

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, Jane realized that she does not love Keith. When she is named chairman of the "Last Week" activities, Joan wonders what girl he will suggest as his co-chairman. If he nominates no one, the Senate selects the girl. Elaine evidences unusual interest in the secretary of state affairs.

CHAPTER XIX

THEY were in the midst of dinner that night when the phone rang. It was for Joan. There was a look of bewilderment on her face when she returned.

She sat down and turned an accusing gaze on Elaine. For your information, she pronounced, "that was the Student Senate office . . . calling to tell me I've been named co-chairman of the 'Last Week' committee. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you, squirt?"

Elaine squealed with delight. "Jeepers, that's swell!" And then soberly, somewhat hurt. "Who, me? Know about what?"

Joan was forced to laugh and the other girls around her chattered their congratulations.

"You . . . you accepted, of course," Elaine inquired, just a little meekly.

"Oooh, you little . . . you little . . ." Joan tried to be angry but couldn't. She had to laugh. "I just about had to. Seems as though Dan had no particular desires in the matter . . . and it would have looked funny . . . and he might have felt hurt, if I had declined."

"In other words, you little worm . . . you framed me like a picture!"

"Now it's me that's being hurt," said Elaine, but she grinned. She leaned over and whispered in Marianne's ear. "Webber'll swoon when he finds out."

THAT was practically an understatement on Elaine's part. Five seconds after a pledge had given him the message from the Senate office he was dialing Barney Hughes.

"Hey, Barney," he wailed. "I resign . . . quit . . . I've been victimized or something. And Rhodes'll have my life blood!" Barney roared when Dan had explained everything to him but he succeeded in convincing him he probably would come through unscathed.

Nor did Keith take it with very great surprise. "Don't mind me," he tossed off diffidently. "You have my blessings if that's what you're after."

Dan wondered at the attitude but made no reply. Okay, then. Might as well have a little fun out of it.

He called Joan on the phone.

"Coming right over . . . unless you're busy tonight," he told her. She suddenly forgot all about the three chapters of political science she was to read that night. "Sure," she told him. "Come over."

THEY had the music room all to themselves. "Tribune's coming down to the Senate office to take our pictures tomorrow morning," he said abruptly. "We'll have to cut history. Oke?"

"Oke. What else?"

"Nothing much. I think this is silly. We've just got to see that the campus is properly worked up for the rally Friday night and see to it we have enough wood to burn down the town."

He shook his hands at her. "It's all your own doing, anything you say goes. I'm not fixed very well for ideas this week."

"Fine guy!" she flared. "Ducking out on me already."

He stretched lazily. "Never in my life saw a dame who could get up on her muscle so quick."

They both laughed. "Y'know, I was worried about what Keith might think about this," he began. She frowned. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Well, he—oh, nothing I guess. He didn't seem to mind much, anyway."

"You mean . . . you asked him if it were okay with him?"

"Under the circumstances I thought it the thing to do."

"Wrong again," she murmured. He looked at her queerly.

THINGS were sweeping up to a terrific tension that week. Five more days and then Pitt. Five more days would bring the climax to Tech's bid for an undefeated season. Playing a big-time schedule and winning the first seven had been a strain. Any team might crack and be forgiven.

But Bill Slocum wasn't the sort to let a team crack and go to pieces. He was a master at working his boys to the perfect psychological pitch. Slocum had long foreseen Pitt as the final stumbling block to an undefeated season. And not because the Panthers were the final game on the schedule. He knew just what his club could do. So far the boys had done it.

It was a typical Pitt team that would come to town Friday noon. A team perfectly drilled in fundamentals and equipped with power plays that were the epitome of straight football.

For days the sports writers had been insisting that the winner was a virtual cinch to get the eastern bid to the Rose Bowl.

Both teams were in good physical shape. Pitt's Hal Forrest, a dynamo in human form, and the hardest-hitting fullback in the east, was fully recovered from a slight cold that had bothered him the week before. It was like trying to stop a five-ton truck when Hal Forrest bludgeoned his way over tackle or slammed in from close up on a spinner. And how he could spin.

Practically, Slocum worked on a defense to stop him. And Dan Webber, his hand almost com-

pletely healed after the layoff, was the key-man.

"Our offense will take care of itself," Slocum predicted. "All we've got to do is shake Rhodes loose once—just once, that's all I ask of you guys. And then we're going to dig in and stop that Forrest guy."

IT was Wednesday noon when the large, dark blue sedan swung slowly down Main street, cruised around the business district for about an hour and then moved over onto the campus drive.

Three men were in it. Two in front, one in back. The driver was thin, dark, with a short, well-trimmed mustache. His companion up front was bulky, florid of face. His eyes were small and close set.

There was a dapper air to the man in back. Even as he rode he filed already carefully manicured nails. A cigaret dangled from his lip. Along his forehead was a slender, curved scar that stopped just at his eye-lid.

"According to her schedule," said Scarface, "she'll be coming out of that building over there in"—he glanced at a gold wrist watch—"in exactly five minutes."

The bulky one up front grunted. "Swing around this building once again, Sam."

Two o'clock classes were just letting out when they returned. Sam parked the car on the opposite side of the drive. They waited there.

"Sure you can recognize her?" Scarface asked without looking up. He was still occupied with his nails.

"Can't miss," the bulky one replied.

Two minutes later he stiffened sharply. "Here she comes." Scarface looked up, then, casually, indifferently, but there was a glint in his eye. He watched Joan Johnson come down the steps toward the sidewalk. "So that's Joan Johnson, eh? Not bad . . . not bad at all!" (To Be Continued)

All government ought to be helping industry to its feet. In fact, it even almost ought to err in that direction. Atty-Gen. Frank Murphy.

The largest airplane tire used in England is 6½ feet high.



ON BYRD TRIP—Franklin Johnson, full-blooded Eskimo from St. Michaels, Alaska, will be one of crew members aboard the "North Star" on its trip to Antarctica with Byrd party. Johnson wears a bird feather jacket to keep him warm.

FLAPPER FANNY

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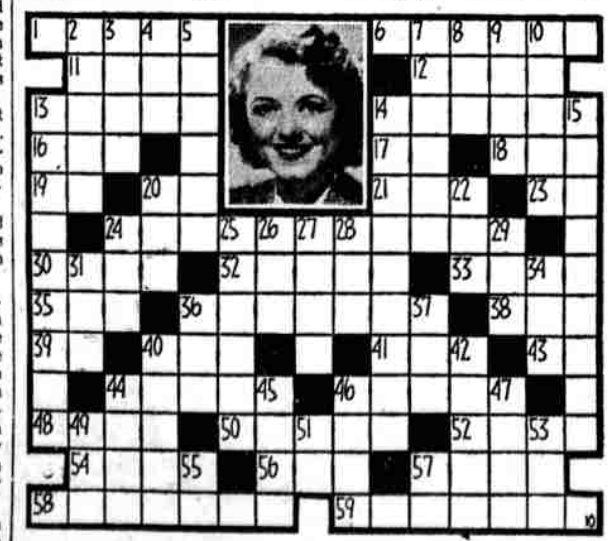
By Sylvia



"Didn't he like school?" "He must—he says some of the happiest years of his life were spent in the third grade."

SCREEN ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL		Answer to Previous Puzzle		14 She works in	
1, 6 Pictured	movie star.	CAROL FERDINAND	15 Fairlyland.	—, Calif.	
11 Deception.		OWE BLAME TILLER	20 Skin tumor.		
12 Secret		RAP AMUSE LEU	22 Breakfast		
arrangement.		WYRRH E DRY LER	food.		
13 Genus of fish.		WE VIRES OR	24 Canine		
14 Fastened		OPERAS ANA	animal.		
with a clasp.		RELET MIEN	25 More humble.		
16 To offer.		STUDIOUS A	26 Hall!		
17 King of		HUM CAT REP	27 Trial.		
Bashan.		LAO TILLH REPA	28 English coin.		
18 Courtesy title.		ROE PATES DEN	29 Still.		
19 Neuter		FALLS NORIA AGE	31 Fish.		
pronoun.		APPLICATED HELES	34 Inlet.		
20 You and I.			36 Capuchin		
21 Falsehood.			monkey.		
22 New England.			37 Serrated tool.		
23 Science of the			40 Caucasus		
skin.			people.		
30 Pressing tool.			42 Domesticates.		
32 All.			44 Auricular.		
33 Microbe.			45 Light crimson.		
35 Tow boat.			46 To chew upon.		
36 Teeters.			47 Roman		
38 Sesame.			emperor.		
39 Idant.			49 Biblical priest		
40 Tree bearing			51 Above.		
acorns.			53 Name.		
41 Grain.			for her acting		
43 Lava.			55 Chaos.		
			— (pl.).		
			57 Form of "a."		



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



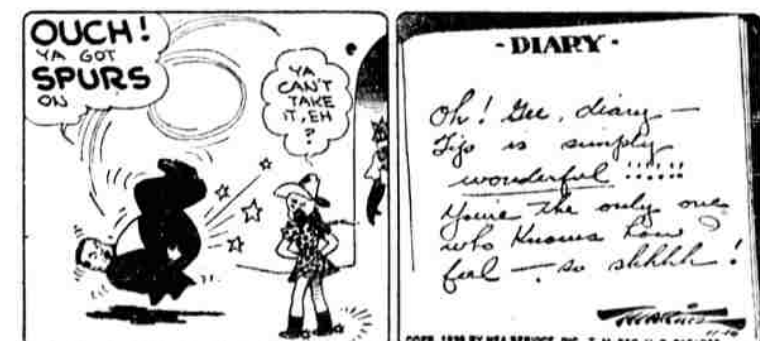
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

