

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY! Rocco, one of the three strangers who are interested in Joan, trails her to the campus Varsity shop. He finds there, waiting for Joan and Marianne to leave, he meets Tommy Peters, who recalls seeing Rocco's picture, but Tommy can't remember the connection.

CHAPTER XXI

ROCCO hailed a cab and went downtown. At 11:30 Sam and Big Ed drew up to the intersection of two back streets and picked him up.

"Well!" Ed said. "Ed, I'm tellin' you I know so much about that dame I even know what she's gonna have for lunch tomorrow." Rocco grinned in the darkness.

"Yeah . . . sure," Big Ed told him. "You're simply amazin', but I'll pin the medals on you later. Give out with the dope."

Rocco spoke quickly. "Tomorrow she goes on some trip with her sociology class out to an orphanage . . . she uses this Rhodes kid's car . . . she gets back at 8 and takes the car to the stadium so he don't have to walk back from football practice . . . when she drives down to the stadium, that's when we work."

"Yeah, and what if she decides to keep the car all afternoon and take it back at 5, or maybe later?"

"Nine chances outa ten she won't. I know, I'm tellin' you." "How'd you pick all this stuff up since 4 o'clock?"

Rocco laughed mirthlessly. "Tell me, Ed . . . you know anyone as smart as your boy Rocco? I got methods."

Big Ed bit off the end of a cigar and lit it. "Sam, you get up early and give this bus a good going over, hey?"

"Sam stared straight ahead. "She ain't never run better." "Mebbe not, but you'll do what I say, hey Sam?"

"Sure, Ed . . . Sure." "It was a beautiful fall day, and Joan, walking over to pick up Keith's car, wished it were two miles instead of two blocks to the Gamma house."

She picked up the keys from the cook and drove over to one of the dorms to call for three girls in her class who were to make the trip with her.

They joined the rest of the group at the orphanage and spent the next three hours making observations and taking notes on the institution's system of operation.

They ate a late lunch at a downtown tea shop and then returned to the university district. Joan took the other girls back to the dormitory and stopped in at the Varsity for a minute.

"Hi, Uncle Jim," she greeted. "How about some stamps?"

He pulled out his postal box. "Say, Joan, there was a fella in here a few minutes ago lookin' for a football ticket. He wanted to know if you usually stopped in during the afternoon. He was in last night just about the time you were, and asked me who you were when you went out."

Joan frowned. "That's funny. He wasn't a student, was he?" "Nope. And I noticed he got into a big sedan across the street with a couple other fellows."

"Thanks, Uncle Jim . . . couldn't have been very important or he'd have called me at the house."

She returned to her room and wrote a couple of letters before taking Keith's car back to the stadium.

"I'll be back in 45 minutes or so," she told Elaine. "If I get any phone calls insist on a message, will you?"

SHE dropped her letters in a corner box and drove across campus. Stopping at the library to pick up a book she bumped into Dan Webber.

"Hi, there," she said. "Going down to the stadium soon? I'll take you down."

"What do you mean—you'll take me down?" "She explained she was returning Keith's car. "Can you imagine that lazy so-and-so making me walk all the way back from the stadium when I could have left it at the fraternity house."

Dan grinned. "Sure I can, that's Keith. But maybe I shouldn't blame him at that. The way Slocum has been running us ragged this week that car comes in handy when it's time to go home."

They walked out into the bright sunlight. "Think I'll turn down your offer," he said. "The walk'll do me good. Anyhow, Slocum screams when he spots any of the boys getting chauffeur service. He claims the modern athlete is going soft because of the automobile and stuff."

"And you believe him, of course."

"Absolutely," he said solemnly. "Well, if you don't want to ride with me . . . I'm very good company, you know."

He grinned again. "Okay . . . let's get going before we start squaring off."

"Who's squaring off?" she flared, but he covered his ears and pretended not to listen.

Once in the car he relaxed deep in the leather seat and sighed. "Just think—three more days and life'll be worth living again. No more practice . . . no more charley-horses . . . no more Slocum bellowing in our ears."

"What about the Rose Bowl?" He was silent for a long moment. "We'll talk about that after Saturday's game—maybe."

"You think we'll win, don't you?"

"I think so."

She noticed his quiet confidence.

THEY skirted the university power plant and swung onto the long gravel road which led down to the stadium. At the same instant a heavy blue sedan moved out of the stadium parking lot and started slowly toward them.

Joan didn't notice the other car until she rounded a curve. The sedan came toward them slowly, smack in the middle of the narrow road.

"It's about time for that guy to move over," Dan muttered as they drew closer.

Forty yards away and the sedan showed no inclination of drawing over to its own side of the road. And then Joan noticed there were three men in the other car.

A sudden thought made her swing wide in an attempt to move around them, off the road, but around them, nevertheless.

But they swung wide with her and when she jammed on the brakes the cars were only three feet apart. She was completely blocked.

"Hey!" Dan shouted. "What's going" But even as the two cars screeched to a stop, Rocco was scrambling out of the sedan. There was an automatic in his hand. Joan gasped and clutched Dan's arm. (To Be Continued)



CHALLENGE—"We will not quit until the liquor traffic quits—and then we'll not quit," said Miss Mary B. Ervin of Xenia, Ohio, on election as president of Ohio Women's Christian Temperance Union. She once taught at Cedarville, O., college.

The longest record flight in a light plane was made by Johnny Jones early in 1939 when he flew from California to New York, a distance of 2785 miles, in 30 hours, 47 minutes.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"You better sit in front with us, Clarice. The back's gonna be a little crowded after we pick up the rest of the gang."

COLOSSAL ARENA

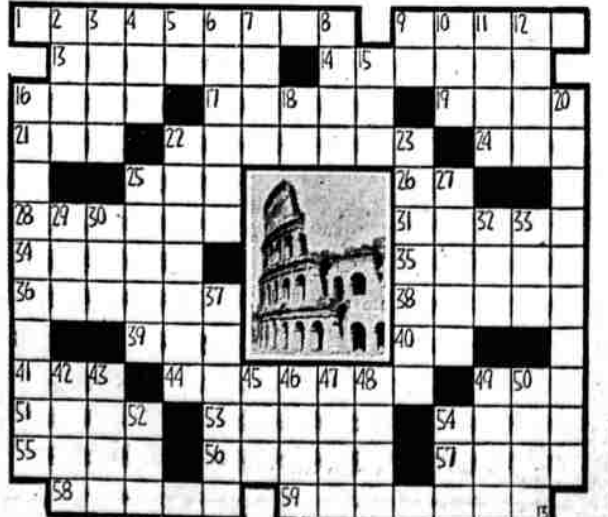
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured ancient Roman amphitheater. 9 Its ruins stand near the city in Rome. 13 Declaimed. 14 Rubber pencil end. 16 Otherwise. 17 Market place. 19 Strong taste. 21 To allow. 22 Merciful. 24 Chum. 25 Pronoun. 26 Ell. 28 In truth. 31 Carried. 34 Shows displeasure. 35 Mohammedan nymph. 36 Formal state agreement. 38 Abstract beings. 39 Rumanian coins. 40 Railway.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ROBERT WIRER, PENNY ODDER, KLIPPER UP, SLOE OWNER, GRAVEL LAGO, SALA UTILE LEAS, MUM DROOL SAIL, SIMPLE N SCOTCH

- 16 Pertaining to an ellipsis. 18 Mystic syllable. 20 -- fought beasts in this arena. 22 Having a chest. 23 Animals' feeding chains. 25 Pertaining to a seta. 27 Foolish. 29 Neither. 30 Owed. 32 Be still. 33 Silkworm. 37 Submits. 42 To leave out. 43 Fairy because. 46 To foment. 47 Net. 48 Actual being. 49 Glazed clay block. 50 To have on. 52 Tennis fence. 54 To stroke lightly.



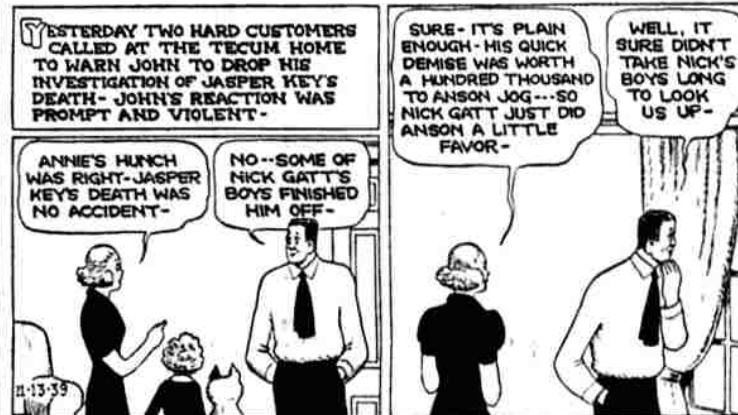
OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



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



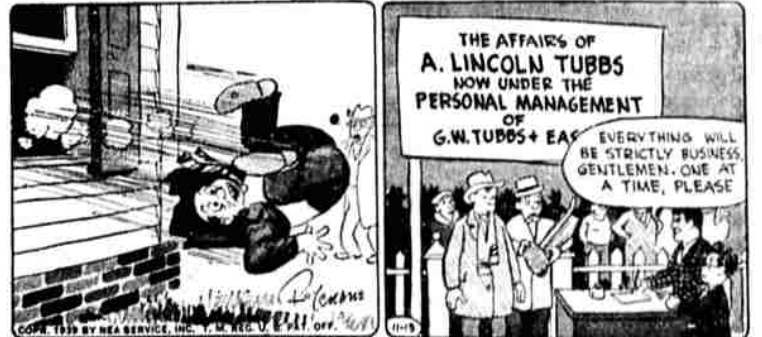
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

