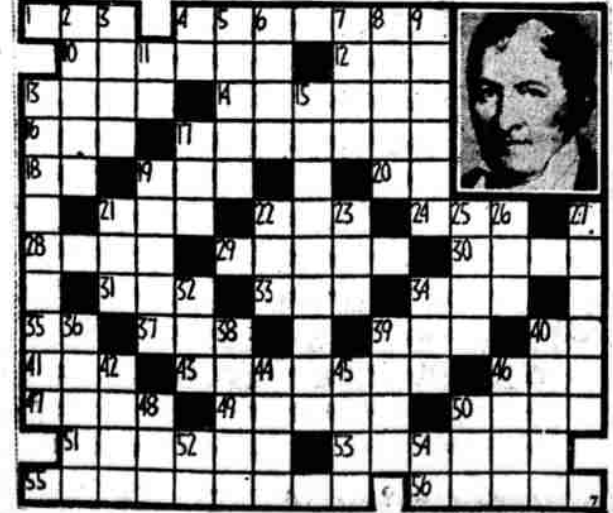
46 Couple.

48 Performance.

50 Three.

52 Stop!

54 Whether.



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



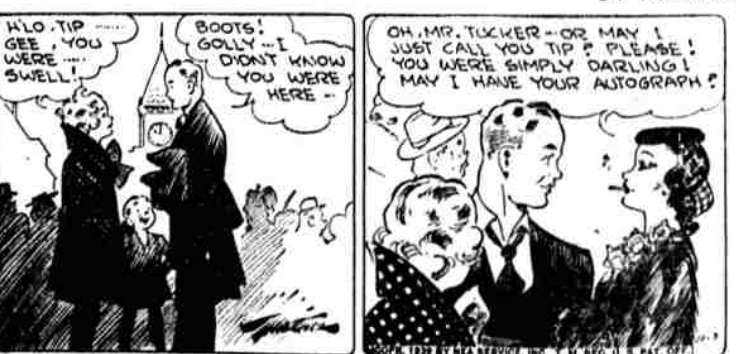
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

